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INTERESTING LETTERS FROM THE LEE BOYS

Walter Tells Thrilling Story of Battle
Royal by Airplanes Which
He Witnessed

Lieutenant Walter C. Lee, son of Rev. George H. Lee, has been in France since January, but at the front only since the early part of July.

Lieutenant Arthur T. Lee, another son has just arrived and writes July 27 as follows:

Dear Folks—I cabled you from England that we had arrived safely. We had a very pleasant trip all the way, except that riding in French trains is not a particular luxury for an American. I was not seasick at all although I was a little dizzy one morning. The ship on which we crossed was no rowboat so that made a difference.

I have not heard a word from Walter since I left the States, and do not know where he is. I am in a very comfortable room in the home of an old man and woman on the edge of town near our company billets. I have the same kind of a big feather bed that Walter wrote about. There is practically no way of spending any money here, so saving should not be much of a problem.

One can never realize the difference it makes in coming into a place without knowing the language until he has tried it. It is the most lost sensation in the world. When I first came to this place I tried to tell my best one or two points about what I was doing here and he talked about something until I was dizzy, but all to no avail. I have about ten words to my credit and I can't make him understand most of them. As ever, Art.

Walter writes July 21:
After a hard night and morning's work I find time to write my regular letter. Last night at nine I went out with my detail to a new position and worked in the dark and wind and rain until about two a. m. Then without even taking off my blouse, I rolled up in my blankets in a pile of straw in a shed and slept the sleep of the just until eight a. m. when I got up, took five minutes to rub the sleep out of my eyes, and then went at it again till noon.

No mail has caught up with us for two weeks, and up here it is difficult to get newspapers so we feel quite cut off from the world, although we are in the center of the point of interest of the world's greatest events.

I am no longer connected with D Battery. I have been transferred to Headquarters Company and attached to the headquarters of the 2nd Battalion as Orienting Officer. The work is exceedingly interesting and instructive and I do enjoy it. But if things keep up with us as they have been my chances for a wound stripe are nil. However, change is a natural law, so I haven't given up hope.

July 28—Another chance to write to you on a perfectly good Sunday, which is exactly like any other day in the Zone of Advance.

No mail has reached us since our move to the front, with the exception of a letter from Art this morning, announcing his safe arrival in France. I am so excited over it I can hardly sit still, even making plans to write to General Pershing to find out where Art is. I have a general idea of the sector to which they will send Art, and if they do send him there it will be a long time before we get together. Plans are being laid to establish a system that will keep each other in touch with each other so that we will know what is what wherever we are. (Can you beat that sentence? I wrote that while listening to the observing corporal just returned from my Observing Post.)

We have been seeing somewhat more of the war this last week, having passed over fields where dead still lay unburied, where rack and ruin and fire had passed over the fair face of the land. Yesterday I was upon the very front line, even a little in front of it, but it was far different from my expectations, as most everything else has been. The only thing that was not different was the airplane battle I saw. It was absolutely demoralizing. A flock of Boche came over towards an observing balloon near us, and all the anti-aircraft guns in wide radius opened up on them. Meanwhile another came sneaking over above the clouds, volplaned down without being seen, and set fire to the balloon. The balloonist jumped, dropped two hundred feet before his parachute opened, then came floating over and landed safely within a few hundred yards of us. Meanwhile some allied planes came over and waded into the Boche, and the battle royal began. There were only about three allies and seven or eight Boche. The machine guns cracked like automatic hammers on a riveting job and the planes circled up and up until almost lost sight of, thousands of meters up still firing at each other and maneuvering for position. On the way up two Boche planes suddenly turned nose to the ground and shot down like shooting stars, landing in a ruined crash several kilometers from us. Finally the Boche turned off and fled back over their lines and the battle was ended.

I can't describe my feelings as I stood on the ground and watched the proceedings from beginning to end. It was awe-inspiring, thrilling, terrifying, giving a feeling at once of great exuberance and extreme depression. I suppose I will get used to it, but at present it is rather taxing on a nervous man's physique. My best love to you all. Keep the home fires burning. I'll be dropping in to sit beside them some of these sweet days. Walter.

