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THE END OF A LONG AND USEFUL LIFE

Henry Mills Passes Away at the Ripe Old Age of Nearly Eighty-nine Years

At his home on the corner of Fourth and College streets on last Monday night the end came to the long and useful life of Henry Mills. Had he lived until March 23 of this year his age would have been 89 years. He was born in Vermillion county, near Georgetown, Illinois, March 23, 1830.

On November 10, 1852, he was married to Mary Folger, two years younger in years, who survives him, and often in the past few years he has remarked to his friends, "We have been married more than 60 years and are not tired of each other yet." Their home here in Newberg has been opposite Friends church and it has long been their custom when health would permit to cross the street to the church, hand in hand, to attend the services. Both were born on farms in the same township in Vermillion county and here they settled down to happy, family, farm home life, which they followed continuously for forty-seven years and up to the time of their removal in 1899 to Oregon, when they located in Newberg.

The lives of these two people have been so linked up together in one common interest, in rearing a family of well respected children and future useful citizens, and in doing everything possible for church and educational interests for the betterment of humanity, that it seems all out of place to speak of the death of one without the other. They have been lifelong members of the Friends church and during the latter years of their residence in Illinois they were liberal supporters of the Sunday school at Vermillion Grove by the church.

No sooner had they established themselves at Newberg than they at once espoused the cause of education here by giving liberal support to Pacific College, which friendly spirit they have kept up all these years. Friends they have had wherever they have been, and if they ever had an enemy it was through no fault of theirs.

Besides the widow, two daughters are left, Mrs. Levi Lewis and Mrs. J. L. Haworth, of Springbrook, and five sons, Dr. Aaron and Zimri, of Parma, Idaho, Seth A., of Greenleaf, Idaho, Alpheus E., of Springbrook, and Allen, of Chicago.

Funeral services were conducted at Friends church Thursday morning by Pres. Pennington, assisted by Rev. Fred E. Carter, the pastor, and Rev. Carl Miller, pastor of the Springbrook church.

The pall bearers were all grandsons of the deceased, Lewis, Roy, Paul and Dennis Mills, Prof. Russell Lewis and Richard Haworth.

DEATH OF LESTER REES CONFIRMED

John E. Smith received a letter a few days ago from his daughter, Mrs. Wm. Rees, of Portland, enclosing a letter they had received from an officer in France, confirming the report of the death of their son. Mrs. Rees asked that an expression of their appreciation of the letters sent them by the Women of Woodcraft and others in their time of trial be given in the Graphic.

The letter from France follows: Company "B," 125th Infantry, American Exp. Forces, January 5, 1919.

Dear Sir—I regret very much to inform you that the official telegram of November 24th, 1918, was correct.

Bugler Lester C. Rees of this company was killed in action, near Genesee, France, Verdun sector, on October 9th, 1918. He was killed in the course of an attack by the 125th Infantry on "Hill No. 258, north of Genesee."

Bugler Rees was the very best type of a soldier and was admired by all his comrades for his fearlessness and valor while in action.

His loss was mourned by all the company. His grave was marked by a wooden cross, placed there by devoted friends.

Very truly yours,
Levi A. Hines,
Commanding Company "B," Capt,
125th Infantry.

LONG JOURNEY TO KAISERLAND

Fred Horing Tells of Many Weary Marches and Hard Fought Battles

A. E. F. (Germany), December 8, 1918.

Dear Mamma and Dad—I know you are wondering why I don't write oftener now that the war is over, so I will explain. We are marching to Coblenz, Germany by short marches. We don't stop long enough to get a chance to mail a letter.

I will go back to the time the armistice was signed and tell you something of what has happened to me since then.

We were in the drive in the Argonne (northwest of Verdun.) We went there from the St. Mihiel sector about October 11, so saw about six weeks of the hardest fighting of the war, in that sector. We drove the Germans back about 40 or 50 kilometers and were almost to Sedan at the time the armistice was signed.

We had just been relieved and came back through Beaumont, where we got our last shelling by the Squareheads, and were camped in some woods when the armistice was signed.

I expected that there would be a lot of yelling when the news of the armistice arrived, but everyone took it pretty quietly. Someone across the field from us sent up a few rockets but most of us just built fires in front of our pup tents and sat around and talked. We could hardly realize that it was over, but it sure seemed good to be able to have fires and lights at night without having aeroplanes fly over and drop bombs on us.

We started to the rear but went through Verdun and circled back up across a corner of Lorraine and stopped one night in Bash on the border of Lorraine and Luxemburg, then proceeded through Luxemburg and saw the city of Luxemburg from the top of a hill about three kilometers distant, but didn't get to go through it.

