

**PHILANDER, ON THE FLU**

My Uncle Jim, he's got the flu.  
And shakes the house, a sneezin'  
And Aunt Lucindy's got it, too,  
And burnin' up and freedin'.  
And then there's Cousin Jane Melissa,  
She ketches it from her feller;  
And pa and ma and me and sis,  
We're campin' in the cellar.  
We got a fluency card,  
I saw the p'leceman fetch it;  
And all the neighbor-kids is barred,  
So's no one else'll ketch it.  
And ma she tore up pa's old shirt,  
To tie across our noses,  
'Cause flu germs live in dust and dirt,  
Or so the doc. supposes.

The nurse she runs upstairs and down  
At ev'ry sign of groanin'.  
And half the wimmen folks in town,  
Are busy telephontin'.  
And pa he says to sis and me,  
"You kids cut out your rackets,  
Or else I'll turn you 'crossed my knee  
And dust your birth-day jackets."  
—Mal Rose, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

**RIBBON RIDGE**

Miss Langton spent the week end at the Boyd home.  
J. F. Harford has the wood contract of District 68 this year.  
Wm. Carter has been quite ill the past week but is much improved at present.  
J. F. Harford has rented Mrs. Maggie Kinney's farm for the coming season.  
It is reported that N. P. Nelson has invented an attachment for the exhaust of a Ford car which he calls the "Nelson Automatic Pants Warmer," on which he expects to obtain a patent. Mr. Nelson confidently expects there is a fortune in it.

**REX**

Miss Ruth Kane, of Newberg, spent several days at the Pilcher home.  
Miss Jane M. Fiedler, of Seattle, was a week end guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. Reed Chambers.  
Mr. and Mrs. L. Reed Chambers left Tuesday for Salem where they will visit a few days before leaving for their home at Williamsport, Pennsylvania.  
Miss Cook, of Portland, who teaches the primary room, is home ill with influenza. Her place is being filled by Mrs. Evangeline Martin, of Newberg.  
Mr. and Mrs. James Ferguson were hosts Monday evening honoring Mr. and Mrs. L. Reed Chambers who leave soon for their future home in the East.

**FERNWOOD**

Edward Mueller is recovering from the influenza.  
L. A. Adolf made a business trip to California last week.  
H. H. Livengood is among those on the sick list this week.  
Miss Delma Jones visited with Miss Carrie Fairbank Sunday afternoon.  
W. H. Sanders took Sunday dinner in Newberg at the home of his son, John, and family.  
Several of Mr. Gettman's children have been quite sick with the flu but are now improving.  
Miss Pearl Livengood has been quite sick for the past week but is now able to be up again.  
The Fernwood school will not open up again until there is an assurance that the influenza epidemic is over.  
Miss Grace Riley returned to her school at Springbrook Monday after an enforced vacation of two weeks on account of the epidemic.  
Mrs. A. S. Livengood and Miss Grace Riley visited with the Misses Ethel and Arlounne Johnson, in Newberg, Sunday afternoon.  
The Misses Della and Freda Parrish have gone to Portland where they will renew their studies at the Behrke-Walker business college.  
Albert Johnson was recently discharged from the Medical Corps at Vancouver and was here Sunday and Monday visiting with Harold Huddle.  
A number of Fernwood people went down to the Newberg bridge Sunday to view the river which was

up to the high water mark as a result of the heavy rains last week.  
The Fernwood auxiliary of the Red Cross will discontinue its Thursday meetings until such time as the influenza situation has sufficiently improved to make it safe for the members to assemble.

Private Emery O. Jones, of the Coast Artillery Corps, Battery F, has been discharged from the Army service and returned home Monday. He had been stationed at Fort Hancock, New Jersey, until about five weeks ago, when he was transferred to Camp Lewis, Washington.

**DUNDEE**

Mrs. Amanda Huckleberry passed away about four o'clock on Monday afternoon at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Wm. J. Bennett. Mrs. Huckleberry had not been in good health for some time but was able to be about the house and was seriously ill only a few days. Her death comes as a shock to the majority of the community who were not even aware of her illness. On account of the prevalence of the influenza, the funeral services were held at the undertaking parlors of Hodson & Elliott in Newberg, on Thursday morning at ten-thirty. Mrs. Huckleberry was one of the quiet, home loving mothers of the Red Hills, loved by her neighbors and friends for her gentle, Christian character. The sympathy of the community is extended to her daughter and son. Mrs. Huckleberry's maiden name was Amanda McLellan. She was born October 26, 1847, near Salem, Indiana. She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Wm. J. Bennett, of Dundee, a son, William, and a brother, Granville McLellan, of Jeffersonville, Indiana.

