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COUNTY MERCHANTS FORM ORGANIZATION

E. W. Collier, of Newberg, Elected
First President—Great Expectations
for this New Association.

Newberg carried off first prize in the dinner-meeting of retail business men of Yamhill county which was held in the Elberton Hotel, McMinnville, Wednesday evening last week. E. W. Collier of Newberg, who is the Secretary of the Miller Mercantile Co., was chosen as the first president of the Yamhill County Merchants' Association which was organized and fully equipped for business, with a constitution and by-laws and a complete board of officers before the dinner-meeting finally adjourned at midnight.

E. C. Baird was elected on the board of directors, giving Newberg two representatives on the board of officers.

There were about sixty in attendance, almost every town in the county being represented. Simon S. Dow, who was chairman of the committee on arrangements, introduced W. L. Osborn of McMinnville who acted as master of ceremonies. After the Mayor of McMinnville had welcomed the visitors and a few local business men had spoken along similar lines, toastmaster Osborn called on Edward A. MacLean, of Portland, secretary of the Oregon State Retail Merchants' Association, to introduce the visiting speakers.

The first of these was A. C. Masters, of Roseburg, president of the state association. Mr. Masters urged the business men of Yamhill county to organize, saying that such organization had already been effected in half the counties of the state. The retail business men of the county, he said, could be of very great service in advancing the interest of the whole county, if they were organized so as to act together efficiently. Amplification of this appeal was made by other speakers who illustrated their arguments with the experience of such organizations in other parts of the state.

Among the speakers were P. E. Fullerton, president of the Business Men's League of Salem, William Gahlsdorf of Salem, George Custer, past president of the North Willamette Valley Merchants' Association; George W. Hyatt of Enterprise, Willamette county, Oregon; Thomas C. Watts, of Reuben, Columbia county; C. O. Huelat, President of the Hood River County Merchants' Association Messrs. Snelling and McGilchrist of Salem, and Everman Robbins of Molalla.

The assembled Yamhill county business men were undoubtedly impressed by the keen interest of the merchants elsewhere in the state in organization work, as shown by the presence and enthusiasm of the various representatives of other such local organizations and when the time came to answer the question as to whether they wished to organize a Yamhill county association, the "eyes" were unanimous.

Under the constitution and by-laws adopted practically every town in the county will always have at least one member of the board of directors and meetings of the board or of the association will, in similar spirit, be held at least once a year in every principal town in the county.

Mr. Jameson, of McMinnville, was elected vice-president and C. D. Campbell, of Carlton, treasurer. The secretary, who will be the one paid officer of the association, will be chosen later by the Board of Directors which is composed of the members from Newberg, McMinnville, Yamhill, Carlton, LaFayette, Dayton, Dundee, Amity, Sheridan and Willamina.

Speaking of the matter after the meeting, secretary MacLean of the state Merchants' association said: "This will be a big thing for Yamhill county. Before this organization is a year old, not merely the merchants but the citizens of the county generally, will realize that a new and powerful force has been created to work for local development."

"The politicians can say what they please but there is no class of citizens who see and understand the conditions and the needs of the community so well as the retail business

men. They are in contact with all the people all the time. Such an organization as this brings together men from every corner of the county. Their conferences, based on intimate knowledge of matters over the whole county, will result in the wisest conclusions concerning county affairs and the organization will not merely develop the best counsel in this way, but being organized they can inaugurate and successfully put over important movements of a progressive nature that they would not and could not even try without organization."

PORTLAND JOY-RIDERS CAUSE TROUBLE

A car driven by Portland joy-riders on Sunday night, collided with the car of Mr. S. P. Timberlake, of this city, on the hill near Tigard, damaging his car to a considerable extent. Mrs. Timberlake, who was in the car with her husband sustained painful but not serious injuries, her face being badly bruised and one hand cut by glass from the broken windshield.

At the time the accident occurred, Mr. Timberlake, who was driving down the hill, saw two cars coming up the hill, and steered his car to the right until the front wheels were within a few inches of the ditch (which was some 10 feet deep at this point), leaving a space of ten feet for the approaching cars to pass, when the rear car of the two suddenly put on speed, passed the forward car, and altho there was abundant room to pass, collided with Mr. Timberlake's car.

Mr. Timberlake went to Portland on Monday and after considerable difficulty succeeded in locating the car, which it seems had been placed in storage and was taken out by garage employees without the knowledge or consent of the owner. Mr. Timberlake also learned that at some garages at Portland it is a common practice for employees to use stored cars for joy-riding. It is expected the reckless driver will be speedily haled into court to answer for the damages resulting from his unlawful act.

JUSTICE CHURCHILL HOLDS COURT.

