

Musical Notes

By LAWRENCE HUBERT

Bill Grenbemer, drummer and big boom man for both the Kilty band and Roosevelt, begged to crash this column. Coming at this time of the year I don't know if it is democratic propaganda or just his artistic sense coming to the front. If it's propaganda we'll charge him for it but if it's art—excuse me, I didn't know those Kilty men were that way.

Mary Roberson, our leading young lady violinist and perennial pep peddler of the Ashland high school, went out of control at the last football game and managed to mess the writer's hair up three times during the exciting portions of the melee. This usually happens when Ashland has the ball on the five-yard line and is undoubtedly a free service offered by the Ashland rooting section to holders of adult tickets and, of course, al-



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ways occurs when you've left your comb at home. Oh well, we like it!

Walking down the main street the other day I noticed three different automobiles piled high with household goods, all from different states. Now the singular thing was this—that one had a guitar tied to the running board, the next one carried a violin case on the back seat while the third brazenly proclaimed to the world that some one played a ukulele. Few indeed are the homes that do not possess a musical instrument of some kind. Nearly everyone has a yearning some time or other to sit down and be the life of the party, as it were, and astound his friends with his skill.

John D. Rockefeller made his first money when his mother paid him five cents per hour to practice his violin, and the former vice president, Charles Dawes, probably made more money from his immortal "Dawes Melody" than he received from the United States in his official capacity.

Dewey Van Curler has a stuck-up trumpet and I don't mean socially. It happened this way: During the war he sent the instrument home to his mother and asked her to take the valves and slides out before she put it away. She forgot to do this and when Van Curler arrived back in the states all the movable parts of the trumpet were corroded together. They have remained that way these many years. When I saw him last week E. C. Hurd, president of the Ashland Music club, was telling him to use coal oil and heat on the instrument and the discussion was waxing most technical because Hurd is an ex-civil engineer and when he becomes eloquent on the subject of metal contraction and expansion, he is eloquent.

Lonnie Scroggins, the man who plays the big bass horn, is now employed at the Groceteria.

Virgil Jackson, music editor of the Ashland high school paper, has promised to refrain from using any of the scoops appearing in this column.

By the way, the high school pep band under the leadership of Virgil, and the rest of the boys and girls, put up a pretty fair job at the football game. Of course every once in a while they would play the "battle of the sharps and flats" but it was done with much spirit and gusto so what's the difference? The "Maine Stein song" went over great.

Leslie Kincaid, well known locally as a violinist, writes that he is settled down at Oregon State college and is majoring in chemistry. So far he has done no playing but later on the school orchestra will claim his attention.

Ada Taylor is the possessor of a new violin outfit and now is absorbed in the task of breaking it in. It has to be done right and is no task to a musician who cares a snap about his instrument.

Except for the addition of one more instrument, the personnel of the new Ashland Orchestral society is as follows: Dewey Van Curler, C. H. Thomas, Alicia Applegate, Marcus Woods, Bertha Denton, Alice Willits, Howard Mayberry, Frank Jordan, Chester Woods, Florence Hubert, Charles Robertson, Flossie Thompson, Mary Roberson, La Verne Robertson, Shirley Walton, Andrew Johnson and Lawrence Hubert, director.

Carl Icenhower, who plays a guitar, suffered a sprained wrist when struck by an automobile. Nothing serious except that he now does a better job in flats than he does in sharps!

Flossie Thompson, pianist, has been rather busy of late demonstrating a new type of piano, both in recital and over the air. Maybe Miss Thompson, for the swell job she is doing, will receive a nice new piano one of these days.

Anyhow, that's the way most well-known pianists in the larger cities managed to keep those shiny new instruments in their music rooms.

As long as we are talking about new instruments and such things,

Switzerland, Compared To Italy, Is Land of Freedom

Editor's Note: This is one of several articles written for the Southern Oregon Miner by Eric W. Allen, dean of the University of Oregon school of journalism who traveled in Europe on a fellowship granted by the Oberlander trust of the Karl Shurz memorial foundation.

By ERIC W. ALLEN

MEIRINGEN, Switzerland. — Every American ought to have the experience we have just had, of passing from a land of whispers and spies into a country of ancient and unquestioned freedom. The Fourth of July is a good day for the trip.

In the early days of the west a certain kind of whiskey was said to be capable of making a rabbit spit in a bulldog's face, and similarly it was interesting to notice that a somewhat extended stay in the unfree land of Italy made the wickedly effective defenses with which the Swiss have adorned the St. Gotthard pass look mighty good to the pacifist lady in our party.

A great deal of hokum has been written about Mussolini. Well-made hokum is nothing but the truth seen a little out of focus and with a little false emphasis. The hasty American tourist is, the writer is inclined to believe, a far from shrewd observer. Why does he think the dictator has seized control of the press and has spread a network of spies to control even private conversation? One of the purposes of the clever manipulator at Rome is to make tourists think and talk in a certain way, and like guinea pigs in a laboratory they do just what they were intended to do.

Is the miracle-man talk that the tourist brings home from Italy a tissue of lies? Not at all; it is the truth but with many little bits of false emphasis—at least so it seems after living and conversing in Italy for a longer time than most trippers.

The writer was in Italy in 1923, before fascism could have had any particular effect and while conversation was still father free, again in 1927 and again now. The changes for the better in 14 years have been considerable, but they did not seem to the writer to be essentially different from the improvements 14 years have brought in Oregon and other American states, Canada, Mexico, Japan, China, England, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia and other places where he has been.

