

Medford Travelers Enjoy Stay in Paris

(Editor's note—Western Germany and Paris are described by Mrs. Almus Pruitt in another of the series of the Medford woman is writing for the Medford Mail Tribune. The Pruitts, with Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Allen Jr. and Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Miller, Medford, and Mr. and Mrs. Angus Bowmer, Ashland, are spending several months touring Europe.)

As we crossed western Germany we saw harvest scenes of potatoes and sugar beets being loaded into crude, wooden, cattle-drawn carts, largely by German women; though the actual digging of potatoes was done by a huge rotating machine operated by a man. And often we passed such carts moving homeward along country roads or in narrow cobbled streets of villages. The women's heads and their faces were worn, serious, but not necessarily unhappy. The seeming shortage of male labor we attributed to loss of man-power during the war.

For our one-night stop in Luxembourg, we stayed at the Hotel Alfa, where, following World War II, U.S. Army officers made their "homes." In a glass display case in the lobby were photographs of Generals Dwight Eisenhower, Patton, Omar Bradley, along with several others. Among these whom should we see but Major General Leven Allen, uncle of Jim Allen, trusty pilot of our bus! As chief-of-staff to General Bradley, Major-General Allen also stayed at the Alfa. All the photographs were personally autographed for the hotel owners, who apparently did everything possible to make the officers' stay a pleasant one. It is said that not one of the generals can speak of the Alfa without a twinge of nostalgia. Along with their photographs was one also of Perle Mesta, at the time serving as U.S. ambassador to Luxembourg.

The Alfa is a comfortable, modern hotel with real individuality and style. In its attractive dining room we enjoyed a superb dinner. The Alfa takes its place among outstanding hotels at which we have stayed during our European travels, several of them being German.

French Landscapes

The French landscape seems somehow more pastoral but less productive than rural Germany. French fields look less carefully tilled, with haystacks wispy and scant; orchards, generally speaking, neglected. Red poppies grow like weeds in pasture and beetfield alike, often blending with golden-yellow mustard to create a striking effect. The vast acres of red blooms blowing in the wind paint a beautiful landscape. It is hard to believe that these pretty flowers are a wild weed-nuisance. In all of France we have seen, country roads are poplar-lined, which make for pictorial driving.

With our first sight of the Champs Elysees with its wide lanes of plane and chestnut trees, and the aroma of roasting chestnuts on hot grills along the sidewalk, the spell of Paris lay upon us. The wide airy avenues of Paris, so contrasting to the narrow twisting streets of most medieval European cities, create the real aura of Paris, at least for us. (Later we tried roasted chestnuts and found them delicious—some what like hot, mealy sweet potato.)

During our first days in

Paris, we were fortunate to have balmy clear weather and enjoyed strolls along the Champs Elysees, Rue de la Paix, the Left Bank the Seine, Montmartre, etc. Leaves were still on the plane (sycamore) and chestnut trees and even in the rain they loomed vivid green tinged with autumn yellow, a lovely sight. A trip to the top of the Arc de Triomphe showed plainly the tidy design of this part of Paris—12 wide boulevards extending outward from the Arc like the spokes of a wheel. Napoleon, with his grandiose dreams, had much to do with this original plan in rebuilding the city, though it was actually completed after his time.

Public Transportation

Both for purposes of convenience and to give our driver Jim a rest, we store our bus while in the largest cities and depend on public transportation, usually consisting of taxi, street car and city-bus. In Paris we became acquainted with the Metro, or subway, which proved a considerable adventure to us neophytes. The first experience of other eightimes in boarding and making transfers across the city of Paris underground was one we'll not soon forget. However, we soon got the hang of it.

What would Paris do without its Metro? What a strange, lost-world-without-direction it is with its labyrinth of underground chambers. So easy it is to head in the wrong direction in making a transfer that Almus threatened to carry a compass. Along the sultry, shadowy corridors paved with bizarre commercial billboards, beggar-musicians plant themselves to sing or play an accordion for pennies, and throughout the echo chambers voice and instrument resound weirdly. All day and night thousands of Frenchmen move in constant crowds—shoppers, laborers, Parisians from every walk of life. During transit they read papers and magazines, sew, sleep, examine copy from brief cases, converse, quarrel, or argue with flourishing hands. Young people, completely uninhibited, "neck" openly in public.

