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THE ARMY SURGEON AT HIS WORK

Maj. J. F. Clark Tells Interestingly of His Work in Hospital in France

There is little to write. None of us get away from the hospital. Have operations all day. When not operating we are dressing wounds, making out reports and getting the men back to the bases and the beds empty for more patients. Most of the men are quite cheerful though they dread the operating room more than going over the top. Some of course have such distressing wounds that they cannot be cheerful. I am surprised how well they do. General Pershing when he called thanked us for the care of the men. We had a brain case today where a large part of the skull was shot away. I think he will live and be all right. All the other brain cases have done well.

The war is so dreadful. It is such a big thing and almost impossible to have each boy have just the care he should. It is so terrible to have to take off one of these boys' right arm, or leg; much more so to have the eyes ruined. The only way we can get along is not to think about it—only to do our work the best we can and not to think.

Yesterday McGuire and I operated from 4:00 p. m. to 1:00 a. m. We have quite a number of patients come in every day, not the large numbers we had, but enough to keep us busy. McGuire and I have not had a death in the patients of our wards.

A group of Iowa boys came in yesterday and this morning I went over and talked to them. They were glad to see someone from home. I do not know any of them, but they are boys of that age. They told me they were from Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Grinnell and Council Bluffs. They told me of the work at the front. These new soldiers are a revelation to the French and English, and I think also to the Germans. They are doing as good work as the men who have been in for years.

Later—it has rained all night and all day, a steady, quiet rain. We have not been as busy as usual but there are many quite sick from their wounds, making me continuously anxious about them. Among our wards, ward three is a sample and since I have to watch two or three of the men, I am sitting here writing. Seventeen of the twenty-two beds are occupied. The wooden floors have been scrubbed clean; the nurse in the far corner is sterilizing instruments for the dressings; the orderly is passing milk and egg-nogs about to those most ill.

The patients are from every state. An Alabama boy and one from Washington, each with an arm in a suspending splint, are swapping experiences of last week's fight. The next man, from Michigan, shot through the lungs, has not smiled since he came into the hospital. Every day his pulse is better and I now believe him out of danger, but he will not smile.

Across the way is an Irish boy whose right leg is gone, from gas infection. He smiles all the time and makes light of his troubles. If he is a sample, the Irish are all right. He was running toward the enemy when he met a bullet and then, with a comrade, fell over a cliff fighting in a bunch of seven Germans. The Germans, surprised by having the "Yanks" drop out of the sky, surrendered and carried this man back to the dressing station. Such incidents, several of which I have heard, might lead one to believe that the Germans all give up easily, but an Iowa boy in bed No. 3 tells a different tale. He was in a different sector, he met the "Prussian Guards" and they stood and fought to the last man. He saw the location of a machine gun that was doing great damage. Seven of them deployed and surrounded it. Three of them finally got the gun but no prisoners. Twelve German homes must mourn that little fight. Four of the seven American boys did not return—even to the hospital.

Another boy tells of a German officer they captured. The officer

surrendered but was insolent. He could speak English and said to his captors, "You Americans think you are going to do great things and whip us, but you are not." "You think," replied the Yankee soldier, "that you are going back to an American hospital, but you are not." The boy showed me the pocketbook which was in this officer's coat and it contained a number of photographs, his family and comrades. The groups of soldiers in these pictures looked well fed—fine large men of reasonable age. The wife and sisters were fine looking women—how sad they are tonight.

Nearly all testify that the German soldiers are tired of fighting. How dreadful that the ambition of one man should cause all this suffering. Mr. Gerard, though he has said and done some foolish things, has made one just proposition—that the kaiser and his junkers should be hung for the murders they have committed.

One of these boys saw, captured, machine gun men chained to their guns. Many told me they had heard of this but tonight is the first hand evidence. Another had heard that women were found in men's clothing in the fighting line, but no one I have talked to saw a woman so attired.

These boys have one complaint: they are held back. They want to go right over and keep on going. A French officer told me yesterday that they had trouble holding our men back, who want to take everything in sight. The cruel officers refuse to let them capture the whole German army.

Not only are these American soldiers from all states of the Union, but as I walk down the line of beds and question them, each speaks a varied language. One speaks English, another American. If blind I could pick out the Virginian and the boy from Alabama, and those from the Middle West, but not the man from New York or Massachusetts. For he is apt to have been born in Italy, Poland or Russia, and his name is apt to be a wonderful combination of letters that is absolutely unpronounceable, for an Anglo-Saxon. But this little Russian Jew is an American soldier, proud of it and just as daring as the Iowa farmer boy. I am led to believe that all courage is not with any one people, that folks are very much alike everywhere. One of these Russian Jew boys in bed three did wonderful fighting until he met a bullet. I took the bullet out of his brain and raised the depressed bone so that it would not press on the nerve cells. Now, three days

HOLDS THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE

Keynote of the Success of Dramatic Interpreter, Bess Gearhart Morrison.

