

Meeting Slated For Newcomers; Caroling Party

All newcomers to Medford are invited to attend a meeting of the Welcome Wagon club Thursday, December 15, at 8 p.m. at the Red Cross building, 60 Hawthorne avenue.

Hostesses will be Mrs. Fred Holmes and Mrs. William Pollock. Reservations are to be made by calling Mrs. H. M. McElrath, Spring 3-5488, for bridge, and Mrs. Fred Hoopes, Spring 3-3448 for pinocchio.

A Christmas caroling party for couples will be held Friday, December 16. Those participating are asked to meet at 7:30 p.m. at the home of Mrs. Charles Swenson, 1485 East McAndrews road. After the caroling, refreshments will be served at the Swenson home. Co-chairman of the event are Mrs. Gary King, Spring 2-4356, and Mrs. James Gill, Spring 3-6077.

Party Announced By Buckles-Bows

Buckles and Bows Square Dance club will hold a combination Christmas and birthday party Saturday, December 17, at Bellevue Grange hall.

A fried chicken dinner is planned for 7 p.m. and dancing will begin about 8:30 p.m. Floyd Workman will call.

Anyone wishing to help decorate a Christmas tree for the Jackson county farm home is asked to bring a tree ornament.

Potluck refreshments will be served at 11 p.m.

All dancers and callers are invited to attend. Anyone wishing further information may call KE 5-1150.

Calendar

Calendar notices and news for the society section of The Mail Tribune must be submitted in writing and deadline for the Sunday edition is 1 p.m. Friday. Deadline for the weekly calendar is 9 a.m. of the day of publication and for week day news is 3 p.m. the day before publication.

Wednesday: 6:30 p.m. - Ladies Auxiliary and Patriotic Militant, IOOF dining room.

6:30 p.m. - Oak Grove Garden club, Oak Grove school lunch room.

7:30 p.m. - Chapter CG of PEO Sisterhood, home of Mrs. S. R. Mosher, 2208 Oakwood dr.

7:30 p.m. - Toastmistress club, Mrs. C. E. Wilson, Talent.

8 p.m. - Xi Mu chapter, Beta Sigma Phi, home of Mrs. Robert A. Hubbard, 3526 Jacksonville highway.

Thursday: 10:30 a.m. - Lone Pine Home Extension unit, Roky Ann Grange hall.

12:30 p.m. - Rogue Valley Women Golfers, Rogue Valley Country club.

1 p.m. - Medford Blue Star Mothers, home of Mrs. Nellie Brown, 2520 Merriman rd.

1 p.m. - Sams Valley Ladies club, home of Mrs. Elwood Abbott, highway 254.

1:30 p.m. - Jacksonville Garden club, with Mrs. Kenneth Farley, 3563 Jacksonville highway.

1:30 p.m. - Women's Christian Temperance Union, fireplace room, First Presbyterian church.

Thursday Party

Wenonah Club of Weatonta Council, Degree of Pechonitas, will hold their annual Christmas party at the home of Mrs. James Wicker, 809 Adams lane, Thursday, December 15, at 1 p.m. A dessert luncheon will be served followed by a card party with gifts exchanged.

Junior Auxiliary Has Holiday Party

The Disabled American Veterans Junior auxiliary held their annual Christmas party Saturday, December 10, at the home of Mrs. Everett Grissom in Central Point. Twelve juniors attended, with their leaders Mrs. Harvey Cassman and Mrs. George Simmons. Cheryl Robinson attended from Grants Pass, and a new member, Kathy Elliot, was introduced. Mrs. Grissom served refreshments, and also presented Mrs. Cassman and Mrs. Simmons with a gift.

The juniors exchanged gifts and played Christmas games.

Local Journalist Describes Tour of France and Italy

Mr. and Mrs. Almus Pruitt have returned to Medford after spending the past six months touring Europe. The Pruitts preceded their traveling companions, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Allen Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Miller, Medford, and Mr. and Mrs. Angus Bowmer, Ashland, who are expected later this month.

Mrs. Pruitt has been serving as journalist for the group, and in the first half of her concluding report, writes of French and Italian cities which the "eightiesome" visited.

Picturesque Arles and Avignon ("Sur le pont d'") offered delightful landscapes of cypress and poplar such as Van Gogh painted. He then drove to Orange, especially to see a celebrated Roman amphitheatre. One of several such ruins we inspected in connection with Angus' the-art research, the one at Orange has a spectacular facade 150 feet high. Most of the old Roman arenas, all in partial ruin, are now used for bullfights. One contained an out-of-date poster publicizing a previous event.