The roads in Italy are distinctly good—just as, in the year 1936 they are distinctly good almost everywhere. Oregon, with 1,000,000 population has about as good roads and possibly about as much paved surface as Italy with 45,000,000—possibly more and possibly less—figures are not available here but it seemed that we struck gravel oftener in Italy than at home.

When one controls a press, one is in a condition to claim credit for everything. Did Mussolini build all these roads? All European roads are lined with trees and on most of these good roads in Italy the bordering trees are far older than fascism. We drove down the peninsula on the Via Flaminia which is much praised for its straightness and good engineering. This road was engineered by the

I think that I will contact the makers of a new glass violin which is being made in Germany. This would be of great value in the training of some young violinists who insist on banging their violins against the music stand. One bang and they either will buy a new violin or quit fiddling around.

Frank Jordan, string bass player, says that at least three yards of seams on his bass need regluing. It has been suggested that he equip his bass with zippers which can be opened or closed at will, thus making it possible to have a take-down model which can be placed in an ordinary car. A string bass is just about the most unwieldy instrument in the orchestra business.

Pauline McCoy is a dead ringer for the girl on the cover of the October 10 Saturday Evening Post. Even the school colors are right.

CODA: After listening to some of this hillbilly music I'm starting to understand the bitter feuds of the mountaineers.—Hubert.

TOWNSEND CLUB TO ENTERTAIN TONIGHT

The Townsend club announces that the public is invited to partake of the free entertainment offered at their club rooms at 7:30 o'clock this evening.

Speakers will be the Reverend D. E. Nourse of Ashland and the Rev. William Baird, minister of the Christian church, Medford. Reverend Baird also will entertain with recitations and impersonation skits.

Emil Britt, well known Jacksonville resident, visited in Ashland Tuesday.

Lester Weisberger of Medford was a business visitor Wednesday.

Censor Caius Flaminius in the year 220 before Christ, and in ancient times Italy was famous for its excellent straight Roman roads. They are still there.

Italian hotels are good; they were good in 1922 and are somewhat, but not miraculously better now. Cadging for tips is not much worse in Italy now than it is in the eastern part of the United States. Just before fascism came into power the hotel owners made a drive against the tip nuisance and in 1923 the system of charging a definite amount on the bill for "service" was already in force. The need for an extra tip on top of that has rather crept back, if anything, since fascism. But it is not bad—about as in the American east. Begging on the streets is now about on a par with what one finds in Portland.

Mussolini, with all his faults, has several engaging virtues. One of them is that, like an American business man, he gets up early and puts in a hard day's work at his desk. He attends to business.

If one is to judge Italy, much depends upon what standard one is to apply. Historically, the Italians have been one of the greatest peoples the world has produced. They invented modern banking, they started the recivilization of the world after the dark ages, they have been wonderful engineers, builders and architects, and as painters and sculptors they have surpassed everybody in their time. The single little city of Florence has produced so many men of genius that it hasn't enough famous men have been born in almost every little town through which one drives the Ford. Is this great nation to be judged by the social standard of Mexico and China, or by that of England, France, Germany, America and Japan. If by the latter, its present achievement is respectable, but nothing to burn incense to. Switzerland has never had a dictator, but to come from Italy to Switzerland, as we have just done, is to experience a distinct and striking step upward in more senses than one. The roads are wider, smoother, better marked. The houses gleam with paint and cleanliness. Service is snappy and intelligent. Everybody is highly educated. And everybody looks you straight in the eye and is free to say what he thinks about anything that interests him, and without regard to who is listening.

And the Swiss have nothing like the resources of Italy. The greatest resource of all—good harbors on the sea—they lack entirely. As one Swiss told me, they have three products for export, and in the case of all three the more they export the more they have for themselves: scenery, electric juice and education. Hard work and intelligence have made the nation. They make their scenery more lovely by living in it and using it—they do not hack it to pieces and destroy it.

They conserve their streams and mountains which become year by year more lovely, less subject to erosion, and more productive of the electric power that turns the wheels and makes Switzerland brilliant by night. This fills with paying guests—and in Switzerland it is the tourist that pays and pays; prices are high—the best hotels in the world which their highly intelligent and educated people know so well how to construct and manage. And their wonderful schools bring children of the rich from all lands to Switzerland for education and send out young Swiss as emigrants—not for menial tasks but to be educators, lawyers, doctors

and scientists and to become the highest type of citizens in all the countries of the world. The Swiss are too intelligent to think that national success can come only through colonies and conquest.

LIVONIA DOSIER

Mrs. Livonia Dosier died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Homer Grow, in the Emigrant creek district, October 10.

She was born November 7, 1854, at Fayette, Ark., and crossed the plains in an ox team at the age of six years. In 1865 she came to Oregon from California and has spent practically all her life in and near Ashland.

The following children survive:

Phil, George, Hugh, Mrs. Lydia Walker, Mrs. Mattie Baer, and Mrs. Homer Grow, all of Ashland. Funeral services were held October 13 at 2:30 p. m. at the Stock-Litwiller chapel with the Rev. Ralph J. Harer officiating. Interment was in Hill cemetery.

Steve Zarka, local oil baron who recently underwent an appendectomy, has recovered to the extent of being dismissed from the Community hospital. It is reported that, while under ether, Steve heard a truck drive past the hospital and attempted to take a hind wheel off the operating physician.

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