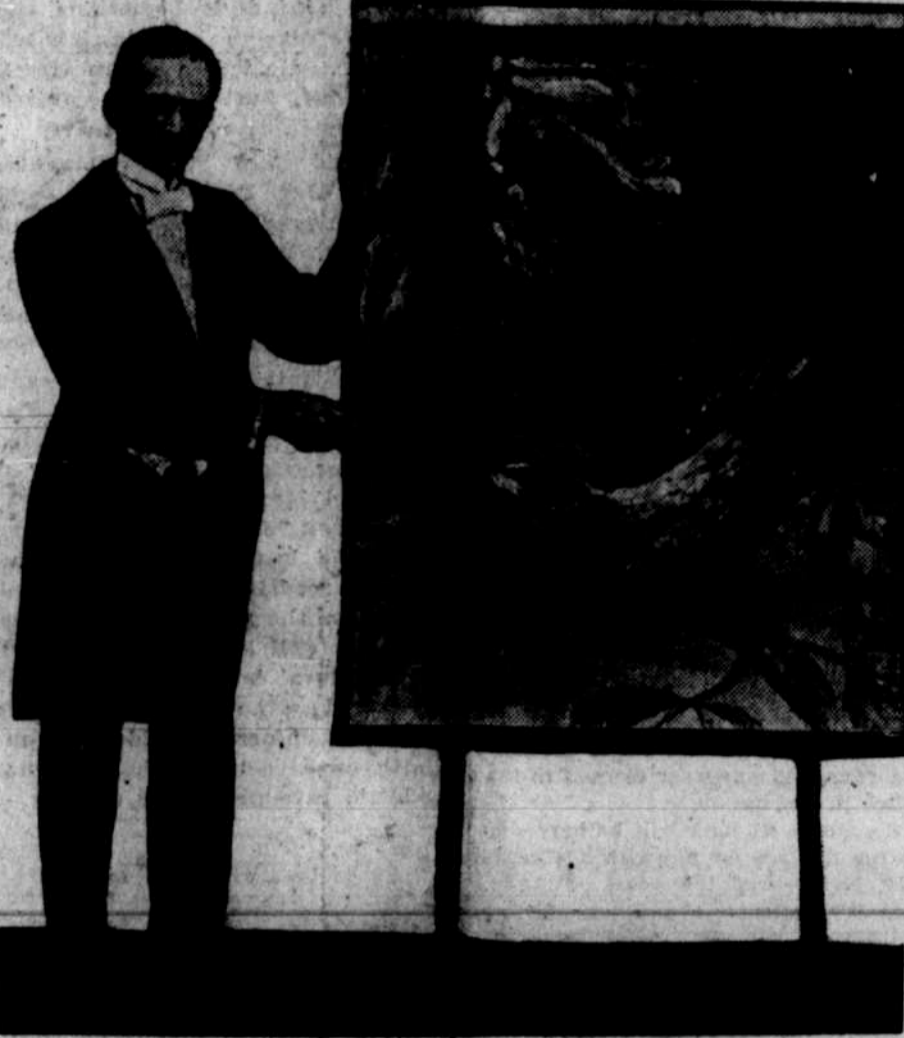


Bess Gearhart Morrison

Many interpreters of literature fail to learn the cardinal lesson that true greatness lies in simplicity and that absolute fidelity to nature is the distinguishing mark of the artist. This great lesson Bess Gearhart Morrison learned in the refining school of experience. As a result her impersonations take on a character wholly separate and apart from the ordinary impersonation. The men and women she portrays, are human folks with human faults. She holds the mirror up to Nature. Her understanding and sympathy are wonderful; her ability to touch and keep in tune with her the heartstrings of her hearers is almost uncanny. Mrs. Morrison is coming soon on the Lyceum course and in her coming a real opportunity presents itself. Every lover of interpretative art should hear her.

THREE OCTAVES ABOVE TETRAZZINI

Charles Crawford Gorst, the Bird Man, Sounds High Note



Charles Crawford Gorst, the Boston "bird man" who is to appear soon on the Lyceum course is a naturalist of national standing. His entire life has been devoted to the study of birds and his songs and he knows perfectly over three hundred songs of our little feathered friends. In imitating the tiny voice of the humming bird he sounds a note three octaves above Tetrazzini's highest note and outranges even the violin in tonal altitude. Many phonograph records of his remarkable whistling are featured by both the Victor and Edison companies. In presenting his lecture-entertainment Mr. Gorst illustrates American bird life with beautiful pastel paintings of his own creation.

after the operation he feels badly treated because I will not let him go back to the front—"to get some more Boches."

