

'Homemaker Service' Is Substitute for Relatives

By PATRICIA WIGGINS
United Press International
Washington—(UPI)—A government expert predicts a major expansion in the next few years in what could be described as today's substitute for yesterday's relatives.

It's called Homemaker Service.

Said Miss Maude Morlock, Children's Bureau specialist: "When I was a child, we were always surrounded by relatives and felt as much at home in their houses as in my own."

At my house, the relatives either moved in to help, or the children moved over until the crisis was past.

Today, she noted, family and relatives are usually scattered. The family helping hand is no longer within reach when unexpected illness or other trouble strikes. That's where Homemaker Service comes in.

The idea was started in the late 1920's in Philadelphia as a means of providing child care in troubled homes. Today it has broadened in scope and is included in programs of 143 private and public agencies in 32 states and the District of Columbia.

VanAntwerp To Call at Fair

Bob VanAntwerp, Long Beach, Calif., will be guest caller at the Josephine County Fair square dance starting at 8:30 p.m. Friday. The dance is being sponsored by the Rogue Valley Square Dance Callers association.

Mr. VanAntwerp is in charge of the Long Beach Recreation center, and has written several square and round dances. He has recorded dances on Black Mountain and McGregour labels.

Saturday night, the callers association will sponsor a jam-boree-type dance with members of the association calling. The dance will start at 8:30 p.m.

Following the Saturday night dance, doughnuts and coffee will be served at Take It Easy Lodge on Savage Creek rd. near Rogue River.

Former Clerks Attend Dinner

A group of valley residents who were formerly clerks for the late Clarence Meeker in the old M and M store, now occupied by the Woolworth company, held a get-together dinner party recently at the home of Mrs. W. F. Phillips, 12 Ross lane.

The event, held in the Phillips garden, was attended by Miss Marie Walker, Mrs. John Coble, Jacksonville; Mrs. Gladys Whitson, Ashland; Mrs. Frank Smith, Central Point; Mrs. Monta Davis, Mrs. James Fleming, Mrs. Jessie Laing, Mrs. Edna Purcell, Mrs. Harold Elliott, Mrs. W. F. Phillips and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brandon, all Medford.

Also attending was Miss Olga Pagel, Portland, a guest of Miss Walker.

The evening was spent in talking and taking pictures. The group decided to meet again next year.

CALENDAR

Wednesday: 11 a.m. - Medford Townsend club, Carpenters hall, 123 1/2 West Main st.

Noon-Mistletoe club, picnic luncheon at Mrs. Dave Fraysher, 2035 Sunset dr.

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Potpourri

Portland—It's Monday morning and 9 o'clock and Potpourri is on vacation. And so what do we do? We take typewriter (an old Underwood loaned by the Multnomah hotel) in hand and write. So many of our days begin in this fashion that somehow the week wouldn't start off well otherwise.

The two of us visited Roseburg yesterday. We had planned to do so on that Sunday before the disaster which struck the city last week, so did not change our plans. It seemed that a goodly share of southern Oregon had the same idea. Traffic was very heavy, and since all entrances to the city are patrolled by police or men in Army uniform—we took them to be National Guardsmen, it takes a long time to get anywhere.

In spite of the bustling traffic and many people at work replacing glass and otherwise repairing damage, there is a note of gloom in the city. The enormity of the task of rebuilding and renovation made necessary by the explosion and fire which demolished such a large part of the business district last week, is beginning to bear down. We were told that meetings of city and state officials, attorneys and insurance representatives were to be held this week to begin the colossal task of planning the rebuilding. There is much talk of damage suits.

Pappy and Potpourri called on the Paul Helwigs, whom we have known for many years, and who own a fine home on Riverside avenue across the river from the city—about a quarter of a mile from the center of the town "as the crow flies." Their story of the disastrous night must be much the same as that of hundreds of other householders.

Mrs. Helweg heard the fire siren blow and got out of bed to look toward the city. Seeing nothing, she returned to bed. In a few minutes the siren sounded again and about the time she stirred and wondered if she should get up again, the night was shattered with the huge explosion and a big window a few feet from their bed broke into bits and fell in on the Helwigs. The Helwigs thought, as it seems nine out of ten Roseburg residents did, that the city had been hit by an atom bomb. Remembering what they had read, the couple, with Mrs. Helweg's sister who had come from the Mid-West to visit, hurried to the basement, picking up a small radio as they went. Plugged in, the radio was silent. After a time Mr. H. went to the phone and finding it working, asked the operator "What happened?" The frightened woman said "I don't know—I just don't know!"

