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FROM NOME TO KOTZEBUE, ALASKA

Hair Raising Honeymoon Trip Made
by Mr. and Mrs. Del-
bert Replogle

Soon after the marriage of Miss Ruth Hinshaw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon T. Hinshaw, and Delbert Replogle, they left here for Noorvik, Alaska, which is in the far north in the land of the Eskimos, where they arrived on October 29 after having had an exciting and perilous journey, an account of which Mrs. Replogle gives her parents in a letter received a few days ago.

The first letter was written while on the way and housed for a time in "Whiskey Jim's" cabin 12 miles from the mouth of the Kobuk," and is as follows:

Dear Folks—How I wish you could step in this evening and pay us a little call for we surely are having an experience, and especially since we left Nome. We started Tuesday of my last letter (I can't keep track of dates or even days here) on the little schooner, "Artie" and schooner it surely was—only a 56 footer to ride real ocean waves. However, that is a minor point for there were sixteen passengers besides the crew of five, a cook, two babies and seven dogs.

The passengers were all ushered into one room or hall which had only room for the wooden berths on the side, one above the other, and each berth had one dirty quilt and soggy mat for a mattress which the cook informed us had been washed last fall (a year ago now) which fairly made one sick at his stomach before the boat started.

Well, even this might not have been so bad if we could have gone on deck, which was almost impossible, as it was piled up with baled hay and dogs. It was freezing cold with all the shores covered with snow and ice and not a smelt of fire, but this wouldn't have been so bad if we could have had anything free enough from dog hair and dirt to eat, and a place to eat it, and further-more, it wouldn't have been so bad if we could have kept on our stomachs what we did eat.

The dining room, or what they called the dining room, was just big enough for six people to squeeze in around the little dirty table where a man, whose personal odor made one feel like suggesting a little ivory soap, a scrub brush and water, handed some messy looking grub out to you in dirty granite pans. Well, I think I managed to go down and consume a little of this grub three or four times on the trip by using a great deal of "push mit-in" but on the other hand sometimes the "push mit-in" wouldn't let it stay. One night I was awfully sick. I fed the fishes with all I had and then spent the rest of the night trying to feed them something I didn't have.

Well, although it is only a three or four days' trip from Nome to Kotzebue, we bore or endured these conditions for nine days, due to the fact that they loaded the boat so heavily that when the sea was very rough they would have to anchor over night else the boat, being top-heavy, might have toppled over.

The night we came through the straits it was very, very rough, and we can consider ourselves lucky that we are now safe on land. Once the water came clear over the top of the boat, went down into the engine room and short circuited the dynamo which threw the belt off and put the lights out. I guess it was the proper time to be frightened but I was too sick to think about it.

To top matters off one night as it was getting dark Delbert and I were shivering up on deck and wondering what we would do next when Mr. Rank came and told us how five years ago about the same time of year his brother and four other men started on the same trip with freight and they were never heard of again. Of course he did not mean to scare us, but mere information. Nevertheless it made us rather squeamish.

Finally, quite late Wednesday night we landed at Kotzebue and maybe you think we were not one happy bunch for we were worn out, and dirty does not express it. We had to sleep in all our clothes and pile more on to keep warm and



could neither wash or comb on the boat. Two nights they anchored at villages and we got off and staid at hotels which was really costly business. One night our bill was about \$10, but I can assure you it was worth it to us.

Well, as I was saying, we were landed at Kotzebue where every man, woman, child and his dog were out to meet us and we were really royally entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, the government teachers there. After some rest and really, truly clean food, we began to feel glad we had come, for really, Alaska is the most beautiful country I have ever dreamed of and the people are the most kind hearted ones I have ever met.

Everyone so sympathized with us that we had had such a terrible trip and nothing was too good for us. You may think this story has been told to make it interesting but really it has not. Delbert says it was by far the worst trip he has taken and others were bad enough. If he had realized it would have been so bad he would have left me in Nome until the freeze-up and we would have come by dog team, but I am glad he didn't because we are here safe now and hope to be home in a few days.

When we got to Kotzebue everyone said the river was frozen and we would have to wait until the lake froze over so we could come by dog sled, which might have been a month or two, but we were so anxious to get home we finally prevailed upon a man to bring us as far as he could and we would camp in a cabin. We got started Thursday afternoon and found that we could get across the lake although along the shores was solid ice so we could not land. We anchored over night and the next morning found to the surprise of all that we could get up the river part way, and got within about forty miles of Noorvik and ran into ice, so stacked our freight on the shore and came back about seven miles to this Eskimo log cabin which we have to ourselves, as he is camping in a tent up the river and fishing.

The lake I mentioned is about 40 miles across and Alaska people are very much afraid of it as there have been many boats as well as men lost on it, and especially at this time of year, but it was fairly smooth when we came across. However, at night

the boat tossed enough to give us a very good scare.

