

Party Honors Mrs. Simmons On Birthday

Central Point - Mrs. Maude Simmons, Central Point, was honored at a party on her 82nd birthday recently by her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Glass, Central Point.

Seven of Mrs. Simmons' eight children were present. Attending the party were Mr. and Mrs. Haywood Lemley, Ashland; Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Simmons, Mr. and Mrs. George Simmons and children; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Simmons and daughter, Central Point; Mrs. Doyle Renels, Norwalk, Calif.; Mrs. Ruth Marshall, Talent; Mrs. Eugene Marshall and children, Springfield; Dr. C. D. Lemley and children, and Mrs. Gerrie Driskell and daughters, Central Point.

Others attending were Mrs. Coleen Hammerley and daughters, Emmitt Glass and Dennis Hyle, Central Point; Gary Lemacks, and Othar Richey, Phoenix. Miss Sharon Simmons, and Miss Aleta Glass, Central Point, were also present.

Earlier in the month members of the Simmons family attended a family reunion held in Lithia park, Ashland.

Attending the reunion in addition to those previously mentioned were Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Baxter and sons, Garvin, Okla.; Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Bastible and children, Klamath Falls; Mr. and Mrs. Alpha Lemley and family; Mr. and Mrs. Doyce Lemley and children, and Mrs. John Lasater and children, Roseburg.



Mrs. Calvin Dwin McDonald (Haral photo)

Newlyweds To Visit In Medford August 6

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Dwin McDonald of Redlands, Calif., are to arrive in Medford August 6 for a week's visit with Mr. McDonald's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira E. McDonald, 110 Lozier lane. The couple's marriage was a recent event in Pomona, Calif.

The bride is the former Miss Annabelle Margaret Ross, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Ormerod Ross, Claremont, Calif.

The wedding ceremony was held in the Pomona, Calif., Gospel chapel June 22. Officiating for the double ring rites were Earl Fries and Dr. Robert Cox, president of the Los Angeles Pacific college. About 400 guests attended.

The bride's gown was of silk organza and peau de soie and was designed with a redingote effect from which a chapel train was formed. The scoop neckline and train were trimmed with Alencon lace, and appliques of the lace and embroidery outlined the skirt. The bride carried a white

Bible with three white orchids and stephanotis.

Miss Ruth Ann Snider, Claremont, was maid of honor. Mrs. Ira McDonald Jr., Stockton, Calif., a sister-in-law of the bridegroom, was bridesmatron and Miss Verona McKelly, Claremont, was bridesmaid. All wore matching semi-full skirted frocks of apricot chrysochrom taffeta trimmed with butterfly bows across the back. Their large brimmed hats were of meline color and trimmed with soft silk flowers. They carried cascade bouquets of tangerine carnations.

Danny McDonald, Stockton, a nephew of the bridegroom, carried the rings and Sherry Jennings, Arcadia, Calif., was flower girl. Her frock was similar in design to that of the bride and was made of silk organza over peau de soie with a small train. She carried a nosegay bouquet.

Ira McDonald, a brother of the bridegroom, was best man and ushers were Hayward Gray and William Turner, both Claremont.

The chapel was decorated with chrysanthemums and gladioli.

The reception was held in Claremont and was attended by about 500 persons.

The couple made their wedding trip to Catalina island.

The bride is a graduate of Claremont college. Her parents are from Scotland and Ireland.

The bridegroom is a member of the faculty of the Redlands Junior High school in Redlands, Calif. A graduate of Seattle Pacific college, Seattle, Wash., he also attended the University of Oregon. While attending college in Seattle he was manager of the college paper, "The Falcon," and instructed in golf at the college and was active in Young Life.

Others from out of town at the wedding were the bridegroom's parents, Mrs. Ira McDonald and family; Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Bowen, Chicago, Ill., uncle of the bridegroom; Mr. and Mrs. Doy C. Bowen, Richmond, Calif., an uncle and aunt of the bridegroom; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Vandiver and daughter, River side, Calif.; and Mrs. Renitha Reiter, Bellefonte, Ark., all cousins of the bridegroom; and Miss A. Arlene, Dallas, Tex., aunt of the bride.



Beaver, Utah, July 17 - Today we had planned to visit Bryce Canyon National park, but a chance visit with a couple from California changed our minds. We met the pleasant pair because they stopped at the same restaurant at Carmel, Utah, for breakfast and were complaining that they had just driven through eight rough miles at the entrance of Bryce where a new road is being constructed. The driver of the Porsche looked at The Doll, which has only a few inches of clearance, and said "You'll be dragging first in the mud and then in the dust all of the eight miles in and out again."

