

European Ideal of Housing as Experienced Seems to be High

(Editor's Note: This is the third of several articles on the European ideal of housing, as presented by Eric W. Allen, dean of the University of Oregon School of Journalism, who is now traveling in Europe on a fellowship granted by the Oberammergau Trust of the Karl Theodor Imperial Foundation. Dean Allen was also named special representative of the Oregon State Association.)

BY ERIC W. ALLEN
Dean of the University of Oregon School of Journalism

OBERAMMERGAU, Bavaria—It seems like Oregon again to be among high mountains. Oberammergau is a lumber town, almost exactly the same size as Cottage Grove, and I am pounding the typewriter outdoors in the pleasant courtyard of our host, Anton Lang, who in three successive Passion Plays took the part of the Christus. Mr. Lang is finishing up some necessary letters, after which he wants to show me through his pottery shop.

"Oberammergau," translated in Western American dialect, means "the upper Ammer country." The stream we have been following into the lovely Alps is the Ammer. This is the most mountainous part of Germany. The highest peak in the Reich, the Zugspitze, 9000 feet, is only a few miles away. Higher Alps lie just across the border in Austria and Switzerland.

How does Oberammergau compare with Cottage Grove? Both towns are progressive, and the people think well of themselves, but the cities are very different to the eye. Both places have wide well-paved streets, but Cottage Grove streets are all straight, while few Oberammergau streets can stay straight for more than a hundred yards or so, being interrupted by fine old peasant-style buildings located according to the builders' fancy ventures before traffic became a problem. These houses are very large, and from the wide Swiss eaves downward are covered in stucco of pleasant pastel tints, and often elaborately painted with pictures of rustic or religious scenes in full color.

The costume of the people is as practical as it is picturesque. The men even office workers—wear sturdy leather shirts of cow or deer-hide, held up by gaudily embroidered suspenders. All knees are bare, and hats are decorated with feathers or with the gendarm's beard of the chaotic found in these mountains. It looks like a shaving brush and sticks up from the rear section of the hat. The women wear costumes in high color with hundreds of years of local tradition behind them. Pendleton displays a local costume at round-up time, and Eugene when the

high quality scenery can make out of keeping things attractive and interesting for visitors. This country, by nature, is more like certain parts of Oregon than anything we have seen, but here every human activity adds to the beauty of the scenery, and has been doing so for centuries.

Honeymoon Mountain
(Continued from page 7)

...being her own way to combat the hint of danger.

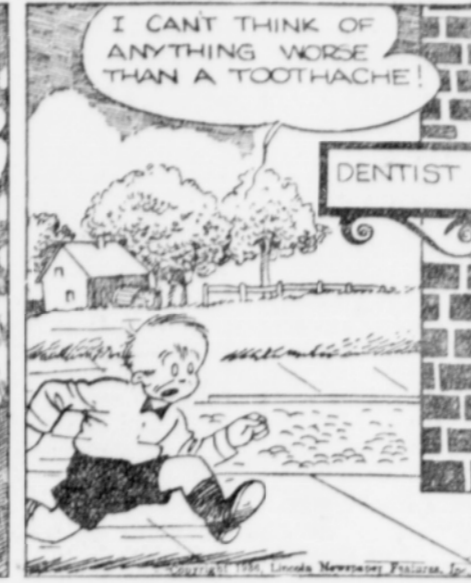
...er her own and stood for a moment, tall and lithe and full of grace, beside the door. She was smiling. "Customs are very different now," she murmured and began to be excited, and went out through the door.

...There was a little silence when Pilar was gone. Deborah looked up from the puppy to find Grandmother stitching away placidly again, her eyes on her material, and Sally and Madeline looking at each other with steady meaning. Sally and Madeline didn't understand. They didn't know what it must have been like for Pilar to love Bryn, to have loved him for years, and then to have him suddenly marry another girl. They didn't know what it meant to love Bryn. Simon and Tubby were all right, of course, and perfect darlings, but they weren't Bryn. Deborah's eyes looked at the wall the other night, with Bryn leaning close beside her. She remembered what she had wanted to do. Bryn's face was so close, and he was such a dear; she had wanted to take his face between her own two palms and bend down and put her cheek against his forehead. She had almost done it when he said: "Deborah, do you like me?" "If all!" But now she was glad she hadn't done it, because he wouldn't have wanted her to. It was Pilar he loved. He had said so. He had told her how dearly he loved this other girl... and if she hadn't been so blind, she would have seen instantly that his telling her of the other girl was sure proof that he didn't love her, Deborah.

(To be continued.)

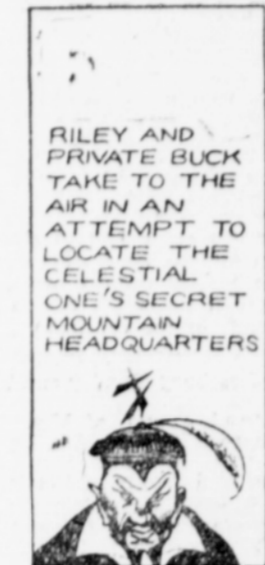
Old Story
A small boy had been spanked for a misdemeanor and stood in the corner to think over his transgressions. Half an hour later his father said: "You know why I spanked you, don't you, John?" "I don't really," replied the child, "unless it's the depression."—Er.

LITTLE BUDDY



By Bruce Stuart

DETECTIVE RILEY



By Richard Lee

THE GOOFUS FAMILY



By H. T. Elmo

DASH DIXON



By Dean Carr

FROG POND FERRY



By MEB

FACTS YOU NEVER KNEW !!



By Bob Dart

YOUR HEALTH COMES FIRST!!!

IF THE PULSE SEEMS WEAK USE AN AMMONIA INHALANT TO ASSIST IN RESTORING THE HEART ACTION BACK TO NORMAL. DO NOT HOLD THE INHALANT TOO NEAR THE NOSE SINCE IT MAY INJURE ITS DELICATE TISSUES...

DO NOT TRY TO AROUSE AN UNCONSCIOUS PERSON BY SHAKING OR CALLING HIM—YOU WILL ONLY MAKE MATTERS WORSE. LET THE PATIENT GRADUALLY COME TO.

DO NOT GIVE AN UNCONSCIOUS PERSON LIQUIDS THROUGH THE MOUTH BECAUSE OF THE DANGER OF STRANGULATION.

IN TAKING THE PULSE USE THE FINGERS INSTEAD OF THE THUMB. THE THUMB HAS A PULSE OF ITS OWN WHICH MIGHT BE CONFUSED WITH THE PATIENT'S PULSE...

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

BY THE WAYSIDE ALPHABETICALLY FIND TEN OBJECTS

SOBY

FIND TERRORS IN THIS GOOFYGRAPH

SMOKE CIGER? FOUR MAYBE VOTE YOU

HERE IS THE RADIO ANNOUNCER AT THE ANIMALYMPIC GAMES... DRAW A LINE FROM 1 TO 46

CAN YOU GET AT LEAST 10 WORDS OUT OF THE WORD "BLACKBOARD?"

Black Board

Make Your Shopping List from the Ads