SOLDIERS FROM VANCOUVER
ENTERTAINED ON SUNDAY

Last Sunday Newberg Chapter No. 55, Order Eastern Star, entertained eighteen U. S. soldiers from Vancouver with a picnic at the Yamhill Locks. The men arrived at eleven o'clock and were taken, with the members and their families, by auto to the scene of action. A bountiful dinner was served, and various diversions made the day a pleasant time, all too short, though.

The following men attended and were from as many states:

Corporal Chas. Van Derpe (in charge.)
Harry H. Miller, First Squadron.
James A. McGuigan, Second Squadron.
Jasper McGhie, Second Squadron.
George Ferini, Third Squadron.
John H. Roush, Third Squadron.
Oscar L. Anderson, Fourth Squadron.
Frank Kaiser, Fourth Squadron.
Donald J. Cross, Sixth Squadron.
Wm. B. Anderson, Seventh Squadron.
Harry L. Bahlman, Seventh Squadron.
Howard B. Wiggins, Eighth Squadron.
Harr G. Leingang, Eighth Squadron.
Alexander B. Smiley, Tenth Squadron.
Valfred Lehnberg, Tenth Squadron.
Jesse Roberts, Ninth Squadron.
Phil Sterling, Ninth Squadron.

The men, one and all, expressed their appreciation for the invitation, and we know the pleasure was mutual. Committee.

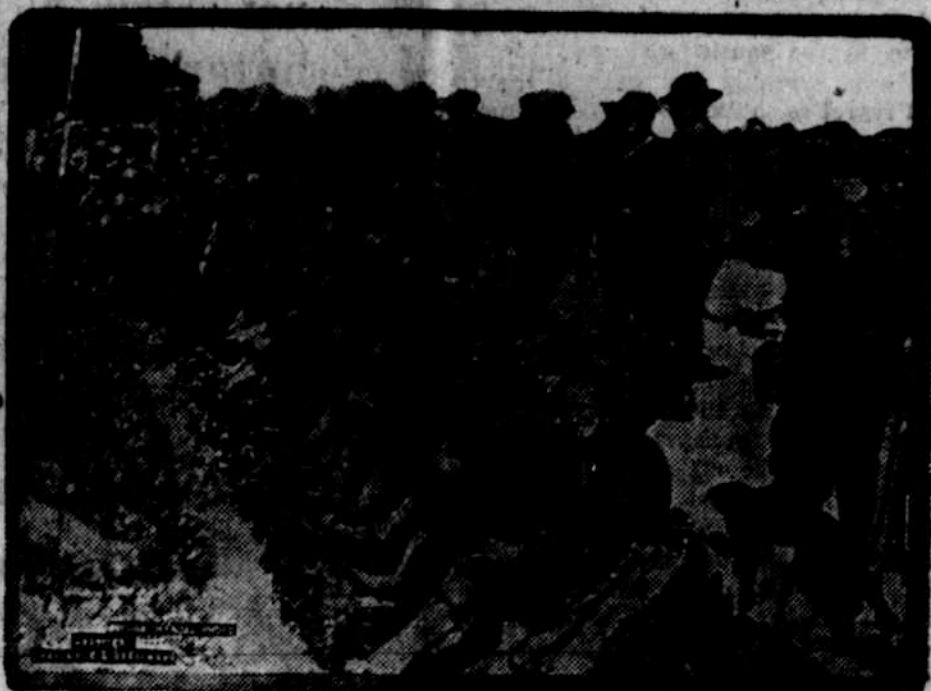
FAILED TO OBSERVE SAFETY FIRST

S. I. Hibbs had the misfortune Wednesday to be run over by his farm tractor, sustaining three fractures in one of his legs, besides having the limb severely crushed and bruised. Mr. Hibbs was underneath the machine making some minor adjustment with the engine running, and in some unaccountable manner it was thrown into gear, starting off and catching him before he could extricate himself. The injured man was brought to the McMinnville hospital, where he is resting as comfortably as could be expected, with good chances of ultimate recovery.—Telephone-Register.

