

Potpourri

Monday was one of those days. First we sent Photographer Bob Vroman off on a wild goose chase to take pictures which were scheduled for Tuesday morning, not Monday. Finding out what had happened, we dashed madly off to intercept him, and sat in front of a house on Newtown street for half an hour before learning that he had already tried to keep the appointment, and left.

We also left the button on the telephone head set open, with the result that Mrs. Harold Cook was connected to the Tribune news room for so long that she finally had to go to the neighbors and call the telephone company. About that time Rosie, the girl reporter, handed over a little clipping which had been given her on just such a day. It read "Do it tomorrow. You've made enough mistakes today."

For a little while last Friday evening it appeared Janet Dempster and James Lynch wouldn't be married Saturday after all. The bridegroom, who had to drive from Portland, arrived only a few minutes before 5 p.m., closing time of the license bureau in the county courthouse. The couple rushed off and arrived barely in time—the chimes at the Presbyterian church started to strike the hour as the clerk's deputy began to make out the papers.

Little Walter Holman, the bridegroom's nephew, takes marriage very seriously. Right after the wedding Walter, about five years old, asked Susan, the bride's sister who had been maid-of-honor, "to come outside." When she followed him out he turned and said "Susan, I want you to marry me." And that isn't all—about a year ago he proposed to his uncle's fiancée, the bride of Saturday.

Walter will probably manage his life very well. He was ring bearer, and his younger sister, Daphne, was flower girl. They both performed their part of the ceremony with great poise but after they had arrived at the altar and the long Catholic mass wore on, Walter became a little weary. So with great dignity he escorted his little sister to the family pew and the two of them sat down for the remainder of the service.

Medford had an interesting visitor last week—Beryl Brownell, women's editor of the Post-Tribune in Gary, Ind. Miss Brownell first came to Medford a few years ago on the invitation of Mrs. Glenn Jackson (the two met during a tour of Europe) and liked the city and country-side so much, including the fishing, that she returned. For this visit she is a guest of Mrs. William H. Fluhrer.

Miss Brownell achieved a bit of fame for herself a few years ago when she sparked a campaign to clean up vice conditions in Gary, a city of almost 200,000 so close to Chicago that the cities have grown together. Curious as to how the women's editor of a paper became embroiled with the underworld, we asked questions. "I got mad," said Miss B. briefly. "A friend of mine—a fine teacher—was killed during a hold-up. I got mad."

Miss Brownell said she found out a number of interesting facts during the fuss that followed. She found that some of the city's leading citizens wouldn't cooperate—they thought it would hurt business, or they had other fears. A committee was organized, however, with many of the city's best known women civic leaders, pressure was brought on authorities and eventually conditions improved.

However, Miss Brownell doesn't sound very optimistic about vice conditions in this nation. She says the average citizen would be appalled if he knew the extent and strength of vice syndicates, and how much money they control. "You think you have protection, but you don't," she said and added that due to the nature of the country's court system, it is difficult to get action and convictions when they are needed.

Edward P. Morgan, ABC commentator, made his listeners squirm a little mentally with one of his recent broadcasts. Potpourri did, anyhow. Commentator Morgan, speaking on a Monday night earlier this month after the "ghastly" week end news from Hungary had shocked the entire world, was feeling angry, frustrated and impotent.

He pointed out that citizens of this nation "deplored the perfidy of the Soviet Union" and "recoiled from the violence of Suez" but not enough to make us give up our accustomed rounds of weekend relaxation. "But events were really so far away," said Commentator Morgan, "and a Sunday stroll past glittering shop windows, a movie, an open book by the fire on a November afternoon, these were easier if less breath-taking exercises than the spectacle of phosphorous shells falling on Budapest to burn women and children and curl to a cinder the partisan petticoats of freedom . . ."

Mr. Morgan wondered why it is that "we seem so often to forget that nations are people, collections, that is, of male and female persons, bearing all the collateral baggage of human faults and virtues, of weakness and strength. And yet, even when we do remember this fact, we still don't seem to be capable of treating nations as people. When individual citizens get out of line they run afoul of the law and, sooner or later, they are put back in their place. When nations get nasty and disturb the peace it is next to impossible to quiet them down because they refuse to check a club called sovereignty at the door. And we, the western countries, are just about as guilty of this arrogance as the Communists are," the commentator said.

After saying that our problem in trying to fashion a pattern of world security is our failure to identify ourselves with problems wherever they are, and our failure to recognize or accept responsibility toward their solution, he ended with the famous quotation of the Englishman, John Donne, written more than 300 years ago.

"No man is an island, intire of itself. Every man is a pece of the Continent, a part of the maine; if a Clod be washed away by the Sea, Europe is the lesse. Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankinde, and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee." O.S.



Mr. and Mrs. Nye Bernheisel

Ceremony At Church Weds Pair

Barbara Durham Cameron and Nye Bernheisel were married in a ceremony at First Methodist church Sunday, November 18. Dr. Raymond E. Balcomb officiated at the double-ring rites, held at two o'clock in the afternoon. Only relatives of the bride and bridegroom were present.

The bride was given in marriage by her only son, Douglas. She wore a sheath dress with matching mandarin coat of all-over embroidery in cream-beige. Her small flowered hat matched the dress and her corsage was of two cymbidium orchids.

Mrs. Frank Rider was matron-of-honor for her mother. She wore a pink faille suit and a corsage of pink roses.

Lucinda Kaylor, niece of the bride, was flower girl. She wore a yellow nylon dress and carried yellow chrysanthemums. The ring-bearer was Paul Dixon, nephew of the bride.

Best man was Frank Bernheisel, brother of the bridegroom and ushers were Deastill S. Bernheisel and William Hunter Dixon.

Food Study Group Announces Session

Natural Food associates study group will meet Tuesday, November 27, at 8 p.m. in room 32 at Medford Senior High school. Entrance to the room is on Whitman street.

Book review will be on "The Wheel of Health" by Dr. G. T. Wrench. Papers on "Niacin" and "Sesame Tahini" will be given.

All interested persons are invited to attend.

Mrs. J. C. Kayor was soloist, and Mrs. Charles R. Adamson was at the organ.

Two candelabra held tapers and were decorated with ivy, white satin bows and bells.

A reception followed at the home of the bride, and a buffet luncheon was served. Mrs. Rider cut the wedding cake and a niece of the bridegroom, Mrs. Donald Bergman, poured punch. Coffee was served by Mrs. Frank Bernheisel, sister-in-law of the bridegroom.

Byron Dixon provided accordion solos for the reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernheisel will live at 905 Stewart avenue, Medford. The bridegroom is employed by James Allen at the Big Y bakery.

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