We stopped for a few days in Muttfort (Luxemburg, I wrote you from there) and then proceeded into Germany. We have been hiking for several days until today when we stopped for a rest. I think we will start again tomorrow and hike on into Coblenz.

This morning I got permission to go over to Bertrich (where Regimental Headquarters is) and take a bath. It is a summer resort and a beautiful place. It is four kilometers from here and down hill all the way—and an awful climb coming back. I had a swell bath in a tiled bath room and almost forgot I was in the army. Then I went down town, bought some bread, apples, etc., and strolled back to camp, when I met Harry and we walked back together and stopped on the way at a German house and got all the bread and honey we could eat, and then came on home. I see Earl almost every day now and Raymond about once a week. They are looking fine.

I don't know when we will get to go home but rather expect we will start in February or March. Even if I don't get home right away you won't have to worry any more for the danger is over.

December 13—I am now in a German infantry barracks in one of the suburbs of Coblenz. We got here today noon. It is a pretty good place and I would like to stay here awhile, but I hear that we are to go on further to an artillery barracks.

It has been foggy and damp for several days and today it rained all day which made it pretty disagreeable. If it hadn't been for the weather we would have had a fine trip, for we have been travelling through the mountains for several days, and part of the time we have been following the Mosel river with mountains on both sides. The scenery was beautiful and every little ways there are ruined castles on the hills which made it all the more interesting. I don't see how the people ever got up to their castles for the hills are almost straight up and down, and there were no elevators in those days.

The people are friendly for the most part. I don't know what their object is unless it is that they think they will get better treatment, for I

don't think they like us. They have lots of potatoes, cabbage, black bread, jam, honey, etc. I have eaten more honey and jam in the last month than I have altogether in the rest of the sixteen months I have been in Europe.

I am sure thankful that I don't have to haul ammunition all night any more, or sleep in the mud, and sometime go for a week without sleep and almost without eating, like we used to do. It would sure be fierce this winter if the war hadn't ended.

The last barrage that we put over in the Argonne was routed the Germans. All the 1st, 2nd and 42nd division artillery and three or four regiments of heavy artillery, unattached, were firing and I never heard anything like it in all the rest of the war. There wasn't a square foot of ground on the German side that wasn't touched. I don't see how anyone could have lived through it. The Squareheads whose dugouts weren't blown up either surrendered or ran and the Doughboys didn't have much trouble from them on.

I am in the 1st (and best) Division, and we have six inch Howitzers (French 155s). They shoot a shell weighing 100 pounds and have a range of about 13 kilometers.

I wish you would find out how many boys from Newberg have been killed or wounded over here. I have heard of three or four who were wounded and one who was killed. I heard that Clarence Coe was killed but don't know if it is true.

I started to answer those questions you sent me a long time ago but we moved so often that I did not get to finish the letter so will answer some of them now.

Yes, we have plenty to eat. There have been times when we didn't have much for a few days but as soon as we could get rations again we would have plenty. I think I am getting fat now.

I am driving a wheel team on one of the caissons. I have a dandy little team of chunky bays.

The government furnishes all our clothes. We haven't had any socks except heavy wool since last winter.

We are paid every month when it is possible. If we miss one pay day we get two months' pay the next month.

While at the front our mail was brought up with the rations and sometimes it came regularly and sometimes it didn't.

We didn't stay on the front any certain length of time. The longest time we spent in one sector was from January 20 to April 5, and the shortest was one week at Soissons. There was only one occasion when we went over three nights without sleep and that was five nights and days on our hike to Soissons.

We are getting the afternoons off all this week so are getting the best rest we have had in a year and a half.

December 20—Well, Christmas is almost here and we haven't had a bit of snow yet, though it is cold enough for snow. Last year at this time we were in Cirfontaine, a little town twelve kilometers from Gondrecourt and about forty kilometers southwest of Toul. We had enough snow there to make up for this winter even though it doesn't snow at all.

I will try and give you a brief sketch of where I have been since I sailed from Hoboken.

We landed at St. Nazaire on August 13 and stayed there a week. Then we were loaded into some box cars and went to Valdehon, 20 miles southeast of Besancon and about the same distance from the Swiss border. We were in a big cement barracks and had spring cots to sleep on. We were equipped there with French 155s (six-inch Howitzers) and horses. We staid there until we could handle the guns better than the French themselves, and on October 20 we started for the front. We loaded on the train at Besancon and unloaded at Nancy. While unloading we were treated to an air raid. At that time the Germans bombed Nancy almost every night.

