

Social Events ♦ Women's News

Freshman Aboard Group Schedule To Return

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Stephen Eichelberger, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sharon S. Eichelberger, 3367 Forest Avenue, who has been in Japan since September on a Freshman Abroad program from Lewis and Clark college, is to return to San Francisco January 7, with the 20 other students on the tour, Mr. and Mrs. Eichelberger plan to meet their son in the Bay city to spend a couple days and on their return here, the student is to fill some speaking engagements before returning on to his college. Printed here are further comments on his experiences.)

We'd stayed up pretty late the night before. In fact, we had been staying up darn late for the whole week. I practically slept through our 7:30 breakfast, so I went back to my room to catch a little more sleep. That was when I became the only resident of Tokyo's new Grand Central station.

Kids would come running through; the phone wouldn't stop ringing; I needed rest. I finally called the desk and told the man that this room no longer existed to telephone callers, then I locked the door and went to sleep.

Not for long. By 10 a.m. I heard pounding on my door. I was wakened, so I decided to quit playing dead and answer. Two other guys, many Japanese student friends, and I spent a pleasant morning in classes at Keio university. The rest of the day was a series of social engagements, study, and relaxation. One of our crowd is teaching a Japanese movie star English.

Our group took a four-hour train ride to Nikko. We are staying at the youth hostel here for two days, then all of us are returning to Tokyo for a few more. Nikko is famous for its magnificent scenery and landmarks.

Upon arrival, we walked to one of the landmarks, a huge Shinto shrine that was the state religious center during the period of the Tokugawa Shoguns.

Nikko is so cold that I stayed in bed until one today. I decided against returning to the temple in favor of study. The freezing day passed slowly, as I managed to get into a little more of Japan's history. I went out into some of Nikko's rustic back streets at about four to return with

some fruit and bread for a snack. It's like ice here.

We headed back to Tokyo today. We arrived in time for me to grab lunch, get cleaned up, and rush down to Tokyo Central. Kay's sister and Mother, from Ashiya, were coming in there, but Kay had picked up a little food poisoning on the trip. Mr. Okuyama (official for Ashiya) couldn't go either, since he had called a doctor and was playing nursemaid. Nothing that a good night's sleep didn't cure.

I didn't do anything today. Just sat around and neglected my studies. However, in the evening, I met the pen pal of a friend in Medford. Very enjoyable.

We moved out of the hotel due to the advent of a convention today. The place that we're occupying now is a Japanese Inn (still in Tokyo) that's better than the other place. We had just dropped off our bags, so some of us went on our own ways, and some went on a tour of Sony Electronics' Factory. I was glad that I went to the Sony factory. It was fabulous. We heard true stereo, the way it should be played; we saw the world's smallest video tape machine; we saw the world's smallest selling TV; we did so many things that it just turns into a sort of blur.

We went back to the inn and dressed for a special dinner. The upperclassmen had arrived late in the afternoon, thinking that we were in Kyoto by that time. We all sneaked into the place where they were staying and stayed concealed until they showed up for dinner. It was a delightful evening.

I didn't do too much today. In the evening, I went to the place where the upperclassmen are staying.

We left Tokyo early this morning. The train ride was uneventful, and by the time we reached Kyoto, it was getting late in the afternoon. Bobby, my Japanese brother, was waiting for me at the hotel. We talked for quite a while. Okasan is in a hospital learning a diabetes diet for the next three weeks.

We explored Kyoto. It's a well designed city dating back over a thousand years. Unlike Tokyo's labyrinth, the main streets are straight

and at right angles to each other. The traffic isn't quite so dangerous, it's quieter, and there's tons of coffee-houses. We're surrounded by some of Japan's richest cultural history here.

We went to the basement auditorium of the Kyoto International hotel to receive our first lecture of this part of the trip. It was two hours, rather dry, and hard to understand. However, it wasn't bad.

Our second lecture from Prof. Shibata was much better. It lasted longer, since we asked more questions, but the content was fascinating. I saw "Chuck" McNair again tonight. This was the last time that I'll see him in Japan.