Onward to the French Riviera we found the Mediterranean bright blue in sunlight. For a hundred miles or so we drove by the dazzling sea, pine forests and pastel villas reposing on rocky-terraced cliffs. St. Tropez is a popular resort with French film stars, although Biarritz on the west coast, where we had stayed overnight while en route to Spain, is still the favorite of such celebrities as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Cannes thronged with vacationers of every age, its boulevards and promenades crowded. Antibes, for many years the home of Picasso, the painter, sits on a jutting point by the sea and is less congested.

A favorite holiday spot for Continentals and Americans alike is Nice, where we stayed two days. We were surprised to find its beach to be gravel rather than sand. Elegant old Victorian hotels line the long shore-drive. The sea is placid for bathing, with slow smooth swells and but little surf in comparison with that of the Oregon coast.

Monaco, tiny principality of half a square mile, hugs high cliffs overlooking the Mediterranean. The rather ugly palace, founded by the Grimaldi nobility, is of Italian Renaissance and painted an odd mixture of colors - gray, buff, ochre, brick, off-white. Nearby sits a grim fortress, the essential protectorate of all palaces in medieval days. A large yacht - alongside dozens of smaller yachts in the harbor - we judged to be that of Prince Rainier. On Monaco streets we observed several girls wearing their hair exactly in the style of Princess Grace. As at Nice, there is no real beach at Monaco and the waves dash directly against the cliffs. Overlooking the water, not far from the palace, sits the noted casino of Monte Carlo. Gardens of Monaco are abundant with golden mimosa, palms, oleander, bougainvillea, pepper trees. A lush, semi-tropical charm pervades Monaco; it seems a lazy little world all its own.

Italian Riviera The Italian Riviera is more heavily populated than the French Riviera, with handsome villas thickly lining shore and promenades for miles. We passed terraced hills where pink carnations were growing, hung with a special network of strings to promote long stems. Flower stands of the entire region display the field-grown flowers; many, we learned, are shipped to Rome and Paris markets. They cast a wonderful scent upon the air.

Lack of time prevented our exploring Genoa. We turned off on the outskirts, heading for Milan via the autostrada (toll-highway). Milan, home of Toscanini and other great artists, is a fascinating city. We had all hoped for an opportunity of seeing La Scala Opera house. While it was too early for the opera season, we were fortunate to obtain tickets for a concert there by a young German pianist who appeared with the La Scala Symphony orchestra. Prior to the concert, Almus and I spent several hours in the La Scala museum, studying portraits and mementos of great composers, singers and actors, including Verdi, Puccini, Rossini, Adalini Patti, Eleanora Duse, etc. Two marvelous busts of Toscanini grace the foyer.

The Duomo or Cathedral of Milan, built of fine carved marble and granite, appears to be made of lace transformed into stone. Its doors of heavy bronze are richly carved and patina coated. It impressed us as being one of the tidiest and best preserved of all cathedrals.

A side cruise from Milan took us to lovely Lake Como which, with its sheer cliffs dropping fjord-like to the water, reminded us of Lake Chelan in Washington. Lake Maggiore, even under a hovering storm, was equally beautiful. Both were places where I personally should have liked to linger. But on a more or less fixed itinerary, involving reservations, etc., we had to "push on," despite many lamentations.

Visit Theater En route to Venice we drove through Verona and Padua, both associated with Shakespeare, and nearing Venice, we could fairly sense the shadow of "The Merchant" brush against us. Traffic officers in this part of Italy wore black, full-circle caps against the cool wind, lending a touch of cloak-and-dagger theatre.

At Vicenza we visited the Olympic Theatre which Angus had wanted to see ever since he first learned of it many years ago. Built in the 16th century, the Olympic is important as probably the first covered theatre in history. Its built-in stage was designed by Palladio, master architect. Though visitors were excluded from entering backstage, because of reconstruction underway following a recent cave-in, after some persuasion, Angus was permitted to go backstage to further examine the interesting structure. As an added courtesy, the guide, a sincere student of theatre, presented Angus with several nice photographs of the theatre.

