

### DUNDIE

The following, a part of a letter from one of the Red Hills boys, is the most minute description of how they go into battle that we have seen and is published on that account:

In answer to Pa's question will say the forests around here are second growth saplings and scrubby pine.

It was the last phase or push of the big drive on the Argonne which opened September 25.

We left, bag and baggage, from the camp in the Argonne woods the morning of October 30 for the front. While camped there that week could hear the artillery continually, see flashes at night, and had one air raid. Carried full pack—2 blankets, extra shoes, shelter half, tent pole and pins, slicker, overcoat, toilet articles, pistol and belt with 21 rounds, helmet, gas mask, mess kit, canteen and coffee cup, first aid packet, and reserve rations such as corned "Willie" (beef), "goldfish" (salmon), hard breads, etc. Had a little over 20 kilos (13 miles) to go to reach our position, up a long grade, along a steep canyon, hill country with woods on hills and small canyons or valleys, partly clear, all recently fought over, and a rough fight, too. Lots of barbed wire entanglements, temporary trenches, shell holes, dugouts, grave yards, etc., along our way. The trees were mostly shot away or torn to pieces, especially the brush showing hard fighting.

The march was slow and the closer we got to the front the muddier and rougher the road. Also much traffic. Now it was snatch a bite to eat when you can, hand to mouth process, whenever you got hungry. Passed a battalion working on roads and later in the afternoon more and more trucks, wagons, troops, artillery, come moving, some not, but everyone very busy. About dark we came to a long, level stretch of road or what was a road; it forked and we took left road, down a long hill. The traffic both ways was continuous, and it was dark with nary a light allowed, so travel was slow at best.

This side of the hills we were then going down was fully exposed to the enemy and you came out of the woods all of a sudden, as it were, and could see across a lot of lower valleys and hills where our lines were and theirs, also artillery. It was a dark, cloudy night. Won't forget that sudden panorama of war at night. Cannon flashes all over the country below and at intervals "Jerry lights" (signal lights, rockets, etc.) and then a great flare lasting 5 to 10 seconds. Those flashes locate patrols or any one prowling around no man's land at night. They make some light, too. Were beginning to hear artillery pretty plain by this time. Had gone down this road perhaps 200 yards when I heard my first whine and whistle of a shrapnel shell and immediately a loud bang on the adjoining hill. Went a little farther and another came over that vicinity. They did not sound good at all and as there were so many men, trucks, horses, etc., all over, you wondered how much damage they were doing.

We were then halted, told to put on helmets and gas masks to alert position, and rest easy for awhile. We must have stayed there two or three hours lying on the hillside by the road, resting or sleeping after a bite of supper. It was a chilly night but not quite frosty and it was the longest night I ever put in, including those I sat up in box cars (going from Flavigny to the front). I didn't sleep any there though there were only those three or four shells to bother us at first. No one was visibly scared by those although they set you to thinking a little.

Finally we moved on down the hill to some level road which wound around among smaller hills, etc. We must have made two or three miles that move. It was blooming dark all night, making all firing flashes show up fine. We went through a couple of villages all shot up, stopping in the second for an hour or more. By now we were right among some of our artillery and a gun would go off seemingly "under your nose." You see, they were emplaced or hidden in sides of hills along the roadside. Also you could hear an occasional crash of a Jerry shell exploding, none very near us though. This was a simple little artillery duel to keep things going, you might say.

Leaving the second village we went a few hundred yards and then fell out again to one side of the road between two hills, I believe it was. I'll swear those hills were chuck full of artillery, and they kept banging away louder than ever. Stayed there perhaps about three hours. I got a blanket loose and slept till cold feet woke me up. Some paraded up and down to keep warm.

others slept. Everybody was tired and it was after midnight by then. Continual line of troops passing on the road by us, all quiet and dark.

When our turn came we didn't go very far up a sort of grade until we stopped and waited for mules and limbers as this was as close as transports were to go to the lines, and the lines weren't very far away either. We soon found that out. Right then we were on the side of a hill. (When I say hill, don't think of a Red Hill you are on. They were low and rolling, with small ravines and low places between. With daylight we saw but little cover except low ground. Some patches of brush and small trees in ravines or gullies. But the hills right here were pretty bare. Those that did have trees or brush were semi-bare, all this stuff being shot to pieces.)

Well, we unloaded guns and ammunition from limbers with some confusion in the dark. Finally got started single file and several feet apart with all the gun tripod and ammunition we could carry, in addition to our full equipment, up over the hill. The trail wound around among shell holes and across ditches. On the other side we found an abrupt pitch into a small ravine with much brush on either side. We stopped here awhile until the Lieutenant got his bearings and then we were taken up onto the next hill which was a bare one. It was up here that more shells started to fall. One hit about twenty feet from the front of the line, going up the hill. Next day on top of the hill we could see across to the enemy position, one-fourth mile or so. Also on its top we located our guns, as support or second lines, in pits. We were there to support the first lines should the enemy break through, which they certainly didn't.