Eventually the Helwigs and their guest began to walk around the house and in the yard and street, as others were doing. Everyone was quite dazed—no one knew quite what to do next. It was some time before Mrs. Helweg discovered that her hands were covered with blood and it was realized that she had a large cut on her back—one which required several stitches to close when she at length could be treated by a physician.

The Helwig's neighborhood is quite near the hospital—which lost dozens of windows and received patients into rooms littered with glass and with contents knocked askew by the terrific blast. When a fire started in back of the hospital building, neighborhood men gathered to put it out.

When the Helwigs returned to their home and began to check the damage they found the heavy front door, which had been locked, had been blown inward, and the casings ripped loose. The knob and other hardware lay on the floor. A back door was in a similar state. Cupboard doors were wrenched open and the contents dumped on the floor. Mrs. H. particularly remembered the spice closet—"everything was scattered around—I had to sweep up stuff like parsley flakes."

Plastered ceilings are somewhat cracked, and blinds damaged. It seems that in some homes where draperies were drawn across the window, glass ripped great holes as the sharp sections blasted inward. (Thousands upon thousands of pieces of plywood and sheets of plastic were used to cover the damaged windows.)

Householders are worrying about how to be sure all the glass is cleaned up. Sunday the Helweg's son-in-law and daughter, the Terry Herchers and their two small sons, were up from Medford. Since the broken windows fell both in and outside, the older folk kept a sharp lookout and warned the older Hercher boy not to play in the grass near the windows.

People about the city show evidence of injuries—many have cuts on legs and arms, bandaged limbs, facial cuts and scalp wounds.

We were told that practically no one is being allowed into the area where the blast occurred and where damage is the heaviest with the exception of property owners, certain officers and others whose business is of the utmost importance. Sunday the ruins were still hot and smoking and the task of hunting for bodies and carrying on other needed work will not get underway until the rubble has cooled. Banks, hotels, stores, shops—all business right down town is stopped. The main post office is closed and business Saturday was conducted from sub-stations.

The task of cleaning up the wreckage presents a different problem to every business man or merchant. It is said, for instance, that a jeweler whose store was almost demolished is endeavoring to sweep up and save the rubbish in front of his building. Much of his stock of diamonds and other small jeweled pieces was blown into the street. By sifting through and examining each bit of this rubble, he may be able to recover some of the stock.

The bus depot, where we boarded the Greyhound Sunday evening, has windows boarded up or covered with plastic. The gas supply was still off. The ticket clerk asked us to look upward. The large light fixtures were all hanging loose from the ceiling, with a gap of three or four inches between the plaster and the fixtures.

Where it was a problem in Roseburg Sunday. Those cafes and restaurants still open were literally swamped not only with local residents whose home life has been disrupted by the disaster, but by the hundreds of curious people who flocked into the area to take a look at the disaster.

When the earth-shaking explosion struck Roseburg, with the resulting "mushroom" of smoke, dust and gas, followed soon by heavy fire, almost everyone thought the city had been struck by an atom bomb. There was no bomb—only one truckload of dynamite and other explosive material with an infinitesimal power as compared to an atomic or hydrogen bomb. Roseburg folk, other Oregonians and citizens throughout the United States are rightly shocked by this local disaster; they demand investigations, and action to make sure that such a horror will not happen again.

Yet Roseburg's disaster was as nothing when compared to that which befell the city of Hiroshima in Japan. On that August day a United States plane flown and manned by citizens of the United States dropped a bomb on Japan which brought the same type of disaster as struck Roseburg, only magnified thousands of times.

Thursday night this writer sat in beautiful, peaceful Lithia park and heard Suzanne Hanson read from John Hershey's soul-stirring account of Hiroshima. For the first time the full significance of what had happened in Hiroshima dawned on this writer. True, we read the newspaper accounts, heard the radio reports and since that time have been a part of many discussions on the horrors and futilities of atomic warfare—its downright inhumaneness.

Friday morning, with Mrs. Hanson's voice still ringing in our ears, and with the word pictures which Mr. Hershey painted still fresh in our mind, we heard about Roseburg. Yesterday we saw and heard more. Yesterday we heard the cab driver, the housewife, the business man all saying "something must be done. This must never happen again." Voices filled with compassion said "how dreadful for the driver of the truck. His life is ruined. Better that he had died." Or "I hope this teaches the men of that firm a lesson. How can they be so careless when human life is involved?"

Driving home from the United Nations meeting Thursday night in the park, there was more talk of Hiroshima, and bombs, and wars. We were reminded that the Japanese, while sinned against, have not been without sin when it comes to slaughtering their fellow men, and that after all, Hiroshima happened because we were at war, and after all, war is war.

