



Mr. and Mrs. William H. Ferguson (Rough photo)

### Open House Honors Couple On Golden Anniversary

Gold Hill - Mr. and Mrs. William H. Ferguson, 918 Second avenue, Gold Hill, were honored at an open house held at their home July 6 between 2 and 5 p.m. in observance of their 50th wedding anniversary.

Hostesses for the occasion were Mrs. Wilbur Martin, Mrs. Frank Carter, Mrs. Millie Walker, Mrs. Lee Matney, and Mrs. Earl Moore.

A lace cloth covered the table, centered with a white tiered anniversary cake. It was encircled by a gold net ruffled edged with tiny yellow wood-fiber rosebuds. Yellow tapers trimmed with gold bows stood in crystal holders. Baskets of white and yellow gladioli mixed with shades of coral and gold stood in front of the fireplace. A picture taken of the couple 50 years ago was on the mantle. Sprigs of ivy trimmed the oval gold frame and vase

of gold and orange flowers completed the arrangement.

More than 80 friends and relatives called at the Ferguson's home during the afternoon.

**Member of Wedding**

Mrs. Rena Palmerton, Rogue River, kept the guest book. She was the honor attendant for Mrs. Ferguson at the wedding 50 years ago. For the occasion Sunday, Mrs. Ferguson displayed a hand painted vase that Mrs. Palmerton had given the Fergusons as a wedding gift.

Mrs. Dale Knox, Oakridge, niece of Mrs. Ferguson, took charge of the gifts. Mrs. Moore cut and served the cake. Mrs. Millie Walker poured coffee, and Mrs. Richard Davis, Central Point, presided at the punch bowl. Mrs. Matney and Mrs. Martin assisted.

The couple was presented a gold money tree and money filled treasure chest.

The Fergusons were married July 6, 1910 at the old Jacksonville court house, which was the county seat. County Judge James R. Neil officiated at the wedding.

They have resided in Gold Hill since their marriage with the exception of a few years. Mr. Ferguson, a retired carpenter, enjoys fishing and hunting. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson both have been members of their respective lodges, Odd Fellows and Amethyst Rebekah lodge for the past 37 years. They are both past noble grands of the organizations. Mrs. Ferguson is a past chairman of the district convention, holding this office during 1935.

Members of Amethyst Rebekah lodge presented the anniversary cake made by Mrs. Rollan Washburn.

Mrs. Ferguson is the former Pearl Davis. She is a granddaughter of Eber Emery, early pioneer who with Abe Helman named the city of Ashland. Both men had come from the same town of Ashland, Ohio, about 1851, she said. Her grandfather established the first hotel in Ashland, Ore.

Mr. Ferguson was born in Greenwood, Wis. He came to southern Oregon and settled with his parents about 1888 in Ashland. He attended the old Normal school now known as the Southern Oregon college.

Mrs. Ferguson said she received her education when a youngster by walking 2 1/2 miles to classes in a one room school building in the Willow Springs area. Later, when her family moved to the city of Gold Hill, she went to school in the old city hall here located on Fifth avenue.

For the open house, Mrs. Ferguson wore a blue eyelid afternoon frock trimmed with blue taffeta belt. Her yellow rose bud corsage was tied with a gold ribbon. She wore a crystal necklace that was a gift on her anniversary from her niece, Mrs. Dale Knox. Those coming from out of



Driving across the hot, dry, Central Oregon desert, with the fine, choking dust boiling from the road up through the car, the two of us wondered if we were a bit touched about this business of camping. Settled snugly in a lush spot beside a tiny mountain stream, with wild flowers blooming all around, the green grass for a floor, the silver trunks and restless leaves of the aspen trees for walls and the cloudless evening sky and first stars for a ceiling, there were no doubts. Such moments more than repay the camper for the heat, dust and inconvenience.

And the sight of the big buck deer, silhouetted against the evening sky, was an added pleasure. The animal completed the setting of this remote, natural stage on the high desert of Hart mountain. Through the field glasses we could see the fine spread of antlers, still in the velvet, when the deer turned his head in the direction of camp down in the valley and stood motionless.

He moved at an unhurried pace along the ridge and at length disappeared from sight. The darkness deepened; Jupiter blazed in the southern sky and overhead were Vega and the Big Dipper. When we can see these familiar stars, no spot seems too far from home.

Before when the two of us camped near the hot springs on Hart mountain, we vowed to return and soak the editorial bones in the warm, mineralized water. So we did this time, enjoying the sight of the bubbles slowly coming up through the water and the feel of the water, which if it was any warmer, would be uncomfortable. But the dirt which loosened from the bottom and sides of the little pool somewhat spoiled our pleasure and we wished that there was some way to keep it cleaner. Later we learned from one of the men at headquarters that the crew does clean the hot springs pool, but had been too busy at more necessary tasks, such as readying the camp grounds, excavating water holes for the use of the deer, antelope and range cattle, and repairing roads.