We left Nancy about 9 p. m. and got into Rosieres at 2:30 a. m. We staid there the next day and then moved the guns to the front on October 23, but kept the horse line at Rosieres.

I was lucky enough to go up with the guns, so witnessed the first fight in which the Americans participated. We were in what was later known as the Luneville sector,

about halfway between Nancy and Luneville. Battery C of the 6th F. A. fired the first shot fired by American light artillery, and about two hours later we fired the first shot fired by American heavy artillery.

I marched at the funeral of the first Americans killed at the front. They were buried back of the little town of Bathlemont.

We were on that sector two weeks, then went to Luneville and A, B and C batteries of the 5th went out to the front one night and fired in the open and returned the next morning before the Germans could locate us.

We then went to Cirfontaine and staid until the middle of January, when the 1st Division took over the Toul sector. We were on the Toul front from about January 20 to April 5, though I was on detached service at DeMange part of the time.

We went from Toul to Picardy and were opposite Montdidier. It was there that we made our first real attack, when we took Cantigny. Battery C was cited in general orders for our work in this battle.

We left the Picardy front on July 1, and thought we were going back for a rest but when we got near Paris we got some hurry-up orders and hiked five days and nights on one meal a day and about one hour's sleep per day, and arrived at Soissons just a few minutes before the big counter offensive started. We were there a week and lost most of our Doughboys, but most of them were wounded and our losses in killed were small compared with the Germans.

We then went back to Toul and went up on a quiet sector about 20 kilometers east of the original Toul sector and staid a month. We got a pretty good rest there and in September we went back to our old home (the Toul sector) and got in on the St. Mihiel drive.

From St. Mihiel we went into the Argonne and fought the battle of fighting any American division had run into. In my last letter I told you about our trip from the Argonne to Coblenz, Germany.

We staid in some infantry barracks in Coblenz one night and the next morning crossed the Rhine and are now in a little town called Eitelborn, several miles north of the Rhine. It is a small place with nothing in it but three or four cafes and a couple of small stores with nothing to sell that is of any interest to us.

January 5—You had the wrong idea when you thought I was in the Rainbow (42nd) Division. I belong to the 1st Division and the best one in the American army, or any other army. It is made up of the 16th, 18th, 26th and 28th infantry, the 5th, 6th and 7th artillery, the 1st engineers, 1st ammunition train and Q. M. C., medical corps and other units which go with a division. We have been at the front longer than any other American division, have suffered the most casualties and have a record that can't be beaten.

A German Colonel whom our Doughboys captured in the Argonne said that he didn't think America could get up a division in five years that would compare with the 1st Division, and he paid several compliments to the 1st artillery brigade (5th, 6th and 7th regiments).

We have been cleaning and oiling our harness the last few days and I think we will turn in our horses and harness in a few days and get tractors. I sure hope so.

All booze from now on, captured from bootleggers in the city limits will be turned over to the sheriff's office, according to a recent ordinance passed by the Oregon City council. Heretofore, bootleggers and their liquor were handled by the county authorities instead of the city officials. The city authorities seem to be starting well, as the first batch of booze to be turned into the city was 24 quarts of Sunnybrook whisky, captured from a bootlegger who got the northbound train from California a few days ago.—Oregon City Courier.

LETTER FROM LLOYD S. FICKES

Written December 6, Peking, China, to His Grandmother, Mrs. J. L. Marshall

Dear Grandmother—It has been a long, long time since I have written to you but at last I have started in to write.

No doubt you have heard long ago that I had left the U. S. but you probably had the idea that I was in Cavite. I was for awhile, but have been in China now for about a week.

I like it here pretty well, better than Cavite. It was too hot there and too easy to catch some fever. They have a disease there called dinkie's fever which is the same as that disease in the States only in a milder form. They also have what is called dooby's itch, which is very painful.

I haven't been here long enough to look around any but will tell you all I know. We live in a kind of a fort called a compound and when any trouble starts all the American people come and stay inside.

Several of the nations have compounds here. Germany used to have one but of course hasn't any at the present time.

We have wooden barracks at the present time but they are building large brick barracks. We live in squad rooms with about 20 men in each room and have a large coal stove, so manage to keep fairly warm, although it is not near as nice as steam heat.

We have a Chinese boy who takes care of our room, makes our bed, cleans our equipment, presses our clothes and shines our shoes. All we have to do is to take care of our rifles and bayonets. We pay the Chinese boy about 20 cents a day. This is taken out of our pay so we have to have it done whether we like it or not.

We wear the blue uniform here with white gloves and white duty belt, that is, when we are on liberty. When on duty it all depends on the weather.

