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NATIVE YAMHILL CO. MAN IN PARIS

Alfred Holman Tells of Visit to
French Mecca in San Fran-
cisco Argonaut

In a recent number of the Argonaut Alfred Holman tells in a very interesting way of a visit to Paris, which is of special interest to Yamhill county people, because Mr. Holman is a native of this county. He was born and reared on the farm of his grandfather, Dr. McBride, in the Carlton neighborhood. At one time he was assistant editor of the Oregonian and later drifted to San Francisco where he has made his mark as a newspaper man. His story follows:

The first note of "war time condition" in Paris comes to the visitor in the problem of getting from the railroad station to a hotel. In London there is scarcity of cabs; in Paris they are all but non-existent. Then there is the other difficulty of finding a hotel which has not been commandeered for military or other public use. Those still doing business are so filled up—for the most part with American and British officers—that the unofficial visitor has frequently to apply at half a dozen before finding a place to lay his weary head. And when after long search one finds accommodation there is small comfort, since under the severe system of fuel rationing every hotel is a veritable cold-storage establishment. The London hotels are cold, but there is abundant hot water; in Paris you must bathe in ice water unless content to wait for Saturday night. Private houses have permission to heat up their tanks on Thursdays and Saturdays; in hotels the allowance is for Saturday and Sunday. The French, who have their own ideas about bathing, don't mind it, but the discomfort is considerable for American and British visitors whose habits are more amphibious.

The streets of Paris are at once familiar and curiously changed. There are the same groups lunching and winning on the sidewalks despite the chill in the air. But in the moving throng khaki is the dominant note, for the Britisher's and American's olive drab is much more in evidence than the Frenchman's horizon blue. My first impression was that Pershing's entire force of two million and more men must be quartered in Paris. American soldiers seemed everywhere—parading up and down, loitering before shop windows, rushing about in motor cars, even playing base ball in the Champs Elysees. Whole streets, like the Avenue de la Montagne, have been taken over all but wholesale for offices and living quarters. Likewise half a dozen hotels in different parts of the city have been turned into headquarters of one or another branch of military or naval service. The American flag is as familiarly displayed as that of France and one hears English spoken almost as generally as French.

The atmosphere of Paris, while thus differentiated by the conditions of war, is as brilliant and as gay as ever. Under the strict rationing of gasoline and the universal commandeering of horses for military uses there is less wheel traffic than in other days. But the walking throngs are even more than usually dense and the buzz of talk and laughter is as loud as at other times. The retail shops have lost none of their brilliancy and the windows of the Rue de la Paix glitter as alluringly as in the days when joy seemed the sole occupation of the Parisians. Evidently there are those who have money to spend and who spend it, even though prices are anywhere from fifty to one hundred per cent above normal. And high as they are, prices are not what they seem, for in addition to the nominal charge there is a government tax of ten per cent extra upon every article which the purchaser must pay. Thus after giving the shop keeper his price-and-a-half or his double-price there is another ten per cent coming from the pocket of the consumer, if that be the right name for the buyer of Parisian fripperies. Yet under all these handicaps the smile of the dealer is as bland as of yore, for money seems abundant and business is brisk.

The ever amusing propensity of

the Parisian to turn anything and everything to the account of sociability and gaiety finds continued illustration even in war time, and in nothing more curiously than in connection with the candy stores. Chocolates, which are as essential to the Parisian as jam is to the English, may be purchased in expensive varieties at all times, but the cheaper grades are for sale only at a fixed hour—3 o'clock of each afternoon. Long before that time there collects in front of every candy store lines of waiting purchasers similar to the throngs which besiege theatrical ticket offices upon special occasions. Oftentimes as many as two to three hundred persons are lined up for hours, the tedium of waiting being relieved by universal and amiable chatter. Thus some thousands of persons spend half of every afternoon in the streets of Paris, perhaps less regardless of the opportunity of buying cheap chocolates than of the social privilege which goes with the lining-up system.

One may, if by good fortune he should fall in with a military friend in possession of a motor car—and what is of paramount importance, a petrol permit—ride from Paris to the French battle front in three hours. The change is radical and dramatic, for your Frenchman works or fights as he plays—with his whole mind and heart. At the French front all is strictly business, although much of the machinery of supply is a makeshift. Whereas on the British and American fronts the commissariat is definitely and even formally equipped, the French background of the fighting line is a jumble of improvisations. Any old thing on wheels—motor lorries, decrepit taxicabs, Paris omnibuses, baggage wagons, peasants' carts—all are in the service of bringing up ammunition, transporting men or carrying food. France has been too busy these past four years and a half in turning the compass of war to give attention to its incidental paraphernalia. I hardly need to say that for all a certain heterogeneous and disorderly appearance of things behind the line, the French line itself was very definitely and positively in fighting form. The French soldier in his spirit or in his achievements needs no encomiums; he has proved his courage and his prowess on a thousand fields in this and other wars. And on his own front he looks the part. Nowhere in the camps and trenches did we see a more military order of things than at the French front. Everything pertaining to morale was all that it should have been. There is a notable difference between the French and British relationship between officers and men. The British theory that Jock is of less account than his master is carried to a frigid extreme in the army. There is only formal interchange between officers and men. But the French officer is a species of brother to his French soldier. He addresses him familiarly by name; oftentimes he knows something of his domestic and personal affairs and conditions; he sympathizes with him and talks with him familiarly. More than once in our brief visit to the French front I saw an officer with his arm affectionately over the shoulder of a French soldier wounded or otherwise distressed. It was sweet—really sweet; and my reflection was that that dignity which has to be sustained by formality of pose and curtness of speech even in military life has little to commend it on the score either of humanity or of utility. The French officer, for all his familiar habit in dealing with his men, loses nothing of authority; and the results of field operations in this war abundantly show that a friendly spirit between officer and man is no blight upon the fighting edge.

