

POTPOURRI

Pappy and Potpourri set bad examples for the younger generation. Instead of staying home over the Labor day week end and laboring in the house and yard, both of which need a bit of tidying before winter sets in, we took off and spent Sunday night camping in Crater Lake National park. We had wonderful luck, too. We discovered a campground near the now unused east entrance to the park which could accommodate a large number of campers and which only three families used Sunday night. The campground nearest the lake was full by mid-afternoon Sunday, and when we inquired at the information center, the ranger on duty, for some strange reason or the other, distinctly said there were only two camping locations in the park and didn't even mention the one on Lost creek which we eventually used. But since it was given on the park map, we took the road indicated and ended up in the delightfully isolated spot.

That part of the park also has another attraction, the interesting rock formations called The Pinnacles which neither of us had seen before. These slender spires of pumice, some of which are 200 feet high, were carved out by the wind and water erosion. They rise out of Wheeler creek canyon and it is an eerie sensation to stand at the edge of the road and look down at the needle-like formations.

When Potpourri wondered what it would be like to be down at the bottom of the canyon and look up at the pinnacles, Pappy said "Well, if you decide to go down and find out, I'll come back next spring. It would take you about that long to get out again."

It's always a minor adventure to find out who is camping next door, so Potpourri called out a greeting to the big blonde young man who came over to drop cans in the garbage container. He in turn invited the two of us to visit at his campfire and have some coffee, which we did. His wife was an attractive petite brunette and they introduced themselves as two psychiatric social workers from Ukiah, Calif., by the name of Galbraith.

The young couple came west from Boston about a year ago and said, "We love it out here - it's fabulous." It was their first trip up into Oregon, and Mr. G. said "everything is so green."

Both said that they found their work intensely interesting, even though the type that took them away from home and to the hospital where they work, at all times of the day and night.

The four of us didn't linger around the campfire very long, for the park was damp from a heavy rain Sunday morning, and the night was clearing and nippy.

Potpourri particularly enjoyed the utter quiet and peace of Lost Creek campground. There was no travel on the nearby dead-end road, the other campers retired early and the only sounds were the murmur of the little stream and an occasional whisper of wind among the pine branches.

In the morning there were no planes, no noisy log trucks, no barking dogs and no crowing roosters to waken us. The sun came up warm and bright, the family from Washington which had camped across the creek was on the way by 7 o'clock and again it was quiet. Except for one noise. Every now and then there would be a tiny thud in the grove of pines nearby, and we soon discovered that the cones were falling. But why weren't the cones falling in our camp? A little craning of the neck and watching brought an answer. A pine squirrel, which earlier sat on a limb and chattered away for a few seconds, was busily cutting the cones off and letting them fall. Presumably this was his private harvesting of food against the time when snow will cover the trees and the ground.

A little later we had another visitor, the friendliest imaginable little chipmunk. He toured the camp, completely unafraid, and not finding any food, came over to where we sat by the fire. He nibbled gently at a finger and then boldly jumped up on a knee where he sat, begging. Next time we camp in Crater Lake park, we'll take popcorn or peanuts or some other chipmunk delicacy. It's the least we can do, particularly since we'd enjoyed our stay so thoroughly.

Potpourri had a shocking experience one morning last week. Only half-awake and brooding over our first cup of breakfast coffee, we looked up and thought a strange man had taken the chair opposite. It was Pappy, sure enough, but he had shaved off his beautiful Centennial whiskers, O.S.



The two top women players of the 31st annual Southern Oregon Golf championship tournament, played at Rogue Valley Country club last week end, are pictured here during a luncheon at the club. Shown are (left to right) Mrs. Mahr Reymers, Ashland, Miss Sue DeVoe, Medford, last year's champion and runner-up this year; Mrs. E. W. Sicksel, Medford, and Miss Betty Martin, Longview, Wash., who defeated Miss DeVoe to become the 1959 champion.

Four Members Welcomed by Sojourner Club

Four new members were welcomed into Sojourners club at a recent meeting at Girls Community club. They are Mrs. Earl Nauretz, Mrs. Fred Beyer, Mrs. T. O. Thompson and Mrs. Odell Turner.

Red dahlias and red candles decorated tables at the luncheon. Hostesses were Mrs. A. L. McClure, Mrs. Rosa Auten and Mrs. Edmon Lyon. A special gift was awarded to Mrs. J. L. Davidson.

Game prizes went to Mrs. J. L. Davidson and Mrs. Marion Houschild, bridge; Mrs. Edwin Cornell and Mrs. Earl Nauretz, pinocle; and Mrs. Adele Purgason and Mrs. A. L. McClure, canasta.

Plans have been made for a guest day to be held September 24. Reservations may be made by calling SPring 2-5974; SPring 3-3395 or SPring 3-4891.

Women who have lived in Medford or vicinity two years or less are invited to attend and become members.

Group Sponsors Writing Course

Anyone interested in participating in a college extension credit course in creative writing is asked to call Mrs. A. M. Farfan, SPring 2-7407, or Mrs. Jack Wheeler, KEystone 5-1046.

The two women are members of a local writer's group, which is encouraging organization of a writing class to be taught by a member of the Southern Oregon college faculty.

A minimum of 13 registrations is necessary to form the class.

The regular monthly meeting of the writer's group will be held at the Farfan residence, 723 South Newtown

Missionary Society Plans First Meeting At Eastwood Church

Women's Missionary society of Eastwood Baptist church will meet Tuesday, September 15, at 10:15 a.m. at the church. It will be the first fall meeting.

Mrs. William White is in charge of the program, which will include a playlet on the theme "Greater Works Shall Ye Do."

Devotions will be led by Mrs. S. D. Earhart and hostesses will be Mrs. Robert Balk, Mrs. William Robertson and Mrs. John Johnson.

street, September 24 at 7:30 p.m.

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Executive Committee Of Women's Group Announces Meeting

Phoenix - The executive committee of the Women's association of Phoenix Presbyterian church will meet at 1:30 p.m. Tuesday, September 15, at the church. The change of time has been made for the convenience of women of the church who are engaged in the fruit harvest or are

working at other jobs. Family night will be held at the church the fourth Friday of each month.

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