Sometimes it is just like a mirror, as smooth as glass, but when a storm comes up it is just as much the other way. It also has quicksand bottom in many places, therefore the people are afraid of it. When Mr. and Mrs. Replogle went out this summer they had a terrible trip, lost \$250 worth of their goods but considered themselves lucky that they got out safely themselves.

I almost forgot to mention that to top off our good luck shortly after we started on up the lake the propeller of our boat lost off and couldn't of course be found at all. A \$35 one, too. So there we were, could neither go forward or back, but as luck would have it, Delbert happened to have one in his trunk that he was taking up for the government boat. They got it out and though it was much too small they wired it on and made it possible for us make about half speed to get us where we are now. Had we been two days earlier we could have gone right on up to Noorvik, but now we may be here indefinitely as it is thawing today.

However, we have been here five days and are very comfortable and happy. An Eskimo comes down every day to see if we are alright and have plenty of provisions. One day he brought a big three foot white fish just out of the net, another a five gallon pail full of cranberries, the best things I have ever eaten. Also we can go just back of the cabin and pick the most delicious blueberries. I am going for a ride behind dogs tomorrow. The Eskimo brought us the nicest fat wild duck. Wish I could send you some.

Noorvik, Alaska,
October 27, 1918.

Dear Folks—At last we are here at Noorvik. Got here on the 20th and have had one week at home. This is our first Sunday at home and "Mrs. Replogle" is seven weeks old today, but she has had quite an experience in so short a time. Bright and early on the morning of the 20th we, thinking it was Saturday, bundled up and started on by dog sled. I was dressed in fur robe and then put in a sleeping bag up to my waist and sat in the back of a sled behind eight dogs, and my! I wish you could have seen us come.

It was more fun than any of the other trips, only as the ice was new and cracked everyone in awhile, we were a little afraid we would land in the bottom of the river. However, we got through very safely all through, although we have had a very long and dangerous trip. I thought sometimes if I ever got to Noorvik I would never leave, as the trip was so hard, but then they say it is much better earlier in the year. We caught the very last boat up.

As to the work here I can't say much yet, only that it is a mighty big task. The natives were all out to meet us, had the house all warm, the wood all in, the electric light plant going and also school, so we feel much encouraged to start.

The Eskimos are very much more advanced here than any others I have met any place on the way, if we can only keep them going.

I was pretty well worn out by the trip so I have just staid at home this week but will begin teaching in the morning. I like my home fine. Mrs. Replogle left it in perfect order, just ready to use, and the most beautiful flowers I have ever seen. Three window boxes full of pansies in full bloom, geraniums and other pretty vining plants.

We had not been here long until a native brought in a nice big deer all cleaned and frozen, ready for use. In addition Delbert baked 16 loaves of bread. It took us till midnight to get it all baked. It really is fine and we had lots of fun. Guess it will be eaten. Then another native brought a big fish just out of the net, then some blueberries. I guess I will soon have five gallons of fresh blueberries and I already have a big candy bucket of cranberries, so you see we are in the land of plenty, such as it is.

It is perfectly wonderful here and such scenery, mountains, rivers and trees, everything snowy white and the sun shining bright as can be.

The natives all seemed very glad to have us come and all seem to respect and think a lot of Delbert, which is a big item, if only I can win the same.

I went to their Endeavor tonight and their were about 75 present, but nearly all of the families are back from hunting and fishing.

Mrs. Ruth Hinshaw Replogle.

BOYS IN FRANCE LONGING FOR HOME

So Says Arlie Evans But He Is
Willing to Let Doughboys
Come First

Still in France,
November 13, 1918.

Well, dear ones, we'll soon be home. Not in a few days, but within a few months, and how happy I will be. I can hardly imagine such a thing possible for we soldiers are not celebrating like a person would imagine. Not that we are not happy but it's a feeling that can't be expressed in a lot of noise.

You should have seen the French Monday night. They certainly put on a demonstration. The bugles and drums and the French people—talk about a howling mob. They simply were wild. The ones who knew me would pat me on the back and say "Mon comrade." They are certainly thankful for America's entrance and give the Yankee boys due praise for all we have been able to accomplish.

As for me, I am still here away from the Company, but not a fixture, as Captain Young refused to transfer me to this station, so as soon as I am through I'll be sent back to the Company.

This is certainly some job and I am very glad to have been able to put it across, and while if the war had lasted a few months longer several advancements would have been made, I am truly thankful it's over and I hope that never again will the good old U. S. A. be forced into war. It's a terrible, disgusting thing all through.

November 22—I am back with Company E and Clarence and I have just gotten back from a thirty-six hour furlough. Six of us went to a place in France. We lived like real boys—slept in a bed with sheets. It's wonderful when you think it was a year ago last July since I had slept in a real, honest-to-goodness bed. I have been in the hospital twice but you know what a hospital bed is like.