Of the Roseburg disaster we say "it must not happen again." Of Hiroshima we say "but we were at war."—O.S.

Valley Woman to Teach in Germany

Ashland - Mrs. Beatrice Braden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Werth, and sister of Mrs. Guy Holman, 2095 Valley View road, will leave from Brooklyn N. Y., Saturday, August 15, for Frankfurt, Germany, where she will teach American children of Armed Forces Personnel.

Mrs. Braden has been visiting in the valley for the past several weeks, having taught in the Sandy, Ore. schools. She is one of 24 teachers selected from the three northwestern states to teach in Germany.

Woman Honored At Baby Shower

Mrs. Leonard Buchwald Jr., Sunnyview lane, was honored recently by a baby shower at the home of Mrs. Richard Wickham, 2569 Sunnyview lane. Attending were friends and neighbors of the honored woman.

They included Mrs. Leonard Buchwald, Mrs. George Wickham, Mrs. Glen Allen, Mrs. Milford White, Mrs. Dale Bradley, Mrs. Kenneth Buxton, Mrs. Clarence Santee, Mrs. Evelyn Lester, Mrs. Jack Weber, Mrs. Jack Pope, Mrs. Harvey J. Dutton, Mrs. Thomas A. Smith, Miss Betty Griskowski, Mrs. Robert Ball, Mrs. Leonard Rhodes, and Mrs. Richard Loeffler.

Refreshments in the pink and blue theme were served by Mrs. Weber and Mrs. Wickham.

Area Residents Return from Trip

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Watkins, 701 West Jackson st., returned recently from San Francisco, where they attended the graduation exercises of the French Hospital School of Nursing.

Friends of the Watkins were among the class members. They were Mrs. James Stokes, the former Phyllis Watkins, and Miss Eleanor Liebbrand, both former Medford residents and graduates of Medford High school. They received their nursing diplomas with Miss Liebbrand receiving the honor award.

Later in the week the Watkins were guests at the wedding of Miss Liebbrand to Paul Gfeller of San Francisco. Mrs. Chester Bourne and Mrs. J. W. Watkins, both Medford, accompanied the Watkins south.

Store Managers Do Not Shop

Washington—(UPI)—Wives of supermarket managers say their husbands don't bring home the bacon.

They leave grocery shopping chores to the distaff side. And like most husbands, they rarely have an answer to the age-old question, "What would you like for dinner, dear?"

This was disclosed in an informal survey of family shopping habits by the National Association of Food Chains.

Wives of the nine national winners of the association's annual good citizenship awards for community service also indicated that their husbands were little or no help in meal preparation.

However, some said their husbands occasionally tip them off to good buys in seasonal foods and specialties. They felt this helps their families eat better and more economically than the rest of us.

Like any smart homemaker, the supermarket manager's wife asks herself four questions as she makes out her shopping list:

"Will the family like each item? Is it nutritious? Is the price right? Is it in season?" Convenience is also important. One out of the nine wives said she did not stop at her husband's store. It is too far away, she said. Two other markets in his chain are closer home.

Soup Can Label

The label on a soup can does not tell how many oysters are in the stew, but it does give you clues to the amount of each ingredient. They are mentioned in order of decreasing quantity, with the largest first and the smallest last.

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Scandinavian Airlines to Offer Variety in Meals

By JEANNE LESEM
United Press International
Stockholm—(UPI)—Hamlet, the indecisive Dane, would have a hard time about Caravelle jetliners due to link 24 European and Middle East cities in May.

The new aircraft, first of SAS' (Scandinavian Airlines System) jet fleet, are no place for a man who can't make up his mind - about food.

When the 515-MPH planes inaugurate jet service to 17 countries, passengers will be asked for decisions on meal-planning almost as soon as they step aboard. He who hesitates could go hungry.

The complexities of meal planning for short-and-long-haul jet passengers were revealed in an SAS preview at Stockholm's Bromma Airport for 40 food and travel editors from 10 countries.

The French-made planes will cut flying time between some cities to less than an hour. A different light meal will be served on each route leg, airline officials said, and the menu for the entire flight will be handed to each passenger at his boarding point.

Light Meals
If he's going only two stops, he'll have a choice between two light meals, pre-cooked and heated in as little as 20 seconds in electronic ovens. Should he pause too long in selecting one dish or the other, he'll have to take the second, or nothing.

A long-distance passenger, on the other hand, will have a greater selection of main courses from which to compose one or more meals as he flies from, say, Copenhagen to Kuwait.

Airline officials expect rapidly growing jet service to simplify cuisine and service, eliminating much garnishing and decorating that distinguishes luxury meals on today's slower piston engine planes.