He's traveling with the International School of America, staying with host families for each two-week stay in cities around the world. He leaves for China Saturday, but he's hard pressed academically, and I'm not doing so bad either. We took a night off and went out to talk over the fragments of Medford gossip that had reached us.

We started our language classes today. We're being taught by a very competent American living here.

Today was Thanksgiving. But we attended Prof. Shibata's last lecture in the morning. I wandered off alone after the lecture, since I had no intention of studying on a holiday. I spent the afternoon in a theater and got back to the hotel in time to hurriedly change for dinner.

Dinner was cooked by our Professor's wife, Mrs. Johnson, and some of the girls. We had turkey and everything else in a family atmosphere equalled only by our homes. I wish I could say more, but there isn't much to say.

We're on our Thanksgiving Holiday until Monday. I devoured another book and got slightly organized in my studies and living necessities. (Such as washing my clothes and myself.) We've made some friends at a nearby coffee house with the entire staff, and, as a result, get an order free while listening to records of our choice which they play for us. One waiter in particular, Michio, is a jazz buff, and he takes care of our ears and stomachs as we help him improve his English. In our room tonight, I rattled off about thirty or forty puns in a row during conversation, so writing is difficult since I've been trounced and beaten close to an early death.

While studying today, I heard the noise of a large crowd, accompanied by a Dixieland band in a truck, out on the street. It was a parade of Doshisha University students celebrating their annual carnival. From another street, however, appeared a different crowd of marchers. These people had no festive spirit, for they were Anti-American demonstrators. The Doshisha students we saw later were apologetic for the appearance of the other group, which they said was composed of Koreans. No violence occurred. . . today, anyway.

This was a day to get organized. So I did. I cleaned up my part of the mess in our room (and a little more), washed some clothes, and outlined my academic plan of attack in pushing back the borders of ignorance. Since I'm now organized, I have time to talk about that same old subject the weather.

Japan's climate is similar to Medford's. This, of course, is a generalization, but you'd be surprised at how true this really is. Autumn in Ashiya was mild with that morning bite in the air as a harbinger of approaching chilly days. Occasionally it would cloud over and maybe even rain. Our two-week trip through south-east Japan was a sign of the coming winter with its crisp cold, falling golden leaves, and the more frequent rains. Kyoto is known as one of the coldest cities on the central island. So far, fall is turning into winter pretty much the same as in Medford. The days are usually overcast and it rains a couple of times each week. From what I've seen, winter here will be like Medford's.

We received a lecture about Japan's relation with the rest of Asia this morning. The gentleman who spoke to us was slightly amusing. Besides being a brilliant history scholar, he speaks six or seven different languages. Afterward, some of us completed our Alien registration. I really feel like a resident now. We met a group of students after dinner. They speak English, and they're assigned to help each of us in our special areas of study.

Today we toured Boy and

Miss Patricia Harris will be installed honored queen of Bethel 14, International Order of Job's Daughters, on Sunday, January 6, when installation of new officers will take place at 2 p.m. at the Medford Masonic temple.

Practice for installation will be held at the temple Wednesday, January 2, at 4:30 p.m. All officers and choir members are to attend.

Secret dads of Bethel members were invited to the last meeting of the Bethel held on December 19. Honored Queen Patricia Ellis presided.

Introduced from the sidelines were Senior Warden Irvin Patten, Medford Lodge No. 163, and Mrs. Gene Dyke and Ross Glickson, worthy matron and patron of Reames chapter, Eastern Star.

Queen Pat thanked everyone for their help during her term and told them how much she had enjoyed being honored queen.

Refreshments were served by Gayle Johnson, Maureen Phillips and Sharon and Karen Huddahl and their mothers.

We went to Doshisha University to listen to Professor Carey lecture on Japanese-American relations. Doshisha is closely affiliated with Amherst in America, and Mr. Carey's program includes going there for a year every five years or so. Five of us went to our first Sumie class this evening. Sumie is the Japanese brush-painting that resembles pantheistic, black and white water colors. Its difficult technique is amazingly rigid.

Today I met with a student who is helping me see the Zen philosophy behind Sumie. Later, I attended a production of Our Town put on by Doshisha's English speaking society. Unbelievable.