So Pappy and Potpourri huddled over the map and finding that from the restaurant it was only 100 miles to the lodge on the North rim of the Grand Canyon, we took off in that direction. We may never see Bryce Canyon National park, but it doesn't matter now. We've seen at least part of the Grand canyon of the Colorado. And Zion National park one day, and the Grand canyon the next almost are more than one can grasp and enjoy.

We've been hearing about the Grand Canyon forever, but only in recent years do we remember hearing about Zion park. Seeing the latter Monday was an emotional as well as a thrilling physical experience - staying in Zion park is a feast for the eyes and the spirit. Today we saw something more vast, as spectacular and as strange and beautiful as yesterday, but somehow, we enjoyed it less. Driving and walking through Zion park it seemed somehow to belong partly to us; we enjoyed every moment and left with regret. We would not have missed the sight of the Grand Canyon but it was merely a great spectacle and nothing which seemed to involve us personally.

Mulling this over as we made the return trip through the Kaibab National forest, we decided that it couldn't have been that the travelers around us were different today than they were yesterday. Tourists, we expect, are the same, wherever one finds them in the United States. Yesterday there was the young father who consulted his little leaflet and then said briskly to his four sons and daughters, as they started up the trail to the Weeping rock, "Now come on gang and listen. This tree is a - - -" and so on. He was most conscientious about seeing that the children learned something from their visit to Zion park. We commended him, silently.

Then there was the mother, father and two children with big brother - all of 10 years old, carrying little brother on his back in a baby pack, and seemingly enjoying it. The two of them were a touching sight, with big brother bent over at the correct angle to keep baby brother comfortable, and stepping carefully, so as not to stumble or fall.

Today we saw mama, papa and six children - at least, they seemed all one family. Mama was anxious, as one might well be, and worried that one of the small fry might fall down the sheer wall of the Grand Canyon and kept saying "Now, do as papa says. Let's all keep together, Jimmy, don't run! You might slip and fall. All of you do just as papa says."

We watched and wondered how any set of parents had enough patience, courage - and money, to travel very far with six children. Somehow all eight of them and their luggage were in and on top of one sedan.

Perhaps the best explanation of our different reaction to the two spectacles is that in Zion park the visitor for the most part is on the floor of the canyon, with the towering walls above and around - enclosing one. At the Grand Canyon, one is on the rim, looking down and across the vast distances, giving this viewer a sense of insecurity.

Arriving back at Carmel, we decided that it wasn't too late to drive into Cedar Breaks National monument. This was a happy decision, too. Crossing the sweeping valley that is located between the mountains which hold the Kaibab forest - a beautiful forest it is, too, with groves of silver-trunked aspen offering a pleasing contrast to the big pines and other conifers) had been a hot trip. The thought of cool heights was enticing.

We might point out here that the weather offered everything today. A bright morning had given way to damp clouds as we approached Arizona and the Grand Canyon, it sprinkled lightly from time to time and again on the return trip. A little rain doesn't bother Pappy and Potpourri, even with the top down. If the rain isn't too heavy, and the Doll keeps rolling along at a steady pace, the rain drops just sail over our heads and don't fall inside.

The Grand Canyon rim was cold, the valley was hot, and then we returned to the coolness again at Cedar Breaks - it's the difference between 5,000 feet on the valley floor and more than 10,000 at the vista point in the Breaks monument. Cedar Breaks is similar to the other sections of this spectacular area - it offers a panorama of red, pink, lavender and white-toned rocks and stones in huge spires, domes, and weird, sculptured shapes.

The whole territory, of course, is a photographer's paradise. If the eyes and camera tire of the color and vastness of the canyons and hills, they can look closer at hand and take in the wildflowers and blossoming brush. The slopes and meadows today offered a wealth of color and beauty - red and blue penstemon, yellow daisies, fireweed (different than we see in Oregon and Washington), great patches of lupine and of course, the prickly poppy. We've seen millions of poppies.

This area has a pink-blossomed thistle which was new to us, and at Cedar Breaks we saw for the first time the lovely Mountain bluebells (the pretty hostess at the museum identified them) and white columbine which she said is unusually large and lovely.

What do tourists talk about as they stand and look out over a scene of unparalleled grandeur? Three women sounded something like this: "Well, the bed was comfortable but the food was terrible. . . . You mean I drove more than 50 miles out of the way? . . . I'm telling you honey, I'd rather have slept on the ground at the side of the road but I wouldn't let me. . . . Really? I've been a member for years but I never seem to get to the meetings. Look, if you all ever come to Gawgla be sure and. . . . Hurry, I simply have to find one pretty quick."

