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1938

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The Republican nominee for U.S. senator from Oregon is charged with twisting the arm of a lady, at the state fair. Political foes of the accused candidate have already given the facts in the case, a worse twisting than the lady's arm. The truth will eventually come out, but looking like a pretzel.

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Editorial Correspondence

SALEM, Sept. 12.—We fear vox populi has a grouch. For we can't believe the new state capitol is as bad as everyone here says it is. Of course nothing erected by human hands is perfect. And the new capitol is no exception. But to listen to general conversation one would think it a rival for Westbrook Pegler's sculptural monstrosity,—knock, knock, knock,—all over the town. Having just returned from a tour of the edifice we feel the cause is not the building so much as public psychology—the rank and file for some reason feel disgruntled, and disposed to take it out on something—the new capitol being an excellent excuse as it's now open and practically everyone who comes to Salem, takes a look at it.

Of course the outside of the building and the general setting are disappointing,—but no one can be blamed for this except the people of Oregon. As was stated in this column when the matter of a new capitol came up, it was something to build for the ages, not for the moment, and particularly not for the worst economic depression in the history of the modern world. With practically everyone owning a car and those who don't being able to get a bus for a nickel, the capitol should have been built on a spacious, sloping and wooded tract, not on the old site (which should have been incorporated into a city park), but on a new one. The ground around and the approach to a capitol make up at least 50 percent of the impression, and the proper background for the new building should have been the FIRST consideration.

But the Legislature decided otherwise and we have little doubt that a majority of the people of the state then approved their action. So the new edifice was placed, where it shows up to the worst advantage,—and pretty general dissatisfaction is the result. (Or at least that would have to be our verdict after spending a day here and listening to the people talk.)

Your correspondent, however, must (as is often the case) file a minority report. We like the new capitol inside and out with the exception of the mural decorations of the dome, which seem entirely out of keeping with the rest of the structure. In fact this portion reminds us of certain highly colored lithographs that appeared on our grandfather's cigar box, extolling—if we recall correctly—General U. S. Grant and a united country, with an American eagle rampant. We wonder if the Oregon G.A.R. suggested it,—well, anyway GRAMP would have liked it!

Governor Martin was in Portland officiating at the Spanish War Veterans' convention, and Secretary of State Snell was also absent, but we were allowed to look through their offices, including a private elevator for the chief executive, and a private office, which Pete Zimmerman won't like but which we do. In fact we doubt if there is much in this capitol building Pete will like,—for it does look extremely rich and Pete hates anything rich. Some of the beautiful wood paneled rooms might be at 100 Wall Street, the massive fixtures and furniture also, but they impressed us as comfortable and in good taste, which is the main thing, and there was nothing vague or symbolic or modernistic about the "decor," which was a great relief.

The senate and house assembly rooms, also wood paneled, and with thick carpets on the floor, appropriately marked with Oregon fir designs, looked a bit small but an employee polishing the speaker's desk assured us they are not. They are wonderfully lighted from windows which some say are placed so high up no one can look out—this will be bad, for legislators like to look out and see the rain come down and the pretty stenographers raise their—colored umbrellas, etc., etc.

But no doubt the architect put service first and the people of Oregon should approve of that.

Under the G.A.R. dome by the way, near the massive Oregon seal imbedded in the floor, the main points of the compass are marked "N. S. E. and W."—and also imbedded. This is another excellent touch,—hereafter our legislators will always know the exact direction they are going,—which (we need hardly add) will be a great step in advance!

We liked the quotation cut in the marble as one enters the building—the entrance is most impressive—or was to us. Here is one:

"A free state is formed and is maintained by the voluntary union of the whole people joined together under the same body of laws for the common welfare and the sharing of benefits justly apportioned."

That's good. Here is another:

"The mind of man knows no employment more worthy of its powers than the quest of righteousness in human affairs; no goal of its labors that is superior to the discovery of the good in the guidance of life."

That's better. And inside the building this isn't bad:

"In the soul of its citizens will be found the likeness of the state which if they be unjust and tyrannical then will it reflect their vices, but if they be lovers of righteousness, confident in their liberties, so will it be clean in justice, bold in freedom."

