

### Jobs-DeMolay Install Officers

Henley Bethel 51, International Order of Job's Daughters, and Lost River Chapter of DeMolay held a joint installation of officers Saturday, June 6, at the Henley High School cafeteria. Virginia Hunt was crowned honored queen, and Monte Dehlinger was installed as master counselor for the following term.

Retiring Honored Queen Becky Short presided as installing queen and was assisted by Carolyn McAuliffe, past honored queen of Bethel 51, as guide; Diana Banister, past honored queen of Lakeview Bethel 47, marshal; Dawn Reeder, chaplain; Sandy Watts, queen-elect of Bethel 47, recorder; Claudia Harris, junior princess of Bethel 47, junior custodian; Donna Freer, senior custodian; and Cora Enman, musician.

New officers of Bethel 51 installed during the ceremony were Virginia Hunt, honored queen; Sandy Short, senior princess; Beverly Moffitt, junior princess; Julie Rhodes, guide; Cindy Dehlinger, marshal; Karen Grimes, chaplain; Dottie Riker, recorder; Rosalind Warren, treasurer; Marion Roberts, musician; Marlee Breithaupt, librarian; Chandelle Horsley, senior custodian; Linda Lanphear,

junior custodian; Sara Williams, first messenger; Sandra Lister, second messenger; Jeanette Hooper, third messenger; Barbara Reed, fourth messenger; Barbara Kaylor, fifth messenger; Janie Williams, outer guard; Dana Reed, inner guard; Coleen Finchum, soloist. Choir members are Helen Hurlbut, Linda Taylor, Merris Lee, Carol Horsley and Jackie Williams.

Queen Virginia introduced her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hunt. She received the queen's pin and white Bible, a gift from the Bethel, and then presented Becky Short with a past honored queen's pin and the traditional Job's doll.

Officiating at the DeMolay Installation were Gary Boyd, installing officer; Lee Kaylor, junior counselor; Bob Stephens, junior counselor; Roger Thompson, marshal; Phil Swisher, senior deacon; Burrell Gober, chaplain.

To serve with Master Counselor Monte Dehlinger are Ted Berry, senior counselor; George Howe, junior counselor; Tom McBride, senior deacon; Gary Pippin, junior deacon; Gary Say, senior steward; Jack Ziegelmeyer, junior steward; John Roberts, orator; David Kennon, scribe; Aubry Campbell, treasurer; Mike Ferguson, sentinel; John Gober, chaplain; Bob Chapman, marshal; Bill Loo-

ey, standard bearer; Dick Dehlinger, officer; Bob Elliott, first preceptor; Don Berry, second preceptor; Don Breithaupt, third preceptor; Larry Moffitt, fourth preceptor; Ron Say, fifth preceptor; Chuck Blolsky, sixth preceptor; Benny Stochsler, seventh preceptor.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Dehlinger of Pine Grove district are parents of the new master counselor. Ben Adair of the Lost River Masonic Club presented gifts to Becky Short, junior past honored queen, and Gary Boyd, past master counselor. He also introduced Clyde Dehlinger, dad adviser of the DeMolay Chapter.

Following the ceremonies, and preceding an informal dance, the DeMolay Mothers' Club served cake, punch and coffee. The table was attractively decorated in the pink and lavender theme carried out in the room with iris and tamarisk.

#### SUMMER VISITORS

Joan Bob and Doug Vance of Vancouver, Washington, grandchildren of Mrs. Hildur Larson, Tulalake, arrived Saturday to spend the summer at their grandmother's home. Mrs. John Bowman, daughter of Mrs. Larson, and her three children of Modesto is expected to spend several days here.

### Bride And Bridegroom Recall Pre-Wedding Days

**Editor's Note:** Confusion seems as much a tradition of weddings as champagne and cake. In the following dispatches, United Press International Columnist Mary Prime, a bride since last July 3, and her husband, A. Daniel Jonker, tell how chaotic the big day can become despite a couple's determination that it'll be a "small" wedding.

**By MARY PRIME**  
NEW YORK (UPI) — To heck with all that advice on how to preserve your marriage. Any bride knows the greatest prevention of divorce is the thought of going through another wedding.

Take the matter of rest and privacy. Brides are supposed to be beautiful. Well, maybe before the days of mass communication, a girl had a chance. But now once the word is out, it's impossible to get your beauty sleep without stumbling over brush salesmen, insurance salesmen, photographers, and laundry services. Not to mention relatives.

