

Social Events

Women's News



Boston—Mrs. Robert F. Kennedy, wife of the attorney general of the United States, is shown holding Christopher George as she and the child leave St. Elizabeth's hospital in Boston. The 8-day-old baby is the couple's eighth child. (UPI)

Hundreds Attend Show; Voting Results Given

Several hundred children and adults attended the annual Greenwich Village art show held Saturday in the Medford library park. As in past years, those who viewed the art works were asked to vote on their choices and this year the voting was divided into two categories, for children and adults, in four media.

Results of the voting by adults were: Oils, first place, "Wooded Lane" by Dorothy Beck; second place, "Mt. Rainier," by Helen Scott; water colors, first place, "Big Moment" by Blanche Johnson; second place, "Siskiyou Stage" also by Mrs. Johnson; sculpture, first, "Mother and Child" by Ruby Ralston; tied for second place, "Growth of a Flower" and "Baby and Doll" also by Mrs. Ralston; other media, first, an untitled work by Harry Marx and second, "Majestic Peaks" by Marie Starks.

Children's votes were: Oils, first place, "Wooded Lane" by Dorothy Beck; second, "The Cave" by Robert Bridges; water colors, first, "Ben Hur" by Blanche Johnson and second, "Arabian Horses" also by Mrs. Johnson; sculpture, first, "Mother and Child" by Ruby Ralston; second, "Baby and Doll" also by Mrs. Ralston; other media, first, an untitled work by Harry Marx and second, "Majestic Peaks" by Marie Starks.

Melon Bowl Wine Punch Is Refreshing

Melon Bowl Wine Punch will make a refreshing addition to wedding receptions, anniversaries and other special occasions, as well as furnish a conversation piece. This recipe will make about 20 glasses of punch. Use one cup sugar, one cup water; one cup lemon juice (8 lemons); one bottle dry white sauterne; one watermelon half, cut lengthwise; one bottle chilled champagne; melon balls and fresh peach slices. Combine sugar and water and make a simple syrup by boiling together for five minutes. Add lemon juice and sauterne and chill for at least two hours. Pour mixture into watermelon half, which has been hollowed out and edges fluted to make a pretty punch bowl. Add champagne; float melon balls and fresh peach slices in the punch bowl with fresh fruit on skewers. Serve immediately. Commuters on trains in Chicago every month leave behind 200 such items as false teeth, gloves, Metrecale, raincoats, umbrellas, shoes, raincoats. The Illinois Central railroad says so.

NOTICE!

Noble's Shoes

WILL BE

CLOSED

All Day Tomorrow

Preparing for the

SHOE SALE of all SHOE SALES!

Starting Wednesday, 9 a.m.



The two of us came home from our vacation early in order that we could get the garden and house under control before Potpourri returned to the routine of deadlines at the news room and Pappy to the gun shop. It's a good thing we did, too. A kind friend did a fine job of watering while we were off touring in the hinterland, but pulling weeds and mowing the lawn weren't in the agreement. Somehow or the other, Pappy seems to be better at keeping the weeds out of the vegetable garden than his spouse does with the flowers. When we went out to the plot Friday morning the sight that greeted this gardener was a frightening one. We could barely find the petunias, new snapdragon plants and marigolds. Even the larger plants, such as cosmos and larkspur, were crowded, and a couple of presumptuous morning glory plants had twined themselves around some sturdy chrysanthemums. For three solid hours we cut, pulled and hoed and after a time we began to decide that maybe the case wasn't hopeless. Actually, we really enjoyed the morning - why is it that some hard work isn't really work after all? Three hours of ironing - not nearly such hard work, would have put us in a bad humor for a week, while we glowed with satisfaction when the weeding was done. We detest to iron and are eternally grateful that the wonder fabrics of which so much clothing is made now require little or no ironing.

At the insistence of the younger members of the family, Pappy and Potpourri went night-clubbing while in Spokane. Not too long ago we took a dim view of night clubs but like a lot of other individuals, we were disapproving of something about which we had no first hand experience. After the "hungry 1" in San Francisco and Opus I in Spokane, we're about to change our mind.

Opus I, located in a not very attractive part of the city, is one of the new entertainment ventures in Spokane and seems to be catching on. Like the hungry 1, the place isn't very imposing at first glance—the room one enters off the street is nothing more than an ordinary bar and the second room is filled with booths and tables with the tops fastened to kegs, something rather commonplace nowadays. The dark walls are covered with contemporary art work—at least one piece was definitely interesting—and the menu is limited. But the music is what is different about this place. Nothing but classical music is played and the night we visited Opus I we listened an hour to a violinist play, unaccompanied. The four of us enjoyed the music very much, and most of the other customers apparently did also.

The violinist is Ron Kilde, who played in the Lincoln High school orchestra, Tacoma, when our son-in-law Kenneth Coon, an oboist, was a member of the woodwind section. Ken supplied the violinist's background—he had been the national winner of the Horace Heidt contest about 1949 or '50 and his talent indicates that had he so wished, he might have been a concert star. But the drudgery and confining life of the concert stage doesn't appeal to everyone, and apparently it did not to this musician.