In Paris in the month of October food was sufficient—even abundant, if one did not mind what he paid. Prices were about double those of ordinary times. But of certain things there was scarcity amounting to famine, with prices to match. One of our party in a burst of hospitality suggested an after-dinner liqueur—one of those hair-raisers which sold at the equivalent of fifteen cents per in other days and was dear at the price. His surprise, not to say embarrassment, may be imagined upon receiving his "check" at the rate of twenty-two francs for each service. Of course this was an exceptional instance, due to the

fact that in Parisian cellars that particular brand of chain-lightning had declined to a dribble. But there was none. Saccharine replaced sugar. In the hotels they gave you, for coffee a decoction of which I fervently hope the awful secret has been lost in the shock of war. Fish, as in England, was abundant, and bacon might be had freely, but of beef and mutton the supply was limited and the quality very far below par. But at the front there was abundance of everything, with a mastery to be desired. However rigorous the rationing in Paris and elsewhere outside the fighting zone under the exigencies of war, there was none of it in the camps and in the regions adjacent thereto. Nowhere in the course of a somewhat extended and more or less privileged life have I ever found better "chow" than that supplied at the fronts—British, French, American. After a long course of war bread and limited sugar of war bread and limited sugar ration at home, after thirteen days of cold-storage provender on shipboard, after two weeks of game dinners in London, and after a week of straight haagsis in Scotland, the luxury of unrationed license and of French cookery in the war zone was truly joyful.

In Paris, as elsewhere in France, mourning is the dominant note in feminine apparel. In vastly many instances it is legitimate, reflecting the loss of immediate relatives. A particular instance of its genuineness—we trust there will be no smiles at this revelation—was the case of a woman who came within my observation who had been four times bereaved in the loss of successive husbands since the beginning of the war. Surely this long-suffering daughter of Eve was entitled to all the consolation to be found in the trappings and suits of woe. Every countryside, especially on Sundays, is dismal in its parade of crepe, or where crepe is not available, of cambric. Mourning is the fashion in France. Usually it is expressed in a pathetic simplicity, but there is a suggestion of humor in the fact that the particular class whose practice it is to decorate and otherwise enliven the vistas of the Bois de Boulogne is now wholly made up of "widows"—very chic, very demure, obviously in receptive attitude toward sympathy and consolation.



OTHER JOB FOR THEIR UNCLE SAM

FORMER NEWBERG GIRL MAR- RIES REGULAR ARMY SOLDIER

The following newspaper clipping was sent to the Graphic from Okanogan, Washington, which will be read with interest by many Newberg people who knew the bride mentioned, she being a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Marshall:

Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock occurred the wedding of Miss Hazel Gertrude Fickes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Fickes, of Fairview, and Sergeant Ernest LeRoy Weaver, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon C. Weaver, of Fredonia, New York. Rev. R. T. Cordry performed the ceremony at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Shepard on Third avenue.

Following the ceremony an elaborate dinner was served, those present being the bride and groom, the bride's parents, and the Cordry and Shepard families.

The young couple will remain in Okanogan for a short time, but at the expiration of his furlough the groom will report at Fort Worden, Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Weaver left this morning for a brief visit in Wenatchee.

The bride has lived in this community for the past few years and has a wide circle of friends. During the past year she completed a commercial course at the Wenatchee Business College and has recently been employed in the office of the county auditor. The groom's parents own a vineyard in New York state, but he has been a member of the regular army for about seven years. He is ranked as radio sergeant in the artillery.

CHAS. CRAWFORD GORST, BIRD MAN, COMING FRIDAY NIGHT

Last fall Charles Crawford Gorst lectured before the Massachusetts Audubon Society for the eighth time. He spoke to 3,000 people, the largest audience ever assembled in America, purely in the interest of birds.

Mr. Gorst has become nationally known as "The Bird Man," for his remarkable imitations of bird songs. His Victor and Edison records are on sale the country over. John Burroughs has long been an admirer of his work, both as a naturalist and a bird imitator. He said, not very long ago, in conversation with Mr. Gorst, "Your rendering of the songs of the robin, cuckoo, the meadow lark, the peewee, the indigo bunting, the cardinal, the mocking bird, and several others, was the best I ever heard."

