

Life in Rome Described By Traveler From Medford

(Editor's Note: Mrs. I. E. Schuler, formerly of Medford heights, is traveling in Europe this year. This letter was written from Rome, Italy, dated May 21.)

Roman spring: May is a month to be happy, wherever you are, and in line with the song, 'I Love Paris,' I would sing, instead, 'I love Roma in the Springtime.' The newly leafed trees bordering the boulevards, the parks, fountains and flower stalls, exuberantly proclaim spring. On the fashionable Via Veneto, fat red tulips, brilliantly edging the long grass beds down the avenue, have already blossomed, faded and been replaced by a rich profusion of azaleas. The plane-trees shade the sidewalk cafes.

The rows of tiny, gayly colored tables, chairs and umbrellas are filled, daily, with leisurely people drinking their coffee and aperitifs. Between the tables, smartly dressed pedestrians, East Indians, Negroes, Egyptians, Chinese, various orders of priests, some colorful in flowing scarlet robes, others, in black and purple, or brown—the aristocratic carabinieri, in pairs, tall and handsome, in their red trimmed long tailed uniforms, turned up hats, and long swords, all strolling, to see and to be seen.

Crowds Thick
The crowd thickens at Doney's, smartest and most expensive of the sidewalk cafes. Instead of two, here are four rows of tables, always filled.

The 24 cents you pay for a tiny cup of espresso coffee seems worth the money, as you may sit all day for one cup of anything, you are not frowned on. You may meet friends, watch the passing, ever-passing parade, or read. In the street, four rows of traffic are in continuous procession, little cars, big cars, the green taxis, monster busses, horses and carriages and motor scooters. It is a gala picture. The big, elegant city exudes prosperity.

Everywhere it rushes and roars with traffic. It is filled with tourists.

This is Rome, 1956, and I keep contrasting with the Rome eight years ago when we were here and our American car looked almost ostentatious in the streets; when there wasn't any traffic and there were few visitors; when the sidewalk cafes were empty and desolate; when beggars, two and three at a time, followed us; little boys and girls tried to sell black market cigarettes; when we went to the Vatican and our feet resounded on the marble floors, and we could see long vistas down the galleries, and could sit in the Sistine chapel in almost solitary silence.

Visit Vatican
A far fling from today for example, in the first week of April, four of us, Medfordites all, went with 40 other people to the Vatican. It was just a mid-week day at 10 in the morning, but we had to push our way through the crowds. We sometimes walked single file to get through.

"We raced through about 25 of the thousand rooms, never hesitating to look at some side treasure, for fear of being lost, (which I was once, and found myself following another group.) Occasionally our guide would put his brief case on his head, so that his flock could be certain. In the Sistine chapel it looked and sounded like Grand Central station. As the hurried guides of the different tours explained the wonders, in the various languages, heads would turn in unison, left, right, up. Then we marched out. "Tour No. 1, Vatican."

This goes on every day of the year, excepting holidays. In front of St. Peter's, one day I counted one hundred and twenty-five busses, from all over Europe, Africa and America. March, April and May are the holiday months for the Germans,

Swiss, English and Dutch. The American season hasn't really started. According to the American Express there will be 550,000 Americans in Europe this year. And it is interesting to question as to where they will all be tucked in. I went recently with a woman who was inquiring about a single room in a hotel. Not one of the 10 hotels we went to could take her for more than a night or two. Several clerks told us that reservations are booked ahead, by big touring companies, up to 1958. Prices are outrageous and sky rocketing. One hears they are geared to Americans, but Americans are definitely in the minority at present, and the cost of everything is higher than in the states.

Bus Travel Good
Bus travel is big business. Every country has tours, and the manner of travel is rather luxurious. The busses themselves are things of splendor. They are oval at the ends, and glass all around and up the rounded tops. They are painted pale pastel shades for the most part, with upholstery to match, and trimmed, sometimes in chrome, sometimes in brass.

Usually they have two drivers and a hostess. The hostess wears a hat and uniform like our airplane hostesses. The companies plan the entire trip. They make hotel reservations, take care of luggage, tips and mail. It is not inexpensive, about the same as train travel and pleasanter because of being able to enjoy the scenery more. However, it would be a bore to me to have to crawl down, out and then up again, everytime. I wished to see something.