Downtown Paris

The downtown streets of Paris are crowded and busy, the shops delightful with displays of lovely beaded evening bags, chic gloves, scarves, blouses, lingerie, perfume, and cosmetics by Elizabeth Arden, Revlon, etc. In a travel agency we read the following caption: "Visit America with its traditions, its folklore, its enthusiasms, its great hospitality, visit America, not only for its great cities, but its great national parks with their grand and savage scenery!"

Gendarmes, wearing smart short black capes which swirl as they pace by, talk agitatedly, flourishing their white sticks. (Obviously no Frenchman could utter a single word with his hands tied behind his back!) Unlike the British bobby, who carries only a club, the gendarme also wears a revolver.

The French are the most nonchalant in heavy traffic of any people we have yet encountered. In the midst of noontime traffic we observed a man crossing a congested street while casually reading a book! Astounded, we were unable to tear our eyes away until we made certain he arrived safely. Sure enough he did, proceeding among an equally congested sidewalk traffic without even lifting his eyes from the book. How

did he do it! I suppose only a Frenchman could.

The same "polizei" klaxon prevails here in Paris as did in Copenhagen, Vienna and other large cities—a plaintive, two-tone horn sounding a major third span as the polizei car speeds up the street and other cars make way for it. We understand it was started during the war, when a distinction from the invasion siren was needed.

Share Tables

For luncheon, sidewalk cafes and little cellar cafes are popular, both of which we have tried. We found the latter surprisingly gay in sun-yellow, with a center display table loaded with delectable looking pastries and fruits. All tables are shared, a table-companion (most likely a Parisian business man) swilled red wine with his steak, sipping chunks of stick French bread into the brown-broth. Then he ate an apple tart and cheese with knife and fork, smacked his lips of a last swallow of wine, murmured "bonjour" and took himself off. French shop-girls poured in, all simply but rather chicly dressed. Such a jabber of lunch-hour French gossip dribbled on our ears!

"As in Vienna and London, the bee hive half-do is in vogue. A few are striking, but most, I'm afraid, I for one, will be glad when this fad is over. The secret appears to be to let it go uncombed for several weeks in order to achieve the proper 'casual' look. A recent issue of the Herald Tribune (published in Paris) carried an article on this current style, from which I quote:

"The beehive half-do is all the rage in Paris. Faces peep out from piled masses of hair, arranged and draped in countless variations, almost obscuring the eyes. From the neck up, girls resemble the hirsute inhabitants of the Tennessee back country. The same is true of the men. At Latin Quarter sidewalk cafes patronized by students at the Sorbonne, one sees a bristling array of beards: mutton chops, Van Dykes, Imperials, and Father Christmases. On top of this, haircuts of any kind seem to have gone out of fashion. As one might guess, the barbers of Paris are in despair."

To add a word regarding masculine sartorial appearance... Men wear pointed shoes, as well as do women, the trouser lightly gripping the leg to the ankle like a ski-cuff. And along with the bohemian beards and pipe in mouth, they resemble—well, to each his own. We have seen few French girls wearing low heels, the high-spikes being the thing, and skirts are short, short, short. What the well-dressed young French boy wears for Sunday-best (we saw several one Sunday heading for church), seems to be very short pants, three-quarter socks, and a beret-like cap with a streamer, sitting flat atop the head. The navy blue beret is still worn, but by the older rather than the younger Frenchman.

Taken on the average neither the French girls nor the men are as glamorous or handsome as one might expect. Of course it isn't wise to make a hard-and-fast generalization, and certainly it is true, this is nothing against them. A more important surprise is that we find the French more friendly and pleasant to deal with than we had assumed. Our experience has shown them to be neither grasping nor dishonest, contrary to what many travel books represent. Two concrete examples: When I dropped a small coin purse along the street, a Frenchwoman came running after us, extending the purse and crying excitedly, "Madame, madame!" Another time, Angus by mistake gave the hotel concierge two 100 franc notes (worth about \$20.00 each) stuck together, and the concierge quickly discovered the mistake and returned one to him. In only a few cases have we found palms extended for tips, most often in rest-rooms.

