

Potpourri

"Oregon has everything to offer the tourist," said the pleasant woman who sold us bread and milk in a store in Sisters, Ore., Thursday morning. "We have high mountains and rolling hills, we have interesting deserts and a beautiful coast line. Our rivers and lakes are nationally known both for their scenery and for their fishing. We have a wide variety of climate. What more can you want?"

Potpourri happily agreed with the woman and said she didn't have to sell us on Oregon. We told her we were on our way back to Medford after a vacation.

"That's where you can grow anything," she said with a touch of longing in her voice. "I lived in Talent as a small child; I can still remember what a wonderful vegetable garden we had. Our growing season is too short here for tomatoes and so many of the flowers."

The woman in Sisters is right, too. Oregon and the Pacific Northwest does have almost everything in the way of scenic beauty, and during the past two weeks Potpourri and Pappy enjoyed much of what it offers. After four perfectly delightful leisurely days on the coast, we had a taste of the mountain scenery in northern Oregon and Washington. At many points in this section the traveler, or the lucky resident, can see three or four snow-covered peaks by merely turning his eyes from one point to another. At some points it is Mt. Hood, Adams and Jefferson, and at another Jefferson and the Three Sisters, along with lesser peaks and buttes.

While in Washington, the two of us joined a family group for an outing at a cabin on Steamboat Island on an arm of Puget Sound out of Olympia. From "our side" of the little island there is a magnificent view of Mt. Rainier on a fair day, and the weather favored us by staying cloudless for almost the entire time. We remember a previous vacation when we spent six days at the cabin, and five of those it rained. But a light rain in southwest Washington last Sunday morning was the first to fall in that region in more than a month—July was the hottest and driest in 14 years, and Sunday's rain was brief. So whether we lounged on the patio or strolled on the beach, there was the sight of the big mountain for our pleasure. From dawn to dusk it never looks the same from hour to hour, or even minute to minute. The slopes change from white to gray to blue-gray and just after sunset it is often a delicate unreal pink.

Clams have feet. And all the time we thought they were necks. Some have necks, or what the book called "siphons." The book was "Animals of the Seashore" by Muriel Lewin Guberlet, and after reading a few pages Potpourri decided that we hardly knew anything about seashore life, and what we did know was mostly wrong.

Take the clam feet, for instance. Having watched the clam diggers on the beach near Ft. Stevens camp, we read the page on razor clams. Mrs. Guberlet, an authority on the seashore life of the Oregon and Washington beaches, says that razors "burrow deeply in the sand and have been known to bury themselves by 8 or 10 movements of the foot within 7 seconds. The muscular foot, which is pointed in order to penetrate the sand readily, is extended half the length of the body. When the foot has been forced down as far as possible, it swells up until the diameter is greater than that of the shell. Then the foot contracts and the shell moves through the hole made by the foot. So firmly does the clam cling to the sand by the expanded foot that the shell may be pulled off the body before it will let go."

Since the shore of Steamboat Island is filled with horse clams at one point, we read about these, too. Mrs. Guberlet said these burrowing clams have large siphons through which they shoot the water to a height of two or three feet. Potpourri already knew that, having been down on the beach at low tide just that afternoon. The unknown beach comber walks along and sees nothing but a lot of holes about half an inch across when all of a sudden he gets doused with what seems like a cupful of ice water. If he happens to step just in the right spot, five of six clams may take aim at all once. Very disconcerting, let me add.

The four of us, Potpourri and Pappy with daughter and son-in-law, also saw many pretty star fish, two or three different varieties of jelly fish, tiny crabs and various other sea creatures. Reading further in Mrs. Guberlet's book, we wished we knew where to look for a limpet. The limpet has such a powerful foot that it is quite impossible to tear it from a rock unless taken unawares, she wrote, and added that it has been estimated that a limpet with a basal area of one square inch requires a pull of 70 pounds to remove it. Abalone cling so tightly to rocks with their feet that they can be removed only with a chisel, according to the author.

Then there's that monstrosity, the geoduck, which isn't a duck at all but "panopea generosa," the largest of the burrowing clams of the Pacific region. It has a 12-inch siphon and looks perfectly horrible but is such delicious food that it is gradually being exterminated. Only three per digger constitutes the limit. Pappy recalled that he once was successful in finding one after excavating a hole in the sand practically as big as a grave.

The ex-soldier and his wife had many stories about their year's stay in Germany. Not exactly what you would call keen about a Army life, the two of them nevertheless enjoyed Germany a great deal and want very much to return to that country some time as civilians. They found many interesting contrasts between the people of the United States and those of Germany. The Germans as a people are more disciplined than those of the United States, they report. Cities are much cleaner than American cities, children are better behaved and apparently better educated after the same years of schooling.

Discipline even extends to the dogs, they found. Almost every German family has a dog, and they are permitted everywhere, even on trains and buses, because they are so well trained and so well behaved.

One part of our vacation driving was a "sentimental journey." Many years ago the two of us took our first motor vacation together in the Pacific Northwest and part of it was up the north bank highway of the Columbia river. This trip affords an excellent view of the magnificent Columbia gorge scenery—we agree with those who prefer the north bank trip to the highly publicized Columbia River highway, or the south bank road.

On that first trip Pappy brought the car—a Franklin coupe, to a stop at a point high above the river at Underwood and the two of us stood entranced by the view. The big river, with its rock walls alternating with forested areas, winds away to the right in all its grandeur; directly across is Mt. Hood, one of the Northwest's most beautiful snow-covered mountains, and to the left the land unfolds into the distance, with the green of the coast gradually fading away into the honey-colored rolling hills and fields of the central part of Washington and Oregon.