But the boy in bed six is a typical "soldier"—he growls at everything. His soup is never just right; he yells when I change his dressings; the nurse never fixes his pillow just right; the "rice is lumpy;" the next man had more lemonade; yet the men of his company say that in the fight he did the best work of all; that in the big adventure of his life he did his duty without a murmur. His pleasure is growing at trifles. I asked him if, when it began, he was afraid. He said he was. For two minutes he was "scared to death," then he forgot his fear, forgot the thunder of the guns and was seized by a desire to take those men and "put them out of business."

"Our troops in front of Chateau Thierry advanced nine kilometers!" So reads the American "communiqué." Only ten words. How that could be expanded into a 20-foot library had one only the time to put on paper every advent that there transpired. What a volume of suffering that one action leaves in its wake; suffering on both sides of the broad ocean—on both sides of the Rhine.

Some out there have never suffered, never knew what happened. Others back here now are but parts of the men they were. Over there many wives and mothers will have years of loneliness. In Germany more home folks are left alone.

As the line sweeps forward over nine kilometers, thousands of deeds of bravery might be recorded; thousands of wonderful escapes as men walked through a rain of shells. The hunger because the rations did not "get up," the tugging at the heavy guns mired by the road side; the fatigue; the shock of seeing comrades blown to fragments; the terrible attitude engendered of wanting to kill their fellow men—all this is a great deal to be held in these ten words.

The German leaders talk now of "the next war." Will the people of the world ever again allow such a thing to happen?

While I have been writing ward 3 has become hushed and quiet. The nurse's lantern on my table is the only light. From the outside darkness comes the bugle call of taps, sounded at detachment headquarters. I am glad to feel that for none in this tent it is the final call.

But in this large hospital doubtless for some soldier this bugle is the last in his troubled life. Tomorrow there will be carried to the

grave nearby a flag-covered box and a few of us will gather about while the Chaplain will say a short service and no one the boy knew is here. He will not see his regiment advance nine more kilometers in front of Chateau Thierry. He will not help cut the oats on the home farm next summer and tell how he lived in France and how primitive were the harvest methods in the old country.

One satisfaction is in being able to know that fewer have died than if we had not been here. Two Company M boys came in the last convoy. I must try and see them tomorrow. I must go to bed for we hear of four hundred coming in the early morning and there will be much work to be done.

KNIGHTS AND LADIES OF SECURITY

On Wednesday night the order of the K. and L. of Security which has had only a dozen members for some time was re-organized. Following a canvass made by District Deputy George Mackie, 27 new members were initiated. L. M. Thomas, State Manager, and wife being present and assisting in the work.

Following is a list of the officers elected and installed:

President, Wm. R. Galland; vice president, Earl Kallen; second vice president, Scott Livengood; prelate, Miss Bell Shaw; financier and secretary, Wm. B. Brooks; conductor, Olga Blackburn; guard, Wm. Barkley; sentinel, Mrs. Violet Warner.

Since the order was organized at Topeka, Kansas, in 1892 it has made rapid growth and now exceeds 300,000 in membership, with 3,000 Local Councils. Newberg's charter being No. 163.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackie will remain a few days in the city in completing their work, when they will take up the work at Salem where they will make headquarters for the winter.

COMMUNITY THANKS-GIVING SERVICE

West Chehalum church and community plan to celebrate Thanksgiving day. Special services and address by pastor at 10:30 a. m. An old fashioned Thanksgiving dinner will be enjoyed at noon in the basement of the church. The afternoon will be given over to a community social. Everybody is invited to bring their basket and spend the day. The small children

can be cared for in the basement, thus their mothers may be free to enjoy the services. If you for any reason are not able to prepare dinner "be a sport" and just bring what you have. May we eat together, get acquainted and visit together, and most of all, may we bow together and give thanks to our Heavenly Father for the many blessings which this Thanksgiving brings to us.

THANKSGIVING COMMUNITY SING

All citizens of Newberg and the adjoining communities are being asked to meet at Duncan's hall on the afternoon of Thanksgiving day at four o'clock to participate in a community sing. This is our part in a nation-wide event, for in every community center in the country these meetings will be held at the same hour of the same day.

The committee in charge have arranged with Harold F. Humbert, general secretary of the State Sunday School Association, to be present and lead the singing. This insures good, lively singing. Come and help express Newberg's spirit of patriotic thanksgiving by singing our grand national songs. There will be some short speeches, but the principal thing is to sing, sing, sing!

