



The Rev. and Mrs. Philip Getchel and small son, Mark Andrew, who live in Toledo, Parana, Brazil, are in Oregon on furlough from their work with the Episcopal church in Brazil. They are guests of the Rev. Mr. Getchel's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bayard M. Getchel, 28 Ashland avenue, and the minister is speaking in various churches in the state. Parana is on the frontier of Brazil's western area, bordering Argentina and Paraguay. The Rev. Mr. Getchel supervises 15 missions at present, and more are to be added in the near future. Baby Mark, 16 months old, is learning to talk both English and Portuguese. The family will return to Brazil in late March. (Knackstedt photo)

Veni - Vidi

By MARGARET SCHULER

Taormina, Sicily - When I think that I so easily might have passed by Sicily in the choice of a holiday, I feel jittery, for if ever I have enjoyed any place in Europe, it is this one. I wonder too, what I could have been doing when I came down from Messina seven years ago, passed through Taormina, Catania and down to Siracusa - and back. I must have slept the entire trip, because I didn't even find it particularly interesting. Palermo, I thought was beautiful, and that was that.

This trip, after being here for seven weeks, I realize must be continued at a later date. I wish I were an archeologist; I wish I were an artist; I wish I were an historian. The atmosphere and fascination of the mainland, repeats itself, but with a difference. The remnants and repercussions of civilizations which have flourished along Sicily's shores, and have left such abundant evidences every where, the romance of the mythology, the writings of great poets, is overwhelming.

So, I hope to come again when I can make a complete circle of the island. I would like to go to Enna in the center of Sicily, to Agrigento in the South, up to Marsala to taste the famous wine at the source. I would like to see the dramatic tuna fishing at Trapani.

Little Villages

I am seeing the little villages in the vicinity of Taormina, and any trip, even the smallest journey is rewarding - a trip through time and space. In the most unlikely places, in the most secluded, are intimate stories of great pasts, and archeological relics of one civilization after another. Even the faces you see make you speculate on what bloods are involved - Grecian, Roman, Phoenician, Norman, Arab, Spanish or American G.I.s!

Savoca is one of the villages, in the mountains about 35 miles inland, we visited. The road branches off the main highway to Messina. Mussolini built the roads in Sicily, and they are good as well as superbly picturesque. On both sides are low stone walls which ooze ferns, moss and wild flowers. On the top and behind the walls, giant geraniums tower in wild abandon. It is difficult to believe that some great landscape architect hadn't studied each of the perfect artistic effects; hadn't planted a palm here, a cactus there, and Italian cypress with its sophisticated well groomed shape.

After we made the sharp turn to the left, away from the Ionian sea, and the main highway, we started zigzagging up toward the sky. Haphazard hills all about us were ablaze with color, and olive trees shimmered silver in the sun. Terraces rippled, soft and lush all the way down to the water, where the vivid green contrasted pleasantly with the bright blue. In every direction the vistas were glorious, enchanting pictures. Medieval lithographs, crumbling castles perched on tops of precipitous rocks, and little villages huddled on the hill sides.

Meet Monk

Climbing endlessly, up and up, and around and around, with horn honking continuously, we came onto a brown-cowled, Capuchin monk, on his return to the monastery from his morning shopping for groceries. At a hair-raising angle we stopped to speak to him.

So slowly we were traveling, that by the time we had arrived at the monastery and parked, Father Anselm was there also. The little church we had gone to see, was like hundreds of others in rural Italy and Sicily - poor and cold. There was, however, a rather famous painting on the wall, sixteenth century, by Antonelli of Messina. Even to our untrained eyes it was wonderful, and started a study of the great artist.

After we had admired the faded madonna, the dusty angels, and sad saints, Father Anselm opened a trap door which led underground to one of those ludicrous catacombs, and we crawled down. There they stood - propped up in their niches, with their tattered finery hanging on their shriveled bones - gay blades, no doubt in their day. A secret process of embalming, long forgotten, has enabled them to linger on for posterity to see and wonder at.

Up again in the musty church, the jolly, fat old monk who did not mind at all our facetious remarks about his patrons below, led us into, what was to me, the most interesting part of the tour.