I met with another Japanese student today. He's helping me translate some material for one of my papers. After that, I went back to the hotel and worked on a painting that I might possibly give to my Japanese family, that is if it's good enough. There was a student demonstration this evening. About six of us, myself included, were right in the middle of it, watching the snake dances and occasional fights that broke out. It was timed and organized well enough to jam up the streets hours after the thirty-minute melee was over. We talked to one of the students who had taken it upon himself to watch out for us during the demonstration. It was all about the city raising his fares. No injuries, arrests, or publicity.

This was the day we moved into the International Kyoto Hotel. If I said the other hotel was fabulous, this place is too difficult to describe in superlatives. However, many gaijin (foreigners) come here, and the loud sport coats, gaudy jewelry, and pot bellies rather detract from the atmosphere. I went to the traditional Noh Drama with one of the girls from the group and a student host. This is one of the subjects to be covered in my theater paper, so I was intellectually satisfied for the rest of the day.

I've been studying progressively harder as the test gets nearer. However, as you see, outside activities take up study time. Today I did nothing but study and eat. I was so wrapped up in it that when I decided to knock off for the night, I found that it was three a.m.

I slept late, but still managed to put in ten hours of study for the day. The test is tomorrow.

Our morning was occupied with a lecture that I didn't concentrate on. I walked to the American Cultural Center where we all took our first college midterm. It was the most comprehensive test I've ever taken. I cut a late evening language class to catch up on my rest.

We had a lecture on the changing Japanese social pattern this morning. Most of our lectures are in the basement auditorium of the International, so they are quite convenient, even though they are a little formal. Sumie class this evening was better than last time, but I think my capabilities are limited.

Pressure is still left over from the test, so by this afternoon, I couldn't stand studying much longer. I took in a movie, talked with a few people, and went to bed.

We had a fascinating lecture on theater this morning. Our lectures usually last two hours, but this went over three. Prof. Suga is arranging some backstage visits for me. My first judo lesson this afternoon ended with my suffering from multiple aches. The collegiate judo champion of Japan was my tormentor. Not really—he was real nice as he flipped me a couple of dozen times.

This was a day of neurotic rest. I tried to write letters. I tried to read. I tried to relax.

Installation Announced

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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 5 p.m. the day before publication.

Thursdays

10 a.m. — Medford chapter, Alpha Phi Alumnae, Rogue Valley Manor.

The problem is, having so many activities, that everybody has a full steam up even when the wheels aren't going around.

The subject of education in Japan is fascinating, but our lecture on it wasn't. In the afternoon we met the president of Doshisha university and attended some classes afterward. The language lab handled six languages, and all you had to do was put your earphone plug in one of six sockets. They were playing Christmas carols on one channel.

I slept right through the alarm this morning, so I had breakfast in bed. I studied through the day, attending a language class and writing one of my papers. Late at night, I was in Mary Ellen and Cherrie's room, and they decided that I needed a haircut. I concurred. We stayed up until one while Mary Ellen cut and Cherrie acted as technical adviser. It started pretty badly, and gradually got better as Mary Ellen got tenser. The girls were sweet and genuinely worried about their job, but they didn't do too bad a haircut. I'll go to my little barber in Ashiya during the Christmas break when I visit my Japanese family once more.

Our lecture this morning was from an American. He spoke intelligently on Japanese history. After a day of study, well, a maybe half day, I took a couple of art paintings to the Kyoto Art center. The people there were enthusiastic, but didn't mention enough money, so I'll give the paintings as Christmas presents to my Japanese family rather than use the money from them to buy better presents.

In another style of painting, I'll mention Sumie. We had our small class tonight, and I've definitely developed an anti-Sumie style. My hand is too heavy on the brush, and my style is too modern. I like it. I also drew a cartoon for our teacher.

Today's lecture on secular fine arts felt pretty flat, but the translator was a girl who had been in Doshisha's production of Our Town, so it was enjoyable. Studying this afternoon was next to impossible, so I went downtown for about two hours. Imagine a great, blond giant walking through Medford, and you'll get the effect of my window shopping among all these wonderful (but little) people.