However, individual recipes will be anything but plain if those being tested at the experimental kitchen make the grade for jet travel.

The simplest of a dozen dishes sampled were poached smoked Scandinavian salmon served with new potatoes; and an East-West combination, baked Idaho potato topped with butter, a generous scoop of sour cream, and Russian caviar.

Elaborate Side
On the elaborate side were breast of partridge stuffed with forcemeat of partridge, pork and goose liver pate, truffles and cognac; pastry tarts filled with shrimps, mussels, lobster and mushrooms in a wine sauce; a pate of pheasant, veal, pork and cognac; and brioches (French breakfast rolls) filled with sweetbreads, mushrooms, pate de foie gras and a rich cream sauce.

These meals will take hours of preparation by ground flight kitchens.

Once cooked, they will be

Mistletoe Club Plans Picnic Wednesday

Mistletoe club will hold a picnic luncheon at the home of Mrs. Dave Fraysher, 2035 Sunset drive, Wednesday, August 12, at noon. Those planning to attend are to take their own table service and a covered dish.

Committee in charge of the event includes Mrs. Delbert Ross, Mrs. Irvin Patten, and Mrs. Tom Mee.

Child's Dish

A compartmented child's dish, designed like a clown's face, comes in pink, blue, yellow and white plastic. If the circus motif doesn't retard a child's clowning at mealtime, you can point to the similarity of the dish and an airline tray and play a game of "let's pretend we're dining above the clouds."

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Eagles Auxiliary To Meet Thursday

The auxiliary to the Fraternal Order of Eagles will meet Thursday, August 13, at 8 p.m. at the Eagles Hall, at the office of treasurer will be held for the unexpired term.

Mrs. Yetta A. Flowers and Miss Gladys Rammin are on the entertainment committee.

The Past Presidents club of the Fraternal Order of Eagles will meet Friday, August 14 at the home of Mrs. Lyle Pickell, 823 Broad st., at 1:30 p.m.

Family Blues Helped by Home

Lincoln, Neb.—(UPI)—Marriage and the family are like a first aid kit—ready to give emergency treatment to emotional scratches and bruises of family members.

That's the view of Dr. J. Joel Moss, professor of family relations at the University of Nebraska.

He said that bad moods, irritations, the "blues"—things which trouble any family member—put special pressures upon other members of a family to help the individual who becomes "livable" again.

He said emotional tensions of individuals often become so great that they demand release. The family is challenged to provide for release of these feelings through ways which will not change an individual's relationships with others.

Different persons find different ways of ridding themselves of tensions, Moss said. "Some need to blow up and get the matter off their chests. Many use music, sports, movies or other activities as emotional releases. Some people need to talk out their problem, explain their actions and confess wrong doing."

Moss said the family can provide support and assurance for its members in several different ways. He said some individuals feel guilty and need to have these feelings relieved. In this case they still think objectively and are capable of solving their own problems—even though they have made mistakes.

"In some cases, face-saving devices are needed," Moss continued. "This may call for some covering up on the part of other family members or helping the person find reasonable excuses for their actions."

Colonial Custard

For a real colonial flavor use molasses in place of sugar in baked or boiled custard. 1/4 cup of unspiced molasses, 2 cups of milk, 3 eggs, 1/4 teaspoon of salt and 1 teaspoon of vanilla is a good basic recipe. The secret for a smooth, velvety textured custard is controlled heat. The automatic top burner heat control on the new gas ranges will make steamed and boiled custards to perfection. If you like the baked custard texture, place the custard cups on a rack in a pan of water. Set the dial at 212 degrees and cover the pan. The steam will cook the custards in 20 to 30 minutes.

Chilled Soup

Whip them up in just a few minutes early in the day—refrigerate and chill until supper time. The delicious difference of the chilled soups of summer will raise cheers from hungry souls, revive heat-limp appetites. Try one of the canned condensed cream soups; blend thoroughly with a soup can of milk. Or try canned condensed soup blended with water; float a fluff of sour cream on top. For super-special effect, serve in stemmed goblets.

Safe and Pure

Glass bottles and jars have traditionally been used for drugs and medicines because of the demand for protection which glass alone affords—in a field where the highest standards of safety and purity must be maintained.

Men's Fashions More Colorful

Rome—(UPI)—If Italian fashion designers for men have their way, males are going to be more colorful than the ladies in their attire this fall.

One new ensemble exhibited at the Rome collections bore the name "Crociera a Miami" (cruise to Miami), and consisted of a loose-fitting dark grey jacket, dark blue trousers and a flame-red waistcoat. This was suggested for evening wear.