NORTH MAIN CLUB

The North Main Improvement Club met at the home of the president, Mrs. L. M. Nye, on Wednesday, August 21. The program consisted of a reading by Mrs. Nye on "Prohibition and Its Relation to the War." Papers were also read by Mrs. Moffitt and Mrs. Jones, and a question box was conducted by Mrs. Merle Budd. Three new members were taken into the club. Watermelon was served.

YANKEES RESTING BETWEEN FIGHTS



Here is a detachment of the American troops that did such brilliant fighting on the west front, converting the Hun offensive into a Hun disaster and retreat. They are resting by the roadside, smoking, joking and light-hearted, and ready to jump into the fight again.

SIDE LIGHTS ON G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT

Miss Jessie Britt Tells of Week
Spent With the Veterans
of Many Battles

The 52nd National Convention of the G. A. R. has encamped and de-camped this year in Portland, right at our very doors, so that we did not have to mortgage the farm in order to attend. Not but what it would have been worth it for in many ways it is a unique and notable event.

Portland in every way certainly did herself proud in taking care of her guests, most of whom in spite of failing eyesight and tottering limbs, have a sublime faith in their own ability to care for themselves. But it was really the Royal Rosarians, the Boy Scouts, the general public and a merciful Providence that kept them from danger and accident.

The weather, too, was on its good behavior so that we could discourse eloquently on the delights of Oregon climate and inquire pitily. "Don't you have awful hot weather in the East?"

There is one infallible sign by which you can easily distinguish Easterners. They always pronounce our state Ore-gon, bearing down long and heavily on the last syllable. Some sin through ignorance, others pointlessly persist in their own pronunciation as more correct. I suppose, than our chopped off Ore-gun, with the last syllable pronounced as if it were some kind of a Howitzer or Maxim. I met one lady who must have been from New York or Boston. She called it Ore-gawn, which no doubt is the very acme of culture and correctness.

Occasionally the Eastern visitor will inquire in a slightly patronizing manner, "Have you lived in Ore-gon long?" Then if you wish to make yourself really agreeable you let your eyes assume a faraway expression as if gazing back upon hardships of pioneer day: while you lapse into the vernacular, "Land sakes, yes. I been right here a right smart spell—nigh onto forty year, I guess." It always pleases them to think that they have seen a real pioneer—or a genuine native.

Visitors get mixed up on local landmarks, too. One lady advanced the startling information that the old soldiers had been dancing at the White Temple. Of course she meant the Liberty Temple, but it really was a dreadful thing to cast such a slur upon the whole G. A. R. as well as the entire Baptist denomination.

Of course the big event of the Encampment was the parade and surely none but the old soldiers could ever form one of such interest and of such infinite variety. In their exuberance of spirits and in their frank and spontaneous enjoyment they were like children. And many of them were like children, too, in the pathetic appeal of their feebleness and helplessness.

Some barely able to totter along were supported by comrades almost as feeble. The blind passed by, sometimes guided by a comrade, sometimes linked arm in arm with a little spindly-legged granddaughter. Several had but one arm, many hobbled along on stiff legs—and others

DR. JNO. S. RANKIN SEEING FRANCE

Says He Was Delighted With
What He Saw
In England

Near the sea in France,
July 27, 1918.

Dear Wife and Children—We have now been on French soil for one day. We are within three miles of the ocean and in an English rest camp. This is the second rest camp and if we are resting now we must be in some hell hole farther on for there has been but little rest so far in either place.

We were in England three days, two of which were spent in traveling and a delightful trip it was, in the dinkiest little cars or carriages. You have seen pictures of them I am sure. They are divided into sections which run across the cars, seating six persons to a section in the first class and eight persons in the second and third class. The stations are modern in every way, even to liquors and tea being sold by ladies. Some of the officers, especially of the medical department, seem to like the stronger—bad business, I take the weaker.

The railroad equipment in England as well as the road beds, are first class and the trains with their queer little engines run like the dickens.