We saw lots of things of interest. An old palace, now a museum, and all its contents, wonderful works of art.

I was in hopes the Eighteenth would be slated to come home by Christmas, but not this year. Well, I am willing to have the doughboys and marines go first for they have certainly had the worst of this whole dirty mess. I am positive every man in the A. E. F. is just as anxious to get home as I am. But the boys who have faced shot and shell, mud and things I can't write you, should have the honor of being the first home.

I think I'll like my job here, as it calls for over two miles of six inch pipe besides the pumping plant and all the service lines, and above all, I report to Lieutenant Irwin. He is certainly a grand man. I am so glad to be busy.

Please give my thanks and the thanks of the whole bunch to Miss Shrader for the magazines. You can't know what it means to get those rolls of papers and magazines every week or two. Well, we just bury our noses in them and are at home for awhile.

I am still in hopes we will be home by cherry time and let me tell you, I am going to roost in the cherry trees and eat my fill. Has Dad found a ranch yet? I tell you a farm would look like a million dollars to me.

Love to you all. Arlie.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A FORD

The other day a man climbing a flag pole on top of a Jersey City building 125 feet in the air lost his hold and fell. His body struck a guy wire and was tossed over the parapet and headed for the pavement below. Just at that moment an auto was passing and the body struck squarely on the heavy leather top. It bounded up a couple of times and then lay there and was thus taken directly to the hospital. By the time that institution was reached the man had regained consciousness and was able to stand up and give three cheers for the United States. He was practically uninjured. One would think such things couldn't happen outside the movies. If it occurred here they would be sure of it.

STAND BY OUR HOME INDUSTRIES

This Is the Only Way to Bring
Prosperity to the
Community

Only a few short years ago, the growers of berries, fruits and vegetables in the vicinity of Newberg had no market for their product, and, as a result, a large part of the crops were a total loss. Today, Newberg and Springbrook and the surrounding country have at their very doors two institutions where they can sell, at the highest market price, all the berries, etc., that they can grow, and the people have realized a change in conditions and have planted increased acreage. Both the Valley Canning Company and the Springbrook Cannery feel gratified at the manner in which the people have responded to their call for berries and other canning crops.

These two institutions have always paid the highest price which could be paid to the grower, and the Valley Canning Company has distributed bonus checks to the people who have delivered goods to them during the past season. It is always a safe bet that the home institution can and will treat its patrons more fairly and justly than one who does not expect a continuance of the patronage of any given locality, for the interests of the home grower and the home cannery are identical.

Still, during the past week, a buyer for a concern not located in this territory, has been endeavoring to persuade the growers here to send their products to them, when the concern in question does not even own a plant wherein to handle the products when received. Home growers must remember that, with their crops removed to some distant point, their home market cannot and will not remain. The Valley Canning Company is even now adding to its facilities to handle the crops raised near here and naturally represents the efforts of a skip-by-night concern to draw upon local territory. Stand by your home industries and they will stand by you; listen to the siren song of an outsider and you may have to hunt a market.

QUAL-TEE ROYAL ANNE CHERRIES REACH BOYS IN FRANCE

A. Rupert & Co. received the following letter telling how Newberg cherries are appreciated by the boys in France:

Gentlemen—I enclose a label from a can of cherries grown in my "Home Town." They looked so good and reminded me of so many pleasant things and of the distance they came, I could not help sending you word.

I really think had we been able to shoot canned cherries at the Huns they would have quit fighting long ago. No such fruit grows here or else the French have it all camouflaged.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am,

Respectfully yours,
Corp. Margulies.

Co. A, 16th Inf., 1st Division—the Division that made Gen. Pershing famous, and that is no jolly.

CHAPTER L, P. E. O. SISTERHOOD ENTERTAINED

On last Thursday Chapter L, P. E. O. Sisterhood, met at the pretty country home, "The Three Oaks," of Mrs. Anna Eckerson, this being our regular business meeting. A new star was added to our Sisterhood in the person of Mrs. Ethel Palmer.

After the regular business meeting our hostess served a delicious luncheon, the table decorations being carried out in yellow and white, the colors of our Sisterhood. Covers were laid for the following named ladies: Mrs. Mabel Evans, Mrs. Ethel Palmer, Mrs. Jessie Boyes, Mrs. Alice Wallace, Mrs. Nell Chapin, Mrs. Hattie Thurston, Mrs. Minnie Cooper, Mrs. Delphine Baird, Miss Madge Colby, Mrs. Grace Morris, Mrs. Anna Eckerson. The afternoon was spent in a most enjoyable manner and the guests agreed that we would all look forward to some day meeting again at the "Three Oaks Farm."