

NEWBERG GRAPHIC

VOLXXXII

NEWBERG, YAMHILL COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1920

No. 6

W. C. WOODWARD SEEING SCOTLAND

The Home of The Bagpipe, Bobby Burns and Others Who Live In History

Judging by its midsummer temperature, we would hardly recommend Edinburgh as a winter resort. One is surprised at the piercing coolness until he realizes that the city is in the same latitude as such shivery places on the map as Labrador, Bering Sea and Kamchatka. Neither did the power of suggestion make it seem any warmer, when, as happened now and then while we were shivering and shaking betimes, some native in our compartment would call for more fresh air, exclaiming at the hot and sultry atmosphere which he prophesied would certainly bring a storm! During one or two days of the Conference at London when it was just about warm enough to be comfortable, our English friends were gasping and making a fuss generally over the oppressive heat! There is enough of Tom Sawyer or Peck's Bad Boy in us to have made us wish for the power to switch on some sure enough August weather from way down in old Indiana—just to see what would happen.

Leaving Edinburgh one afternoon for Stirling, we crossed the Firth of Forth on the great bridge declared by the French engineer, Eiffel, to be one of the greatest achievements of modern engineering. In the Firth is to be seen a fine collection of antiquities in the way of captive German ships, both war and merchant. A little further on we passed through Dunfermline in Fifehire, the birthplace of Andrew Carnegie.

Going to Stirling was very much like going on a pilgrimage to the shrine of our boyhood hero worship. Immediately on arriving and locating at the Golden Lion, we set out for the scene of Bannockburn where on June 24, 1307, Bruce sent the magnificent army of Edward II flying back in confusion across the border and thereby won independence for Scotland. And how we had revelled in the story of the prowess of Bruce as demonstrated on the eve of the battle; of how, mounted on a little pony, he had ridden out in front of his army to reconnoiter, armed only with a battle ax; of how a rash English knight thinking to take the Scotch king unawares, bore down suddenly upon him on his heavy charger, expecting to run Bruce through with his lance; and of how the latter, waiting quietly the onset, quickly turned his pony so as to evade the lance, and then rising in his stirrups dealt the knight such a blow as to crush his iron helmet and hurl him from his saddle, dead. In the boy's mind, which was running very strongly to ponies along then as his parents were only too well aware, the Scotch king was made to divide his laurels with his unpretentious but faithful little mount, which did its part so well in this valorous incident.

And here we were this beautiful late afternoon, on the very ground of this heroic chapter of Scottish history. And the setting is entirely worthy the scene. We are on a slight eminence, the site of the stone and standard of commemoration, with fertile fields falling away from us on all sides. Before us is the little valley of decision in which the English cavalry floundered and fell in the hidden pitfalls prepared for them by the resourceful Bruce. On the other side the Scotch army had been drawn up for battle and the rise behind is Gillies Hill, down which the Scotch gillies or servants rushed, and terrifying the English with the thought of reinforcements, turned the tide of battle. Off up there in the distance to our right is Stirling Castle, frowning defiance from its lofty promontory.

The spirit of Bruce and Bannockburn has been well caught by Burns in stirring verse:

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, whom Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed
On to glorious victory.

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw
Free-man stand or Free-man fa'
Caledonian, on wi' me!

And as we stood there rapt with

the scene and spirit enveloping it, there arose from the valley the martial strains from a bagpipe, the first we had heard in Scotland, the audible expression of Bannockburn! To some unknown Scotch laddie we pay our need of gratitude for having given the perfect, finishing touch to an afternoon with our boyhood, heroic memories.

As we moved away with the stirring strains still lingering in our ears, we had not words with which to express the inspiration, the ruling passion of the hour. Not so with the Farm-Economist. Gazing over the heroic scene he exclaimed in an abandon of ecstatic feeling, "A fine stand of wheat there!"

Thus rudely the mystic chord was snapped, whereupon we began to think in terms of the Golden Lion and food and betook ourselves back to Stirling. At the dinner table with us sat an Englishman who spoke freely his impatience with the Scotch for his inability to understand them. He almost snorted his disdain, not to say disgust, declaring he would rather undertake to understand a foreign tongue outright. While we had been experiencing some of the same difficulties, tact forbade telling our English friend that these difficulties were not appreciably greater than those we had experienced in understanding some of his own countrymen.