After each gun was placed, a guard was left, then the rest scattered for dugout or bivvy (any old place hollowed out flat enough to sleep.) I found an empty single bivvy into which I was glad enough to crawl, being pretty tired and sleepy by this time, and for all we knew we might be up and at 'em with daylight. The bivvy was damp and just long enough for me to lie "curled up." I slept! So did the rest of us. Woke up once when a shell hit on the edge of the ravine above and showered dirt down on me. When I next woke it was about 8 a. m. and several were getting something to eat. A small stream trickled down the ravine. My bivvy was just above it. The first thing I did to celebrate my 23rd birthday was to shave and wash up in the creek. Seemed we were not going to do anything that day, which was a good thing as we got a rest before going "over." So all we did the 31st was wait and rest in that ravine. We were told to fix our light fighting pack or short pack. It is up to you how much you want to carry to keep you warm. In addition you carry toilet articles and rations into battle. The rest of our stuff we made into a roll and it was later carried out to a road where the transports picked it up.

It was barely dusk when we went up to relieve the men at the guns. To have gone up in daylight would have been good picking for the snipers. They saw us as it was and everybody hugged the ground till it got a little darker. No one was hit. Got back and tumbled into bivvy with everything on and equipment right handy, especially the gas mask which I used as a pillow.

Our barrage opened about 3 a. m., November 1st, and it certainly woke me up. It was one continual roar and flash and shook the ground like a young earthquake. Pretty soon their shells began coming over in answer. Being near our artillery and back a ways we got our share of the shelling. After watching the fireworks and realizing it was our barrage I shoved my ear into the overseas hat and slept, by gum! until a guard woke us up about dawn. The guns were still at it as hard as ever and kept up the roar all morning.

Pretty soon a lot of infantry came sneaking along the ravine waiting for the order to go after them. I went up a ways after water and the side of the hill was covered by our infantry lying flat on the ground waiting to go. That's the hard part, that waiting with enemy shells banging around enough to make things interesting.

Some grub had been brought up to us from the transports and we ate bread and syrup and canned beef. After awhile the infantry left and we got ready to follow them. (At no time were we in the first line. The infantry had that honor. We were second line back where the shells bother you most. The machine guns put a barrage over for the advancing infantry.)

But it wasn't near like some of the former battles. Shrapnel, gas, and machine gun bullets all hit our company, but light. Those shells do the dirty work and get you to

move faster than anything. You can hear them coming quite a ways but never know where they will hit. That with their sawing, showing, tearing habits makes them most heartily respected. We didn't get to fire our guns but could hear plenty of machine gun and rifle fire. Just before the infantry cleared out a shell hit directly in the middle of that narrow ravine about fifty feet below where I was and it did the most damage of any that I saw hitting around there. There was a bunch standing within a few feet and it got seven of them with its saw-like pieces, mortally wounded a lieutenant of infantry, got one of our sergeants in the leg pretty bad, and wounded a fellow in my squad pretty bad, also three others from the infantry were wounded more or less. We moved right away from that spot and none too soon as some more hit around in there for awhile.

Pretty soon our outfit got orders to follow up the infantry, so we scrambled up the hill in single file a few steps apart on our first lap after Jerry. Talk about shell holes! You can imagine—whole landscapes riddled with them, big and little. We located in another hollow, this time about a mile farther towards the Rhine. Passed a wreck of Jerry plane on the way over and considerable cut wire and usual battlefield wreckage, including some human, as we were then on the battlefield of a few hours previous. Those who weren't at the guns slept in a big shell hole or something hollowed out with our dinky little shovels and picks. I slept pretty good except for some shells that lit pretty close. That night a couple of our outfit were slightly gassed and one man killed at the gun by a shell. The other man with him was wounded, of course. In the morning our platoon was sent back to the road after more supplies which the transport left there in the night. On the road we passed a continuous line of infantry with guns, set faces headed after Jerry. The shelling from him wasn't bad that day, November 2nd, and didn't bother us any. He was too busy retreating and it was only his rear guard or long range guns. Had a good feed which we ate under cover and then got ready to move forward again.

To be continued.

### CHEHALEN CENTER

Mrs. Elsie Christianson visited friends in North Yamhill last week.

M. G. Oakley and brother went to Portland Saturday to take in the automobile show.

Rev. Aaron M. Bray held the services at the church Sunday, as Rev. Frank Bales is on the sick list.

Miss Anna Tangen was in Salem the first of the week to hear the great band concert given there.

Johnny Morgan, from Three Hills, Canada, is here visiting his three little daughters, Elva, Thelma and Gladys.

Rev. F. L. Post, from Chehalis, Washington, is spending some time at the home of his son, A. A. Post, and family.

