

## Potpourri

Wednesday noon while we ate our luncheon sandwich we read Clifton Fadiman's article "Boredom, Brainstorms and Bombs" in the August 31 issue of The Saturday Review. Mr. Fadiman, along with a lot of other thoughtful Americans, is worried about the use of leisure time in this nation. Americans, he says, are bored, and that with the arrival of the shorter working week — which seems only a matter of time—we will have even more time in which to be bored.

Mr. F. believes that we should give serious thought to the use of leisure time unless we are prepared "to accept tedium as an integral part of our lives, just as the Russians accept domination as an integral part of theirs. For we are indeed beginning to be afflicted with a new kind of tedium. It may make us quite ill. To prevent or cure it will soon become an urgent necessity."

"This twentieth century tedium is a curious one," the author writes. "It is rather unlike previous tediums. The medieval monk, his soul sunk in acedia, was in part suffering from monotony, from a lack of stimulus, from an insufficiency of active control of his environment. Our trouble is the precise contrary. We are suffering from an excess of control, or apparent control, of our environment, and from an excess of stimuli, available everywhere and at all times."

"The lackluster face of the subway rider reading his newspaper, the vacant look of the moviegoer emerging from his dark cave, the unexpected countenances of the citizens swarming along Broadway; these are all pictures of special boredom. Not unhappiness, not fatigue and certainly not aristocratic ennui; but that add modern stunned look that comes of a surfeit of toys and a deficiency of thoughts."

Well, Mr. Fadiman, Potpourri isn't bored, nor are we bothered with too much leisure time. Wednesday, for instance, we rose about 6 a.m. as usual and between then and 11 p.m. when we retired we helped to prepare breakfast, went to town in the morning to turn in some late copy at the paper (it was our day off), we shopped for two presents and other articles, went to the bank, the cleaners and the grocery store; we returned home and did the washing and a little ironing, made a gallon of tomato juice, watered part of the garden and picked the dead leaves off the fuchsias and geraniums, tidied up the parakeets' cage, cleaned the bathroom and kitchen a bit, ate a hasty dinner (which pappy prepared when he came home because we hadn't found time) then we ended the day by getting all slicked up and going to the Oyster-Davies wedding and reception which we enjoyed very much.

Maybe what Mr. Fadiman says in his article, which is part of a book "Any Number Can Play" released this week, is true of America as a whole, but Potpourri can tell him about hundreds of men and women in Medford, and elsewhere, who aren't bored and don't have too much leisure time—if anything, they don't have enough.

Our friends and neighbors are as busy as we are. They are busy with new babies to be raised and enjoyed, with sewing for daughters going to school or getting married, with working for churches, lodges and hospitals. They are busy helping the sick, the needy and the lonely. They have fun with a Scout troop or a Camp Fire group, they enjoy baking a cake for a church bazaar or for a party. They find deep satisfaction from digging in the soil and watching the garden grow.

Mr. Fadiman needn't worry about how Potpourri will spend more leisure time. We'll keep the house cleaner and the garden in better condition. We'll spend more time with wild flowers and trees and watching the stars. We'll grow more beautiful fuchsias and maybe even build a greenhouse. We'll spend more time lingering over good food with our friends while we talk about politics, religion, or art and maybe we'll even study poetry. And never in a long time has there been enough time to read everything we wanted to read. So when the leisure time Mr. Fadiman writes about comes our way, we'll read his book.—O.S.

Instant mixed onion is particularly good in dips and spreads. This moisture-free onion gives mild, true flavor, with no last minute bother and no "oniony" hands.

Chop a handful of light or dark raisins, stir into creamy cottage cheese and spread on crisp crackers when small youngsters clamor for mid-morning refreshments.

## Here's What To Do If Power Failures Occur in Canning

Corvallis — If power failures interrupt you during canning, be prepared to continue food processing with another source of heat. This advice comes from Mrs. Ruth Klippstein, Oregon State college extension nutritionist.

Power failures are annoying anytime, but they're particularly troublesome during canning season, she says. When the electricity fails or butane tanks go dry, the homemaker with a canner of partially processed food, needs to act fast to continue food processing.

A camp stove or trash burner fire can be used to keep the water bath at a boil, or the pressure from falling inside the canner. Homemakers are advised to carefully watch the flame on campstoves so the pressure gauge does not fluctuate.

If temperatures drop, the food must be reprocessed for the entire time specified in canning timetables, she emphasizes. Processing time is figured on a "one time" basis, not separate or intermittent schedules. As pressure rises in the canner, the temperature also rises. The combination of time and temperature is needed to kill some of the organisms that cause food spoilage.