At Maxim's

Certainly a highlight of our Paris stay was a surprise-treat provided by Doris's sister "Duffy," of Carmel, Calif., who mailed her a generous check to cover an evening at famous Maxim's for our eightimes group. The reservation was made for us by a fruit importer associate of Carroll's, M. Roger Capgras, without whose cooperation we probably shouldn't have gained entrance to that popular, sold-out restaurant. From our hotel we gals were whisked to Maxim's by M. Capgras and his lovely wife Yolande, in their Jaguar, the fellows going by taxi. What a delightful evening it was for the top of us—the Capgras's seeming to enjoy it as much as we wanderers. The food was perfect and around us we enjoyed festive sights of flambéed-desserts, including crepes Suzettes, being prepared. M. Capgras, entirely at home at

Maxim's, having dined there with such celebrities as Jean Cocteau, etc., is a man of wide experience and talents—equally at home in discussing theater, politics, and yes, pearls! At one time he even published a Paris newspaper.

The following day we went, through his invitation, to their French farm, some 30 miles from Paris, met his friend and neighbor, M. Rollin, architect-orchardist, who took us on tour of his fine golden-Delicious orchard. Most of the Capgras farmhouse is 300 years old. A "new wing," as they referred to it, we later were surprised to learn, was added 100 years ago! The house is utterly charming and tastefully furnished, by Mme. Capgras herself. We were interested to learn that she, having once lived some 12 years in New York, still buys most of her dresses there, which, considering the fame of Paris as a fashion center, is rather surprising.

Word Misuse

The tendency of the French to mis-use the one English word they seem to learn first—yes has been brought home to us on several occasions. Our first brush with this was while sailing on the Liberté, Francois, our dinner-waiter, abused it shamefully. When we would compliment him on an especially nice desert it worked safely enough. He would flash his charming smile and nod, "Yes, madame, yes..." But one evening when a lady from Portland complained that an order was left her by mistake, Francois bobbed his head as usual, replied, "Yes, madame, yes..." and did nothing about it. I was tempted to experiment a bid with his bluff to speak English, just to further prove the point, and murmur blandly, "Francois, you are a fool!" Had I done so I'm sure Francois would have flashed his same winning smile and agreed, "Yes, madame, yes..."

Another brush with this habit of the French to mis-use 'yes' proved rather upsetting. Upon a startling blast of what sounded like a fire-siren just outside our hotel window, I rushed into the corridor to see what was up. Almus was up the street after a newspaper, so I couldn't confer with him. Others of our party were out. A young mother with a tiny baby in her arms also hurried to the corridor. She looked worried. Together, she in broken English and I in broken French, we managed to communicate: "What shall we do?" I told her to wait while I went to our room-phone and called the concierge. "Is there a fire?" I asked in English, for the concierge with whom we dealt spoke fairly good English. But this was a new clerk. "Yes, madame!"

Quickly I thanked him, and hung up the receiver. Seizing my purse and jacket, I rushed back to tell the young mother what I had learned. She looked really frightened, and decided to go downstairs as she was, in her bathrobe. I rang for the elevator. Upon reaching the lobby we found everybody seated calmly about, reading. I decided not to trust the desk-clerk's English further and approached a friendly looking American and asked him what the siren was all about. "Oh," he said easily, "that's a rehearsal of a raid-warning. They blow it every so often just to see if it's still working."

Relieved, the young mother and I returned to our rooms. So you see, a mis-used French 'yes' can create a bid of chaos. The French do it probably thoughtlessly, simply to show their mastery of the English language. Voila.

There is some tension in Paris concerning the Algerian situation. One Parisian remarked to us: "France is actually at war, you know. And it's all so futile..."