He played with big-name dance orchestras for a time, did a stint on the night-club circuit and then ended up in Spokane where he and another musician, Richard Tatussek, eventually decided to see what they could do with a night spot where nothing but first rate classical music is played. Tatussek (we hope our memory serves us right) is both an instrumentalist and composer and is on the faculty of one of the academies in Spokane.

For his program that Monday night the violinist began by playing one of Bach's compositions for unaccompanied violin.

Mr. Kilde plays with an air of abstraction, but the music he produces is very good indeed. Other numbers were the Romance from a Wieniawski concerto, a Czardas, or Gypsy dance, the popular "Hora Staccato" and that old audience request number, "Flight of a Bumblebee." He also played a Swiss lullaby which was lovely, "Prelude in D" and another favorite, "Traumerel."

This violinist's bowing is exceptional and it was interesting to have the performer close enough to be able to watch his vibrating hands. Between numbers he talked with the guests and finally yielded to pleas to play a "hoedown" number. This piece of music he had picked up from an oldtime fiddler who played "by ear" and it took several sessions before Mr. Kilde had memorized it. He does not know if the piece has ever been printed or published or is one of those folk tunes spread from one player to another.

When the violinist learned that we were from Medford, his face brightened and he said that for several weeks in 1956 he had played with the Billy Tipton Trio at Kim's restaurant. He asked to be remembered to Henry Fong and others at the cafe and also to Barber Jim Porter. Smiling widely, Kilde said the three men of the trio had patronized Mr. Porter's shop when they were in Medford. After ending their engagement in Medford, and moving on to a club in Reno, the three were seized with a whim one day and wrote to Mr. Porter saying they wished he would come to Reno and cut their hair—that he was better than the Nevada barbers. To their surprise and delight, Mr. Porter showed up in a few days, bringing his barbering tools.—O. S.

CALENDAR..

- Monday**
 - 6:30 p.m.—Men of Unity, Unity church, Holly and Haven sts.
 - 8 p.m.—Beginnings Square Dance graduation, Country Square, Talent.
 - 8 p.m.—Disabled American Veterans and auxiliary, Girls Community club.
 - 8 p.m.—Olive Rebekah lodge, Odd Fellows hall.
 - 8 p.m.—Ruth Rebekah lodges, Jacksonville IOOF hall.
- Tuesday**
 - 9:30 a.m.—Woman's Society of Christian Service circles: 1, with Mrs. Lee Van AUSDALL, 338 Fairmount ave.; 2, home of Mrs. Ross Adams, route 4, box 410H, Pioneer rd.; 3, home of Mrs. L. B. Pierce, 516 West Jackson st.; 4, home of Mrs. Herman Pederson, 913 North Central ave.; 5, home of Mrs. David Rasmussen, 1201 Siskiyou Blvd.
 - 10 a.m.—League of Women Voters workshop, Public Library of Medford and Jackson county.
 - 12 noon—Elta Deuel Hubbs tent, Daughters of Union Veterans, Hawthorne park.
 - 12 noon—Medford Navy Mothers club, home of Mrs. John Davies, 1220 Maple Park dr.
 - 1 p.m.—Central Point Royal Neighbors of America, home of Mrs. George Jaeger, Jacksonville.
 - 1 p.m.—Prospect Garden club, home of Mrs. Earl Millard.
 - 1 p.m.—Woman's Society of Christian Service circles: 6, home of Mrs. A. K. Morse,

Need Books For Tudor Guild Fair

An appeal was sent out today by Mrs. Elliott B. MacCracken, president of the Tudor Guild of the Oregon Shakespearean festival, requesting books for the annual Tudor Guild Book fair. The Book fair, scheduled to open July 22 in the Stump Art gallery in Ashland, is one of the major projects of the organization. Patrons of the fair not only purchase books at very low prices, they help support the Tudor Guild scholarship fund which provides board and room scholarships for actors, dancers, and technicians of the festival, the Guild president pointed out. All types of books are needed and all that is requested is that they be in good condition. Books will be accepted immediately by the Guild. Donors need only call Mrs. Edward Fitzpatrick at 482-2103 in Ashland or Mrs. William Purdy at 482-4507, also in Ashland, and arrangements can be completed for picking up the books.

Sketches Adorn New Cardigans

United Press International The back of the newest cardigan for teenage girls features a sketch of a handsome lad—with one eye that winks as the gal moves. The handsome lad on the back of the jacket comes off the production line with a thatch of black, blonde or red hair. The winking jacket blinks via a gimmick eye. The eye seems to open and close as rays of light move over it.

High on the fashion curriculum next semester: "T" shirts for her, accessorized with a gay scarf and pin. Some models come in hip length and are worn as overblouses.

Creating a billowing softness for spring evenings, Pedro Rodriguez, Spanish designer, shaped yards of white organza into an evening coat. The floating coat topped a richly embroidered bell-shaped dress, completing an elegant ensemble.