He has made the study of birds and their songs his lifework. He has literally lived in the open, analyzing and recording the music of feathered songsters. A real lover of birds, Mr. Gorst conceived the idea of interpreting the bird music to his fellow men, and spent years in memorizing and setting down, by means of a method of song writing which he invented, more than three hundred bird songs. With the help of charts and pastel paintings prepared by himself, he reproduces and describes the beautiful in the music of our wood songsters. In imitating the tiny voice of the humming bird he touches a note exactly three octaves above Tetrastini.

His art in imitation is so perfect that on many occasions the birds come to him and answer in song. The Boston Transcript says: "For a little chickadee to come to the bush behind which he is hiding, and sitting within six inches of his face, to listen curiously to the familiar note of the artist, is a common experience. Of course the birds are inclined to be skeptical at the sight of so large a member of their own kind, yet what is a bird to do when a man speaks to him in his own language?"

Mr. Gorst will give the third number of the lyceum Friday night at Wood-Mar Hall.

AN APT PUPIL

An old sea captain was smoking comfortably by his fireside when Jack, his sailor son, burst in upon him.

"Weather too rough," explained the son, "so we've put in for the day."

"Too rough!" exclaimed Mr. Tar, with visions of his own days at sea. "Why, sir, I was once sailing round the cape when a storm came on, and it blew down the main-mast and the mizen-mast was swept away, but we didn't even think of putting in."

"Well, you see," exclaimed the son, "this storm was so bad that it blew the anchors off the captain's buttons; took the paint off the ship's bow."

"Stop!" cried the old man. "You do me credit, Jack—you do me credit!"—Tid-Bits.

CALL FOR IN- CREASED ACTIVITY

Some Suggestions Addressed to the
Members of Newberg Com-
mercial Club

You have been advised that the annual meeting of the club will be held on Friday, January 31, at which time officers for the ensuing year will be elected, and any other business transacted that may regularly come before the meeting.

Every member should make special effort to attend this meeting with the object in view of outlining some tentative plans which will put Newberg on the map before the people of the Willamette valley and more distant points. The time is here when greater effort should be put forth in an endeavor to secure new people to settle in this vicinity, to assist in the development of what will be, inside of five years, one of, if not the greatest assets Oregon will have, that of the canning, preserving and manufacturing of fruit products.

You are undoubtedly aware that upon the completion of the addition to the plant of the Valley Canning Company they will have one of the largest and most modern canneries in the state of Oregon, which, it is needless to say, will require a much larger tonnage of fruit upon which to work, increasing the demand for labor as well as the wealth of the community.

The Newberg Commercial Club should be an active member of the State Chamber of Commerce, recently organized in Portland, and from such affiliation they would participate in the distribution of information throughout the East, relative to the possibilities in Oregon, besides being advised from time to time of inquiries from outside firms.

do not center in the larger cities.

With our improved highways and anticipated road work which will be done within the next two years, Newberg will be brought in closer touch with more distant points, and from such places they may secure dairy and fruit products necessary for the advancement of its industries.

Attend this meeting Friday evening. You owe it to yourself, to Newberg and the surrounding community. Contributed.

BIRTHDAY DINNER GIVEN FOR MRS. EMMELINE VINCENT

At the home of V. A. Vincent on Fifth street on Wednesday a number of invited guests met, in honor of the birthday of his mother, Mrs. Emmeline Vincent. At noon a delicious dinner was served and enjoyed. The day was filled with enlivening conversation and good cheer. The four sons of Mrs. Vincent were with her to show their love for their mother on this, another milestone passed.

The invited guests were, out of town, F. M. Vincent and J. G. Vincent, Gaston, O. Vincent, Astoria, Mrs. C. H. Christenson, Frances, Washington.

Of Newberg, V. A. Vincent, Mesdames V. A. Vincent, Emmeline Vincent, Ruth Heston, Anna M. Jones, Elizabeth E. Colton, G. W. Byers, Henrietta Vieths, Nettie Potter, J. R. Horning, Mary E. Bankson, P. L. Cate, Austin Keeney, Miss Eula Vincent and Elaine Vincent, Mary E. C. Scott. A Guest.

WHAT DOES BOCHE MEAN?

The origin of boche is obscure, says Albert Danzat in the Bookman. There used to be current in Paris and other large cities in France the phrase tete de boche, which signifies obstinate or hard-headed. In France the Germans have the reputation of being tetes dures (hard heads) hence tetes de boches. To describe this quality they were called Allemand-boche, which became successively Allemoche, Alleboche, Alboche and finally just boche. Whatever its origin, it is used as a term of reproach. The Germans themselves take it very seriously.

Hear the "Bird Man" at Wood-Mar Hall Friday night. A special rate of 25 cents admission will be made for children.