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HAPPY INTRODUCTION
TO MERRY ENGLANDExtracts from a Letter Received
from W. C. Woodward, who
has Arrived in England

(Continued from last week.)

About the time the Philadelphia sailed from New York, July 10, wireless communication gave the warning that icebergs were breaking up and threatening the ocean lanes. The course of the ship was thus turned southeast for three or four days, on a line straight for Spain. Every little while the temperature of the sea was taken, it being possible to detect the presence of an iceberg thereby, at a distance of five miles. The circuitous course caused us to be some hours behind the sailing schedule.

On the second Sunday afternoon we got our first view of England off Land's End, Cornwall, and for the greater part of the afternoon sailed along the coast off the well known chalk cliffs. And what a delightful halting introduction it was! A brilliant day had so much to do with the very favorable impression formed, setting off so effectively the greens of the English landscape.

"Oh Say, Can You See?"

Heading its course toward Cherbourg, France, the Philadelphia came to mooring a little after midnight, instead of in time to allow Paris passengers to disembark on Sunday. Some of us remained up until midnight, watching the flashing of the long string of lighthouses off the French coast as we steamed toward the Cherbourg harbor. And so eager to catch the first glimpse of France was one of our little party, usually of staid and conservative habits, that he debated whether to go to bed at all or not. He finally compromised with his eagerness by sleeping in his clothes and tearing out on deck at the dawn's early light, disdainful of the conventional morning shave. "I can shave in R—," he declared, "when I can't see France." Such is the rejuvenating enthusiasm of the first trip abroad.

We lost nearly half of our Quaker group at Cherbourg, several to spend some time in Paris and northern France, and some to travel in Switzerland, prior to the London conference. But even with the prospect of meeting again so soon, the au revoir was said with evident reluctance, so close and enjoyable had the friendly associations been.

The delay in schedule was very fortunate for those who remained aboard for the six hours' run due north to Southampton for it gave us the ride in the day time, favored with beautiful weather again. If a more happy approach to England than the one of the previous day off Cornwall could be imagined, it was that now ours as we made our way close along the Isle of Wight, as attractive to the view as it is closely identified with English life and history. For example, topping the highest hill on the Isle as we passed the southernmost point, the Tennyson monument was plainly visible near where was the home of the Poet Laureate.

A Happy Home Coming and a Touch of Romance

Standing with the writer at the rail was a little woman who could hardly contain herself for joy and enthusiasm. For she and her husband, a Methodist pastor in Kansas, were returning on a visit to their old home-land, accompanied by an 11-year-old son who had never seen England. A fine combination they made, his seriousness lightened by her radiant and spontaneous good cheer. Fairly bubbling over she was with the zeal of life and we called her the "Parson's Butterfly." She was going home to her aged father and mother, who lived but a few miles from Southampton, and as the distance grew less and less she pictured the mother busily engaged in the old cottage preparing the home-coming meal and, after the manner of her mother and her foremothers, roasting the meat in the old-fashioned oven. But as we sailed along the Island, the Parson's Butterfly gave it an attention almost rapturous. Then presently, half shyly—"You will wonder why I am so foolish over the Isle of Wight. My husband and I spent our honeymoon there, and the Tennyson monument was a favorite place with us." Whereupon, under the spell of romance we confided that similarly, though far from the Isle of Wight, we too—but it was about our approach to

England that we were speaking!

Arrived at Southampton, the same official formalities were undergone as at Cherbourg—the coming aboard of officials to examine and O. K. our passports and visas, and when ashore there was the gauntlet of the customs officials to run. Six of us had decided not to go on directly to London, but to stop off at Winchester a few miles out from Southampton.

Students in English and Math

The customs officials safely passed, we next faced a barrage of typical cabbies and judging from their own appearance as well as that of their ancient looking cabs they could properly be labeled "old English." Knowing neither the ways of cabbies nor their language (Americans who imagine they understand English should have the privilege of trying a round with the King's English as variously spoken and spluttered over here), and viewing helplessly the assortment of coins and wagon wheels for which we had parted with sane and intelligible United States money, we first trippers gave the power of attorney to Stanley Yarshall, or perhaps we should say made him our diplomatic agent. At any rate he got us to the station whereupon we all went into executive session in an attempt to ascertain, first how much each of us owed him, he having settled for all, and second to "reduce" the given amount to the terms of coins of the realm which we now held. "For the first time," said one friend, "my wealth is such that I don't know how much I am worth."