Mrs. Sadie C. Johnson, of Hopewell, was arraigned before Justice Churchill on Wednesday, charged with having committed an assault and battery upon the person of W. A. White, who conducts a general store at Hopewell.

The state was represented by District Attorney R. L. Conner, of McMinnville, while the interest of the defendant was looked after by Attorney B. A. Klicks, also of the County seat.

The evidence tended to show that the defendant did assault merchant White, but pleaded in justification therefore that she had heard through other parties that Mr. White had spoken of her in a disrespectful manner, and endeavored to introduce testimony to show that Mr. White actually did use language in speaking of her to others, which would, had it been addressed to the defendant in person, have constituted an attempt to provoke an assault. The court held that the evidence to prove what the prosecution had said to a third party, could not be admitted and held the defendant in bond for grand jury action.

WISCONSIN-NEBRASKA PICNIC.

Next Wednesday (25th) the Wisconsin and Nebraska picnic will be held in the Newberg City Park. A cordial invitation is extended to all who have lived in either of these states to come and enjoy the day. Bring all the family and well filled lunch baskets with knife, fork, spoon and cup for each member, paper plates will be furnished by the association.

It is requested that the men who were appointed on arrangement and table committees come to the park, Tuesday afternoon to prepare tables, clean up the grove etc. The president will be there at 2:30.

If the weather is not favorable for dinner in the park a suitable building will be provided.

Come and "forget cares" and "compare notes" and spend a whole day in a pleasant, social way.

SAILING THE OCEAN BLUE ON QUAKER ARK

Extracts from a Letter from W. C. Woodward Enroute to London,
England, to Attend the World's Peace Conference of Friends.

We can't say it so what's the use? And after waiting all these years for the chance! Who remembers of ever reading a story of a first voyage across the ocean in which the writer failed to tell the folks back home that the ship's officers said it was the stormiest voyage they had made in forty years! And the wildest kind of imagination can't even start us in that direction. On the other hand we may as well confess and be done with it—during the entire voyage the sea has been calm and blissful as a day in June. And as rare, for the crew and all the seasoned sea dogs, including the pompous and wordy old gentleman who is making his 48th trip, assure us that such a quiet voyage is almost unprecedented. And so, there goes our rough and ready, wild-riding ocean story.

But what could one expect? Look at this combination. Fifty Quakers aboard the brotherly love ship Philadelphia, on the way to a peace conference! Could the waves of even the Atlantic be anything but pacific? "Three Men in a Boat," After Seeing New York.

However there were some of us who weren't taking any chances. Before leaving New York we visited a druggist round the corner from our hotel and laid in a supply of well known remedy for sea-sickness. (Considering the price we had to pay we don't propose to do any free advertising here by being unethically explicit.) "Half of New York must druggist, which assured us that our remedy was at least popular, whatever its effectiveness. We read the directions with great care. They prescribed that the prospective patient take the first dose one half hour before sailing, after which he should recline in repose for a half hour, then arise and enjoy life. There were three of us in our immediate entourage, confined in the same stateroom. After mingling for a time with the throngs at the pier, we quietly and unobtrusively effaced ourselves by concerted action, and withdrew to our stuffy little stateroom in the bowels of the ship. Now there is certainly nothing outbrekingly dishonorable in taking a well known seasick remedy recommended by people of such eminence and reknown as Lord Northcliffe. Perhaps it was the material implications in the name (Yes, it was Mothersills) that made the procedure seem a little bit puerile. At any rate we looked about us, closed the door, somewhat as we have seen others do when preparing to take—well, not Mothersills. In purported seclusion we swallowed our medicine and obediently assumed the horizontal—"three men in a boat." Presently we were startled into confusion by a rattle at the door and in walked the fourth occupant of our stateroom, a well poised, strong minded Philadelphia Friend. We were fairly caught. "Well," he exclaimed, "this is a great state for three western Friends to be in after one day in New York!"

As a matter of fact there was no excuse for anybody being seasick. However, some were, and continued to be the greater part of the voyage. To one of these Christian Science was suggested by a fellow passenger, "Christian Science went back on me this time," was the reply. "It's all right on land but it won't work on water."

For the most part, however, people were on hand for three square meals a day; meals "so square that the corners hurt one's stomach," as one facetious Friend expressed it. At our table all but one were Friends, but it was reasonably cosmopolitan at that with two from California, two from Oklahoma, three from Indiana, two from Philadelphia and one from Boston.

On the first Sabbath out, a public service for worship was held in the afternoon, in the dining saloon, when the message was given by Gilbert Bowles, a returned missionary. The purser, evidently a Church of England man, took charge of the service, leading in the readings and prayers.

