

Have Men Lost Manners? Letters Say Yes and No

By GAY BAULEY
Men's Manners

New York — Well, all I can say is that New York men are not missing their manners. I can't say that they are, but I can say that they are not missing their manners. I can't say that they are, but I can say that they are not missing their manners.

Some of the letters on the subject of men's manners poured in from both sides and all parts of the nation, commenting on the recent article that men should be for cars, subway cars, elevators and telephone booths, that is short, nice men who behave like gentlemen. Or, like this girl who wrote: "I like this girl who is a little farther south than the one who is a little farther north."

Some of the letters, some of them in rhyme, came across the desk. One of the letters agreeing that "100 per cent American boys" no longer had the virtue of good manners, but young women could take some of the blame because we composed both our sex roles and we'd lost some of our own femininity. And most of all, letters from girls who are castigating men for carrying some samples:

"Go Home"
From a "fan" in San Diego who signed himself "New Yorker," I would like to compliment you on being the biggest blowhard in New York City—quite a feat in a city so large.

"Having worked in New York for the last decade, leaving your wonderful chivalrous South to do so, it must have become etched in your feeble little mind that you weren't the only one to leave the hills in search of civilization. . . . Please, lady, go home and take your playmates with you."

A reader named Steve Bennett, 20, who signed his letter "An American, an Oklahoman, and a gentleman" agreed manners were gone but it was because women "have become too independent. They are trying to place themselves on the same level as men socially, economically and every other way. . . . When women start acting like ladies, then men will start acting like gentlemen."

Both At Fault
"I agree that there is a dearth of good manners," wrote Theodore H. Friedenberg, in "Letters to the Editor" in the Philadelphia Bulletin. "But she—this columnist—should have been more accurate to address her re-

marks to both men and women rather than only men . . .

"On countless occasions, while sitting on a bus or subway, I have been banged by some woman's pocketbook without so much as a 'Sorry' or 'Excuse me' . . ."

Another Philadelphia devotee writes three pages to tell me that "chivalry is indeed dead. . . . Where we part company, however, is who killed it. . . ."

"Just try protecting one of those 'weak' females," he wrote. "If you don't end up on your back in a gutter, you'll at least need a couple of Philadelphia lawyers to get you out of the pokey. Generally the male is too busy protecting himself from some female to have time being chivalrous. . . ."

And everywhere
"Let me tell you—New York doesn't have a corner on bad manners by any means," Ted Krec wrote in his weekly column in the Long Beach, Calif., Independent-Press-Telegram. . . .

Boorishness is running rampant in the good old U.S.A. . . . In 20 lines of poetry on today's not so fair maiden, W. C. Clement Jr., of Abernathy, Tex., complained:

"No gallant deed her knight will try . . . On chivalrous road he'll pass her by. . . . And hold within that wistful sigh . . . Until she mounts her pedestal high."

Shortest blast of all came from L. L. Peterson of St. Paul, Minn. Said he, via postcard: "When you got the right to vote and the right to hold a man's job, you also got the right to stand up in a bus. . . . Stay home and scrub the kitchen floor."

Dinner Planned For Pocahontas
Pocahontas lodge has planned a potluck dinner Friday, July 25, at 6:30 p.m. at Redman hall. A business meeting will follow at 8 p.m. and a card party will close the evening's program. Members are privileged to take guests for the dinner and card party.

Return
Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Agard, 222 King street, returned recently from a trip to Santa Barbara, Calif. The Agards, accompanied by their son, David, spent a week in the area.

John Day Home To Be Scene of League Party

Medford League of Women Voters will hold the annual summer party Tuesday, July 29 at the home of Mrs. John Day at Gold Key.

Guests are invited to attend from 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m., or from 1:30 to 4:30 p.m. A tour of the Day home is scheduled for both morning and afternoon guests. Swimming is planned for the morning and bridge in the afternoon. A brief comedy skit and refreshments for members and guests is planned for both sessions.

The league cordially invites anyone interested in the program to attend. For reservations call Mrs. Homer Marx, SPring 2-6845. A charge will be made and the funds added to the league's treasury.