Venice is an uncanny, magical place, literally built in the sea. First begun on mere islands, by harassed people fleeing for lives from the mainland, Venice gradually grew by building on innumerable piles. In time it became one of the most powerful political and economic centers of southern Europe. Today Venice seems on the point of sagging into the sea, and some authorities insist that it is. During excessive tides the sea surges freely into streets, fronts of shops and homes - a fact the Venetians seem to accept resignedly. We had the good fortune to arrive at Venice near sundown. After storing our bus in the big garage provided for travelers on the mainland (no vehicle other than a boat being usable on Venice proper), our eight-some and 20 pieces of luggage boarded a vaporetta (water-taxi) and were transported to our hotel. The setting sun cast a pink glow upon the water as we entered the Grand Canal, creating an impact and impression that will long outlive the memory of the persistent rain that fell the next day.

Our hotel overlooked the Grand Canal, in which boats ply the water in unbroken rhythm. At night the lighted vaporetti skim constantly by, a festive sight. In a larger ship canal nearby a Russian freighter entered, bearing the sign of the hammer and sickle and flying both Russian and Italian flags. The gondola, with its slender, canoe-like body and pointed, Viking prow, is a pretty, though precarious-looking boat. Its black body, kept highly polished, shines like black lacquer. When not in service, the gondolier stands along the canal soliciting trade in a low, plaintive call, "Gon-do-la" . . . And at any hour one hears the uninhibited Italian burst into spontaneous song along the canals. Restraint of any sort seems an unknown quality in Italy. Every conversation suggests a crisis. Venetians, Romans, Neapolitans, Florentines alike burst into song at the slightest provocation and not sotto voce but full voice as if making an appearance on the stage of La Scala.

Cathedral Interesting St. Marks Cathedral and Piazza (with its swarming pigeons) form the focal point of interest in Venice. Bells resound regularly from the nearby Clock Tower, in which bronze Moors strike the hour with raised hammers; also from the Campanile or bell-tower. Adjoining St. Marks is the Doges Palace, containing some of the finest paintings in Italy. We walked across the notorious Bridge of Sighs and took a horror-stricken glance into the depressing dungeons. While visiting a fine Venetian glass factory, we were delighted to see the names of the Leonard Carpenters, George Jennings, and Morris Leonards, on the customer-register. In foursomes, our party took the vaporetti over to the Lido for a look at the Adriatic and famous bathing beach. Of smooth light sand, the beach is lined with piers and cabanas; but with winter waters too chilly for bathing, the beach was vacated. The town itself is simply another resort center, complete with automobiles, in contrast to Venice.

Social Events Women's News

Back in Venice we went to a late Sunday afternoon concert at the Doges Palace, presenting an excellent lady-pianist and the Venice Symphony orchestra in a program made up principally of Ravel compositions. The beauty of the palace salon, with lights accenting the gold-leaf ceiling and exquisite frescoes, proved a bit distracting.

On our drive from Venice to Florence we crossed the Apennine Mountains, here covered mostly with grass and shrubs rather than forest. The Apennines branch off from the Alps on the north and extend the entire length of Italy. Also, we crossed Italy's largest river, the Po, deep and brown like the Mississippi.

Orchards Espaliered Again we saw interesting espaliered orchards and vineyards, as we had seen in France. As Carroll explained to us, the shortening of the vine and bough eliminates the use of ladders in harvest and permits easier ground work; also it permits more light upon the branches. The trees appear to merge and grow together along the course of the espaliering, so that even pear trees have the appearance of a high vineyard. Espaliering has long been used in Europe, in France and Holland as well as in Italy.

White bullock teams, wearing fringe blinders over their eyes and something we called "false eyelashes," pulled plows to the fields. Women workers in the fields wear mostly black dresses and hose, as in Spain, and carry heavy baskets and crates atop their heads, "no hands."

Both in size and setting, Florence is one of our favorite cities in Europe. Not too large, it bears a special melow charm. Its old buildings wear shutters of fresh green, golden-yellow and buff. From a high hilltop view one looks down upon the entire city as a mass of roof tiles, once red, faded to warm brown. Dark green cypresses and silver-gray olive trees lend a singular, somewhat somber, beauty. The surrounding mountains greatly resemble those of Rogue river valley. Florence is a historic haven for writers, painters, and all art-lovers. Walking casually along, one is apt to encounter all sorts of thrilling surprises. An unpretentious building with a simple inscription turns out to be the place where Machiavelli lived and died; or such and such a street is linked with Benvenuto Cellini or Michelangelo. All of Florence bears the stamp of the powerful Medici, responsible for the real flowering of Florence in her "golden days."