As an amendment one might add UNLESS the "state" is fascist or communist—we trust future generations in Oregon will read that adage often and take it to heart!

Dropped in to say hello to George Putnam. George is older (in years) than when he conducted the Mail Tribune 20 years ago,—but he doesn't look it. In fact he has changed very little on the outside, but he has (we think) mellowed a little within. Not that there is anything soft or vague about George, he is as clear cut and positive as a black cameo agate, but he isn't quite as fiery and intolerant as he was a couple of decades back. It is a common human experience. In the humble opinion of the present writer George is the ablest, all-around newspaper man in the state of Oregon, and when we say that we don't except the metropolis. Of course the capitol building came up, but George had no opinion to express for publication. He did opine that the Mail Tribune editor had come up probably to see them put the "Boy Scouts" pioneer on the top of the building, or words to that effect.

Also ran into Dick Applegate, U. P. Salem correspondent, who formerly wrote sports for the M. T., and for some time represented the U. P. in Portland. He is fat and can't understand it, for he EATS practically nothing. (Nature is funny that way, isn't it?) He also had nothing to say officially regarding the new capitol but said he heard "PLENTY" and indicated he was a bit fed up with it.

In closing let us make this point clear,—the above is the result of only one day's observation, and no effort was made to secure a cross section of opinion regarding the new capitol. Such a census might show Salem and Salem visitors 97 percent for the edifice and enthusiastically so, in which case our experience entirely misrepresents the true facts. As in all our travels, we merely give a faithful report of our day-to-day experiences for what they are worth. If the above is true, then we merely happened to run into the three percent.

Italian Editor Hits U. S. Foreign Policy. ROME, Sept. 13.—(AP)—The fascist editor, Virginia Gayda, who often reflects Premier Mussolini's views, asserts in the newspaper La Voce d'Italia President Roosevelt's declarations on European affairs are weakening the United States' foreign policy.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.

signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to disease diagnosis or treatment will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address: Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

DON'T CLUTTER UP THE MEDICINE CHEST

If I had charge of the family medicine cupboard there are a number, in fact, a prodigious number, of popular remedies I would exclude, among them all alkalis, ant-acids, digestives, laxatives or cathartics. But I would see to it that the emergency kit always included a good emetic. The emetic later—after all an emetic is generally a last resort.

But cheer up. Everyone has charge of his own medicine cupboard and almost everyone knows better than I do about such medicines, so we'll present some of the less harmful ones in the best possible light and, we hope, keep our customers satisfied. Only, please remember what Father said when he was preparing to administer salutory treatment. You couldn't see it that way then, but it was so.

If any ant-acid or alkali is to be used for stomach acidity, heartburn, pyrosis, water brash, sour stomach, hyperchlorhydria or hyperacidity, burning gas, fulness, bloating, flatulence, belching or associated symptoms, the most efficient and least harmful, in my judgment, is calcium carbonate, otherwise called prepared chalk (Creta Preparata, U. S. P. and B. P.) and sometimes as drop chalk. Ten grains of prepared chalk (say two five-grain tablets) will neutralize excessive acidity for several hours. If preferred it may be taken in the form of chalk mixture (Mistura Cretae, U.S.P.), two teaspoonfuls of which would represent about eight grains of calcium carbonate. Chalk mixture alone, or combined with astringent medicine is an old standby in the treatment of acute diarrhea.

Calcium carbonate or chalk has advantages over bicarbonate of soda (sodium bicarbonate, saleratus), magnesium and other alkalis. It does not generate gas by reacting with acid in the stomach as does soda. It does not form laxative salts as the product of that reaction. It does not upset the acid-base balance in the blood and tissues.

Another form of calcium carbonate called precipitated chalk is often used for stomach acidity, heartburn, pyrosis, water brash, sour stomach, hyperchlorhydria or hyperacidity, burning gas, fulness, bloating, flatulence, belching or associated symptoms, the most efficient and least harmful, in my judgment, is calcium carbonate, otherwise called prepared chalk (Creta Preparata, U. S. P. and B. P.) and sometimes as drop chalk.