Somehow, we thought, this spot typifies the great Northwest—the part of the United States which "has everything" in the way of natural resources and scenic beauty. So last Wednesday the two of us drove the north bank route again, promising ourselves to return to the same place. But the highway had been re-routed, and when we arrived at Underwood, the road was at the river's edge, and not up on the bluff. The old road is still there, though, and Pappy turned the red Ford upwards and in a short time we found "our spot." As the two of us stood on the high bluff, we turned time backwards for a few minutes. The mighty Columbia looked exactly the same, and Mt. Hood was as beautiful as ever against the blue sky. The honey-colored fields are still to be seen in the far distance.

Fortune did not dictate that the two of us should ever make a home on the high place which looks down on the land which has everything, but somehow, it is still "our place."—O.S.

For a festive dessert, dip drained, canned peach halves in fresh lemon juice, roll in graham cracker crumbs, and arrange them, cup side up in a dessert dish. Top with a scoop of vanilla ice cream.

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Mr. and Mrs. Wilcey Lou Winchell

Shannon-Winchell Rites Held in Leaburg Church

Miss Barbara Kathleen Shannon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arne V. Shannon, McKenzie Hatchery, Leaburg, Ore., became the bride of Wilcey Lou Winchell, son of Mr. and Mrs. William O. Winchell, 471 Ross lane north, Medford, in a ceremony held July 12 at the Leaburg Presbyterian church.

The Rev. J. Stanley Barlow of Westminster Foundation of Eugene officiated at the double ring ceremony held at three o'clock in the afternoon. The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a floor length dress of imported lace over taffeta with long sleeves and scalloped neckline. Her tulle veil was held by a small headpiece and she carried a bouquet of white carnations encircling a white orchid.

Miss Carol Sue Shannon, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. She wore a dress of pale green dotted Swiss over pale green taffeta with taffeta cummerbund. She carried a bouquet of pale green daisies and ivy. Bridesmaids were Miss JoAnn Vance and Miss Nedra Kay Webb, both of Leaburg. They wore dresses of pale yellow dotted Swiss over pale yellow taffeta and carried bouquets of yellow daisies and ivy. Miss Arlene Stennett and Larry Cartmill of Los Angeles were candlelighters.

Best man was W. O. Winchell, father of the bridegroom, while Larry Cartmill and Dan Wood of Leaburg were ushers.

Baskets of white and yellow gladioli and candelabra decorated the church.

George McUne, Medford, brother-in-law of the bridegroom, sang, Mrs. Ben Huntington, Vida, Ore., was organist.

A reception took place in the social hall of the church following the ceremony. Mrs. Glenn Jones, aunt of the bride, poured coffee and Mrs. Raymond Wood presided at the punch bowl. Mrs. Raymond Culver and Miss Arlene Stennett cut and served cake.

Mrs. Shannon wore a silk print dress with white accessories while the bridegroom's mother chose a nylon chiffon print dress with white accessories. Their corsages were of carnation.

Out-of-state guest was Perry Atkinson of Dubuque, Iowa, great-uncle of the bride. The couple made a wedding trip to the Oregon coast, the bride wearing a pale pink cotton knit chemise dress with pink and white accessories and the orchid corsage from her bridal bouquet. They are now at home at 1237 Ferry street, Eugene.

The bride attended McKenzie High school, the University of Oregon and Eugene Business college. She is employed by the Lane County Welfare commission. Mr. Winchell is a graduate of Medford High school and is a junior at the University of Oregon where he is a varsity track team member.

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Women's Army Corp Recruiters Here This Week

Capt. Lillian E. Baker and Sergeant First Class Annie B. Hawkins, recruiters for the Women's Army Corp from the WAC Recruiting center, Portland, will be in Medford Tuesday and Wednesday, August 12 and 13, for the purpose of testing and interviewing young women applicants.

While in the valley they will make their headquarters in the Army Recruiting office, room 1, post office building. Appointments may be arranged by telephoning the recruiting office SPing 2-5022.

Barbecue Picnic Held at TouVelle

The Little Garden Club of Medford held a barbecue picnic on August 5, at TouVelle State park. Guests were the husbands and children of the members. Approximately 45 persons attended.

Horseshoe pitching, badminton and swimming were on the program of events. The committee in charge of arrangements was Mrs. Edward McGinty, Mrs. C. T. Bascom and Mrs. George Sample assisted by the club president, Mrs. Clayton Ruhl.

The next meeting of the club will be September 10 at the home of Mrs. G. O. Bradley, 720 Alder street, with Mrs. H. R. Vallee as co-hostess. Care of bulbs will be the subject for discussion.

Ashland Teacher Nominated for Chairman Position

Ashland—Miss Helene Robinson, acting chairman of the music department at Southern Oregon college, has been appointed by the nominating committee of the Oregon Music Educators association as a candidate for the position of chairman of Elementary Music Education Affairs. State chairmen are also members of the national committee of the Music Educators National conference.

Button Collection Is Worth \$15,000

Tampa, Fla. — (UP) — Mrs. Frank Durham has a \$15,000 fortune all buttoned up.

She is a button collector who started her hobby because she "just likes buttons." Her collection includes a button worn at the time of George Washington. Only about 50 of these remain, she said. The most expensive button she remembers is one decorated with diamonds which sold for \$3,000 a few years ago.

What does she do when her husband finds a button missing on his shirt? "I tell him to stop all this 'button, button, who has the button' business and buy one," she said. "I'll sew it on later."

For an easy dessert, partially freeze syrup from canned peaches and spoon over diced fresh pears, sliced dates and cling peach slices.

Empty egg cartons can be used for storing earrings, Christmas tree decorations, children's socks, nails, nuts and bolts, and other small items.

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