Considerable time is spent checking up on campers, too, and helping them out of difficulties. This time the visitors from Medford were among those who needed help. Not too long after arriving on the high plateau, Pappy noticed that the motor failed to start promptly, and Thursday, about mid-morning, it just plain refused. However, in only a few moments two of the men from headquarters (this area is administered by the Department of the Interior as a game refuge) came along with some equipment, and in no time at all, one of them found a leak in one of the lines to the carburetor, wound it with tape, and presto, the motor ran.

The two of us were filled with apologies and gratitude, but the men said this was part of their duty. "Yesterday we towed in a station wagon and one of the men spent several hours working on the motor," they reported. "Motors often have trouble because of the high altitude and heat—we've repaired four in as many days."

Later that day, a cattlemen at Plush did us a favor, too. Returning to the valley, we drove to Plush for gasoline, only to find the one gas station in this little hamlet closed for the day. Seeing a gasoline truck parked in a yard, Pappy thought an appeal to the driver might bring results. The tanker was empty, but the householder offered to supply the travelers with fuel if they would drive over to his ranch.

While Pappy filled the Ford's tank from the ranch pump, Potpourri talked with the young, handsome and courteous man who wore the riding boots, levis, cowboy shirt and wide hat which are a uniform for cattlemen and their ranch hands. Since the porch of his home had been hung with branding irons—more than 50—we inquired if collecting them was a hobby and he said it was. All have been the gifts of neighbors, friends and employees. One, found by an acquaintance, had once been used to brand cattle for the early-day cattle baron, Pete French.

The ranch owner said that his name was Phil Lynch, that he had come from Ireland in 1940, loved the central Oregon country—which many look on as too desolate—and would not live anywhere else. His grandfather, who bore the same name, had settled in the area many years ago, he said. "In this locality, only the people passing through are not from Ireland," he said. "Everyone who lives here is Irish."

At first the young man refused any payment for the gasoline but when Pappy insisted, he named a sum which was considerably less than he must have paid for it, even at ranch rates. Perhaps he thought from appraising the two travelers and their gear, that we might need the money more than he did. Or maybe he's simply hospitable.

As we talked, a couple of cow hands drove a small herd into a near-by corral made with a brush fence. The ranch owner explained that these fences—which he called a willow fence, are better than any other type for certain purposes, being sturdy and requiring almost no upkeep.

We drove on, grateful for the rancher's friendliness and help. The two of us had given a little help, that day, too. A short time before as we drove towards Plush from the mountain we passed two men on horseback driving cattle and one had hailed us. At first we didn't quite understand what he said—sounded like "Do you have any water left?" A second later it dawned on Potpourri that he had said exactly that.

Pappy put on the brakes, the rider came along side the car, and repeated his request. So we got out the Army canteen which Pappy always carries filled with water on such trips, and the rider had his drink. The horse and rider were both very dusty and warm—we decided that camping out in the cattle country is wonderful fun and relaxing but we wouldn't care about driving cattle all day to make a living.

Being an honest reporter (we hope) we feel compelled to add one word about the beautiful camping spot on Hart mountain near the hot spring. It harbors absolutely the most vicious and poisonous mosquitoes imaginable. Potpourri—the miserable creatures don't seem to bother Pappy—awoke Thursday morning with puffy eyelids, a large bump on the point of our chin, our upper lip swollen until our face looked askew, and other evidences that the mosquitoes had had a wonderful feast. This in spite of the fact that we had sprayed on the goop which usually protects our face and hands.

We still like to camp out.—O.S.

the valley for the occasion Sunday were Mrs. Agnes Hall, Mrs. Hattie E. Hogue, Mrs. Ada E. Johnson, and Mr. and Mrs. Gust Schneidau all Gold Beach, Mr. and Mrs. Dale Knox, Oakridge, and Jack Ruegg, U. S. Navy, San Francisco, Calif.

**Personality Wrecks**

Denver - (UPI) - When a careless or inept driver whacks into a lamppost, a pedestrian or another car, his personality characteristics are more apt to be responsible than inepticiency at the wheel.

This is the theory advanced by Dr. J. J. Conger, head of the Division of Clinical Psychiatry at the University of Colorado Medical Center, after a study of psychological causes of motor mishaps.

Worry about personal problems, work frustrations, anger, tension or even unusual elation, he said, are reasons for accidents—and should be looked for.

**Aztec Used Cacao**

New York (UPI) - The cacao bean, from which chocolate is made, was first known and used by the Aztec and Mayan people in Mexico.

When Cortez conquered the Aztecs in 1519 he also discovered the cacao bean. It was nick-named "chocolli."

### Wedding Held In Roseburg

Of interest to Medford residents is the wedding held last month in Roseburg when Miss Donna Schulze became the bride of Richard L. Clark, 825 Park street, Medford. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schulze, Lookingglass, Ore.

The Rev. John Buckley officiated at the 11 o'clock nuptial mass held June 18 at St. Joseph's Catholic church. Mrs. Robert Schulze played the organ wedding music and accompanied Mrs. James Taylor, soloist.