The evening was warm and much

given to music as the shades of night drew on. In the "lounge" at the rear of the deck an accomplished Filipino girl was at the piano. Just outside the orchestra struck up and the dance was on. In the forward parlor or saloon, three or four were about the piano singing popular, old time melodies. And there was wafted on the ocean breeze from the forward deck, where a group of Young Friends gathered, the words and song which seemed to strike just the harmony—"Heaven and Earth are praising Thee."

From one point of view, and only one so far as we observed, the owners of the American Steamship line are philanthropists: they have not only made four berths grow in one stateroom where two grew (before the war) but they have made more than two prices grow where one grew before. The Philadelphia is called a one class boat—first class, and steerage. Many of the "first class" accommodations have evidently been recruited from the steerage quarters. But with so many Americans clamoring to go to Europe—it is said that but a small fraction succeed in getting reservations at all—why not? Crowded them in and take their money. Never before, we understood, had the ship been so crowded. Being on our maiden ocean voyage, we are not in a position to pass judgement, but those who are, declare both the accommodations and the service to have been far below par. Be that as it may the writer rises to make one ringing exception in the person of his dining room steward who never declined to serve him both desserts on the menu.

Speaking of accommodations, when we were ushered into our tiny "stateroom" (sic) with its narrow little beddets one above the other on either side, and especially when from the vantage point of the "upper" one of the two uppers we surveyed the scene of the occupied berths opposite and below we were forcibly reminded of a visit we once made to the opium dens of the China town of San Francisco before the fire.

A Fair Exchange No Robbery.

As a matter of fact the writer's ticket called for a lower berth. His traveling companion, whose shadow grows no less with advancing years, had the high upper. When the latter surveyed the height and noted the absence of a "lift," he was ready to enter into negotiations. And as for us, well, we had heard but a day or so before the story of how the late Senator Ollie James, a three hundred pounder or more, once found himself on a Pullman holding a receipt for an upper. The little weazen of a chap who held the lower steadfastly refused to exchange with the Senator. Finely the latter called to the porter in a voice which the owner of the lower could hear! "George, is that upper pretty secure?" "Yes, sah," replied the negro. "Well, I wanted to be sure," returned Senator James, "for the last upper I was in came down and nearly killed the fellow below." The porter soon followed the Senator into the smoking room to say, "Senator, that man what has the lower says to tell you that he don't mind sleeping in the upper." Neither did we!

Interesting Fellow Passengers.

One much traveled passenger said she had never known so wide a variety of nationalities to be found on the passenger list. The four corners of the earth seemed well represented. Leading in interest among these were two groups of orientals. First, one of three charming and highly cultivated Filipino girls from Manila. One had been studying social service in Columbia University and New York for over a year and was returning to take a position in an orphanage. An other was an accomplished musician, both instrumental and vocal, proving the star in both the public concerts given en voyage. At first they were thought to be Japanese girls. We overheard a skull capped gentleman talking to a Japanese man and insisting, despite the latter's polite protestations, that they were Japanese—he knew they were. When we, having talked with one of the girls, interrupted to

say they were Filipinos, he of the skull cap, nothing abashed, turned to the Japanese gentleman with, "How did you know they were not Japanese?"

The young ladies were greatly amused when we rehearsed the conversation to them, but one, with a touch of pathos, said it gave her a feeling of sadness to find her country so little known; that scarcely anyone recognized them as Filipinos, and that she heard the Filipinos so rarely mentioned and little recognized. Thus at first hand we got a little insight into the aspirations of the Filipinos.

Competing with these young ladies for honors was a party of Japanese athletes on their way to Antwerp, to participate in the Olympic games. They were a fine set of fellows, deservedly popular. They gave frequent exhibitions of Jin Jitsu, the devious ways of which are dark and peculiar, and took great interest in giving lessons to their fellow travelers, including the ladies. The object lessons were very entertaining indeed, when, for instance, one of the little men would easily toss some big fellow over his shoulder. The trainer explained that Jin Jitsu means literally, "soft throw." We would say that the actual translation is often very free.

The athletes took their workouts daily on deck, mornings and evening. The runners would go through their paces, treading up and down as in a treadmill without moving their position on the deck. One can imagine the picture as the athlete, particularly a sprinter, would assume a speed comparable to coming down toward the tape. It is needless to say that the small boys aboard quickly turned their devotion to an oriental shrine of worship.

Steerage Fellowship.