Blucher oxfords will step to the front of the shoe fashion parade for males come fall. Strongest fall, reports the National Shoe Retailers association, will be for three-and-four eyelet types. Light leathers will be used for the one-and-two eyelet types. Other types remain rugged.

The shoe tycoons want females to look for fall through rainbow-colored glasses. The major shoe makers see lots of red, green, gold, camel and spice tones. The reds include some old favorite hues. Sample: antique red.

Medford Teacher Writes Of Experiences in Spain

(Editor's Note: Dick Carter, Medford, foreign language instructor at Hedrick Junior High school, is in Madrid, Spain where he is enrolled in the Eurocenter Language Institute, studying the Spanish language. He was among other teachers in this country selected for the language and culture tour in Spain through the American Heritage association. The classes will close at the end of July and the group may then disperse and travel wherever they wish. Mr. Carter has planned to go to the Mediterranean coast near Valencia.)

Madrid, Spain—My main impression of London was that it was a terribly easy place to spend money. It also serves as a good starting point from which to take jaunts into other parts of England. My group from the American Heritage association made one trip to see the new cathedral at Coventry, then a couple days later we visited Stratford-on-Avon for a visit to Shakespeare's birthplace. Our guide's monologue was interspersed with phrases like; "he possibly did this, it is believed that he did that, it cannot be proven but we think." By the end of the tour, we felt we had paid a respectful call on a myth.

Before leaving London, some of us visited "Old Bailey," but not on a day when the Keeler-Ward-Profumo scandal was being aired. Instead we sat in on a hearing about a barroom brawl. When everyone had refuted everyone else's testimony, we felt the confusion was worse than the brawl had been so we took our leave of that bastion of justice.

Reminiscent The trip from London to Madrid was reminiscent of World War I days when the best coaches were marked "8 chevaux-40 hommes." Calais to Paris wasn't bad because of the shortness of the ride and the pleasant buffet car on the train. In Paris, however, the station agents laughed at us for presuming that the first class reservations arranged in London meant anything to the station people in Paris. For that reason we traveled all night sitting up in a compartment with baggage and peasants in need of bathing facilities, more for our traveling companions than for us. Two of the women in our group had their wallets deftly lifted from their purses.

Rain in Spain It was raining when we reached San Sebastian on the northern Spanish border the next morning. The water our clothes absorbed while walking from the train to the station was wrung out by the pressure of the crowd trying to get through customs. We spent the day alternately getting wet and drying out while waiting for our train to Madrid that evening.

San Sebastian is a beautiful town on the seacoast about the same size as Medford but much more densely populated. The pleasant climate has made it a refuge from the summer heat of Madrid so it serves as sort of an unofficial summertime capital. The main street has wide sidewalks covered with mosaic tile and terminates at a half-moon shaped beach which is polka-dotted with beach umbrellas. For us it was a lamentably rainy day.

Our luxurious sleeping compartments on the Spanish train from San Sebastian to Madrid gave us recompense for our ill fare of the previous night. Madrid is a new way of life. The people here use their homes less than we do. Anytime they are not eating or sleeping, they are out on the street doing what they call the "paseo." This consists of finding the most crowded part of the city and going there to see and be seen. The paseo usually takes place in the cool of the evening and can consist of elbowing your way along the crowded sidewalk or sitting at a table at one of the many sidewalk cafes to watch other people elbow their way along. At nine or ten o'clock in the evening many people go home or to a restaurant to eat supper. They must come out again later, because the streets do not start to quiet down until about 1 a.m. You could stand at one end of Picadilly Circus and hear a pin dropped at the other end. Entertainment facilities are good here. The best seat in a theatre for either a movie or stage play costs less than half a dollar. The only thing difficult to get tickets for is the bull fight. Some of their laws here are strange regarding entertainment. Children and adolescents under 16 are allowed to attend only special cartoon theatres, yet a child of any age can go into a tavern and buy alcoholic beverages. It causes one to wonder about our own standards.

Bull Fights Our Fourth of July was celebrated in an interesting way. We went to the bull fights in the afternoon and saw the brave death of eight bulls. They also had the near death of two matadors who after being knocked down and trampled on, managed to get up and polish off their respective adversaries in truly artistic fashion. After the bullfight, we had a four-course meal for about a dollar apiece, then went to another cafe to be entertained by Flamenco guitar playing, singing, and dancing. Night before last, I and other members of my American Heritage association study group attended a ballet at the Escorial. It was the last performance of Antonio of the famous Antonio Ballet group which has toured the United States several times. At President Kennedy's inauguration, Antonio put on a command performance for our President. The performance was held in the open air court in the center of the Escorial which is a palace built by Philip II about 400 year ago. Everyone enjoyed the performance and there were few dry eyes, left in the audience when after several encores and many ovations, Antonio finally left the stage.

Upon arriving home at about 2:30 a.m., I found everyone still up and talking about a fire in the Plaza de Toros. It's good that we went to the bull fights when we did because they will be closed for repairs the rest of the summer. Our groups will continue attending school here until the end of this month, then we go our separate ways for a couple weeks and meet again in London for the trip home. I didn't mind leaving London, but it will be difficult and sad to leave here.

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Dear Abby

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