The bride wore a floor length gown fashioned with fitted Chantilly lace bodice and lace and net bouffant skirt. Her fingertip length veil was held by a seed pearl coronet and she carried a cascade bouquet of white gladioli and pink rosebuds. Mr. Schulze escorted his daughter to the altar.

Miss Dianne Bannister, Lakeview, served as maid of honor, and other attendants were Miss Darlene Ollivant, Miss Ruth Clark, and Mrs. Cecil Bates. They wore ballerina frocks and picture hats and carried bouquets of gladioli which matched their gowns. Miss Bannister wore pale yellow, Miss Ollivant, pale green, Miss Clark, blue, and Mrs. Bates, pink. Two-year-old Judy Clark, sister of the bridegroom, was flower girl, and was escorted by little Dan Ollivant, cousin of the bride.

**Best Man**

John Walsh served as best man and seating the guests were Robert Schulze, brother of the bride, Glenn Allison and John Van Dyke, Medford.

For her daughter's wedding and reception which followed at the Schulze home in Lookingglass, Mrs. Schulze wore a pink Irish linen sheath frock with white accessories. Mrs. Clark chose a white sheath dress with avocado coat and tan accessories. Their corsages were pink orchids.

Assisting with the serving at the reception were Mrs. Carlton Kerr, Mrs. E. E. Ollivant, Mrs. William Niebaum, Mrs. Delton Thiel, Mrs. Thomas Hansey and Mrs. E. F. VonBredow, aunt of the bridegroom. The cake was cut with a gold server which had been used at the golden wedding anniversary last year of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Ollivant, great uncle and aunt of the bride.

Miss Jan Meyer was in charge of the guest book and Miss Gladys Ollivant and Miss Pat Thiel, cousins of the bride, were at the gift tables.

**Honeymoon South**

The newlyweds traveled to San Francisco on their wedding trip, the bride wearing for traveling a white sheath dress with blue accessories. The couple is at home at Lake of the Woods where Mr. Clark is assistant Boy Scout camp director. This fall he will go to New Jersey where he will attend a six week's course in scout counseling



Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. Clark (Simonson-Walker photo)

prior to assuming a new position as scout director in the Seattle, Wash., area.

The bride is a graduate of Southern Oregon college, Ashland, where she received a certificate as associate in secretarial science last month. Mr. Clark is a graduate of St. Mary's High school and Southern Oregon college where he also received his bachelor of science degree this year. He was president of the senior class at SOC and Associated Student Body president during his junior year as well as state ASB president the same year. During their senior year the couple was chosen king and queen of hearts at the annual Sweethearts ball in the spring.

Among the out of town

guests attending were Mr. and Mrs. E. Von Bredow, Phoenix, Ariz., uncle and aunt of the bridegroom; Dr. and Mrs. Alvin Tellers and daughter, Ashland, and from Medford, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Clark, parents of the bridegroom, and daughter; Mrs. J. G. Snodgrass, grandmother of the bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Looper, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Bell and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Forbes and daughter, Mrs. Richard Fruitt, Mrs. Larry Espey, Mrs. Paul Newcomb, Mrs. Louise Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Breeze, Mr. and Mrs. Allison Mrs. John Loden, James Boyd, Miss Carolee Brantley and Dick Buhl.

### Sojourners Club Installs Officers During Meeting

Mrs. Elmer Ness was installed president of the Medford Sojourners club July 14 at the Girls Community club. Mrs. Walter Marquess was the installing officer.

Other officers installed were Mrs. Evelyn Hendricks, first vice-president; Mrs. Frank Logan, second vice-president; Mrs. Hilton Griffiths, secretary; and Mrs. Glenn Tuttle, treasurer.

Appointed officers were Mrs. Fred Cate, hospitality chairman; Mrs. Berly Lyon, publicity chairman; and Mrs. John Poage, remembrance chairman.

Orchid corsages were presented to Mrs. Ness and the retiring president, Mrs. Dec

Wood. They were gifts from Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hoppe, Hostesses

Hostesses for the afternoon were Mrs. Everett Robinson, Mrs. Edwin Carnell and Mrs. Myrtle Bartrum. The refreshment table was decorated with yellow candles and a bowl of multi-colored sweet peas.

After the business meeting cards were played with prizes going to Mrs. Phillip Dopp and Mrs. Fred Cate for bridge; pinocle prizes to Mrs. Mable Wright and Mrs. John Niss; canasta awards to Mrs. Clarence Staley and Mrs. Nina Chandler. A special award was received by Mrs. Clifford Griffiths.

### New Group To Meet Wednesday

A meeting of the recently formed group, Mothers of Twins, will be held Wednesday, July 20, at 7:30 p.m. at the home of Mrs. R. L. Wootton, 3415 Hollywood avenue. Women who plan to attend are asked to notify Mrs. Nell Jackson, SPring 2-2769, or Mrs. Donald Parton, SPring 2-8583.

The group has been organized to exchange information about and equipment for twins and is open to all mothers of twins.

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