The country through which we traveled is delightfully beautiful. Climate like Oregon with plenty of rain and every moment spent in England was a delight and pleasure. I could write pages and not tell half.

We are in the oldest and most historic parts of England. Spent some time walking through a great estate owned by an English lord whose lady is or was an American. The better part of our day was spent in an old and historic city in England but nearly the largest city on the Isle. An hour was spent in a grand old cathedral that dates back hundreds of years and is one of the largest in the world. I could have spent a month in that old cathedral and I haven't the gift of words even if it would get by the censor to describe its beauties and wonders. You have seen pictures of this very cathedral so I will have to let you draw on your imagination until I get home and tell you all about it.

The cities, all of them, are very attractive with their narrow streets, red brick houses with slate roofs. Everything so neat and clean, but words fail me. It is so different, so beautiful that I shall always remember my first visit to England.

I have arranged through Messrs. Cox & Co, 16 Charing Cross, London, to handle my mail, and I will get it sooner. I wrote you at the dock when we left England to address my letters in care of this firm, but I am doing so again for fear that letter went astray.

I have written you often, probably seven letters all together since I sailed from the U. S. A. Of course all those written on the boat will reach you at about the same time. I hope you get them all and each of you write me in reply. Send this letter on to father and mother. Of course you will read it to your folks, that is, if you can read it at all, which I doubt, for it is a mighty poor place for writing. They call it

a hut. The floor shakes worse than a skyscraper in an earthquake when anyone walks across it, and that is about all the time. It is very difficult to get a smooth place for my paper.

Please send my address to the Newberg papers. Give my regards to Glasses and Hulls. Tell them I will write them if I ever get a chance to sit long enough, which I doubt. My Ingersoll died an untimely death by my wrist strap breaking and getting a fall on deck, so I bought a Swiss watch.

I have an awful time with my money. In England they measure money by the handful. They have pounds sterling, crowns, half crowns, florin, a bob, trapins, etc., to a 'alf pen. Sometimes you get a whole handful of pennies. The paper money looks like the chewing gum coupons Larome used to gather up.

I have seen very little of France. Just this old, very old, seaport town and that only to pass through it. The first thing I noticed was that everything was less neat and tidy than in England, and of course shows the effects of war more. Women and children are everywhere doing men's work. The children are especially numerous and the most persistent beggars, and seem to know enough English to say, "Penny, penny, Sir." Most of the little tots come up with a salute.

We leave tonight for somewhere in France. We do not know where but supposed to be a three-days' journey. Address Capt. John S. Rankin, M. R. C. 363 Inf. American E. F., Cr. Messrs. Cox & Co., 16 Charing Cross, London, S. W. 1.

CHANDOS CHASE WRITES ON THE MARNE

The following is taken from letters recently received by Mr. and Mrs. H. Chase from their son, Chandos. When the Machine Gun Co. of the Third Oregon was broken up, he with about 40 of the old company were transferred to Co. D, 8th Machine Gun Battalion, and sent to the front on June 6. Chandos is gunner of his squad.

July 31,
On our march to the rear.

Dearest Mother and Dad—Once more time and stationary are available, so I will take advantage of it to let you know your boy is all to the merry, and feeling fine. We are now on the way to our rest camp, but where that will be I know not. I suppose that by this time you have read about the big battle that took place here on the 15th of July, and I want to put your mind at rest, by telling you that I came out of it all without even a scratch. All I can say is that we had a lot of fun here for a week or two. The worst is over now. But I wouldn't have missed that fun for anything. The Boches made no gains at all. We held them at all points and our division was the first to cross the Marne.

Well, how is everything in little old Newberg? It seems a long time since I was home—a matter of ten months, almost a year, and just think, eight of those months I have been in France.

Well, as there is no news I think I will ring off for this time.

Your loving son,
Chandos L. Chase.