We realized in England for the first time how much intonation and accent have to do with "getting" the words of a speaker. How often did we find it almost impossible to understand English people, not because their pronunciation was different, but because of their inflections of speech. We like their softer, more liquid voices and do not wonder that our more rasping, nasal tones get on their nerves—as did the strident strains of a passing boy scout bagpipe band upon the exposed nerves of our fellow diner—critic of all things Scotch.

Dinner over by eight, we had full two hours of daylight before us in this northern clime, and set out for the imposing Wallace Monument, which stands, sentinel like, on a high hill or mountain overlooking the town. A beautiful winding, wooded, pathway led us to the summit, to be brought suddenly face to face with one of the noblest, most substantial memorials which we saw in all our journeyings. Here breathed we again the spirit of "Scottish Chiefs," which had so stirred the boy with recital of heroic deeds and which had moved him to unashamed tears over the misfortunes of Wallace and his devoted Helen Marr.

We begin the ascent of the monument, on whose successive floors are to be found galleries of pictures, etc., setting forth Scotland's heroic history. Up, on up, we go, two hundred steps and still on up, until at the last the top—and what a magnificent panorama is spread before us! Below us the entrancing valley of the Forth which is continually looping the loop in its magic maze of winding wanderings. And gradually rising from the foothills, the darkling mountains, marking the evenings encircling horizon. Off yonder, the Grampians, recalling the lines playfully quoted in season and out by an elderly friend of my boyhood, long since gone beyond life's hilliest to the plains of peace—

"My name is Norval,
On the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flocks."

And the panorama before us is historical as well as physical. Below us on one side is a pile of stone which marks the foundations of Scotch nationality in the ascendancy of the Scots over the Picts, attained in 843 under their king Kenneth MacAlpin. Within our range of vision are a half dozen or more battlefields, including Stirling Bridge, Falkirk and Bannockburn which were factors in the long struggle for Scottish freedom. As at Winchester we felt that we had explored the very heart of English history, so now we found at Stirling the hidden springs of the national life of Scotland.

Next morning, shortly after we three had seated ourselves at the breakfast table, we were joined by our English friend of the previous evening. The morning was as murky as had been his disposition the night before, but as if to make amends he hailed us in greeting, "The same to you!" quickly replied the editor, inwardly shaking hands with himself in congratulation that he had

beat his companions in catching John Bull's greeting and passing one back in kind. The Englishman gave us a stare which brought the second sober thought—and we realized that his words of greeting had been, "A nasty morning, this."

MORE LIGHT ON THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

A well known portion of Lincoln's Gettysburg address has been generally misread, if Lincoln's own rendition of the now famous passage is to be regarded as correct. This position is taken by Christian Gauss, a member of the Princeton university faculty, who has published a book, "Democracy Today," containing a number of addresses by leading Americans.

The passage in question is the closing clause of the Gettysburg speech, "and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." Practically the only reading of these words ever heard places the emphasis upon the words "of," "by," and "for." But Lincoln, did not so place the stress, Mr. Gauss declares, on the testimony of good authority, based on the word of a careful listener who heard the word "people," increasing rather the word "people," increasing the emphasis each time this word was repeated.

"It is natural that Lincoln should have done this," the writer adds, "for to him one of the greatest advantages in our system of government was the importance and the opportunity it gave to the young citizen poor in purse and social station. This was one of the reasons why he believed slavery hostile to the spirit of democracy. He was proud to count himself one of the people."

Incidentally Mr. Gauss points out what is rather generally known now about the origin of this famous passage, the fact that Theodore Parker, in a speech in 1858, five years before Lincoln spoke, used the expression, "Democracy is direct self-government, over all the people, by all the people, for all the people." The force and simplicity gained by Lincoln's way of putting it doubtless provides a sufficient basis for a claim to originality.—Kansas City Star.

Steam Rolled.

Enpeck—I'm going to affiliate with another party, woman, unless you change your parliamentary rules. Mrs. Enpeck—You interest me strangely. Pray, proceed.

Enpeck—The only time you accord me the privilege of the floor is when the baby sets up a howl at night.—Buffalo Express.

