

Orlo Davis Patrio OES Picnic Scene

MONTAGUE — The patio and garden at the ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. Orlo Davis in Little Shasta, was the setting for the annual pollock picnic of the Stella Chapter, Order of Eastern Star, July 12, with 57 persons present, which included members, their families and invited guests.

Members and guests with July birthdays were specially honored. Those honored were Mrs. Aldee Davis, Jessie Conrod, Mrs. Lee Bullock and her grandson, Kim Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Parker, and worthy patron of Stella Chapter, Thomas Watt, who was presented a gift from the order by the worthy matron, Dorothy Johnson.

Assisting the host couple with dinner arrangements were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Martin, Mrs. Brice Long, and Mrs. Henrietta Terwilliger.

Others present in addition to those mentioned included Ethel Ackerman, Irene Ackerman, Lee Bullock, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Burns, Mrs. Effie Butler, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Dow, Mayme Hammer, Mr. and Mrs. William Harris, Gail Lynn Hebb, Hattie Holland, Mr. and Mrs. William Horn, Mrs. Alta Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hurley, Dr. and Mrs. Jere Hurley, Mrs. Ruby Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Lewis, Mrs. Flavel Lichen, Brice Long, Mrs. Ora McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Millbourne, Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page, Wilma Parker, Jack Pickrell, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Skinner and daughter, Jean, Mrs. Isabelle Tebbe, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Van Sandt, Mrs. Thomas Watt and sons, Tommy and Ronnie.

CLEAN SHOWER CURTAINS

Keep your bathroom shower curtains and plastic draperies as fresh and clean as yourself. Swish them through a lukewarm sudsy bath, rinse and hand to dry. Do this often before soil adheres to the plastic.



HONORED at a picnic supper of Stella Chapter of Eastern Star held in the patio of the Orlo Davis home in Little Shasta recently are these guests whose birthdays are in July. In front, left to right, Mrs. Lee Bullock and her grandson, Kim Harrison, Mrs. Aldee Davis, Mrs. Lonnie Parker and Jessie Conrod. In back, Thomas Watt, left, and Lonnie Parker. — Photo by Betty Dow

Tribal Bride And Groom Gallop Off Amid Gunfire

By AMENOPHIS TADROS

CAIRO — In Egypt's western desert, a tribesman has to kidnap the girl he wants to marry. At least, he has to pretend he is kidnapping her. On the wedding night, the groom rides into the village, seizes the girl and rides away with her. The men of her family grab their guns and blaze away but all the bullets are wide of the mark.

This kind of marriage is traditional among the Awlad Aly tribe who live near Mersa Matruh 200 miles from Cairo. In centuries past, a man had to prove his worth by capturing a wife from a hostile tribe. Today, it's all an act, but it symbolizes the tribesman's bravery and the family's

reluctance to give up their daughter. The gunfight-marriage is only one of the weird customs retained by the isolated Awlad Aly tribe over the centuries.

The Nasser government tries to bring some modern benefits to the area. By drilling new wells and rebuilding Roman wells, the government hopes the barren land can be cultivated.

So far, the Awlad Aly tribesmen prefer poverty and near-starvation to working on the land. Grazing is so hard that cattle are scrawny, and they can eat meat only on special holidays and at funerals, when wealthy tribesmen slaughter animals and distribute the meat.

The law courts of the Awlad Aly consist of a gathering of tribal elders to administer the "haq arab"—arab justice.

To determine guilt or innocence, the accused must lick a red-hot pan. If his tongue is burned, he is guilty. If not, he is innocent. Decisions of the "haq arab" are final.

Women of the Awlad Aly move about freely, but they are covered from head to foot and never unveil publicly. A prospective bridegroom rarely knows what his bride will look like. But there is a unique tribal device that gives him some idea of the girl's worth in hard cash.

Called the "borkei," it is a heavy veil covered with coins. A girl who wears many gold coins on her "borkei" has a big dowry. The poor girls only wear copper coins.



ELECTED TO SERVE the Merrill Women of the Moose for the coming year are, left to right, Betty Jo Brightman, junior graduate regent; Pauline Bell, senior regent; Liz Slezak, junior regent. They were installed at ceremonies on June 23. — Photo by Ruth Harris

Clothes Sense Can Be Learned

By ALICIA HART

NEA Beauty Editor

Learning to dress well is a matter of trial and error. Some women take it to more readily than others; some never learn.

An innate love of fine fabrics and good leather is a great help. So is a sense of color. Even then, you can make mistakes. Don't let this discourage you. Make your decisions and learn from them.

Don't take your best friend with you when you shop; learn to depend entirely on your own judgment. And don't buy a dress because the salesgirl thinks it's cute or has one just like it. These are not selling points.

You can save time by thinking out your purchase in advance. This means that you're buying something that really fits into your wardrobe, that is the color, fabric and style you want and will wear. Make sure that you have the right accessories for the new addition to your wardrobe.

Then wear your new dress, suit or coat with pride and listen to the compliments.

Lots of girls entertain the notion that if they had perfect features, they'd be beautiful. Actually, this is far from true.

Perfection is nearly always boring and most great beauties have been far from perfect. A square jawline, a snub nose, a wide mouth, eyes too large for the face, all of these imperfections have made certain beauties endearing. For the imperfect face is the interesting face.