Introducing Historic Winchester

It was certainly an inspiration that led us to enter historic England by Winchester, in many ways the cradle of English history. "In peaceful cloistered seclusion, dreaming of past glories and stormy battle-scenes, Winchester lies in the midst of country whose every stone might tell some tale of the chequered history of our forefathers. Looking back to the dim and distant years of antiquity, Winchester was the center of an old-time civilization while London was yet a village, and each successive race of invaders made the place their capital."

"Ye Olde Hostel of Godbegot"

But, even amid such surroundings, there are some very present and very practical matters to be considered—the question of hotels for instance. Even here, however, the names of old inns were so suggestive as to relieve the situation of much of its usual materialistic implications. There was the King George, the Black Swan, etc., but all these faded from consideration when we lighted upon the name of the God Begot House. Where else should a group of wandering Quaker pilgrims go? Go there we did, turning in under the quaint sign of "Ye olde Hostel of Godbegot." And it has full right to its quaintness dating back as it does to 1052, when Emma, the "Gem of the Normans," widow of King Ethelred, the Unready, and then the wife of King Canute, the Dane, gave the God-begot manor to the church. In late Tudor times the house was rebuilt (1558) and remains very much the same house as then. We enter and find a woman as hostess who might have stepped down out of a novel of Jane Austen, whose old home, the one in which she died in 1817, we passed frequently in Winchester. She was a lady and a hostess first, and a hotel proprietor second. Had we had a pleasant voyage; were we well and enjoying our visit, etc.? With all the fine talk of the American hotel magnates about "service," could we imagine Mr. Statler, for instance, coming round to inquire of his guests concerning the safety and pleasure of their journey?

Turning to her assistant, Miss Pamplin says, "Miss Rice, please show these gentlemen Ethelwulf and Ethelwold and William of Wykeham." We look at each other in uncertainty. Have we by mistake wandered into a museum sacred to modern restorations? But as we go up the stairs and along the hallways we read on the doors of the guest rooms not matter-of-fact numbers, oh, no, but such names as King Alfred, Queen Emma, Queen Maud, St. Cuthbert, Cedric, St. Swithin, King Stephen and Empress Matilda. Quaint and romantic, is it not? And yet the idea came from American friends of Miss Pamplin! Who knows, therefore, that a thousand years from now, tourists from the effete and opulent land of some present League of Nations mandatory in visiting an historic shrine in Missouri, New Jersey, or Chicago, will not wander into some Lodge or Wilson Begot House, whose hostess will say, "Please show these gentlemen Boise Penrose, Hiram W. Johnson, James W. Reed, William Hale Thompson, Miles Polindexter, James E. Wat-

son, and William E. Borah!"

A Stroll in Ancient Footprints

Turning off High Street, which is the old Roman "Principia," and on which is the God Begot House, we walk under the old arch of the palace of William the Conqueror. Here we met in with an elderly gentleman who takes great pains to tell us the facts of historical interest and to point out things which we should see. English people are most obliging that way, we observe. Pointing down toward the cathedral grounds he directs us to a grave stone on which we read this epitaph in memory of a local grenadier, "who died of a violent fever contracted by drinking small beer when hot the 12th day of May, 1764."

"Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier, Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer. Soldiers be wise from his untimely fall And when were hot drink strong or hot at all."

An honest soldier never is forgot, Whether he die by musket or by pot."

After a brief visit to the great cathedral, a mere preliminary call to pay our respects, we discover behind it the picturesque and noble ruins of Wolvesey Castle, covered with ivy and intensely suggestive of feudal England, it playing an important part in the civil wars of Stephen's troubled reign. Its beginnings, however, were in the early Saxon days, and most thrilling of all, it is said, in this old castle King Alfred's "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" were written, the basis of English prose literature. Here, too, came Queen Mary, on the occasion of her ill-fated marriage to King Philip of Spain. All about the ruins are turf tennis courts, for some of which the ancient walls serve as very substantial back nets. And what wretched tennis is being played with such inspiring background!

Rambling on past Winchester College, corresponding in rank with our high schools, we pause to see the boys or "men," as even the 12 year olds insist on being called, playing at the great English game of cricket. As interesting as the game itself and the players are the "men" looking on at a little distance. On a good play they applaud as decorously as one applauds a commencement oration. But never a rude shout do we hear.