Special Dance To Be Saturday
Bruce Johnson, Santa Barbara, Calif., will be featured caller at a square dance starting about 8:30 p.m. Saturday at the Square Corral, off Highway 62 at Camp White.

At least three area clubs have cancelled dances Saturday night in order that members may attend the special dance. Clubs which have cancelled dances include the Star Promenaders, Waggin Wheelers and Jeans and Janes.

Mr. Johnson is en route to Quinault, Wash., where he will be on the staff of a square dance institute next week. Sunday, he has an engagement in Portland. He records for Windsor records.

Local square dance representatives said there will be no potluck refreshments served.

Little Family Visits California
Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Hittle, and children, Diane and David, drove through California recently on a ten-day vacation trip.

Traveling south through the Redwoods and along the coast highway, the Hittles stopped in San Francisco where they attended a baseball game between the San Francisco Giants and Milwaukee Braves.

From there they visited with friends in Pasadena and Flintridge before spending several days in Disneyland and Marineland.

On their return trip they visited relatives and friends in Culver City.

Potpourri

In case any of Potpourri's readers are thinking of moving to the country because it's quiet—don't. It isn't. Not on South Stage road, anyhow. Sometimes we think there must be a greater variety of noises in our neighborhood than anywhere else.

Take yesterday morning, for instance. The noisy log truck woke us up before 5 o'clock. Not just "a" log truck, but "the noisy" log truck. Most of the big trucks using South Stage road make quite a commotion with their powerful motors, but this one sounds as if it had gravel in the motor instead of oil.

Not long afterwards three birds flew across the patio, one giving an urgent call—sort of a hurry up or we'll miss breakfast cry.

This morning it was a tiny noise that woke us—the hum of a mosquito. After the nasty little creature had roused us, two log trucks completed the job of completely shattering our sleep. About half an hour later when we had just about dozed off, a spray plane came roaring over. The pilot made six or eight trips right over our heads while dusting the pear orchard across the road.

All this wakens Tippy the Terrier, and he adds his voice. Of course, the neighborhood sounds aren't so noticeable if one sleeps indoors, but we happen to enjoy sleeping out under the stars. And so far the beauty of the stars and the moon and the soothing sound of the water in the irrigation ditch have outweighed the nuisance noise of the cars, the planes, the spray machines and the barking dogs. (The man who makes records of "dog symphonies" should try our neighborhood some time.)

Some of the early morning sounds we enjoy, and don't mind being awake at 5 a.m. to hear. Earlier this summer a cheerful meadowlark served as our alarm clock. Practically every morning for three or four weeks the lark perched on top of the barn next door and woke us with an early morning concert. He had other listeners, too, for frequently a blackbird would answer. But since last week's storm the meadowlark and his pretty song have been missing. One was running back and forth in Neighbor Meyer's yard yesterday afternoon, but he sounded worried and distracted, and his chirpings weren't the usual meadowlark song.

There is much talk about the unusual season—the unusual humidity, the persistent thunder storms and other unseasonable manifestations. Perhaps these affect the birds, too, for George, the humming bird, has been around the patio but once during the summer. In past years, hardly a day passed but that he did not treat us to the sight of his shimmering little body as he dipped into first one flower and then another.

However, the blue jays have remained around the neighborhood all summer, which is unusual. And Neighbor Harold Meyer reported yesterday that the young ones look almost large enough to start flying lessons. Earlier this summer the Meyers befriended a wounded bird which Mrs. M. found under a tree one day with one disabled leg. It was decided that the bird was a pigeon, although no one could remember having seen one with this particular coloring, or with a crest. Mrs. Meyer fed and doctored the bird, which was perfectly tame, and made a little splint from some bits of wood and soft cloth. But about the time she decided the leg was almost healed the pigeon—if it was—flew away. Now the neighborhood wonders if it was someone's pet, and if so, if it returned home safely.

A most charming and gracious woman called a couple of days ago to register a complaint—her very first—with The Mail Tribune. Would the paper please, please, please quit using the word "lady" and instead use the proper word "woman." The caller, like ourselves, had been taught that the word "lady" is the designation for a titled Englishwoman, or in a religious sense, is used as a designation for the Virgin Mary.