I was studying with Mary Ellen tonight, and she practically rewrote my week's work on my theater paper. I'd asked her for help, but I didn't expect her to do such a darn good job. She did the same kind of thing my American mom would have done: the grammar and wording came out refined, and the meaning was clearer. Still, it's the last time I ask a smart girl anything.

Note: Mary Ellen is from Claremont, Calif., born in Medford, Ore.

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Madame Alexander, well-known doll designer, received a protest from the White House when she designed two new dolls and named them Caroline and Jacqueline. However, peppery Madame Alexander, 40 years in the doll business, retorted that the "two aren't our best sellers." (UPI)

Doll Designer Receives Protest From White House

BY GAY PAULEY

UPI Women's Editor

New York.—UPI—A couple of dolls named Caroline and Jacqueline brought an official protest from the White House.

But the peppery little woman who designed the two dolls for the 1962 gift-buying season is getting the last word.

"The two aren't the best-selling items we have this year," said Madame Alexander to day.

"Maybe it's because of the stock market slump, and because there are more Republicans than has been figured," Madame Alexander, who in 40 years in the doll business has "immortalized" in doll form many of the world famous, said that actually it was not her fault that the White House disapproved of the commercialization of a couple of Famous Names.

"Every one of our retailers had pledged not to use the Kennedy name," she said. "Every shipment was stamped that the dolls were not to be advertised as Kennedy dolls. And we aren't using it in any promotion."

Madame Alexander said that some time ago she had sent the White House samples of Caroline and Jacqueline, hoping for approval of the doll designs. Back came a pleasant but firm letter from Pierre Salinger, White House Press Secretary, saying that the designs could set off a whole rash of cheaper copies.

"He also insisted that I send him a bill for the dolls," said the designer.

The issue might have ended, except that word of the dolls got around. A famous New York toy store put them on display for the Christmas market and a New York columnist mentioned the look-alikes, said Madame Alexander. Salinger called her.

"I explained to him what had happened," she said. "I told him if we put out the dolls next year, we won't name them Jacqueline and Caroline, because of White House displeasure."

"The truth is," she added, "I've always done portrait dolls. I didn't have the little Kennedy girl in mind originally when I registered the name Caroline. I was thinking of Grace Kelly's little girl, Princess Caroline of Monaco, and she arrived long before the Kennedys were in Washington."

Made Changes

The designer ruefully added that when her firm decided to produce the Caroline doll this year, "I did change the brown hair and brown eyes of Princess Grace's little girl to the blonde hair and blue eyes of the other Caroline. And I did put her in a Jodhpurs."

The Jacqueline doll just faintly resembles the first lady. Both dolls have trunks full of clothes, including mother and daughter riding habits. And the Jacqueline doll wardrobe includes a leopard coat. Mrs. Kennedy also owns a leopard coat.

We asked Madame Alexander how manufacturers could

use names of the famous.

"Easy," she said, "usually you can register any name you want if some other manufacturer hasn't already beaten you to it at the copyright office. In some instances, of course, you must have permission, like the Dionne Quintuplets I did years ago."

When the famous Canadian quintuplets arrived, Madame Alexander's husband, who is general manager of the firm, suggested miniatures of the dark-haired infants.

"What! me do a litter of babies," she protested. But she went ahead anyway with permission of the government and the dolls were "fabulous sellers," she said. "I hadn't known until then how much people are interested in other people's children."

But the all-time best selling doll, she said, is "Kitten," introduced in 1961 and going strong in three different heights. She's sweet-faced infant with a short, pixie haircut.

Madame Alexander in real life is Mrs. Philip Behrman. He is general manager of the business. She is president and chief designer.

A merry little woman of 68 years, she looks far younger with her brown hair done in a short, artichoke cut. The couple has one daughter, Mildred, an artist, married to Richard Birnbaum, who also is with the firm. There is a 22-year-old grandson.

Madame Alexander dolls sell from \$2 for miniatures right on up the scale to \$150, for individual pieces.

She has done many higher-priced dolls on special request, once for the opening of Westchester County, N. Y. State (Manamaker's), she did a doll complete with ermine robe and diamond solitaire ring. Price tag: \$1,000.