And in the lodge, with huge windows overlooking this scene of grandeur, a man and a woman sat playing some two-handed card game, with their backs to the window. O. S.

Wendover, Utah, July 18 - Wendover is right on the Utah-Nevada line, and when we registered at this motel for the night, we thought we were in Nevada. We walked down the road a couple of blocks to a cafe for dinner, only to find that the cafe is in Utah. Further research proves that the motel is, also. So we're spending another night in Utah, but will be in Nevada the first thing tomorrow morning.

This trip has about proven to the two of us that many towns were not ready for the big tourist season this year - or just barely ready. In Ely, Nev., we ate in a restaurant which had been open a week - ditto in Beaver, Utah, where we stayed last night. Neither place had the "kinks" out yet and as a consequence, the customers weren't being cared for properly. In Beaver we stayed in a motel which appeared to be very new, and tonight we are registered in one which is doing business, but isn't anywhere near ready.

We should have been warned when the woman in charge said the office wasn't done, and they were doing business in one of the units. Opening the door to our unit, for which we had already paid, of course, we discovered that there is only a rod for clothing - the closet hasn't been finished around the rod. The fixtures are installed in the bathroom, but the soap tray and paper holder are missing. Later Pappy pointed out that there is a bed, but no chairs. Since we were firmly resolved to write this column, we went back to the "office" and borrowed a straight chair. The owner didn't apologize - merely said the furniture had failed to arrive on time.

The hot water faucet runs cold, and the one marked cold has hot water coming from it. The gadget which is supposed to keep water in the tub doesn't function; the air conditioner is working but gives off weird noises. Several other units are occupied tonight - we wonder how the travelers are faring.

Entering a likely-looking cafe for dinner, we found the place jammed with customers. Seven waitresses, a hostess and a couple of bus boys were all on the run. The cafe

seats about a hundred persons - and the population of the town is only 500, according to our waitress. We counted seven large motels, and all apparently are doing a good business. Tonight the town is filled with tourists, all hunting cold drinks, food and a place to put down their weary bodies. And this scene is being repeated all over the West, and probably all over the United States.

Utah, we've decided, isn't very much like Oregon. Or at least, our part of Oregon. Driving from Beaver to Salt Lake City today, a distance of about 200 miles, we failed to see a single drive-in movie, restaurant or bank, and no cocktail lounge signs. Maybe there are some - but we didn't see them. We did see dozens of homes made from brick or stone block and stucco, all of them solid and sedate and rather old-fashioned looking.

We also saw several little old log houses and other buildings obviously very old. These for the most part are at the front of the lots, with the log structure immediately behind. We've always heard that the Mormons, who early settled in Utah and whose influence is so extensive in the state, are very thrifty. We probably agree with them - if a building is usable, why tear it down?

Something new to both Pappy and Potpourri were homes constructed one story high, but with half the structure below the ground level, and half above. They look as if some giant hand had given them a sharp blow, shoving them half-way down into the earth. Few yards, until we began to be nearer Salt Lake City, had flowers - perhaps lawns and trees, but no flowers.

Arriving in Salt Lake we called the Associated Press to talk to Greg Nokes, who worked at The Tribune before leaving for his new AP job, and found that he too was vacationing - in Oregon. Of course, everyone who comes here must visit the Latter-day Saints tabernacle, so we did. A new structure is going up in Temple square - we didn't discover what it is to be used for, and workmen are renovating the famous tabernacle, now about a century old.

The building is famous for its perfect acoustics, and of course, the tour leaders staged the usual "pin dropping" tests. But workmen were busy hammering, so we didn't hear the sound. Perhaps others did. We were especially impressed with the gigantic pipe organ, and the information that now there is an antiphonal organ in the back of the tabernacle, operated from the master keyboard. A brief recording of a bit of religious music sung by the famous choir with organ accompaniment brought shivers down our spine. Surely, we thought, if one attended religious ceremonies here often, and listened to this sublime music, one would be encouraged to lead a good and truthful life.

Then we remembered a conversation with the operator of a service station at Orderville. We asked why the name, and he said the town had been founded as a Mormon cooperative and operated at first by "the order." When he added - "But it didn't last long. After all, they were just like other people and it wasn't long until they began to quarrel and the whole scheme fell apart." However, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints doesn't seem to be in any danger of falling apart.