**WEST CHEHALEM CHURCH**

Sunday school at 10 a. m., De Vere Fendall, superintendent.  
Church services 11 a. m., Young People's Meeting at 7:30 p. m.  
Theme for morning sermon, "Progress and Failure." Paul said, "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended, but this one thing I do, I press toward the mark." We have not yet attained but we follow after. Paul was pressing toward advancing goal, he lived a progressive Christian life. Some folks give up the glorious struggle because they are not able to fathom the boundless depths of the religion of Jesus Christ.  
Gilbert Shambaugh, Pastor.

**MORE SOLDIERS' LETTERS FROM FRANCE**

Chandos Chase and Orlo Ballard Recite Some of Their Experiences

The following are extracts from a letter received by Mrs. Kenneth Chase from Sgt. Chandos L. Chase, who is now in Germany with the U. S. Army of Occupation:  
Fort de Peigney, Langres, France, December 19, 1918.

Dear Sister Joe—You will no doubt think I have forgotten you, but I haven't and the thoughts of you home folks and home are uppermost in my mind these days.

It has been nearly six weeks since I have had any word from home, but of course it's not anybody's fault but my own, for I did not have my mail transferred from my company to the school where I am now. But I will probably start for Coblenz to join my Company Saturday or Sunday so then I will get my mail all in a pile.

I will now try and tell you a little about this place. The city of Langres is on the very top of a high hill, which is some 1,200 or 1,500 feet above sea level and it's really a pretty place though not very large. The views that one can have from the city are grand, and at night, from a distance, the place looks like a fairy city up there so high, with the lights all shining, that alone being something unusual for France in the last four years.

Now for what I know about the Fort here, which is not much. The buildings are all made of stone and have concrete floors which are all nearly covered with earth. It is located on a small hill and is one of six which surround the city of Langres. It has but one entrance so far as I know and also there is a moat around the entire Fort. This one entrance is closed by iron gates and the bridge across the moat is constructed so that it can be taken up and inside the Fort, so with the moat filled with water it would be impossible to gain an entrance to the Fort. Also the place is full of underground passages and dugouts, a few of which I have been in.  
The place was built in 1869 and was used in the war of 1870-71 with

the Germans, but was not used in this war only as a school and training post.

Well, Joe, you can look for me home sometime this coming summer, but just what month I can't say, not later than August, though, I hope. Anyway, you must have lots of those good nut cookies, cake and candy that you can make, for I'm looking forward to them nearly as much as I am to seeing all the folks again. (Ha ha!)

My best to the folks and tell the babies that Uncle Chandy thinks of them daily and can hardly wait to have one of those big games with them. I must close now and write a few other letters today.  
Lovingly your brother,  
Sgt. Chandos L. Chase,  
Co. D, 8th Machine Gun Bn., American E. F. O. A. S., American P. O. 740.

Langres, France, December 18, 1918.

Dear Mother and Dad—I suppose you are all busy getting ready for Christmas, "doing your Christmas shopping early." Last Christmas I spent upon the Atlantic Ocean, this one I expect to spend in Germany, as my Division is now at Coblenz. The reason I'm not there now is that I was sent to this Machine Gun school at Langres, for officers and non-coms. School is held in an old Fort, called Fort de Peigney. It is some place, is located on a high hill about five kilometers from Langres and is full of dugouts and old masonry. It is, I think, a place of great interest if one had time to explore it.

Our time here is taken up with study from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m. and they do make one go some. The course lasts four weeks. Had the war not ended I should have had a commission soon, as the Captain was going to send me to an Officers' Training School as soon as this course was finished. Of course I should only have gotten a Second Lieutenant's commission out of it, and that is very little higher than a Sergeant. It draws more money, but the war is over and I would rather have it that way than to get a dozen commissions.

I'm glad I got into a Company that chose their men by what they could do and not by their social standing, and the only thing I wanted out of this Army was something I could earn by working for it, and not something given me because my Dad knew the Captain or they belonged to the same club or something.

That kind may be all right back in the S. O. S. but on the lips you must know the game, and play your hand and never lay down your cards. I was not at the front when it ended but had spent five out of six months there and had only one real close call—aside from shells and machine gun fire—which was when five Huns walked into our machine gun position. I was Corporal then and my squad and I disposed of two and took three prisoners.

The 14th of this month was just a year since I sailed from New York, reaching France twenty-one days later. It was sure some trip. In the afternoon of the day we landed we sighted two submarines and had a little fun with them, and although they fired on us, they missed us by a good margin and by the time the little destroyers got through with Mr. Sub there was not much left of him.

In coming here to Langres I passed through the small town of Toul and while there I met Lieutenant Compton of the 162nd. He had been wounded and was on his way back to his company from a hospital. He seemed pleased to see me and to hear I was a Sergeant.

I was four days late in getting to school and then you know I was sick for over a week after I had started, so I missed in all eleven days. When I got out of the hospital I had to work like sixty to catch up, but I made it and passed in exams, making a grade of 99 per cent. As long as the war was over it did not seem to me this kind of schooling was much use but I did not want to fall down on it for the sake of you folks at home.