Actually, all is not beer and skittles in Rome and Italy. In spite of the fact that tourists will spend millions here this year, and Americans according to statistics, will spend three times more than the government gives to Italy, labor and employers are a long way apart.

Army Pay Low
There are the very rich and the very poor. In the Army, soldiers are paid exactly 16 cents a day, or 100 lira. That will not buy one-half package of cigarettes. Although international plane fare is the same everywhere, Italian employees are striking at the moment because their salaries are so much less than other countries. Jobs are scarce, prices high, and unemployment great. To the passing visitor this is not perceptible. You cannot believe all is not well, to walk about the bustling busy streets, look in the well stocked shops and go into the crowded restaurants filled with well dressed gay people.

Chapter Confers Exemplar Degree At Seiler Home

Exemplar degree of Beta Sigma Pi was conferred on eleven ritual of jewels transferees at the home of Mrs. Adabee Seiler Wednesday. New Members of Xi Mu chapter are Mrs. Roger Note, Mrs. Mel Goguet, Mrs. T. R. Lytle, Mrs. Robert Hubbard, Mrs. Neal Wadley, Mrs. Oris Goble, Mrs. Paul Dix, Mrs. R. J. Higgins, Mrs. Curt Butterfield, Mrs. Nils Edin, and Mrs. Maynard Paup.

Guests were the chapter's honorary members, Mrs. C. Rease Braley and Mrs. O. A. Eden.

A progressive dinner was served at the homes of Mrs. Clyde Ramsey, Mrs. K. A. Hayes, and Mrs. Nick R. DeWitt.

The newly elected president, Mrs. John S. Nelson, announced the appointment of committee members for the following year.

A city-council sponsored picnic is planned for June 20 at 6 p.m. at the home of Mrs. Scott Davis, on the Rogue river.

It took four days to make the 156-mile trip from St. Paul to Duluth in pioneer days. By stage or open wagon the fare was \$75.

Potpourri

Fathers can't seem to remember how old their children are. Last Sunday we asked Dr. Frank C. Roberts his children's ages, and after pondering a moment he said he wasn't sure, and asked his wife. It was the same when we asked Tom Dwyer Jr., how old Mike and Dennis are. First he said 11, then he changed his mind and said 10, and then after pondering a bit, changed it again and settled for 11.

"Isn't it funny that a man can't say right off how old his kids are?" he asked, a bit puzzled. It's queer, but true, we agreed. The older girls, of course, can always remember how old their contemporaries are, but are apt to be a bit absent-minded when it comes to their own years.

When the picture-taking crew arrived at the Roberts' summer cabin last Sunday, Dr. Frank and the two children had finished the morning's real fishing and he was just cruising up and down the bank, sort of trifling with pole and line. He and his uncle, George Carpenter, were mourning over the loss of the one that got away, in traditional fisherman fashion.

After a bit of discussion, it was decided that Dr. Roberts, in order to pose for a good fishing picture, should get into waders, etc., and be photographed at his favorite fishing spot in the creek. When we apologized to Mrs. R. for making so much trouble she looked amazed and said it wasn't any trouble—that her husband welcomed any sort of excuse to get into his fishing togs and out in the water again.

During the picnic lunch Dr. Roberts regaled us with tales of how the porcupines eat big holes in the cabin floor, and how once he took a quick shot at one in the dark in the middle of the night. Settling back to sleep, Dr. R. suddenly realized that his uncle wasn't making his usual sleeping noises and with the horrible thought that the bullet might have gone astray, rose and waked Uncle George just to make sure he wasn't wounded.

Teenagers take time out now and then to be serious. Ninth-grader Nancy Wilson at Hedrick Junior High school worked hard on an oration she gave for the Linfield speech tournament earlier this spring, and when she presented it again over the air a few weeks ago, received considerable comment from the older folk who heard it.

Starting out by saying that "man is the only creature that can consciously help to create itself," Nancy said that the three things which enter into the building of personalities are heredity, environment and personal response. Personal response involves responsibility, she wrote.

The student continued by saying that teenagers often shirk their responsibilities and let "their parents shoulder it." She wrote that whenever a teenager goes wrong, everyone tends to say "the poor kid, he is not to blame, just look at the environment he comes from" and added that the environment isn't always the reason for wrong-doing.