As we had promised, Almus and I located the pensione along the Arno, near Ponte Vecchio, where our good friend Eugene Bennett lived and painted during his year in Florence. We had a lively chat with his vivacious concierge, who rejoiced at meeting friends of "Eugenio." She

Bells Resound Bells resound as frequently in Florence as they do in Venice. Less pleasant are the saucy motor-bikes which dart and roar everywhere, carrying single passengers, or young couples, even families of husband, wife, and child. The noisy bikes are a blight on the Florence scene, as elsewhere, we must admit, their only compensation being that they are an economical means of conveyance for the European.

Florence abounds so richly in art that to cover it would require a special article in itself. We can only touch upon our glorious experiences there by mentioning Pitti Palace and the Bubola Gardens; Piazza Michelangelo; Uffizi Gallery, with its fabulous Botticelli, Titians, Tintoretto and Michelangelo; and of course, the incredible straw market. To properly absorb Florence would take at least a year.

En route to Rome, we stopped for a look at the leaning tower of Pisa, whose precarious tilt leaves one a bit dizzy. Scientific tests have shown that it is in no immediate danger of falling; nevertheless, in our group, only the indomitable Allens enthusiastically climbed the stairs to the top.

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Queen-To-Be of Belgians Said Study in Contrasts

(The following is the second of two dispatches providing a closeup of the Dona Fabiola de Mora y Aragon, the Spanish-born aristocrat who on Dec. 15 will become Queen of the Belgians).

By CHINA ALTMAN United Press International The queen-to-be of the Belgians is a study in contrasts - she drives a sleek sports car, a Jaguar, yet there are many close to Dona Fabiola de Mora y Aragon who thought she would one day enter a convent.

The dark-haired Fabiola, product of an aristocratic family of Madrid, already at 32 is established as the maiden aunt to 29 nieces and nephews.

On December 15, in the Church of Saint Michael and Saint Gudulpe in Brussels, she will marry the 30-year-old Baudouin, and Belgians will have a queen for the first time in 25 years.

Who is Fabiola? Damian Aparicio, a servant in her home for 14 years, said "She is a saint. She is a woman who cannot see a wrong without trying to do something about it."

Daily Mass During an ordinary day, in the years before her royal engagement, she normally would arise early, attend Mass and receive Communion at the Church of Santa Barbara where she was christened. Then she would drive into the poorer sections of Madrid, giving food, books and necessities to the people.

On these trips her habit was usually to park her car far from the houses and go the rest of the way on foot. Until recently, the people she helped didn't know her name.

In church, she would wear the traditional mantilla of the Spanish women. After her mornings with the poor she sometimes spent her afternoons and evenings driving

about the country side to indulge in her hobby of painting. Or she might visit the families of one of her five brothers and sisters.

At night her normal program was to read and study, or work on her paintings. Perhaps she would rearrange her collection of dolls dressed in folk costumes, or her priceless group of ancient silverware objects.

She never dated. Asked about a year ago whether she planned to marry, she said "I am not in a hurry. I will marry only when I find a religious and hard-working man."

Fabiola always has worn conservative clothing, usually a few inches longer at the hem than the current style. But Balenciaga, the Paris Couturier, will make her wedding gown. She insists on doing her own hair, which she wears in a slightly outmoded style.

The family home is a palace surrounded by expansive lawns dotted with marble statues. There are 25 servants.

Fabiola was born and reared in the Spanish aristocratic tradition. Her late father was the marquis of Casa Riera and Count of Mora, a papal title created in 1833.

Her mother was a lady-in-waiting to former Queen Victoria Eugenia.

What sort of a queen will Fabiola be? Sources close to the royal circle believe she will bring a new popularity to the throne. Some say she might eventually become as well liked as the beloved Astrid, Baudouin's mother, the first wife of former King Leopold III.

Astrid was killed in an automobile accident in 1935 and the monarchy has never been truly popular since, with bitter squabbles finally ending in the abdication of Leopold in favor of his then 21-year-old son in July 1951.

NOTICE! The sheriff reports some armitans have been smugglin' in tough, hard-to-chew pop corn that's full of scratchy hulls. He calls on brave, honest folks to outwit 'em with ever-tovin', ever-tastier, easy-eatin' JOLLY TIME POP CORN. It's hullless and pops faster in any six pan you ever seen on TV. Help the sheriff. Aim for the best - Jolly Time Pop Corn.

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