

Gardener Of Year Announced

By GAY PAULEY
UPI Women's Editor
New York—UPI—As a "gardener" who can't even grow apartment-house philodendron, it's a pleasure to meet an expert like Mrs. L. C. Collins Sr., of Sylacauga, Ala.

Also a little discouraging. Because Mrs. Collins, a serene lady of 60, tells me if I'm not born with a green thumb chances are strong I'll never develop one.

The southern woman, chosen national "Gardener of the Year," patiently explained that "gardening is a way of life."

"It is done by instinct. It is like being born with musical talent. You can take music lessons, but if music doesn't come naturally, it takes some digging.

Entered a Contest
"The love of growing things has to be inherent. Plants need tender loving care . . . they are like children. Some people aren't born to take the time."

Having found why my philodendron is sickly—I don't baby it enough—I went on to ask Mrs. Collins how she won the title and became a gardener in the first place.

The winner, a widow with three married children and six grandchildren, entered a contest sponsored by the Union Carbide corporation and conducted through local garden clubs.

All contestants—and there were 25,000 entered from 44 states—gave written answers to 100 technical questions, prepared by a horticulturist, on flora and fauna in all parts of the country.

A Shrub for Christmas
Her grandmother also was a flower buff, but her mother, a physician, didn't rate as an expert. Her husband, who was a car dealer, banker, and dairy and beef cattle grower, shared her hobby.

"In addition to all the other things I got for Christmas," she said, "he always gave me some flower or shrub I'd been longing for."

Mrs. Collins, with one helper—a high school boy—gardens a plot of land which



LAME WOOL—Party-going chemise is fashioned of luxurious lame wool knit. Two-piece costume is by Tricosa-Feder. The perfume, Houbigant's Chantilly.

Dance Announced By Youth Group

The Methodist Wesley group for college age youth plans a barn dance Friday, August 22. Young people are asked to meet at First Methodist church at 7 p.m. from where the group will go to Kersaw square. Mr. Kershaw will call for dancing.

All college age young people are invited to attend.

covers three-fourths of a city block on the edge of Sylacauga, a town of 20,000 near Birmingham.

Her assistant does the heavy spading, mowing and pruning, but she does all the planning, the planting and transplanting, grafting, fertilizing and repotting. The greenhouse she already has is filled with orchids. And she also grows vegetables—"everything in the catalog."

Potpourri

After yesterday morning's work in the garden, we decided for the seventh time that of all the garden equipment, sprayers are the most unsatisfactory. We've tried practically everything on the market and they either break, rust, clog or otherwise break down.

For the "cover the whole garden" spraying we use one of the glass jar and metal top gadgets which attach to the garden hose, and it's very satisfactory—when it works. Yesterday morning we discovered that the solution wasn't going through the nozzle, but was backing up in the jar. We shut off the water, took the whole contraption apart and discovered that water would run through both the rubber tubing and the nozzle, so why wouldn't it spray when hooked together? A second try proved equally fruitless so we shut off the water, took the entire gadget apart and went in the house and found our bifocals and a threaded needle. Without our bifocals we can't see the little hole in the nozzle, and one time when we tried to open it with a fine needle, we had trouble getting the needle out. So this time we were wiser—we'd use a thread to pull it out. After poking the needle through the hole a couple of times, we assembled the darned thing for the third time, and this time it worked. Only the hose we attached it to leaked at the coupling, so we had to unscrew the jar and find another section. And this is why the garden doesn't get sprayed often, and why we hate sprayers.

This summer Potpourri has been downright discouraged with the garden. We were somewhat late, as usual, with planting annuals, the everlasting storms have left their toll and now the bugs and a mysterious disease are plaguing us. Some of the fuchsias have died and even the hardy petunias aren't what they should be. Considering the sad state of our own garden, we're glad that we are invited to enjoy the gardens of others. Sunday night Potpourri was among the guests at the reception which followed the wedding of Carol Wikstrom and Donn Forbes, and the gardeners present spent most of their time exclaiming over the Wikstrom's flower beds, which were one mass of gorgeous blossoms. Both Mr. and Mrs. Wikstrom like to garden, and admit that they spend the greatest share of their leisure time in the yard. They fertilize the soil with sheep guano and water heavily during the dry weather, and believe this accounts for the heavy bloom they achieve.