After a conversation with the youngest reporter on the staff, a university student who said that nowadays "lady" and "woman" are used interchangeably, the two of us consulted the dictionary. Webster's New Collegiate says, for "lady": First, the mistress of a household; second, a woman having proprietary rights, rule or authority or the feminine correlative of "lord"; third, specifically, the Virgin Mary, usually with "our"—Our Lady; fourth, in the British Empire a title prefixed to the name of women of certain ranks; fifth, a wife, now applied to one of recognized social standing; sixth, a woman of social distinction or position; seventh, a woman to whom one is devoted or bound; a sweetheart.

Under the word "woman" the dictionary says: First, an adult female person; second, womankind; third, distinctively feminine nature; fourth, a female attendant; fifth, a paramour or mistress.

Regardless of what the dictionary says, the composer of newspaper headlines has this answer: "Lady" will often fit into a headline when the word "woman" won't.—O.S.

Roman Miscellany

By MARGARET SCHULER
Rome — Of one thing you may be reasonably certain in Rome. You don't decide you need a new dress for the party tomorrow night, and go down town and buy it. Here, there aren't racks filled with sacks, sizes 12 to 44. Maybe 8 to 11, but that doesn't help, and any way, American figures differ from Italian figures; what fits at one end wouldn't fit at the other.

You have a choice, when you are in the mood for a new dress. If you are riding high and are tempted to throw discretion to the wind, you might set out for the dazzling Fontane Sisters on the Via Sistine. In the plush salon you make known your wishes, and sit back in the gilt chair with a friend. (It is good to have moral support in this shop.) Shortly, two models demonstrate two deceptively simple dresses, then, two more, and two more. But you want something not quite so youthful; not quite so modish. The Fontane Sisters are not, however, prepared for such unprecedented complications, and as you are not prepared, either, for the simplest gown costing \$280 American dollars, or an evening for \$800, you do not dawdle.

The alternative is the "little dressmaker." All women do not go to the likes of the Fontane Sisters, and scattered about the environs of Rome—mostly, the periphery, you discover are innumerable dressmakers (usually girls who have "apprenticed," then married, and wish to earn money while taking care of the babies). These women are quite capable of making good looking and stylish clothes.

The problem now is to discover who and where the seamstresses are. You run into women's worse natures—especially American women's. When they have found their little dressmaker, they feel compelled to keep it secret, lest their own patronage suffer. Eventually though, some charitable soul gives in and tells you, and off you go. Invariably, the address is on the opposite side of town from where you are, invariably, on a little known street, and invariably, on the third floor of an apartment house without a lift. But she can sew for you, next week.

Few dressmakers are aware of how painful it is for the average American woman to envision a dress, buy material and give instructions for its creation. Nor do they realize we are not accustomed to numerous fittings. However, after laboriously discussing it, she, in pure Italian and you in English, you go off to buy your pattern, and material.

A pattern—that should be easy. So you go to the pattern shop where there is nothing but patterns. High counters are all around the walls, with pictures and pattern books on them, and dozens of women searching (from morning until night) and buying patterns. Down the center of the large room and out into an annex are what Americans called (when I was a girl) dressmaker forms. These have paper pattern dresses pinned on them—what size? Because Italian sizes are not the same numbers, a size 14 is something else. Having worked that out, you proceed to the yardage shop. These are Rome's largest shops—vast storehouses of fabrics, from the plainest of cottons through silk prints to rich taffetas. They are of every conceivable color, many shades of every color and many gradations of every shade of every color. Such stuff as dresses are made of. Actually, this is the most difficult of the problems of acquiring the new dress. Such wealth of selection causes light-headedness. That, and knowing you must translate yards into meters, and dollars into lira. At the arithmetic, you must be clear-headed, too, and admit, knowing that in decision often means short change.

Nursery Should Be Checked for Safety

Milwaukee — UPD — Check the nursery for safety hazards before the baby arrives, experts say.

Electric outlets should be made safe from prying fingers. Cover base plugs with spring-mounted safety outlets. When an appliance plug is removed, these mountings spring over the opening. Also study outlet to determine if they can supply all light needed.