Our chief entertainment in Paris included the operas "Tosca," "Samson and Delilah," and "Faust" at the magnificent rocco Paris Opera House; two one-act modern operas at the Opera Comique; a violin concert by Isaac Stern, with the dynamic symphony conductor, Igor Markevitch. And we all did the Louvre, and Notre Dame, with its awesome, celestial dusky chambers and famous rose-window containing the most exquisite stained glass we have yet seen. And then, of course, the Folies Bergere. The Millers and Allens at

Social Events Women's News

Women Golfers To Hold Dinner

The annual "round table" dinner meeting of the Rogue Valley Women golfers association will be held in the main dining room of the Rogue Valley Country club Wednesday, November 2.

A social hour at 6:30 p.m. will be followed by dinner at 7:30 o'clock.

The annual election of officers will be held during a business meeting.

Presentation of awards to the winners of the fall handicapped tourney and winners of the weekly play for October is planned.

Calendar

Monday:
6:30-9 p.m. - Eagle Point Parent Teacher association annual Halloween party, elementary school gymnasium.
8 p.m. - Department of Oregon Ladies Auxiliary of Veterans of World War I and Fifth Plus club, dance at Veterans Administration Domiciliary theater, White City.

Tuesday:
9:30 a.m. - District 6C Mother Singers, home of Mrs. Harvey Field, Seven Oaks rd., Central Point.
10 a.m. - Rogue Valley Navy Mothers club, Girls Community club.
10:30 a.m. - Upper Applegate Home Extension unit, home of Mrs. Emma Duncan, 12 noon - Medford chapter of Gold Star Mothers, Jackson county courthouse auditorium.
12 noon - Philharmonic Society guld, Rogue Valley Country club.
12 noon - Women's Council of the Medford Board of Realtors, home of Mrs. Mary Fasel, 117 Ashland ave.

Dinner Planned

Rogue Camp Fire Girl council plans a potluck daddy-daughter dinner Tuesday, November 1, at 6:30 p.m. at Hedrick Junior High school. All Camp Fire Girls and Horizon club members are invited to "make a date with dad" for this evening.

Council To Hold Dinner Meeting

Christian Business and Professional Women's council of Medford will hold a dinner meeting Thursday, November 3 at 6:30 p.m. at Rogue Valley Country club.

International Boat Show

tended an International Boat Show which they reported as highly interesting. In our bus we drove to Chartres to see what is considered the finest cathedral in the world. And on still other days we drove to Versailles for a tour through the palace of Louis XIV and Marie Antoinette, and its beautiful gardens; also to Fontainebleau, the favorite residence of Napoleon, and a look at the famous "horse-shoe" steps on which he bade farewell to Fontainebleau, upon his abdication.

New Foods

New dishes added to our food experience are: omelet with truffle, snails (surprisingly good), German sauerbraten; and we have so enjoyed the French bread, which is carried home from the market, unwrapped. From the bare loaf the French tear chunks to munch as they walk along.

As a farewell to Paris we went up the Eiffel tower at sunset. It was a beautiful, clear evening and all of Paris lay visible before us. The sun set across the Seine, with its moving boats, and far beneath the tower, where vendors were roasting chestnuts, we could see smoke curling from the hot grills, and whiffs of the roasting chestnuts wafted to where we stood high on the tower. And then we saw the lights of Paris come on.

Ah yes, our stay in Paris was delightful indeed.

Junior Women Hold Guest Day On Wednesday

Medford Junior Women's club held a social meeting for guests and members Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. F. D. Nelson, 1132 Mira Mar.

Mrs. William E. Sweet, chairman for the event, welcomed the guests and introduced Mrs. Gene F. Chamberlain, club president. Mrs. Chamberlain explained the purposes and areas of endeavor of the Federated Women's clubs, internationally, nationally in Oregon and in the local district.

The president also mentioned that this group, the world's largest organization of women, offers a means through which women may be effective citizens. The Federated Women's club's awareness of civic and social responsibility and their achievements in these areas are "impressive and inspiring," it was said.

Mrs. Chamberlain reviewed the history of the Medford Junior Women's club, their activities, philanthropic and membership responsibilities of the organization.

As entertainment, a progressive card game added opportunity for guests and members to become better acquainted.