COLLEGE TEAM COMING

A McMinnville College Y. M. C. A. deputation team is coming to Newberg this week end. The program includes a meeting at 7:30 Friday evening at the high school and Sunday evening at the Baptist church, the latter to be a union service. On Sunday afternoon at the Baptist church a meeting for boys and men will be held. A "Kick-off" banquet will be held at the Baptist church, Saturday night at 7:30 o'clock. A real honest-to-goodness time for all.

FROM TUESDAY'S OREGONIAN

A fine of \$25 and confiscation of his shotgun, hunting license and ten ducks was the penalty imposed on W. T. Anderson of Newberg yesterday when he pleaded guilty to a charge of shooting ducks after sunset. Anderson was arrested near Burlington, Sunday by Deputy Game Wardens H. E. Meads and William Brown.

Half an hour after he reached the home of his wife yesterday after a long absence in Seattle, Isaac E. Holt found himself in the toils of the law. He was arrested on a non-support charge and was brought before Presiding Judge Taxwell, who released him on his own recognizance. He pleaded not guilty. Holt said he had come to Portland voluntarily to arrange for the care of his family. A warrant was sworn out against him in his absence.

FREE METHODIST

CHURCH NOTICE

In the absence of the pastor, Rev. W. W. Coffee, Rev. W. F. Childs formerly of Southern Oregon, will speak at eleven o'clock, Sunday morning, November fourteenth. Rev. George Delarner from Alberta, Canada, will speak in the evening at 7:30. People's meeting at 8:30.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Sunday School, 9:45. Morning Worship, 11:00. YPSCE, 6:30. Evening Bible concert on "Vanities of Man," 7:30. Mid-week Service, Wednesday, 7:45.

The church is a divine institution, a patriotic necessity, and a home blessing. No one can neglect it.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Hon. W. T. Vinton, will give the Armistice Memorial address Sunday at 11 o'clock. Special vocal and orchestra music for the occasion.

Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. No preaching services in this church in the evening on account of the union high school services.

MONDAY NIGHT FIRE

The alarm of fire which called out the fire department about 9 o'clock p. m. on Monday, was occasioned by a blaze which originated in a frame structure situated directly in the rear of the furniture store of Claud Cummings on First street.

When the firemen arrived on the scene the flames had burst through the roof and the building was a mass of flames on the inside as well as the rear of the store building, and only the prompt and efficient work of the firemen prevented what bid fair to be a most disastrous conflagration, as the adjoining buildings, Oberg and Paulson's grocery on the East and Tyndall and Churchill's real estate and insurance office building on the west, are frame structures which would have been difficult to save, had the fire obtained much headway in the furniture store.

How the fire originated is a mystery, as there had been no fire in the building where the blaze started and everything was all right when the door was closed about five o'clock p. m. Mr. Cummings is positive the fire could not have originated from spontaneous combustion, as there were no greasy rags, waste, or other material to cause the fire to start in that manner.

Some parties believe that small boys might have been indulging in cigarette smoking surreptitiously, and had repaired to the rear of the furniture store to escape parental observation, and carelessly dropped a burning match or cigarette, while others believe the fire was of incendiary origin, started for the purpose of drawing people from their homes and giving burglars an opportunity of easily securing valuable loot with comparatively little danger.

Thanks to the prompt work of the fire laddies, the loss occasioned by the fire was not great. Had the fire occurred at a later hour after people generally had retired, the loss would undoubtedly have been large.

It is the duty of every citizen to vote on December 2, for the purchase of the proposed \$3,000 fire equipment so badly needed to lessen the danger of loss by fire. And while installing new fire apparatus, also arrange to have the alarm bell sounded by the operator at the telephone office, and furthermore, as the fire department boys are all volunteers, the city should see that each member is provided with a phone, and that he does not have to pay for some out of the meager pittance which he sometimes receives for his work in protecting our homes. Every citizen without exception should render all reasonable, possible aid in securing the best fire protection available, and they should not wait until a bad fire drives them to do that which would have prevented that bad fire had it been done when it should. Remember, prevention is cheaper than a blaze.

SUNDAY AT WEST

CHEHALEM CHURCH

Sunday school at 10:00 a. m. Preaching at 11:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 7:00 p. m. Preaching at 8:00 p. m.