We sat in the refectory, a Gothic arched picture with time-worn benches and tables, and drank red, red wine sent up by the parishioners to the monks.

Travel With Sara

And now I must speak of Sara Johnson. It was a fortunate day for me, and one I followed the white Buick with the "Pacific Wonderland" license to his parking place and met Sara. Little by little, as days go by, I realize what a remarkable young woman Sara is.

She knows Sicily very well, and although far too busy to go to the ubiquitous cocktail and tea parties in Taormina, she finds time to see that her fellow Oregonian and two other guests at the San Pancrazio villa, learn to know Sicily also - in an unburied and intimate way. She knows the interesting villages; she knows where the sweet oranges of Sicily grow (oranges so delicious they should have another name to differentiate from other varieties); she knows an old potter who molds his clay with deft fingers as we watch into marvelous shapes and forms; she knows the hand workers of wrought iron. She takes us to the fish market at Giradino, to the auctions which take place daily. She speaks Italian, she is pretty, soft spoken and has somewhat the enigmatic Mona Lisa smile. And it is Sara who takes us to see and know such people as the two monks at Savoca.

So I was not surprised to have Father Anselm tell me that Sara had been there many times. It came out that she had seen their pathetic little kitchen, without a stove, and had bought for them a pretty white range, with even a (She called it a birthday present for her daughter). She had gone through the kitchen and had discarded old broken pots, dishes and pans. The old men (one is 69, the other 85) do their own cooking, and poor it is. They eat mostly pasta and vegetables. But they look healthy, and happy, and are as cute as buttons, with their long white beards, pink cheeks and bright eyes peering out from the brown cowls of their order. Sara is not a Catholic.

Sara has a villa on the way down from Taormina. It hangs on a cliff, has terraces running down to the beach. She has an olive grove, which she works on shares so that she may have her own oil, and almond trees. And I have an invitation to visit her at any time!

P.S. Any one for the Trevi fountain? It is for sale. At least, the palace to which the fountain is attached. It is cheap too - two million dollars. An ad which came out in an American paper has caused great consternation among the Italians. They were as stunned as though the Colosseum had been put on the market. The ad suggested that the place would make a good hotel, or embassy. The real estate firm had three hundred answers. They came from all over the world. In yesterday's paper it was hinted that a great ship owner was interested in buying it, and of course every one thinks he knows who that would be. Personally, I wouldn't buy it for half the price. I like vistas and gardens, and at Trevi you might fall into the fountain if you even opened a window; and think of the thousands of pictures you might get into!

Speaker Discusses Realtors

"The Relationship Between the Public and the Realtor" was the topic chosen by Mrs. Willis T. Fasel, who was guest speaker for Women of Unity last Friday at the Unity church of Medford, Holly and Haven streets.

Mrs. Fasel is president of Oregon State chapter of the Women's council, National Association of Real Estate boards, and a past president of the Medford chapter of Women's council of Real Estate Boards.

She began her talk by asking "What is a realtor?" She said the realtor may be likened to a creator, as he creates homes, both urban and rural, and by his activities, helps to mold and form the future of his community. She added that realtors don't just happen. They study, work in the field, and pass three examinations before they become licensed salesmen, who must work as salesmen for two years before they are eligible to apply to the state commissioner to take the broker's examinations. After passing these examinations, the broker is eligible to apply to the local Board of Realtors for membership; and being accepted, becomes a member of the State and National Association of Realtors Board. This group benefits from the boards, by their educational programs, both local and state-wide.

Mrs. Fasel advised her listeners against the "do it yourself" project. She said that if no obstacles were in the way, it would be fine, but a realtor is equipped to handle the myriad of problems that arise even in the simplest of sales.

Mrs. Fasel was presented with a gift from the Women of Unity. A clarinet quartet, consisting of Rhonda Hess, Jan Main, Pat Eastwood and Marilyn Couch, and a brass sextet made up of Dale Durkee, Bob Heyerman, Bonita Denyer, Ed Chizek, Curtis Offenbacher, Stan Schlosser, and Mike Knox, provided entertainment. They were under the direction of Steve Whipple and from McLoughlin Junior High school.