Nature treated us to a new experience today - what one might call a combination salt and dust storm. The cloud showed in the sky some time after we had driven by Great Salt Lake, and at first we thought it was a rain storm. It proved to be a cloud of salt and sand off the Bonneville Salt Flats driven by winds blowing up to 50 miles an hour.

The stuff swirled along the road like dry snow in a blizzard and at times cars - and the traffic over Highway 40 is very heavy - had to turn on lights. It was an eerie and somewhat disturbing experience. However, The Doll, with Pappy working extra hard at the driving, plowed along and before long we were out. Since we had just come across a stretch of desert country with the thermometer between 95 and 100 in the shade, the salt storm was almost too much.

At that, we were lucky. Neither of us suffered anything worse than another coat of tan and another layer of dirt on our clothes and hair and tonight we hear that sometimes the storms are so severe that the salt and sand literally scour the paint from cars. Another coat of tan really doesn't matter, but another coat of paint on The Doll would be a serious matter. O. S.

Schedule Meeting

Mrs. Clifford Rice was invited into the Women of the Moose at a recent meeting. The next scheduled meeting will be Wednesday, July 25, at 8 p.m. in the Moose hall.

Several members of the local chapter will attend a convention to be held in Roseburg August 3 through 5.

The group recently started a traveling basket. Mrs. Melvin Weaver is project chairman.



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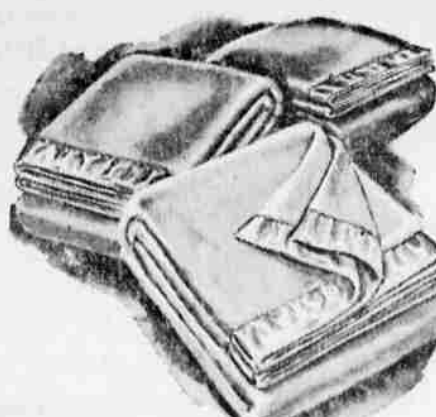
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Mrs. Maude Simmons, Central Point, was recently honored at a party observing her 82nd birthday.



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Ashland Woman Reviews Plays For Chronicle

Ashland - Mrs. Harold (L. Gore Glen) Offord arrived in Ashland the first of the week and will remain for the Shakespearean Festival season, occupying her home at 512 Granite street. She will review the plays for the San Francisco Chronicle and the Ashland Daily Tidings.

Mrs. Offord's daughter, Judith Offord, is a member of the festival company as she has been for several seasons. Mr. Offord will join his family for part of the summer. They make their home in Berkeley, Calif., during the winter.

The Chronicle columnist and critic is also the author of several books which reflect some of the art and locale of southern Oregon and the Shakespearean Festival.

Hicks - Keever Wed In Home Ceremony

On their return from a wedding trip to Lakehead lodge, Calif., Mr. and Mrs. Carl L. Hicks, Jr. will make their home at 205 1/2 Summit avenue. Mrs. Hicks is the former Wilma Jean Keever, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William L. Keever, 632 Pennsylvania avenue, and Mr. Hicks' parents are Mr. and Mrs. Carl L. Hicks, 1006 Court street.

The couple were married June 30 in a ceremony held at 3 o'clock in the afternoon at the home of the bride's parents. The Rev. Earl Best, pastor of the Ruch Community church, read the double ring rites attended by 30 relatives and friends.

Pink and white gladioli decorated the home, and organ wedding music was played.

Mr. Keever gave his daughter in marriage. She wore a gown of lace over taffeta and net, fashioned with a white satin bow at the waistline. Her bouquet was of white carnations and baby orchids.

Miss Patricia Ann Brookman attended the bride. Her frock was of pink chiffon over taffeta, and she carried white daisies.

Millard B. Hicks, a brother of the bridegroom, was best man.

The reception which followed the wedding at the home was given by Miss Peggy Keever, a sister of the bride. Mrs. Max Brookman cut the wedding cake, and punch was poured by Miss Sharon Brookman.

For traveling the bride wore a sheath dress of blue silk faille.

The bride was graduated from Medford High school. Her husband attended Anniston, Ala. High school, and is now employed by Timber Products company.

Pre-Orientation Event Scheduled

Ashland - Dr. Alvin Fellers, director of student affairs at Southern Oregon college, will speak at a pre-orientation party for graduates of Medford High school Tuesday, July 24. The party, which will be held from 7 to 10 p.m. in the lounge in Britt student center at the college, will provide information for young people considering entering the school in the fall. Dancing, entertainment, and refreshments will be provided.

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