THIS WEEK'S CALL FOR THE DRAFT

Verne B. Holland, McMinnville.
Elmer Merle Luellen, Newberg.
Charles Webster, Wilhelmsen, Newberg.
Roy Clark, Sheridan.
James Munro, Yamhill.
Charles Almond Ferguson, Dayton.
Jesse Hutchens, McMinnville.
Roy Calvin Richards, Dayton.
Joseph Abraham Burdick, Carlton.
Carl Homer Holt, Sheridan.
Robert M. Neill, Carlton.
Evan Harold Cousins, Dundee.
William Earl Etzweiler, Newberg.
Lester Gumm, Newberg.
Edwin Body, Newberg.
August Edgar Dorsey, McMinnville.
Stanley Nichols, Yamhill.
Frederick Cleon Howard, Newberg.
Albert Henry Kidd, Amity.
Lyle Shuck, Yamhill.
Charles Arthur Garland, Rex.
Clare Caviness, Yamhill.
Larry Louis Jones, Sherwood.
Lester Irwin Jones, Newberg.
Frank Alexander Brown, Carlton.
Rudolph Abraham Miller, McMinnville.

W. K. HORNING IN OLD IRELAND

Is Being Well Fed—Will Kiss the
Blarney Stone if Oppor-
tunity Offers

July 26 1918.

Dear Folks—Am at my destination at last, Queenstown, Ireland. This is a pretty good place in at least one respect—the chow, but it is good, too, to be able to talk to the people. They don't talk like Americans, for that matter neither do the English, but I've been among the Irish so much around the mines that I feel right at home here.

This country is as pretty as France but a little different—some places look just like America—till you see the houses. They are mostly small stone buildings with thatched roofs, straw covered, you know. Don't see any red tiled roofs like there were in France. Also the farms are bigger, but they belong to the English nobility or some other rich men, and the people here have to pay a big price for a very small field. Don't blame all the young Irishmen for going to the States.

An old lady told me the other day that there was lots of work now for men here, and "foine big wages"—as much as 3 pounds a week (about \$15.) She couldn't believe it when I told her working men at home got from one to two pounds a day.

It's interesting to talk to the people and tell them about the things at home like the tall buildings and the big redwood trees, etc.

I would like to go through this country after the war and see everything. Of course we are seeing only one side of the life over here. In peace times everything is different and there would be lots more doing in the cities than there is now.

The French dance and do all the other things that Americans do for pleasure, in ordinary times but they do nothing like that now. The country is in mourning for the men who have been killed and they won't do anything for pleasure like they did before.

The chow I mentioned here is the best I've seen since I've been in the Navy. They have swell oinks and everything tastes good. Yesterday we had pie for dinner and cake for supper and today pie again. There aren't many camps over here where they get that kind of stuff.

I didn't get to see Fred in Paris—he wasn't there when I was—but I saw a man in his battery and he said he would tell Fred all about me. He was in Paris with the band from that regiment.

I never saw a place like Paris—it's worth all the rest of the country over here. I saw a lot of the things I have read about, the cathedral, Napoleon's Arch of Triumph, the famous Avenue where all the rich Americans parade in, the Eiffel tower, etc., and girls!—gee, I never saw so many pretty girls in my life. On the big streets the sidewalks are about 30 feet wide and they were so crowded I had to get off and walk in the street to make any time. Sailors were rare there, although they have men in every other uniform on the face of the earth, except "Boche." The people in the streets went wild over us when a lot of sailors would go through on a truck. Old men and women and girls and kids and officers and soldiers all waved and yelled at us. They sure like Americans.

The Y. M. C. A. has taken over a number of the big hotels, dining room and all, and they are fine places to loaf. I'm sure going back to "Paree" after the war and have a time.

I haven't seen London yet, but have seen several other cities in England—Southampton, where the old Pilgrims set out from, etc., etc. Quite a historic old place.

We are not far from Cork, Ireland, and there are lots of old castles, etc., around there. Blarney Castle is close there, so we may get to kiss the "Blarney Stone." Well, I must stop for now. Here is my address: U. S. Naval Air Station, Queens-town, Ireland, care Postmaster, New York. Keith.

Mrs. T. W. Hester and children returned home last week from McPhillips Camp at Neutucca beach where they spent nearly three weeks rusticiating.