Everybody is urged to come to as many of these services as possible. Mr. Brock is sure to have an interesting sermon. We need every young person in the community in our Christian Endeavor Society. Topics of importance and interest will be discussed at these meetings. Respectfully, Ralph Baker.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If you scorch white goods when ironing, rub the place at once with a cloth dipped in dilute peroxide, run the iron over it and the scorch will disappear.

To set delicate colors in embroidered handkerchiefs, soak them 10 minutes previous to washing in a pail of tepid water in which a dessert spoon of turpentine has been well stirred.

Put your sugar in coffee cup before pouring in coffee. About half as much sugar is saved than by putting it in after coffee is poured.

To make a good dustless stove polish, add to one cup washing powder two cups boiling water and one cake stove polish. Mix and apply with a woolen cloth. Polish with dry cloth.

The lower part of white skirts worn out at the top, also white aprons worn out at the top, may be used to make drawers for small children.

COLLISION OCCURS AT FIRST AND MAIN STS

Automobile Driven By S. W. Stilwell Crashes Into Electric Train.

An automobile driven by S. W. Stilwell, who resides five miles west of Newberg, crashed into the east bound 9:55 train, this, Thursday morning at the main street crossing.

The auto was occupied by Mr. Stilwell, his wife and three children, who were all bruised and shaken up but were fortunately not seriously injured. Mrs. Stilwell sustained a cut on her left wrist and a scalp wound, neither of which are dangerous. The little girls aged 2 and 7 years, respectively, were bruised about their mouths, while the little 5 year old boy escaped with a contusion of the scalp.

It seems that Mr. Stilwell, who was going south on Main street, and intending to turn west at the railroad, became excited by a runaway team near at hand, and while watching the team, and endeavoring to avoid it, forgot to make the turn at the crossing and permitted the car to go straight ahead, crashing into the first car of the approaching train. The team which diverted his attention was driven by James Everest, and was on First street near the Westfall Confectionery when they became frightened at the approaching train and despite the efforts of the driver veered from the street and plunged under the awning in front of the confectionery, knocking down one of the upright supports and dashing out on Main street at the critical moment when the Stilwell car was nearly in their path. Naturally enough Stilwell's attention was attracted to the plunging horses and he momentarily forgot his proximity to the railroad. No blame attaches to the railroad company. The auto lost one wheel, the glass from the windshield and suffered some minor damages. The runaway horses were brought under control by the driver after they got away from the vicinity of the railroad.

CASES IN CIRCUIT COURT

The following cases of interest to the City of Newberg are before the court at McMinnville for this week:

State of Oregon vs Mrs. S. Johnson: Not a true bill. This case was before Justice Churchill last summer on a hearing wherein Mrs. Johnson through her attorney, B. A. Kliks, desired a jury hearing at Newberg, but was refused, and bound over to the grand jury. She was charged with assaulting Mr. White, a merchant at Hopewell. Mrs. Johnson, with her husband, is conducting a garage there. The case was dismissed without trial.

M. W. Patton vs Chehalem Valley Mills: B. A. Kliks for plaintiff; Clarence Butt and Vinton & Toose for defendant. Mr. Patton seeks to recover for loss of hay burned in the Timberlake barn fire of last fall. The case is now on trial.

Garrow vs Newberg. Attempt to recover \$4,000.00 for engineering fees on proposed paving considered by the council this spring. Wood, Montague, Matthiesen and Clarence Butt for Plaintiff, with C. R. Chapin and B. A. Kliks for the city.

State of Oregon vs Bush: Assault with dangerous weapon on Neal Hodges at a rock quarry near Patton farm. R. L. Conner for State; B. A. Kliks for defendant.

Edmund Hodges vs Mary Ann Hodges, divorce. Arthur I. Moulton for plaintiff; B. A. Kliks for defendant.

C. W. Cook vs Lee Rowell, over possession of rock quarry, tried at Newberg last summer before Justice Churchill and a jury, wherein Cook prevailed, is appealed and will again be tried. B. A. Kliks for plaintiff; Otto W. Heider and Frank Holmes for defendant.

Court will be in session nearly two weeks, there being several cases from other parts of the county.

Elder B. J. Cady will give two illustrated stereopticon talks at the Seventh Day Adventist church, Sunday and Monday, November 14 and 15, at 7:30 o'clock each evening. Subject: "Foreign Missions—What Our Workers Are Doing—Does It Pay."

Everyone is invited.

The American Red Cross