The Spirit of Poesy Rudely Shocked

Dinner over at 8:30 or thereabouts we started out again, since it is light in England these days until 10:30, a boon for energetic sightseers. We climbed St. Giles Hill, a public park overlooking the city, and the surrounding country. Just as we reached the top the sun was sinking behind the hills, bathing the Hampshire landscape in golden glory. Here, we thought, is our setting for a little word painting. All we lacked was the poetic and historic name of the hills which framed the horizon. Accosting a native, we asked with thrilled expectancy, "Can't tell us the name of yonder hills o'er which England's sun is slowly setting?" "Oh, those? The golf links, Sir." Curtain! But not before one of our party nearly hurt himself with illly suppressed and very unpoetic mirth.

And we got us straightway down the mount to the sympathetic and appreciative associations of Ye Olde Hostel of God Begot, where we slumbered in historic harmony under the auspices of Ethelwulf.

W. C. W.

SEEING ALASKA
BY STEAMEREditor of the Graphic Tells Little
of First Part of Trip to
the North.

This is our third morning out from Seattle and the hour is 6:30 o'clock. While we are out to eat and sleep and take life easy for a few days it is difficult for those of us who have been accustomed to get up with the birds of the morning to take on the ways of city folks and lay and snooze until the last call of the breakfast bell.

We are aboard the Steamer Jefferson, which is a freight boat with very fair accommodations for 125 passengers. It is not swift going but it has a good record, having been on the run for a long time, and for those of us who are not in a hurry it is quite satisfactory. Alaskans are not satisfied, however, with the service the Alaska Steamship Co. is giving them for they think they are entitled to faster mail service than freighters can give.

On boarding the Jefferson at Seattle I got into conversation with a gentleman from Petersburg who has spent 11 years in Alaska and his remark on looking the passengers over was that most of them were tourists. Said it was easy enough to distinguish them from those who have "done time" in the northland. In our list we have the various types you meet in getting about the world. Those who are out for a good time and who only need a nod of the head for an introduction and who and they are friends for the whole trip, and then there are others who appear to want to keep all their troubles to themselves, with a far-away look. Pity them, for it seems too bad to spend one's good money for a pleasure outing and then not be able to break away from the old shell, be a mixer and get the worth of the money invested.

An apology was offered by our table waiter for the first meal. Said the steamer only got into Seattle the evening before, and that while the help usually got two or three days off after getting in they were hurried off the following morning and consequently were not in good form. Out on deck, a Portland lady remarked that the peas were not well cooked and consequently were hard, when our Petersburg friend said "Well the Captain's name is Livingstone," and said he, "when you see the man on board who has the largest feet you may address him as Cap. Livingstone." The captain is a jolly Scotchman of the Harry Lauder type who walks the deck with a long swing of his long, lank limbs and body and he has a jolly good morning for everybody.

Yesterday afternoon in our two and a half hours' run across Queen Charlotte Sound where we got the sweep of the ocean, he spent much of the time on deck with the limited number of passengers who had not taken to their bunks. He said the more exercise in the open air the better, and he led us in a trot back and forth, giving us an example of the proper swing to get in order to keep on our sea legs. And again in the evening when the floor was cleared below, and the piano and the victrola were tingling with "Fox

Trots" he reeled 'em off with those large feet of his with the abandon of a happy-go-lucky Highlander.

The old-time patrons of the Jefferson will tell you of Cap. Norde, long time master of ceremonies on this steamer, and of his wonderful facilities as an entertainer. And of how he became so attached to her that it was with great reluctance that he gave her up to take the place of captain on one of the larger steamers.

Yesterday morning we had a very interesting experience at the breakfast hour when we were halted by a gasoline tug that was in distress in a choppy sea from having lost her rudder. The little craft was rolling almost like a barrel and the three men on board were hanging on for dear life. Cap. Livingstone bellowed out to them through the megaphone above the roar of the wind and waves that he would throw them a line, which was done. It was made fast but when we began to make the pull the fastening was torn loose and another throw of the line was necessary. This time the line was passed entirely around the pilot house and made fast, both fore and aft and we towed the craft away to a cove and a smooth sea. The most interesting feature of the whole thing was the tenacity displayed by the small, lean, wiry red headed young fellow, hatless and coatless, who was on the job every minute on the reeling, rolling tug and all the while holding in his teeth a little old cob pipe, though some one in our crowd yelled to him to lighten his ship by throwing the pipe overboard. A second man gave little red head the best assistance he was able to render, while the third man, evidently a laid lubber, and helpless from sea-sickness and fright, had his arms wound around a mast with a death-like grip. The life boat, gasoline cans and everything that was loose was washed overboard and no effort was made to pick anything up, all interest being centered on saving the tug and her crew from loss.

Tuesday Evening—Have just been listening to the stories of a patriarchal appearing Episcopal minister who graduated when a young man from West Point. Besides being a good story-teller he is an inveterate cigarette smoker and does his part in keeping the smoking room blue all day long.