My great trouble is acid dyspepsia and heartburn, with belching of gas.—I take a lot of bicarbonate of soda to prevent indigestion. (E. F. H.)

Answer—A study of the booklet "So You Have Indigestion?" may help you. Send a stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for a copy. (Copyright 1938, John F. Dille Co.)

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Man About Manhattan. NEW YORK—"Had a long talk the other day with Kay Kyser," runs a note found sticking in my typewriter this morning.

"Whom I went to school with down at the University of North Carolina and was reminded of a few things I believe haven't been printed about him and which might prove interesting if and when you find a spot for them."

"Kyser and, as you know, Hal Kemp, both started at the U. of N. C. and both attained big time quickly, although Kemp's rise was a bit more rapid, as he started first. Kyser is completely a showman—hardly an orchestra leader. Watch him and the band and you'll recognize this. He never leads—he merely starts the band at each number. He throws in a gig and soft shoe steps as he talks to his audience. He's an expert tap dancer and at UNC he put on many musical comedies in which he took dancing and comedy parts.

"This showmanship, rather than orchestra leading, has aided him in achieving to the top, for he has the ability to interest an audience in himself, thus throwing interest on the band which, in the last two years, has improved remarkably. Kyser says this is because he threw sentimentality overboard and hired himself some A-J musicians.

"Sully Mason, sax, of Durham, N. C. is the only original member of the band still playing. Sully does many vocal numbers and, in my opinion, is darned good. Ginny Simms, by the way, has a three octave range which is something else again in singing. Best of rare, Kyser, too, originated the "singing title" business of crowning a few bars of each song just as the orchestra begins to play it.

"When Kyser got the idea of starting an orchestra he knew no music (and off the record I think he still doesn't), but boy he knows rhythm, etc." So he started studying at the UNC musical school while the band played here and there. For two years the band was a University of North Carolina organization because the boys still were in school, but in 1928 they got out and started up the big time ladder.

"Kyser is unmarried. He's genial and easy to know, as you know, and has the languorous ways of the southerner that you also know. He's from Rocky Mount, N. C. in case you've forgotten.

"Kyser says he doesn't know the finer, technical points of music, which is a good thing, for it permits him to enjoy music for music's sake, thus giving him a pretty good idea what the average person might like. He is able to listen to an arrangement from the layman's standpoint, rather than from the musician's, and this also is an asset because many arrangements sound all right, but have unorthodox sequences which would cause more technical leaders to ignore them. Still the showmanship idea cropping out, rather than that of the orchestra leader.

"He keeps his southern accent, but puts it on a bit thick at times for fun, as you've probably noticed if you've listened to him over the air. However, he hates phoney southern accents—as do all of us guys from the south. That's about all I remember from my gabfest with him, but I think there is some meat therein."

Ye Poets Corner. Nature In The Raw Is Seldom There's nothing like a restful jaunt into the countryside.

Where busy cares are left behind and calm and peace abide— Where one can get right next to nature, (if one doesn't mind it); How gladly would I do just that—if only I could find it!

But everywhere my glance does fall, my awe is some retarded. To feast my eyes upon a multitude of things discarded.

The morning sun is glistening in the dew besprinkled grass, And dicrochets its golden rays from broken window glass. In deepened blue the field is dressed as where cornflowers dance all day. Behind the fence where lies a heap of cans in bright array.

Here scenery is so grand the hardest heart could but surrender. Since for a backdrop droops a picturequely rust-bound fender.

And all the old shoes in the world aren't found in fishing holes. A few are left to grace the roadside with their graying soles. The grasses lush and green creep up to hide to some extent. Decoratively piled "objets d'art" all cracked and bent.

But where there sprawls the shapely form of some old auto frame. The weary willow looks askance and hides her head for shame.

Some scores of bottles deck the brush like fallen fruit and such. Where bacchanalian deserts must and their artful touch. Here the beauties and the rarities of which the poet sings.

Plus auto seats and broken dishes, battered wheel and springs. "There's gold in them thar hills," they say—perhaps, but what is more.

They're draped with every type of gadget ever gone before.