Later she wrote "It seems almost as if present-day teenagers are trying to surround ourselves by an iron curtain. We gather unto ourselves only the things we like and give very little thought to the things we should do. Only a very few have regular and worthwhile tasks to perform in the home, and we grumble when we have to do these; very few of us know what it means to earn our own money and still fewer of us know how to spend our unearned allowances wisely; nor do we wish to undergo the necessary discipline to learn these things."

"Most of us teenagers and many of our parents try to justify our shortcomings and our failures by saying that modern schools and modern parents are not teaching today's children to do any better. In all fairness to our teachers, our schools and our parents, I think teenagers should admit that our failure comes from within."

Nancy concluded by saying she thought teenagers are dissatisfied with themselves and that "actually even teenagers know that we not only may help to create ourselves, but that actually, to a great extent, we must create ourselves. We must accept the responsibility for the kind of adult we grow to be. By positive response to our heredity and our environment, we can establish ourselves as responsible citizens today and mature citizens tomorrow."

Nancy's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wilson, and her speech teacher at Hedrick school is Jerry McDougall.

If Allen Pierce, Glenn Klein or the Rev. Robert Burger want to change jobs, the YMCA smorgasbord committee will be glad to recommend them as good dish washers. At the Kiwanian Dames style show Monday, Mrs. Alex Tummers, Mrs. John Mansfield and Mrs. Gerald Von Ting were singing the praises of these "three young men, particularly Allen Pierce."

"He washed dishes for hours," said Julie Tummers, "even the pots and pans, which wasn't in the bargain." The committee women were pleased that so many had attended the smorgasbord, and that the food had been such a success. Mrs. Tummers related how she had left the ribs cooking in the Methodist church ovens Friday night, and drove madly out to Central Point to vote, only to find simply scores of people ahead of her. With visions of burned meat in her head, Mrs. T. braved the election board and begged to be allowed to vote at once and go back to the meat-watching. The board members huddled, then put it up to the waiting citizens. At first there was a dead silence, then someone said "go ahead," and a few more agreed. So the busy cook cast her ballot, and rushed back to town.

"What a day!" said the service station attendant as he filled the family car with gasoline early Sunday morning. "The fishermen will be rarin' and stompin'." The fishermen weren't, but the Shriners were later in the week. Watching from our window in the news room Saturday, we envied the Shriners a little and decided it would be great fun to ride in some of those contraptions. Especially the car that had two front ends. Just what we need for parking.—O.S.

The braided rugs that were grandmother's pride are becoming popular again and are being used with both traditional and contemporary decoration. Consumers like the rugs because they wear well, complement rather than cover polished floors, and are inexpensive to maintain.



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Picnic Luncheon Closes Club Year

Sams Valley — Twenty-three members of the Sams Valley Ladies club and three guests held a picnic luncheon on the lawn of the Lloyd Beers home in Beagle May 17. Mrs. Beers, Mrs. Harry Musson and Mrs. C. C. Sanderson were co-hostesses.

During the afternoon, Mrs. Bob Galloway was presented gifts and cards in remembrance of her birthday, also a cake decorated by Mrs. G. A. Koellner.

Guests were Mrs. Lloyd Sanderson and Mrs. Edgar Pleasant of Sams Valley and Mrs. Charles Thums of Marshfield, Wis., who is the guest of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Thums.

Mrs. Ralph Ellis read a poem written by her mother likening each member to flowers in her garden.

Mrs. Carl Christenson gave a favorite recipe and Mrs. W. F. Gregory had charge of games. Many gifts were present to

Evening Guild To Hear Speaker

A talk on comparative religion will be given at a meeting of St. Mark's Evening guild Monday, May 28 at 8 p.m. in the Parish house. Speaker will be Mrs. S. E. Phillips.

Mrs. Phillips' source of information will be from the classes she attended at the University of Oregon "Parliament of World Religions" where each speaker was a member of a different faith.

Hostesses for the evening will be Mrs. Frank Wilson, Mrs. B. D. Blackstone and Mrs. Sally Lausman.

"Sam Squaws" from the squaw basket. This is the last meeting for the summer. The club will meet again September 13 at the home of Mrs. C. W. Duggan.

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