Perhaps another reason that so-called perfect beauty is boring is that the people possessing such faces value them so highly that they have failed to make themselves charming to others. And charm is a part of beauty that rates high. It has often turned an ugly duckling into a swan. It is an elusive, silvery, bittersweet quality that is captivating to the beholder.

They Traded Comfort, Security For Hardship

By WATSON SIMS

KATMANDU, Nepal — The stout, motherly American woman replaced the bandage on the Tibetan patient's head and agreed that Katmandu is a long way from Wilmington, Delaware.

"It surprised some people when my husband and I offered to come to the mission hospital," says gray-haired Mrs. Elizabeth Miller.

Four years ago Edgar and Elizabeth Miller were comfortably established in the social and professional life of Wilmington. Both were doctors, and over 27 years of joint effort they had built up a large practice.

They had a modern, well equipped clinic, where the husband

specialized in cardiology, the wife in internal medicine. They had raised two children to adulthood and marriage. They were in good health, things were going well, and they could look forward to a pleasant and comfortable old age.

Then with both in their middle fifties, they offered to sell their 16-room house, say goodbye to the children and grandchildren and become medical missionaries in one of the world's most primitive countries.

Had the Millers been running away from something? Were they fired by the zeal of a sudden "conversion" which might not last? Had they given too little thought to the handicaps of practicing medicine in Nepal?

"They were fair questions," says Mrs. Miller. "Don't think they weren't asked by the physician. Hinduism is the state we had thought of for years, and when the time came we made up our minds in two minutes."

The Millers are among the more unusual recruits to an equally unusual hospital.

Founded five years ago by Dr. Bethel Flemming, a college classmate of Mrs. Miller, the main building of the United Mission hospital is a rented palace on the outskirts of Katmandu. The building has marble floors, but its laboratories are of the improvised and even handmade variety.

The hospital is supported by 14 American Protestant denominations, yet is forbidden by law to try and convert its largely Hindu clientele. Hinduism is the state religion of Nepal, protected by the throne and the constitution.

Even political problems haunt the hospital staff, for the Russians have agreed to build a 50-bed hospital only a few miles away. A modern medical center with a highly trained Soviet staff could point up the deficiencies of an improvised hospital struggling to get by on church contributions.

The Americans worry that this may bring a grim form of the cold war to Katmandu Valley. The United Mission hospital near

ly always has patients in each of its 65 beds and others on the floor. Last year it dealt with 3,809 patients, drawn from all over Nepal and many from across the mist shrouded border of Tibet.

Plastic surgery and other complicated operations must be performed by mission doctors on periodic visits from India, for none of the four doctors on the hospital staff are surgeons. Yet since leaving Wilmington, Mrs. Miller says, she and her husband have learned that in mission medical work doctors must "do what they have to do."

An illustration was last year when the Millers visited an outstation clinic of the hospital, 60 miles and a six-day trek from Katmandu.

"Nurses from the clinic ran to meet us before we arrived," explains Mrs. Miller. "A man had accidentally shot away his hand and was bleeding to death."

The bullet had splintered the bone unevenly. It was essential that the bone be evened and bound off. But there were no surgical instruments to do the job. To make matters worse it was growing dark, and the only lights at the clinic were lanterns. Open flame is notoriously dangerous in the presence of ether, which the patient would have to receive.

Still the operation could not wait, and Edgar Miller did what he had to do. From a carpenter, he borrowed and sterilized an ordinary saw. Then, by the flickering light of the lantern, sweating profusely and praying, Dr. Edgar Miller performed the first amputation of his career. The operation was successful and the patient survived. "We've learned to do a lot of things we had never done before," says Mrs. Miller. "It has been a whole new school of medicine for us. Until we came to Nepal we had never seen a case of leprosy, smallpox, cholera, or many other diseases that we treat almost every day."

Between attending patients, struggling to master Nepali language and worrying that a medical form of the cold war may come to Katmandu Valley, Mrs. Miller finds much to occupy the few idle

moments she might have been devoting to club and social life in Wilmington.

The United States maintains a large technical aid mission in Katmandu, with more than 40 American families living in the valley. There is no shortage of dinner invitations, which the Millers gratefully accept.

"We're delighted to have American friends and enjoy their company tremendously," says Mrs. Miller. "But I must admit that it's good to eat American food occasionally."

After four years of the struggle, loneliness and hardship that

missionaries face, have the Millers found what they were seeking in Nepal?

"It hasn't always been easy," says Mrs. Miller. "An old woman misses her children and grandchildren. But you must remember that this is something Edgar and I talked of doing when we were students at Dickinson College (Carlisle, Pennsylvania). It took us a long time—some would say a lifetime—to get around to it, but eventually we did what we always wanted to do. I'm sure that if the decision came up in the same way tomorrow we'd do it all over again."

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MRS. O. E. DUNAWAY of Etna, left, president of the California Chiropractic Auxiliary, chats with other California delegates at the 64th annual convention of the National Chiropractic Association held this month at Hotel Sherman in Chicago. With Mrs. Dunaway are Mrs. D. Aamodt of Los Angeles, center, and Mrs. John Abken of Pasadena, newly elected president of the national auxiliary.

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