Mrs. Wikstrom has one other trick—about mid-way during the summer she shears back the petunias and alyssum and other annuals and in three weeks or a month is rewarded with the abundance of bloom which the guests so admired Sunday night.

Potpourri toured the garden with Mrs. Ivan Burton, who added her sighs of admiration to ours. "I should quit reading the garden books," Frankie B. declared. "The books say to plant pansies in the shade—well mine are in the shade and you should see how spindly they are. My friends plant them in the sun, and they grow and bloom like mad."

Which reminded us that not long ago we read that iris must not be grown in the same plot of ground for more than three years—that this plant gives off a "poison" which ruins the ground for the same flower but which does not harm it for other growth. Obviously, one has only to observe the gardens in Medford where iris are grown on the same ground for years at a time, producing healthy plants and prize-winning flowers, to take this bit of writing with a grain of salt.

Potpourri's house, we might add, is in the same sad state of disrepair as the garden, and the visit last week of the young marrieds didn't help much. As part of their preparations toward establishing a new home in the suburbs of Spokane, Wash., where the ex-Army corporal will teach music in the Mead district, they came to pick up the re-

Miss America To Attend Show

Miss America, who is Marilyn Van Derbur of Denver, Colo., will attend the luncheon and showing of fall fashions which Amici Horizon club of Camp Fire girls will give Saturday at Rogue Valley Country club. It is stated that Miss Van Derbur will attend the entire function and will be introduced.

Members of Amici club are giving the annual event to raise funds to be used at the Special Education school at Talent. Fashions for young children, for teen-agers and for adults will be modeled. Reservations are to be made with Miss Linda Luman, SPring 2-7388 or Miss Lana McGraw, Hillcrest 6-3714.

Luncheon will be served at 12:30 p.m. with the show to follow.



STORMY WEATHER COAT—the new motor coat in a hard-wearing but luxurious wool and cashmere fleece blend. Has leather buttons, hand-warmer pockets, and a quilted body and sleeve lining. It's geared to keep you comfortable in the roughest weather.

remainder of their wedding presents, stored during their Army days, and other possessions.

This meant the emptying of numerous boxes and checking their contents, it meant going through letters, some of which dated back to pen pal days in the seventh grade, sorting a mountain of programs, report cards, books, snapshots and pictures and going through boxes and large paper bags marked with such data as "Robene's treasures" or "Robene's hats and purses."

Gradually the house took on the look of a rummage sale—this pile of boxes to go in the car when they left, this pile of clothing to go to a sale, this stack to be burned or made into cleaning rags, this stack to be cleaned and stored for further disposal, these "treasures" to be handed down to small fry who will have fun with them, even though second hand.

Some articles would bring the operation almost to a halt. A snapshot taken at a birthday party given for Mary Lee Watson when she was in Washington school, an autograph book from junior high days, stacks of clippings and pictures from former Shakespearean festival seasons, a pair of socks marked with sorority and fraternity crests and worn to a college "sock hop"—what to keep and what to discard. But time passes swiftly, and the task must be finished. So at last the young marrieds left, after doing the best they could to put the young marrieds in order. And now it is up to mother and father to once more re-settle the house, rearrange the closets, ship more boxes and do all the other little tasks which parents really don't mind, although they are the last to admit it.

The Jerry Latham and Mark Taylor families came back from a vacation on the Oregon coast saying that the weather had been perfect, just simply perfect. However, there was one complaint. The wind, it seems, blew a little. In fact, one morning while they were cooking breakfast at one of the beach camps, Lois L. baked a nice stack of hot cakes and turned around just in time to see the wind lift them, one by one, and flip them off into the sand.—O.S.

Help Yourself To Happiness

This column is one of a series on marriage and family problems which appears weekly in this paper. It presents problems of everyday living and attempts to bring you the most expert opinion in this area. By combining clinical experience, research, and homespun practicality, we hope to assist you to help yourself to happiness.

Readers are invited to present their problems. All queries will receive individual attention and should be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope directed to Mary Harris Seifert, M.A., Department of Education, The American Institute of Family Relations, 3257 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 27, California.

"Is it possible for a marriage to succeed if a woman is fifteen years older than her husband?" asks Muriel. "After my first husband deserted me, I thought I'd never marry again. But now I've met a wonderful man, and I'm not so sure. He's thirty, and seems quite mature. He is kind, considerate, responsible—the kind of husband every woman dreams of. I am forty-five and look young for my age. We have the same interests, tastes, and ideals. My family likes him, and he likes me. I'd like to be married to him and be with him always, but our age difference worries me. Should a woman marry a younger man?"