"It was made strictly as a publicity stunt," said Madame Alexander. "But some doting grandfather bought it. To tell you the truth, it wasn't worth that much."

Mineralogist Visits Mother

William Boyer, mineralogist at the Kaiser Refractories laboratory, Milpitas, Calif., is spending the Christmas holidays with his mother, Mrs. Lawrence Heskett, Casino road. He also will visit with his brother, Robert Boyer, and family of 240 North Barnsbury road while here.

Parents Visit

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Romstead, Seattle, Wash., are houseguests of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie M. White and family, 1008 Beckman street, Medford. They plan to remain through Wednesday.

Visitors

Central Point — Visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Norris, 3393 Hanley road, are Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Norris, LaCron, Canada; Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Moore, and daughter Angela, Roseburg, and Mr. and Mrs. Cliff McElroy, Klamath River, Calif.

Six times as many college graduates earn \$10,000, or more a year as do high school graduates, economists report.

'Mary, Mary' Next Play

An early-January event is "Mary, Mary," next production of the Broadway Theater league scheduled for January 2 at the Holly theater.

This comedy, currently running on Broadway as well as having a touring company, is by Jean Kerr, the author of the best-seller, "Please Don't Eat the Daisies." The play points up, sharply and amusingly, the small frailties of people. The inner core of the comedy is said to be the universal problem between men and bright women—the utter futility of using logic on females who respond only to charm and vigor.

In the cast will be Jeffrey Lynn, who appeared here last season, Patricia Smith, John Lasell, Clinton Sundberg and Heddie Bates.

Suttons Arrive From Seattle

Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Sutton, Seattle and their three children are at the home of Mrs. Sutton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Lawson, 1418 Reddy street. They will divide the holiday season between Mr. Sutton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Sutton, South Pacific highway and the Lawsons.

Robert Sutton is a research physicist for Boeing. The Suttons were former residents of the valley.

Student Living At Miller Home

Mike Callan, senior at Medford High school, is making his home with Dr. and Mrs. William Miller, 1307 Queen Anne avenue. The student's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Callan, left recently for Australia on a government assignment and young Callan remained here to complete his high school education.

Midshipman Visits Family

Midshipman Walter M. Higgins III, son of J. and Mrs. Walter M. Higgins, 2200 Oakwood drive, arrived in Medford last Saturday to spend a 13-day leave with his family. At the end of his leave Midshipman Higgins will return to his studies at the United States Naval academy, Annapolis, Md.

De Molay Plans Public Ceremony

Ashland — The public is invited to attend installation of De Molay officers January 5 at 8 p.m. in the Masonic temple.

At the December 12 meeting of the order, Charles Calhoun was elected master; counselor, Scott Roberts, senior counselor, and John Reid, junior counselor. Appointive officers will also be installed at the January 5 session.

Mount Shasta Group Installs

Mount Shasta — The Third annual installation of Mount Shasta's senior citizens club, Wonderland Seniors, was held in St. Anthony's parish hall, held in connection with the second annual Christmas dinner served the seniors by the sponsoring group, Mount Shasta Soroptimist club.

The banquet was the usual Christmas fare, with music and other suitable entertainment. Mrs. Maralyn Edwards at the piano, Mrs. Maxine Linebarger, violinist, and Mrs. Helen Chelmont, vocalist, supplied Christmas selections.

Mrs. Maralyn Edwards gave a reading. Seated to serve the seniors during 1963 are president, Mrs. Margaret Belanger; vice-president, Mrs. Laura Phillips; secretary, Mrs. Kathryn Anderson; Mrs. Elta Gentry, treasurer.

In Ashland

Ashland — Holiday week visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin H. Farnham, Anderson Creek road, are Mr. Farnham's sister, Miss Grace Farnham, Salem, and his brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Farnham, Redding.

Return

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Fixen, 718 West Fourth street, have recently returned from Watsonville, Calif., where they visited with Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Marshall. They were accompanied by their two children, Stephen and Karyn. Mr. Fixen is the daughter of Mr. Marshall.

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