Well, I expect by the time you get this I shall be in Germany and will soon be talking German, same as I now am French. Of course I can't spelt it very well, but still enough to get by with it. Must close now and eat lunch. Love to all the folks.  
Your boy,  
Chandy.

**LETTER FROM ORLO BALLARD**

Miami, Florida.  
My dearest Folks—If you got my telegram I sent from Savannah, Georgia, you will know I am back in the good old U. S. A. I am back just the same and words cannot express how glad I am to get back, either. We landed at Newport News, Virginia, on the 17th of De-

ember and came right to Miami.

I am sure anxious to hear from you. I wired Mabel from Savannah and told her to wire back but have not heard from her. I do hope she is all right, and I'm so anxious to get home I don't know what to do. Don't know when we will get paid off. I hope it will not be long.

I saw some great things in France and Belgium and had a few interesting experiences. If I tried to write all about it I would be writing for a week, so I'll wait till I get home and tell it all. I came back feeling just as good as when I left and never had a sick day all the time, not even seasick. How is that? Believe me, we had some rough seas coming back, too. We were seventeen days at sea coming back and four days of it were in a storm. The waves were washing the decks to beat the band.

Going over we had fine weather all the way, but almost everyone was sick with the flu. Thirteen of our squadron died from it, either on the boat or shortly after we landed in England. We lost three aviators in air battles.

How are the ships coming along or are you still at the ship yards? Is the weather cold there? It sure isn't cold here. I am sweating sitting here writing. It is some different than we had in France.

I and four other 4th Squadron Marines ate Christmas dinner in town with a family that is here for the winter. They came from Cincinnati, Ohio. We sure had a real Christmas dinner but it seemed more like the 4th of July for it was hot as August all day.

**AIRMEN IN POTATO RACE**

Potato races in the air were used by instructors at flying fields in teaching cadets accuracy and quickness in flights.

Each team consisted of a pilot and a mechanic. They flew from the main landing field to each of the outlying fields in turn, making a landing at each field to pick up a potato, returning to the main landing field to deposit it. At each of the outlying fields a whitewashed mark on the ground before which each of the ships landed. Rules of the contest also required the mechanic to climb out of the ship at each mark, pick up his potato and climb back into the ship. In a recent potato race in Texas the distance traveled was 24 miles.

**CASE IN POINT.**

At a reception a young man ventured to speak to General Sherman. "These affairs must be rather trying to you, general," he remarked. "What's that?" said the general, brusquely.

"I say it must be such a bore to you, meeting a lot of people you don't know and making them feel that you do remember them."

"Yes, yes," replied Sherman. "Now, for instance, I don't know who the devil you are."—Boston Transcript.

**AMONG THE POSSIBILITIES.**

"What do you suppose has become of that famous wooden statue of Von Hindenburg in Berlin?"

"It may be still there."  
"Yes?"  
"But it wouldn't surprise me to hear at any time that it had served as the piece de resistance at a bonfire."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**THE READY HOUSE AGENT.**

Gentleman (to house agent)—The great disadvantage is that the house is so damp.

House Agent—Disadvantage, sir? Advantage, I call it. In case of fire it wouldn't be so likely to burn.—London Tit-Bits.

**INDUSTRIOUS INTENTIONS.**

"Didn't you understand that politics had adjourned?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "but I was like the rest of the fellows. I thought everybody else would lay off and let me work overtime."

**KEEPING IT UP.**

"What did that inveterate knitter do when she couldn't get any more wool for sweaters and socks?"

"When I last saw her she was knitting her brows."

**LITERALLY.**

"I see the Smiths' garden fete is hanging in fire."  
"How so?"  
"They're decorating with Chinese lanterns."

**PESSIMISTIC.**

"Good news, old man. Your wife can't pay more than \$19 for shoes now."  
"That won't bother her. She'll put the money into something else."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

When in need of job printing get it at the Graphic office.

Newberg Lodge No. 104 A. F. & A. M. Regular meeting Second and Fourth Thursday evenings of each month. Visiting brothers always welcome. By order W. H. Woodworth, W. M., John Larkin, Secretary.

SHILOH RELIEF CORPS NO. 28.—Meetings held the 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month at 2:30 P. M. in the I. O. O. F. Hall. Mrs. Minnie V. Byers, Pres. Emma L. Snow, Sec.

**State Wide Co-operation**

THROUGH the Oregon Chamber of Commerce—a newly organized co-operative body for development of the State generally—much work of Legislation, Production, Marketing, Irrigation, Reclamation and Transportation can be done to benefit each community particularly.

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J. C. Colcord, Cashier,

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V. D. MILLER, Special Agent, Standard Oil Co., Newberg