Miss Maude Wills is substituting for Mrs. Martin in her school work. Mrs. Martin has the sympathy of all in her suffering and misfortune.

Mrs. W. H. Alexander, formerly Maud Lightfoot, of Newberg, came out for a visit with relatives and will return soon to her home in Canada.

L. H. Meyer and five hundred other ship yard workers were laid off last week. Mr. Meyer and family will again take up their residence at Chehalis Center.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Roy Ferrell last Thursday, February 27, a nine and half pound baby girl. Dr. Sarah Smith attending physician, Mrs. Swartz, of Newberg, as nurse.

Harry Crater, another one of our volunteer soldiers from over sea, was discharged from the 83rd F. A., Bat. F, came home Tuesday a week ago. Robert Walton also returned from Camp Lewis.

The weatherman interfered with Saturday's all day meeting and picnic dinner at the school house and it was called off until the weather becomes more settled. The Graphic editor has a standing invitation to be present at the meeting, especially the noon hour.

Last Wednesday evening the Parent-Teacher Association held a basket social at the school house. Klenle & Son, of Newberg, were present and demonstrated the music of one of their nice cabinet-sized Columbia Graphonolas which was highly appreciated. The boxes of supper each registered the weight of the lady who donated it. The proceeds from the boxes were \$41.35.

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

### RIBBON RIDGE

Mrs. Albert Konmits and little son were Newberg visitors last week.

Mrs. Lou Carter solicited for the Armenian fund this week on the Ridge.

Mrs. J. T. Carter returned on Thursday from an extended visit in Kansas.

Miss Susie Evans is recuperating from an operation for appendicitis, at the McMinnville hospital.

M. B. Sleeper, of Portland, spent the week end with Mrs. Sleeper, who is at the Boyd Bungalow for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Boyd and Mrs. M. B. Sleeper were callers of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Steward, of Mountain Top, on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Avon Slade, of Portland, were visitors on the Ridge this week. Mr. and Mrs. Slade are moving to Newberg soon.

### RAYBELL

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Belleu were Portland visitors on Monday.

Harold Ray, of Portland, visited Riverside Hop Farm on Saturday.

Mrs. Bert Belleu visited with Mrs. Walter Ray on Friday afternoon.

John and Jim Johnston spent Sunday and Monday in Portland.

Quite a number of our neighbors attended the sale in Newberg last Thursday.

Mrs. Walter Ray visited with her cousin, Mrs. E. G. Fendall, at Newberg, last Thursday.

Everyone in Raybell should boost for that paved road for which the viewers are to be appointed on Thursday at Salem.

### REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Luther E Arney and wf to W E Ramey l 32 and s 2.11 ac 33 N Newberg Fruit Land Subd \$1300.

B E Bailey and wf to Mairdred F Blackburn 52.27 ac Geo W Roberts die t 4 s r 4 w \$10.

S A Ball and wf to W P Lawrence 5.51 ac Wm McKune die t 6 s r 5 w \$770.

Robert M Bullpit to L N Tompkins 30 ac s 12 t 2 s r 5 w \$10.

Margaret A Clark to Albert W Youngberg and wf 187.09 ac J S Danforth die t 5 and 6 s r 5 w \$21000.

Edward Davis and wf to Ralph and Minnie D Van Valin part 1 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 Deakins' 3rd add Newberg \$10.

George Dennes to Earl O Jones and wf l 8 Chehalen Hill \$1500.

Christian Engleman and wf to Sylvester P Davis l 13 Earlwood \$2500.

Orange Elliott et al to Henry R Stevens l 4 and s 1/2 l 5 blk 8 town of Newberg \$900.

R W Fisher and wf to C M Fisher 40 ac s 26 t 2 s r 4 w \$10.

C M Fisher to Ada Worden Reed 10 ac s 26 t 2 s r 4 w \$10.

Geo Fowley and wf to Geo Freshour and wf pt l 5 Lippincott's 2nd add Dayton \$500.

J A Gilbertson to McMinnville Lodge No. 755 L O O M n 1/2 l 1 B L original town McMinnville \$1.

W F Graves to E M Graves 51x90 ft blk 2 S Sheridan \$10.

C B Handy et al to Otto B Bowman and wf l 24 and 25 Walnut Co Orchards No 3 \$10.

W L Hembree and wf to Elias M Yeaton 23.17 ac O P Turner die t 5 s r 5 and 6 w \$3500.

John B Hudson and wf to Mary Cook and husb 2 ac s 31 t 5 s r 7 w \$60.

I D Mulkey and wf to John Michelbook and wf 163.75 ac Jacob Hampton die and 37.05 ac M Payne die t 5 s r 5 w \$22000.

John Michelbook and wf to Jacob K and Elizabeth Miller 163.75 ac Jacob Hampton die and 37.05 ac M Payne die t 5 s r 5 w \$25000.