My advice is — either marry before the age of 18 or elope. Otherwise, you might as well go to a hotel and let the aunts, uncles and cousins move in your apartment. If you're over 25, the relatives are so relieved you won't be dying on the vine after all, that they come en masse to see

for themselves. There were my mother and father (sleeping in, my Aunt Mary, Aunt Ginny (all the way from California), Aunt Marguerite, and my Aunt Grace King. My Aunt Lillian dropped by the afternoon of the wedding to say hello. My friend Florence came to help address announcements, and a whole list got overlooked (his mother's friends). They all came along when I chose my china, and the saleswoman had to take me to the stock room to recover from hysteria.

All in all, the two-room apartment got so populated, my fiance and I had to quarrel in the closet. We made the mistake of planning to live in my apartment, which never won any prizes as the large economy size. But still, it wasn't so bad, even with my furniture and the management's (the lease read "furnished"). Then the movers delivered my fiance's antique desk and chair, floor lamps, rugs and hi-fi cabinets (yes, plural, he made them himself and he believes in getting the most for his money).

Things were getting crowded what with wedding presents and relatives, but everyone was still on speaking terms (most of the time) until the expressmen delivered a carton so big we had to uncrate it in the lobby. It was The

Chair. Believe me, not even death could have done us apart like that chair.

It was beautiful, but it took up the same square feet as a baby elephant. It came from my fiance's Great Aunt Maude in Vermont, who has a home large enough to fit my apartment in any room. Heaven only knows what mysterious urge prompted him to feather his nest, but he actually had asked for the chair, eight years and me unconsulted. Maybe after 50 years, we'll be able to discuss it calmly.

Every bride hears tales of hectic weddings. But mine was going to be different, I thought. Small. Just family and a few friends. I might as well have rented Yankee Stadium. One friend invited herself. Cousins filtered in. The photographer announced he wanted to be included in the champagne.

I ordered fresh flowers for the top of the wedding cake, instead of the usual candy bride and bridegroom. But at the reception the cake was wheeled in—nude. The head waiter scrounged a bunch of wild flowers, grabbed a hi-ball glass, cut a hole in the middle of the cake, and stuck the flowers in.

Of course, all the etiquette (Continued on Page 4-C)



VIRGINIA HUNT was installed as Honored Queen of Bethel No. 51, International Order of Job's Daughters, at ceremonies on June 6.  
—Photo by Bob Anderson, Guderian Studio



MONTE DEHLINGER is the new master counselor of the Lost River Chapter of DeMolay.  
—Photo by Bob Anderson, Guderian Studio

### London Volunteer Group Truly Good Samaritans

LONDON (U.P.)—"I've called you," said the flat, tired voice on the telephone, "because I think I'm going to kill myself."

"You must do nothing of the kind," said the voice that answered the call. "Just give me your name, address and telephone number—and do nothing until we get there. We'll come in a hurry."

There was a long pause. A desperate sigh. And then, the caller identified himself.

"It's true then," he asked, almost with the pathos of a child, "that you care whether or not I kill myself?"

"Of course we care."

In less than 10 minutes a Samaritan arrived at the address, listened patiently to a story of loneliness and despair and talked the man out of committing suicide.

The initial visit was followed up by others, and the man who thought he had nothing to live for, found a new interest in life and friends.

This remarkable organization, the Samaritans, was started five years ago by the Rev. Chad Varah, rector of St. Stephen Walbrook.

In this city of eight million—where a human being can become more lonely than in the heart of a jungle—he felt there was a great need for such a service.

The Samaritans offer a 24-hour service seven days a week for those "tempted to suicide or despair."

In the five years they have answered over 1,500 desperate calls. Of these, about 40 per cent were

from people on the brink of suicide.

All of them were persuaded from self destruction.

Apart from a small full time staff of workers, whose salaries are paid from a grant by the Gulbenkian Foundation, the Samaritans rely on voluntary help.

Presently there are about 125 volunteers.

They devote their spare time to visiting clients, do telephone duty during the evening and on weekends.

They sleep in the "bunk room" in the church tower so they can answer calls that come in the night.

These people, men and women, have had no previous training in such work. But once a Samaritan they attend special classes.

They offer their assistance with religious problems, arrange for the treatment of seriously disturbed clients and give readily of their friendship to the lonely.

The Samaritans are unable to help people with financial or housing problems. They don't have money enough for this.

Their investigations have found that shyness is behind a lot of the troubles: a shyness that prevents people from joining clubs and organizations where they can meet others.

Their job is to overcome this shyness.

Christmas day is the peak time for suicides and would-be suicides in London.

The Samaritans say the explanation is obvious.

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