### Replace Disc

In reprocessing foods, remove the closure and wipe the sealing edge carefully. Add liquid if needed. Replace original disc with a new one and proceed to reprocess the jars, she says.

Other ways to save the partially processed food are suggested by the specialist: Cool food quickly, refrigerate for immediate use or freeze for winter meals. It's best to transfer food to standard freezer containers rather than to freeze in the canning jar, says Mrs. Klippstein. Canning jars are not tempered to withstand freezer temperatures without breaking. However, if the filled jar is to be frozen, at least 1½ inch of headspace should be allowed for expansion of ingredients.

If there's not enough headspace in the jars, some of the contents will have to be removed to allow expansion in freezing, she points out.

Pythian Sisters held their first meeting of the fall season Tuesday evening. The meeting was preceded by a potluck dinner. Committee was Mrs. Audrey White, Mrs. W. L. Walden and Mrs. Ed Bostwick.



Cutting the cake served at their 35th wedding anniversary party are the Rev. and Mrs. William C. Piper. The couple was honored at a reception given by the congregation of First Christian church, of which the Rev. Mr. Piper is pastor, in the church Fellowship hall August 30. About 100 guests attended.

## Minister and Wife Honored On 35th Wedding Anniversary

The Rev. and Mrs. William C. Piper were honored at a reception at the First Christian church fellowship hall on Friday, August 30, in observance of their 35th wedding anniversary. Mr. Piper has been minister of First Christian church in Medford for the past two and one-half years.

At the reception Mrs. Claude Cooper, Mrs. Curtis Stockstill and Mrs. Russell Simmons cut the cake. Mrs. Wayne Wakefield and Mrs. Allen D. Curry poured coffee and the punch bowl was presided over by Miss Priscilla Shafer and Miss Judy Elgin.

Mrs. Wayne Troxell was in charge of the guest book. The hall and serving tables were decorated by Mrs. F. A. Daugherty in coral colors.

About 100 guests attended.

Throughout the evening John Lusk played organ numbers. The Rev. George R. V. Bolster spoke briefly and brought greetings from the Medford Ministerial association.

The Rev. and Mrs. Piper were married August 31, 1922 at First Christian church in Eugene, Ore. They have six children: Bryce Piper of Mulino, Ore.; Tech. Sgt. William Piper of Hill

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## Bedspreads and Patchwork Turn Into Expensive Skirts

By GAY PAULEY  
United Press Women's Editor  
New York—Hang on to that old bedspread or silk patchwork quilt. Either could be the makings of a \$1,000 skirt.

A girl running a dress, skirt and accessories shop on fashionable Madison avenue uses everything from Grandma's crocheted bedspread and tablecloth to ancient tapestries in creating clothing for such customers as Gloria Vanderbilt, Mrs. Henry Ford II, and Mrs. H. J. Heinz of the 57 Varieties family.

The boss of this shop, called "A La Carte," is Mrs. Joan Morse, who all her adult years has collected rare fabrics. Recently she started turning them into apparel — skirts, cocktail and evening dresses and coats, handbags and other accessories.

"We never throw anything away," said Mrs. Morse, as she hauled from a drawer a patchwork quilted skirt made from fabric scraps. The patchwork skirts retail for \$265 each.

Mrs. Morse, a tall, model-type woman, even has designed skirts from old-time silk cigar bands. These bands are vintage 1900, she said. One skirt featured a multitude of labels, from "Rose of Cuba" to "American Tramp."

Mrs. Morse said one of her cigar skirt customers is Mrs. Robert Ruark, wife of the columnist.

One of the prettiest skirts in the shop is a white, crocheted bedspread, stiffened with a backing of black peltin.

"Bread and butter of my business is the sheath dress," said Mrs. Morse. "I make the sheaths of upholstery fabric."

But the pride of her shop is her collection of one-of-a-kind skirts, made from lush, modern fabrics combined with medieval tapestries, antique embroideries, and historical military banners — all museum pieces. For these, women pay as much as \$1,100.

Typical of her work is a full length evening skirt of heavy, Indian silk called "shiki" with a decorative front panel made from a sampler, vintage 1875. Another skirt, at \$950 is of blue velvet, embossed with a raised design entirely of gold thread. The fabric is from ancient Persia, she said.

She's asking \$1,100 for a skirt of gold Ottoman silk, ornamented with a 19th Century Italian flag emblem. The flag, she said, had been one of the fancier ones, used for state occasions.

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