When painting walls, basins or cribs, use lead-free paint. Check paint labels to be sure the paint does not contain lead or lead chromate, which has toxic effects.

PICKED TO REPEAT
Los Angeles — UPD — A magazine poll of sports writers has picked the world champion Detroit Lions and the Cleveland Browns as favorites in the National Football League conference races this year. The magazine, Pro Foot-

Camping Vacation Taken by Family

Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Davis, 2649 Roberts road, and their three children, Diane, Marilyn, and Scott, returned recently from a two week camping trip throughout the state.

The Davises visited relatives and friends in Odell and Enterprise and camped at Wallowa Lake state park near Enterprise. From there they traveled north to the Viento state park on the Columbia highway, then to Humbug Mountain state park on Highway 101 near Port Orford. Prior to returning home they camped in the Jediah Smith Redwoods state park, Crescent City, Calif.

The Davises have a 15-foot house trailer and commuted on the "well kept" trailer parks throughout Oregon and neighboring states.

ball, polled 12 contributing sportswriters.

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10 lbs. GROUND BEEF	\$3.95
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1/2 BEEF	lb. 45¢

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On All White Stag "Summer Play Clothes"

A great Once-a-Season Clearance on the Northwest's Top Sportline . . . all sizes and all types go on sale . . . sizes from 1 to 6x — 7 to 14 and sub-teens. Shorts . . . Pedal Pushers . . . Pants . . . T-Tops . . . Overblouses and Jackets . . .

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"Regular Price"	"Sale Price"
Was \$1.98	Now . . . \$1.33
Was \$2.98	Now . . . \$1.99
Was \$3.50	Now . . . \$2.33
Was \$3.98	Now . . . \$2.65
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Children's Play Shoes

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Finest quality sail cloth used in all canvas play shoes, in oxford, slipon and swivel straps. Many colors and patterns.

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SIZES SMALL 4 TO LARGE 3

Mann's MEDFORD

Relatives Arrive For Rites Friday

Prospect — Mrs. Ethel E. MacHenry, Philadelphia, and Machios and Caroline MacHenry, both of Texas, have arrived in Prospect to attend the coming wedding of Mrs. MacHenry's niece, Miss Joan MacHenry, to Dale M. Chapman.

The wedding ceremony has been set for Friday, July 25, at seven o'clock at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Prospect. The bride's father, the Rev. W. Bruce MacHenry, will officiate.

DeArmonds Home From California

Central Point — Mr. and Mrs. David DeArmond, 3571 Oak Pine Way, Central Point, returned recently from a trip to southern California. The DeArmonds, accompanied by their three older children, drove south through the valley visiting Mrs. DeArmond's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Evans, Calistoga, Calif.

They visited Disneyland and returned to Medford along the coast.

DAV, Auxiliary Plan Ceremony

Jackson County chapter, Disabled American Veterans, and auxiliary will hold joint installation of officers July 25 at 8 p.m. at the Red Cross building on Hawthorne street.

The annual picnic will be held July 27 at TouVelle park beginning at 1 p.m.

Women attending are asked to take chicken, a basket lunch and table service. Ice cream, coffee and cold drinks will be furnished.

Add extra flavor to an omelet by stirring a heaping tablespoon of sour cream into well-beaten eggs. Sour cream also gives finer texture and flavor to batter for cookies, pies and pastry.

Mrs. Richard Garrett Honored at Party

Mrs. Richard Garrett was honored on her birthday recently by members of the Friday Sunshine club at the home of Mrs. Reimer Peterson, Beatty street. Mrs. Harry Wright was a guest of the group. Colorful bouquets of dahlias and other summer flowers decorated the rooms. Gift and cards were presented to Mrs. Garrett.

The next meeting of Friday Sunshine club will be held at the home of Mrs. Garrett on Taylor street.

Calendar

Thursday:
6:30 p.m. — Golden Link class, First Baptist church, at N. A. Mead home, Grant rd.
6:30 p.m. — Zonta club, home of Mrs. Edith Gifford, 419 South Oakdale ave.

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