Mrs. Clay M. Lee, program chairman, spoke briefly on Abraham Lincoln, George Washington and the birthday of Oregon, which was February 14.

Mrs. Edgar N. Terrill, Talent, president of the group, conducted a business session. Mrs. Terrill announced a Youth of Unity rummage sale in March and Women of Unity voted to help with the sale. Proceeds will go to sponsor a trip to Seabeck for a Northwest Regional Youth Rally. The group voted to sponsor a May morning breakfast in Ashland.

It was voted that each member will be responsible for a benefit coffee, a luncheon or whatever is the pleasure of the hostess.

Mrs. Ira Jones was appointed by the executive board to fill the vacancy of treasurer for the remainder of the term.

The president read new amendments to the bylaws for the first time.

The Rev. Katherine Bosworth gave the devotionals. Guests were Mrs. Bernice L. Braha, Mrs. Emily Conrad, Mrs. Ralph Swartsley, Miss Beverly Carver, Mrs. A. I. Prugh, Mrs. W. H. Arnold, Medford; and Miss Virginia Ravn, Mrs. Carl W. Peterson, and Mrs. Roy F. Nye, Ashland.

Luncheon tables were decorated in the George Washington theme, and small American flags marked each place.

Hostesses were Mrs. Earl Moore, Mrs. L. M. Hamilton, and Mrs. Rodney Moffet.

Club Announces Afternoon Social

A covered dish dinner and an afternoon of cards, games and dancing are planned by Medford Fifty Plus club Friday, March 1 to 12 noon in St. Mark's Episcopal Guild hall, corner of Fifth street and North Oakdale avenue. Community singing also is on the program.

Those who attend should take a covered dish for the luncheon. All interested persons are invited.

Visit Corvallis

Prospect - Mr. and Mrs. James Reilly and Miss Suzanne Rogers were guests of friends last week end in Corvallis.

Dance

Derby - The first-Saturday dance for Derby Hoedowners will be conducted March 2 in the Derby Community hall, when dancing will begin at 8:30 p.m. Potluck refreshments will be served. Edwin Cavin will call. All interested square dancers are invited.

Prospect Couple Guests at OSU

Prospect - Mr. and Mrs. George Hubbard last week end visited their daughter, Miss Mary Ann Hubbard in Corvallis where she is attending Oregon State university. Mr. Hubbard attended the Dads' week end activities. Miss Hubbard is the president of Azalea house.

Shady Cove - Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Symens and family, Newark, Calif., were week end visitors with Mr. Symens' family, Mr. and Mrs. John Dickenson, Shady Cove.

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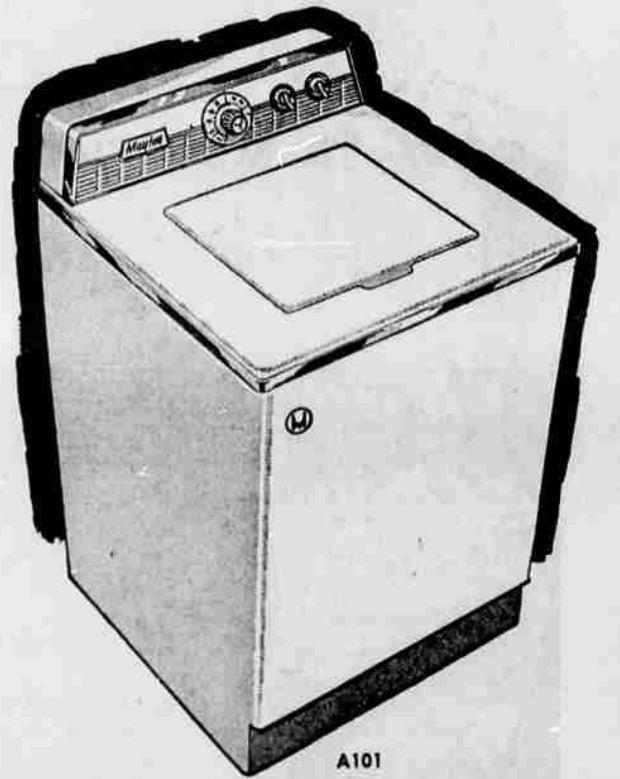
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