One of the most interesting places to some of us was the steerage, very crowded, and made up largely of foreigners returning home to middle European countries such as Poland, and Austria. They were going back to see how the old home folks are faring since the war, and many of them think they will stay. As we talked with some of these people and played with their little folks, and as we observed them generally we formed a very favorable impression of them. They were evidently industrious, thrifty people—they would have to be thrifty else they could not have met even steerage rate, just about twice what first class was before the war! and well disposed. We could with difficulty understand the broken English of the parents but it was different with the children, of whom there must have been one hundred or more, and some fine specimens of childhood, too. One pretty six year old girl to whom we quickly gave our heart, along with some fruit, sang to us the same little kindergarten, "Happy New Year to you," which we have heard another little six year old sing at home and for an encore gave us "B-I-N-G-O, Bingo Was His Name," an unmistakable evidence of Americanization.

Returning to the cabin passengers, they were as a whole a fine lot of people to be thrown with. There was a good deal of drinking it is true, mostly confined to the men so far as we could observe, though some few women drank as well as smoked. Every morning early the stewards made a continuous procession carrying wet goods from below up past our open door to the bar above. (ours was necessarily the policy of the open door for the sake of a little comparatively fresh air) which was the last institution to close at night.

"And What For?"

One who crosses back and forth much told me that this was the first passage he had made when the veil of depression from the war seemed lifted and when the atmosphere of pleasure predominated. And yet there were several going over to France to visit the graves of lost ones. One man who had lost his only son, talked pathetically and even bitterly. "And What For?" he asked. "What For?"

And who can answer? We are still very much in the "duration of the war." Evidences of its tragedies are seen everywhere. People are asking more and more insistently, "And what for?"—a question which Friends will attempt to answer, at least to face squarely, in the conference at London.

W. C. W.

HERBERT HOOVER VISITS NEWBERG

Great Man Recalls Boyhood
Scenes and Grooms
Friends.

On Tuesday afternoon the citizens of Newberg were going quietly about their daily tasks when word was flashed over the wires that Herbert C. Hoover and family were due to pay the city a visit, during the afternoon, if indeed they were not already within our limits. Yes, they were already here, having entered in the usual quiet, Hoover manner, hoping to shun publicity which is always so distasteful to them.

They had been pretty well over the town and had stopped near the United States National Bank where Mr. Hoover was busily engaged in making some slight repairs on his car, when Jesse Edwards located them and acted as host during their stay. Although having been informed by telephone message from W. B. Ayer of Portland, of the expected arrival of the Hoovers, Mr. Edwards felt sure he would have known "Bert," although he had not seen him for about twenty-five years. The most was made of the brief time allotted in showing the visitors the principle points of interest about town and the surrounding country. For this service Dr. Hester and S. M. Calkins gladly offered their cars. Mr. Hoover was especially interested in seeing Pacific College, where he was the first lad to register on the year of its opening. The present J. C. Colcord home, where Hoover lived for a time with the Benjamin Miles family, and the former home of his uncle, Dr. H. J. Minthorn were also places of interest. In this connection Mr. Hoover stated clearly and with feeling that the attitude of criticism attributed to him toward these and other relatives in recent magazine articles was absolutely without foundation, as he harbored no such feelings and that the authors did not have access to his diary as claimed. He proved a keen observer and in driving about nothing seemed to escape his vision. He was amazed at the growth of the town and country and declared that he saw enough automobiles parked on the streets to have purchased all there was of Newberg when he lived here as a lad.

After greeting a number of business men and former friends the guests had dinner at the Imperial with Mr. and Mrs. Edwards and a few others.

Mr. Hoover was accompanied by his charming wife, Mrs. Lou Henry Hoover and his two sons, Herbert, aged 17 and Allen, aged 13. They left about eight o'clock for Portland, where they spent the night, leaving Wednesday for Minneapolis, Minnesota where he will attend a conference and later go East to attend the annual conference of the American Institute of Engineers, of which he is president. They will return to California via Oregon some time in September when their Newberg friends hope to see more of them.

BIG PRUNE DRYER

The Allen Fruit Co., of Dundee, are completing the rebuilding of a big fruit dryer in Newberg, which will have a daily capacity of about 700 bushels. The dryer is equipped with water dripper and spreader of a new type recently invented by Mr. W. G. Allen and which is vastly superior to anything of the kind heretofore used.

The work has been conducted under the supervision of Mr. John S. Edwards, who is the efficient and gentlemanly superintendent of the Allen Company's 250 acre prune orchard at Dundee, where they have three more dryers of greater capacity than the one in Newberg.

This Company confidently expect that the yield of their prune orchard this year will amount to 50,000 boxes.

GOOD MUSIC.

The band boys gave an excellent program at the city park last Friday night and was well attended. The band, under the leadership of Mr. Coomer, is progressing nicely and is rendering some excellent programs. Don't fail to be present at their next concert.