One of the most interesting passengers we have is a baby boy of 18 months from whom never a whimper is heard. The young mother is an excellent singer and while she entertains us at the piano and with her voice the baby is passed about with a smile for everyone.

We are just getting out of British Columbia territory and into Alaska this evening and tomorrow morning at four o'clock we are to arrive at Ketchikan for a stop of three hours.

Must turn in and be up early to see things.

CITY MAIL DELIVERY.

For some time past a considerable number of Newberg citizens have been agitating the question of mail delivery in the city and expressing the hope that it might soon become an accomplished fact.

Postmaster Larkin, having due regard for the wishes of our citizens and for anything that will promote the interest of Newberg, took the matter up with the department at Washington, with the result that an agent was sent here to investigate the situation. The agent reported favorably on the proposition and Postmaster Larkin has been notified that mail delivery in this city would be inaugurated October 1st. Provided, boxes are put up at the homes of citizens for the reception of mail. It is now up to the citizens to secure this great benefit, and would urge them to put up boxes without delay. Don't wait until October 1st, or there won't be any mail delivery, as the boxes must be up before that date. No special type of box is required and a slit in the door will answer the purpose. Mail carriers cannot deliver mail where no provisions are made for receiving it, and they will not push mail under doors, or toss it over in the yard. The expense of providing a box is trifling while the benefit derived from free delivery is great and easily secured. Order a box today and put it up at once; it will be a reminder to your neighbor to do his duty.

The Young People's Union Society, of Newberg, will hold a devotional service in the park, Sunday, evening August 29. Everyone invited.

NEW MAN FOR
PACIFIC COLLEGEThe College Opens September 27th,
With an Increased Attendance
Over Last Year.

Perry Macy, of the class of 1907 is the latest addition to the teaching force of Pacific College. Efforts have been made to secure Mr. Macy before, and his acceptance of a position on the faculty of the College is general cause for hearty congratulation at the present time when it is so difficult to secure men for such positions. The teaching force of the college is now complete.

Mr. Macy made a splendid record while in the college not only in the class room but in the extra-curriculum activities as well. He has spent three years in graduate study, was for several years superintendent of New England Yearly Meeting of Friends and for a number of years he has been a pastor in the New England states. In all these positions he has made an enviable record and his coming will add much strength to the Pacific College faculty. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Macy of Springfield.

For a number of years it has been found necessary to postpone the date of opening the College on account of the prune harvest. The schedule under which the College is now working was adopted several years ago before the prune became as large a factor as it is now. It has been found necessary for schools of all description to delay the fall opening to the later part of September and the college authorities have accordingly decided to postpone the opening of the college from September 13th, to September 27th.

The prospects for attendance were never better at this time of year. The mens dormitory is receiving complete interior decoration and will be ready for use by opening day.

FIRES THREATEN BRIDGE.

Fires at the Willamette river bridge are becoming alarmingly frequent, the Newberg fire department having been called to extinguish fires at the bridge several times within the past three weeks.

The first of these fires, was supposed to have originated from brush fires burning in adjacent fields, but the fire of last Thursday was believed to have been caused by some person carelessly throwing away a cigar stub while crossing the bridge. The origin of the Friday evening fire is unknown, but is presumed to have been caused through the carelessness of some chance passer.

The fire department boys deserve great credit for their good work in subduing these fires, as they all occurred beyond the city jurisdiction, being on the opposite side of the river in Marion County. While none of these fires have damaged the bridge to any appreciable extent beyond scorching some of the piling, serious damage would have resulted but for the timely discovery of the fire and the prompt work of the fire ladders. The fire of Friday evening was discovered in some trash under the bridge but was extinguished before it had communicated to the piling. After the fire was put out, the fire boys secured a large tank from the Oil Company, filled it with water and left it at the bridge with three of the boys who remained on guard all night. While our fire department may always be depended upon to do their duty and even more, yet the appliances with which they are supplied are inferior and by no means equal to the requirements of a city of the size and importance of Newberg, and our city council should not wait until we are visited by a destructive fire before providing against an emergency which is liable to occur at any time. It is an old, old saying that it is useless to lock the stable door after the steed has been stolen, and it is to be hoped that the "powers that be," will not have occasion to recall the old saying at a time when conscience is reproaching them for neglect of duty.

The city council did not take up the street improvement problem at their Monday night meeting as there was no quorum present.

"How Can I Win, With
This Chained to My Leg?"

Grant E. Hamilton of Judge.