Sam McVey et al to Arjel Rogers l 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15 blk 45 Edwards' add Newberg \$10.

Luella C Opydyke and husb to Frank Nelson and wf 8.68 ac J H Hess die t 3 s r 2 and 3 w being l 1, 2, 3, 4 Rural Homes No. 2 \$1.

Geo Clarence Parrett to Donnie S Parrett ne 1/4 sw 1/4 s 13 t 3 s r 2 w \$1000.

Geo F Peed and wf to C D and Ida B Bownton 20 ac Rueben Harris die t 4 s r 4 w \$10.

Fred C Stupfel to Leo J Stupfel and wf 195 ac Jos Watt die t 5 s r 4 w \$10.

Vought Valentine and wf to Oscar Anderson and wf 60 ac John Perkins die t 2 s r 4 w \$7500.

Elsie E Warren and husb to J E Emerson and wf sm tr M Matheny die t 5 s r 3 w \$1000.

Yamhill County, Oregon to C E Waterman l-3 ac J B Rogers die t 3 s r 2 w \$10.

Yamhill County, Oregon to D E Waterman and wf sm tr J B Rogers die t 3 s r 2 w \$30.

### NEWBERG CHURCH SERVICES

#### Friends

Sunday school 9:45. Morning worship at 11. C. E. 6:25 p. m.

Evening meeting, 7:30. Rev. Miller, of Springbrook, will preach on the subject, "Why Some People Backslide."

Revival services will continue each evening at 7:30 this week. Everyone welcome.

Fred E. Carter, Pastor.

#### Presbyterian

9:45—Sunday school. Superintendent. Classes for all.

11:00—Morning worship. "The Home and the New Era."

6:30—Y. F. S. C. E., leader, Florence Lee. "Lost by Looking." Prov. 28:29-35.

7:30—Evening song service, "A Rotten Political Fence," sermon topic.

Wednesday evening, mid week service, "Cities of Refuge," Josh. xx.

#### Christian

10 a. m., Bible school, Ethel Keller, superintendent.

11 a. m., sermon, "The Victory that Overcomes the World."

6:30 p. m., C. E.

7:30 p. m., sermon, "Disciples—How Made."

Bible school moving forward, attendance increasing. Morning offering for Damoah Orphanage, India, \$9.00.

A cordial invitation extended to all.

#### Baptist

The third sermon in the "Household Religion" series will be preached next Sunday morning. The special topic will be "Duties of Children." The usual evening service will be held, topic to be announced.

On Friday evening, March 7, at 7:30 a meeting will be held in the interests of the Victory Drive for \$6,000,000. Rev. Mr. Laslette, of Portland, will speak. All members are urged to be present at this meeting.

The Sunday program is: Sunday school.....10:00 a. m. Morning service.....11:00 a. m. B. Y. P. U.....6:30 p. m. Evening service.....7:30 p. m. All are invited.

#### Dundee Church

Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching service at 11:00 a. m., subject, "The Kingdom of God."

Evening service at 7:30. C. B. Ross, Pastor.

### WARS SET UP PRINCIPLES

Momentous Questions Troubling Mankind Have Been Settled by the World's Greatest Conflicts.

Wars are milestones, victories set up tablets, upon which are inscribed the principles that have been vindicated.

The battle of Marston Moor destroyed feudalism, overthrew the doctrine of the divine right of kings, gave England an elective parliament, Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis said in a sermon reported in the Brooklyn Eagle.

The French revolution destroyed French autocracy, and gave the people the right of self-determination.

The war of 1776 was the last civil war of Great Britain—a war of a good section of the English people against the bad section of Great Britain which had enthroned a crazy German king—George III.

The war of 1861 established on sure foundations the republic, the last best hope of man, and vindicated industrial democracy without regard to color.

The war of 1914 has settled certain things for all time. War shall be no more! Hereafter disputes between nations shall be settled by an international supreme court. Militarism shall be no more—never again shall the people's resources be wasted in piling up munitions, for the man in the furrow carry a soldier upon his back. International treaties hereafter shall be sacred! Aias for the next nation that counts its written pledge a scrap of paper and defies international law! The small races and peoples are free! No big bully nation like Germany can ever again trample upon Belgium, as King Ahab trampled on Naboth and seized his purple vineyard. Terrorism and frightfulness henceforth are outlawed. That day God called "the state," that Germany made unto herself and has long been worshipping, is an idol that has fallen.

#### Half-Way Point

Justine lived next door to Betty. The two were constantly together. Occasionally their mothers thought it best to keep them apart for a while. One day Betty came in and said: "Mother, Justine can't come over. Can I go over there?"

"No, not today," her mother said. "Well, then, we will sit on the fence and visit," said Betty.

Newberg Lodge No. 166 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., Curtis A. Houser, 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.

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