A marriage with an age difference can succeed. But there are many things which you must consider when the woman is the older partner, before marrying. These points will have a significant bearing on your marital success or failure.

First, many men wish to have children. You may not wish to have youngsters, or you may be unable to do so. Does your man wish a family—have you discussed the situation with him fully?

Second, would your relationship suffer if you became

less physically able to engage in sports, in swimming, hiking, dancing? To what extent does your mutual happiness depend on such activities? If your love is based primarily on physical relationships (rather than stemming from personality characteristics) it might not wear comfortably with age.

Third, what adjustments would have to be made? Have you agreed upon whether you are to work outside after marriage, and does this decision suit you? Would you enjoy having a man make decisions concerning the household and your activities, or would you eventually feel "fenced in"? Do you like being domestic? Do you have mutual friends?

Fourth, to what extent were you responsible for the collapse of your first marriage? Might the same behavior patterns, which created trouble in the first marriage, play a similar role in the second?

Fifth, do both of you approach this relationship as a cooperative situation? Do you wish to share interests and responsibilities, religion, life habits, and security? Do you feel relaxed in each other's presence, and do you honestly enjoy being together above and beyond all else? Can you share trouble, as well as happiness?

Discuss the situation fully with your friend, Muriel. If you still have uncertainties, confer with a marriage counselor who will help you toward a wise decision.

Calendar

Thursday:
6:30 p.m.—Zonta club picnic, home of Mrs. Oletha Olson.

Friday:
11 a.m.—WCTU, home of Dr. and Mrs. B. R. Elliott.
1-8 p.m.—Prospect Garden club Flower and Hobby Show, Prospect Community hall.



LIKE CHEMISE—Little girls like the chemise, too, as shown by this coat with pocket flaps over hip-length gored skirt, bow-tied velvet collar, By Bambury.

Stauffer Home Reducing Plan
Virginia Wickersham, Counselor
PHONE SP 2-9260

Guests Arrives From California

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Hamner, Coachella, Calif., are guests in Medford of Mr. and Mrs. William Davenport, 405 North Central avenue. The Hamners, who came up by car, plan to be here about a week and are spending some time at Lake of the Woods.

The Hamners' three children are attending camp at this time.

Stuffed Tomatoes
With fresh tomatoes at their best, serve stuffed tomato salads for lunch some day soon. Peel and hollow the fruit, and drain upside down while preparing filling. Chicken or tuna salad is delicious in the tomato cases. Add chopped celery, wedges of meaty ripe olives, instant minced onion and mayonnaise to the meat or fish. Heap into tomatoes, and garnish with several shiny whole olives. Serve with hot biscuits and tall glasses of iced tea.

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INSTANT MYSTIC FOAM
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CORNER GROUP—Decorative lighting for a corner grouping is provided by slim black metal cylinders with vertical ribs in jewel colors. "Carnival" pendant lamps by Lightliner.

Branded Peaches
Canned cling peach halves, branded and chilled, make a tangy, colorful relish to serve with barbecued foods. Pour the brandy over the peaches and chill several hours before serving. Delicious, too, as dessert, with balls of ice cream.

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WORSTED CREATION—Raised, colorful loops of mohair on oxford worsted create this plaid for trapeze-line skirt and top. By Tudor Square in Einiger fabric.



TAPERED LINE—Fur silhouette features tapered line, youthful look. Of Matara Alaska Fur Seal, with pouch collar of Saga Norwegian Blue Fox. By Revillon.

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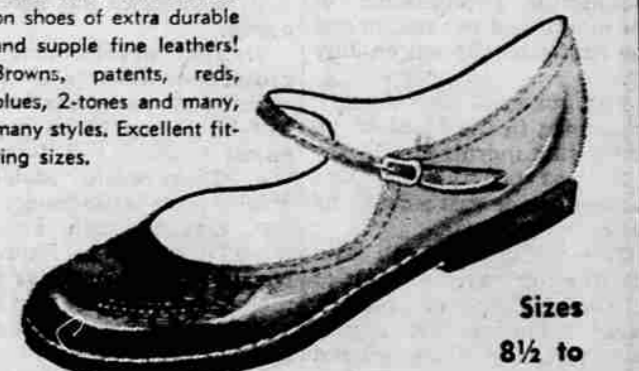
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