There are two companies of marines here, the 38th and 39th. I am in the 38th, which is the senior company. We have a fine bunch of men here, most of them being in the reserve, which is what I am in. We left Mare Island the 14th of September on the Chinese liner, Nanking, a fairly large vessel manned by a Chinese crew with white officers. We went as steerage passengers but had fairly good beds, though very poor chow—usually rice and slum and meat, which was nearly spoiled. We arrived in Honolulu safe and sound. We were given a picnic by the Red Cross there and we sure did enjoy it.

I was seasick most of the time and I must say it was some strange feeling. I went without eating for two days and then got so I could eat a little and by the time I reached Honolulu was feeling alright again.

We were at Honolulu only one night so I didn't get to look around very much. Our next stop was at Yokohama, Japan, but for one night only. We were given a show and a lunch at this place which we enjoyed very much. There are not many white people here, although there are some fine buildings.

I don't think much of the Japs, they are too dirty. The women are a whole lot smarter looking than the men and dress a good deal better. I saw several small kids without much clothes, some only having on a small shirt.

Our next stop was at Shanghai and we stopped there two nights and one day. The first evening we were given a ten course dinner at the Palace hotel by the Americans in the city. The next morning we were taken out to the old city of Shanghai where we saw many strange sights. We went through the house of gods and saw their idols and saw them worship. In this part of the city the streets are very narrow in some places. One could hold out his hands and touch each side of the street. Of course in this part of the city there are no vehicles except those drawn by the coolies. Their carts are called rickshaws and are very plentiful in Japan and China.

In the afternoon we were all taken in autos for a ride all over Shanghai and out to the Chinese soldiers' barracks. At this time of

DAIRYMEN ARE UP IN THE AIR

This is a Question That is Making Oregon Dairymen Scratch Their Heads These Days

Dairymen are very much concerned over the freakish market conditions that recently caused a drop of 20 cents in the price of butter fat within a week. The thing that disturbs the farmer's peace of mind is the fact that feed cost has not been reduced. Feed is the highest in history and it will be two months before relief can be had.

Turning to the probable causes that lead to such an unprecedented drop in the market, we are reminded of the remark made by a Washington county dairymen recently when he said: "The tall wag's the dog, and it is making the dog sick. Why don't the dog buck up and make the tall wag?"

He stated the case exactly. This whole dairy industry has been wagged about by the tall end. Over in Tillamook county where the dairymen have a perfect marketing organization within themselves the reverse is true. There the dog wags the tail as he should. Nothing illustrates this better than the mere fact that the price of Tillamook cheese raised two cents during the same period that butterfat in Portland dropped twenty cents.

Consumers are naturally glad to see the price of something drop. Butter has taken the lead and if every other commodity followed in equal proportion there could be little complaint. Such, however, is not the case. From December 20th to January 25th milk feed raised from \$32.10 to \$49.00 or 52 per cent. The evidence brought out at the milk commission's hearing in the fall showed that at the prices then prevailing, dairymen were not getting cost of production. The reader can imagine how painful it must be to the dairymen to be wagged about by the tail end of the industry, with the above results.

To produce at such a loss as the dairymen are now facing is ruinous. No other industry could absorb such a loss. The dairymen absorb it by working longer hours, by working every member of the family long hours without compensation, and by disregarding interest on investment.

Relief is possible here and elsewhere as it was made possible in Tillamook—by organization. The Oregon Dairymen's League provides such an organization. It has already produced results in the market milk situation. The machinery is in motion and it remains for the dairymen to demonstrate their ability to organize sufficiently to demand fair play.

If dairymen are prosperous all the numerous lines dependent upon it will prosper. The League deserves the moral support of every citizen of Oregon. May we have it?

Oregon Dairymen's League.

JERUSALEM TO HAVE UNIVERSITY

A project has been under consideration in England for the establishment of a large Jewish university in Jerusalem. Beginning has been made toward the collection of the necessary funds, and a site has been purchased on the Mount of Olives. The new university will occupy the highest point around Jerusalem, looking down on one side upon the Holy City and the area where the temple once stood, and on the other over the Wilderness of Judaea, which descends to the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea, 4,000 feet below.

Photography

The new Photographs in the Glass Case on College Street, show forth that—in the excellence of his work—the Newberg photographer is second to none. (The other worker is shown below.)

year everything looked nice and green. I believe the Japs have it over the Chinese in most things although the Chinese women are fairly neat in their dress.

That night we were given another supper and a dance which we all enjoyed very much. Our next stop was at Cavite and I sure was glad that our journey was over.