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR THANKSGIVING SERVICES

In compliance with the custom that has prevailed in Newberg for many years, union Thanksgiving services will be held. The hour will be 10:30 in the morning at the Christian church, and the sermon will be preached by Rev. H. C. Baker, of the Nazarene church.

In the afternoon at 4 o'clock a "community sing" will be held at Duncan's hall, interspersed with speaking and recitations. Similar exercises will be held all over the country.

CHRISTMAS BOXES FOR THE SOLDIERS

The date for mailing Christmas boxes to soldiers has been extended to November 30, and provision has been made for those, who, from any cause, have not received the necessary label.

Such persons may, by calling at the Red Cross headquarters in the afternoons of November 23-25 or 30 and signing a statement that will be provided, secure a label that will enable them to send boxes.

GREAT WELSH LECTURER COMING

Nephew of David Lloyd George to Be Here Soon in Lyceum.



Arthur Walwyn Evans.

Arthur Walwyn Evans, nephew of David Lloyd-George, son of the great Welsh revivalist, will be here soon on the Lyceum course and his lecture will be one of the longest remembered events of the season. He is undoubtedly one of the most brilliant men who have come upon the American platform in the last decade. He contrasts in telling comparisons the weakness and strength of America from a Welshman's viewpoint. Often he hits hard but he hits a constructive blow. In the opinion of press and public this great Welsh orator is contributing the sanest criticism and the most fervent tribute to our country that has been heard in many years.

Elta Brunson spent a few days in Newberg this week.

MORE ABOUT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

An Answer to a Review of Mr. Dunn's Lecture Recently Published.

The reverend gentleman reviewing Mr. Dunn's lecture in your issue of November 7, resorted to such unfair methods in his dealing with what Mr. Dunn actually said, and also in his use of the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy, as to call for correction.

The critic has used the same old familiar methods resorted to by others before him; that of selecting phrases and statements so separated from their context, as to distort and pervert their meaning; and then he has spoken of the lecture and of the textbook as mere "bandying of words."

Christian Science accepts the spiritual record of creation as described in the first chapter of Genesis, in which God, who John says is Spirit, is declared to have made all that was made; and to have pronounced it good. Here we are told that God created man in his own image, in the image of God, or Spirit. Then it is certain that to be in the image of Spirit, man must be spiritual and not material.

Now in the second chapter of Genesis, is another record of creation, but this second record does not appear until after the creation was finished and God blessed it. Neither does it appear until after this mist or misunderstanding has gone up from earth. Then it is plain this Adam creation is the record of misunderstanding about man.

Until the earth as taught and demonstrated by the Galilean prophet, was rediscovered and given to the world by Mrs. Eddy under the title of Christian Science, mankind has almost without exception accepted this second record of misunderstanding about man as constituting man in God's image. An erroneous conception about man as being both spiritual and material, both good and bad, in other words a belief of a material man with a spirit somewhere inside of him, has been the natural result of reasoning from this false premise.

The critic is right so far as he goes in one of his statements, when he says "nothing is true except God and the ideas in which he is reflected or expressed," but he immediately drops into the mire of materiality when he follows this by saying that "she (meaning Mrs. Eddy) is compelled to take account of a vast sphere of error and illusion," and then he asks where this error came from.

Man in God's image and likeness is the same now as he always has been. He has not fallen nor has he deteriorated from the object casting that reflection, for man is the reflection of God. On the other hand, misunderstanding of God, and of God's infinite idea man, has built up many erroneous illusions about its own false concept of man, just as ignorance of the true shape of the earth for centuries, gave rise to all sorts of superstitious beliefs, connected with the earth's supposed flatness. But as soon as the true shape of the earth was relaxed, what became of these false beliefs? The answer admits of no variation. The learning of the truth about these false beliefs destroyed them just as learning the fact that three times three are nine, destroys the delusion that three times three are ten, or any other number than nine.

And here is the point our critic fails to see, the realization of the truth about man's real existence, sin and disease.

It ill becomes the worthy critic to use such epithets as "ignorant" and "silly" in speaking of a gentle woman whose name is honored and respected by intelligent men and women in all walks, and in all civilized countries, and in honor of whom the records of the city government of Concord, New Hampshire (for many years Mrs. Eddy's home) bear the inscription: Be it resolved, that the death of the Rev. Mary Baker Eddy the world has suffered an irreparable loss and the citizens of Concord the loss of an honored and a devoted friend of our city, whose motto was 'to injure no man, but to bless all mankind.'

A. O. Freel