Another number for men was styled by Angelo Litrico, who gained fame by outfitting Soviet premier Nikita Khrushchev with Italian suits. Litrico's ensemble was called "Arrivederci Mosca" (Goodbye Moscow) and consisted of a camel-colored suit for spring, with a light overcoat adorned with Persian collar of maroon-hued silk's wool.

Litrico also showed what he called a pair of Russian-styled pajamas. They were fawn colored, with short-legged, stove pipe trousers, a jacket gathered at the waist, and a tunic-style side buttoning, with high collar.

For the space-traveler, Rome tailors showed an ensemble called "Dalla terra alla luna" (From earth to moon). It was a white and maroon checked suit with tobacco-colored borders on trouser cuffs and jacket pockets.

Chocolate Orange Topping
Melt one 6-ounce package of semi-sweet chocolate morsels over a low gas flame with one-third cup of hot water. Stir in one-third cup of orange marmalade and that's all you have to do. This is a flavor combination that will raise an eye-brow or two. Serve it warm or cool over ice cream, cake, gingerbread, or cream puffs. Yield is 1 cup.

A person's clothes always tell what kind of person she is. If dresses show spots, or needs pressing, she is obviously advertising the fact that she is dirty both inside and out.

Start clothes hygiene habits early, and never vary from them. Don't wear a favorite dress just once more, although you know that it needs cleaning.

Clothes won't take care of themselves. Learn how to launder underclothes and hose, and then master the art of ironing. Don't ever wear underclothes twice without laundering and pressing.

Air Dresses
Always air dresses at least overnight, and don't cram it into a closet where it becomes wrinkled. Proper storing of a garment can add several years to its life.

Check your entire wardrobe regularly. Replace lost buttons, make necessary minor repairs, strengthen out sagging hems and see that all lingerie is placed neatly in drawers.

At least several times a year, air your entire wardrobe preferably in a shady area, so that the sun won't fade colors. Check each item carefully and don't return anything that needs cleaning or repairing. However, don't dry-clean at home, because even with the greatest caution, it's still too dangerous.

You're never too young to be beautiful, so by the same token, it's never too soon for you to be taking pains with the clothes that help you accent that beauty.

Spray-on Starch

A spray-on starch in a push-button container is for the homemaker whose family likes part, but not all, of its washable clothes starched. The aerosol starch now is being test-marketed in New England states. It can be used on either damp or dry clothes, according to the maker, and works best with a steam iron.

Martha's Memoirs

Learning To Sit Still Is A Blessing!

by Martha Morgan

Liza came last night to have supper with us on the patio. Meatball Vegetables Skillet is her favorite dish of hers, so we plugged in the electric frying pan out there, and we cooked and ate and visited all at the same time. We don't see Liza often, so every minute she's here has to count.

She brought along her birthday letter from Cole. It wasn't a long letter, but was full of a son's appreciation for his mother. He mentioned some of her special qualities, then added, "But, Mother, the thing I'm most grateful for is that you taught me to sit still! In my art work as well as civic and church activities, I could never stand the pace without having learned that there are times you have to sit still whether you like it or not."

Liza explained that she had insisted that the children sit quietly sometime each day and read or do something with their hands. Of course, as Liza always said, a mother really never knows which things will prove most helpful to her children. And it's comforting to know she's done something that has really paid off.

I missed and shaped the meat balls for supper and rolled them in flour early this morning, then kept them chilled till time to brown them. I did it only for convenience (not to help them hold their shape), for meat balls made with Morning Milk always hold together during cooking, yet they're still wonderfully juicy and flavorful to eat—a real credit to Morning Milk!

Learning To Sit Still Is A Blessing!

Meatball-Vegetable Skillet (Makes 4 servings)

- 1/2 cup fine, dry bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup undrained MORNING MILK
- 1 pound ground beef
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Dash pepper
- 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 tablespoons grated onion
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 2 cups thinly sliced raw potatoes
- 1 10 1/4-ounce package frozen peas
- 4 carrots, cut in quarters
- 4 to 8 small white onions
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Dash pepper

Soak bread crumbs in Morning Milk. Combine ground beef, onion and Morning Milk mixture; mix thoroughly. Divide meat mixture into 12 portions and shape into balls. Roll meatballs in flour to coat. Melt shortening in electric frying pan. Add meatballs and brown on all sides. Add vegetables and water. Sprinkle with 1/2 teaspoon salt and pepper to taste. Cover tightly. Turn electric frying pan to low heat. Cook until vegetables are tender, about 30 minutes. Serve immediately.

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