Refreshments were served by Mrs. Nelson assisted by Mrs. L. E. McConnell, hospitalty chairman and Mrs. Robert C. Vincent.

Guests were Mrs. Harold L. Gilbert, Mrs. Kenneth D. Lyons, Mrs. Harlan E. Weaver, Mrs. Wesley Pearson, Mrs. Walter M. Higgins, Mrs. Russ Jamison, Mrs. Roger Hogsterom and Mrs. Wayne Harris.

Stamp Club To Observe Founding

The ninth anniversary of founding will be celebrated by Southern Oregon Stamp club at a meeting set for Thursday, November 3, at Girls Community club at 7:45 p.m.

The club was organized in 1951 with a membership of 20. Today the membership totals 35, and 10 of the charter members are still active in the club. They are Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Carley, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Herbert, Mrs. Roland Beach, Mrs. Eric de Place, Mrs. Edward Leach Mrs. Mabel Houck, Clyde Smith and Frank Applegate.

Mrs. Mamie Bloomfield is planning a program which will be centered on a philatelic quiz show. She asks members to take their U. S. government stamp catalogues to the meeting, since the quiz is based on the publication.

Refreshments will be served.

The club netted \$25 on a philatelic auction held at the October meeting. The auction was conducted by Robert Lowe, assisted by Clyde Smith, Mrs. Houck and Mrs. de Place.

Mrs. Leon Haskins was a guest.

Gallery Open Monday Night

Rogue Gallery, 220 West Main street, will be open tonight and every Monday evening from 7:30 until 9:30 o'clock.

Currently on view is a selection of 60 Japanese prints from the collection of Miss Anna P. Livingston, Medford.

Artists represented in the collection, which cover several centuries of Japanese print making, include Hokusai, Utamaro, Toyokuni, and Hiroshige.

In addition to Monday evenings, Rogue Gallery is open Tuesday through Saturday from noon until 4 p.m. The gallery telephone number is SP319-28118. There is no charge and the public is invited to view the exhibit.

Phoenix Neighbors To Meet Thursday; Change Announced

Phoenix - Phoenix Neighbors of Woodcraft Lodge will meet at Phoenix Grange hall Thursday, November 3, at 8 p.m., for a business session and social hour.

Phoenix Thimble club will meet at the home of Mrs. Delbert Cook, 304 Colver road, Friday, November 4, at 8:00 for a potluck luncheon. The meeting was originally announced for the home of Mrs. Harlan Glasscock.

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Council Slates Special Session; Attorney Speaks

A special business meeting of Women's Council of the Medford Board of Realtors will be held Tuesday, November 1, at 12 noon at the home of Mrs. Mary Fasel, 117 Ashland avenue, the council president.

Mrs. Fasel states that the session is important, since by-laws and parliamentary procedure for the new group are to be discussed.

Speaker for the October meeting was Edward Branchfield, Medford attorney, who talked on Measure 13 on the ballot in the coming general election. The attorney said that much misleading information has been circulated about this measure, and added that any interested voter may go to the Veterans' Service bureau in the Jackson County courthouse for "certified" figures of how profitable the war veterans' bonding and loan amendment has been to the State of Oregon.

Mr. Branchfield stated that if Measure 13 is approved by the voters, it will make 104 million dollars available to the Department of Veteran Affairs for veteran loans. He said this "would relieve Oregon's serious shortage of mortgage money, and would add materially to the economy of Jackson county and the entire state, at no cost to the taxpayers."

The attorney further stated that there has been 11 billion dollars profit to Oregon since 1946, part of which has been used for paying expenses of the Veterans' department.

Mr. Branchfield also declared that "the state loan to veterans has been almost the only satisfactory rural loaning agency, as it has made loans in areas where local and FHA agencies would not." He added that the percentage of default has been exceptionally low, about one-half of one per cent.

The speaker concluded his talk by saying that Measure 13 would not cost taxpayers

anything, but would actually help Oregon.

Make a frame for hooking rugs by cutting the top off a discarded card table, leaving the framework. It can be folded and stored when not in use.

To lengthen the life of a new rope clothesline, boil it for a few minutes in soapy water, advises the Alabama Extension Service.

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