

## "WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR THE BOYS OVER THERE?"

Just received another car load of Mill Feed and Flour and are ready to supply your needs in this line.

We carry a full line of Groceries at all times. Highest market price paid for all farm produce.

WE SHIPPED A CAR OF LIVESTOCK THIS WEEK, WILL SHIP AGAIN IN ABOUT TWO WEEKS. If you have any stock to ship at this time, phone us.

*"Seven in Name, One in Aim." Do Your Bit.*

We Believe *"A Satisfied Customer is the Best Advertisement."*

**The Walter Givens Company, Inc.**  
ESTACADA, OREGON

### ON MEMORY'S SCREEN

#### An Old French Town in the Sixties

It is surprising what a store of recollections a man of middle age possesses, in which he may find compensation for the loss of the vigor and freshness of youth. With advancing years, his memory becomes like the screen in a moving picture house, on which scene after scene is thrown, and he can while away hours in the gloaming of life, which otherwise might be tedious, in reviewing past events and associations. So vivid and early are some of them, that one may question whether any impression made after self-consciousness was attained, has been entirely eradicated, though for years apparently forgotten. Certainly, some of my memory's pictures must have been made ere I had passed out of the early infant stage. These, of course, are blurred, but yet, the more my mind dwells on them, the more they acquire definite shape and proportions. If a date can be assigned to them, they must have happened between my second and third years. It is possible, that my recollections have been fortified by being told about them in later years, but still some of them cannot be accounted for, unless the impression was made at the time. Of late, I have been amusing myself in running off some of my memory's films, veritable moving, talking pictures in natural colors. A few of them, I beg to exhibit to my readers.

#### Reel No. I. The Town

The first reel shows the quaint, old town of Boulogne sur mer, which is situated on the northwest coast of

France, a little to the south of Calais and almost directly opposite to Folkestone, on the English side of the Channel. Here, there was then as now, a numerous English colony, with its English consul, English chapels, English doctors, English schools and English library. The shopkeepers catered to this element, and in many of the shop windows, hung the familiar sign "English spoken here."

The town stretches upwards from the harbor, to back of the hill overhanging the shore, on which is situated the oldest portion of the town, "l'haute ville" i. e., the high or upper town. This is surrounded by ramparts which while no longer necessary, are kept in repair and the old city gates are closed and opened, night and morning as of yore. There is a fine street known as la grande rue, which leads down from the upper town to the principal residence and business sections, wharfs and quay. As a vessel enters the harbor, it receives a splendid view of the town, which rises tier upon tier, with the dome of the cathedral crowning the whole.

The place was a favorite summer resort and during the season, it was thronged with a large influx of visitors, principally from England, because it was within easy distance and the cost of living cheap. Throughout the summer months, its life was very gay, theatres, cafes, casino and other attractions running full blast, with the open air resorts crowded every evening and all day Sunday.

One of the sights for visitors, was the semi-weekly market, which was held in the principal square of the lower town. Here at a very early hour on these days, the country people from all around, congregated with their produce, fresh vegetables, fruit, flowers, unsalted butter wrapped in cool cabbage leaves, poultry and eggs. The scene became very animated and a babel of sounds arose, as vendors called out to possible pur-

chasers, or both bargained vociferously and with much gusto and gesticulation, over the price. These simple country folk were by no means without guile, and regarded the foreigner ignorant of their language and customs, as their legitimate prey. Even with their regular customers, they would chaffer and dicker, before arriving at an understanding. Custom and habit are strong and probably both seller and buyer would have missed their verbal tilt, if it had been omitted.

Another striking and picturesque sight was afforded by the military. At noon each day, from the barracks in the upper town, would issue forth several companies of soldiers and proceed to the lower town, in full martial array, with bugles sounding, drums beating, colors flying and arms shouldered. To my youthful eyes, they seemed most imposing and invincible. Little did I or any one else then dream how soon France's proud army would be humiliated in the dust at Metz, Gravelote and Sedan. Its bravery remained undiminished but alas for its former prestige, lost to graft, unpreparedness and incompetency of those in high places.

Years have passed since then, and many hidden things have come to light. On whom or on what does the blame principally rest? Many causes may be assigned, but the final analysis now shows, that to the ambition of a woman and the unscrupulousness of a statesman, on opposing sides, the ultimate responsibility lies, for bringing matters to the issue of actual war. The one died disgruntled in enforced retirement, while the other still living, has been described as "the most pathetic figure in Europe."

#### Reel No. II. The Beach

The tide at Boulogne runs out for half a mile or more, leaving an extensive beach of smooth, white sand, which affords firm footing to the pedestrian. This constitutes one of

the principal charms of the place, since a walk along the sea shore, possesses a peculiar fascination. It furnishes continual interest, as each receding tide leaves fresh flotsam and jetsam of seaweed, shells, driftwood and other curios of the deep. Here, one can walk for miles at low tide, around the indented coast and at each turn find something new, to attract the attention and arouse expectations of possible treasure-trove.

The shore along the south side of the harbor, is more rocky than that on the north, and therefore more picturesque and interesting to souvenir hunters. At each point of the bay, along which Boulogne is situated, there are ruins of a fort, both of which are at high tide, surrounded by water, but can be reached when the tide has ebbed. As late as Napoleon Bonaparte's time, I believe, these were in use. It was here, that he prepared a flotilla for the invasion of England and prematurely erected a column to commemorate its successful accomplishment. The monument still stands, as a remarkable, historical instance of counting chickens before they were hatched.

For the children, these sands made an unrivalled playground and on fine days, numbers of them with their bonnets would resort thither to spend hours digging, picking up shells or in the surf or shallow pools. It formed a most healthful pastime, as both salt air and water possess tonic qualities. Though the years, since I formed part of that child throng, are over forty, I still remember keenly the enjoyment I then experienced, as I splashed in the water, stumbled over the slippery rocks, poking into their crannies after crabs, or tried to grasp the elusive shrimp.

(To be Continued Next Week)