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ON THE WAY TO FAR OFF INDIA

Letter From Mrs. K. Hawley Jackson, Daughter Of Dr. E. P. Dixon

Somewhere on the Pacific January 2, 1919.

Our precious loved ones—About eleven o'clock, all our 16 pieces of hand baggage were neatly stacked on the floor of our hotel room in Frisco the morning of the 28th. Every spare moment I tried to snatch time enough to write home and say the last good-byes to various friends and loved ones. Koert went down in the hotel lobby ahead of me to pay the bills, etc., and a few minutes after eleven the porter rapped at the door and began carrying out the pieces. The bus was in front waiting for us. We two were not the only ones going the "China" from the hotel. There were two ladies, a little boy and a gentleman.

After we saw the luggage safely landed with the driver, we all clambered inside, and with one last look at our hotel were off for the steamship office where Koert left me to go on the pier alone while he attended to some business. Every piece of baggage had our tag on it with name and cabin on the ship and our destination. Our cabin is No. 3. I was soon put at rest about my baggage at the pier, as a man met our bus with a hand truck and everything was loaded on, except a few pieces that I wanted to carry.

I tried to follow the man as he made it through the great freight room, but was soon lost in the crowd of wagons, cars, and restless people. There were two gang planks to the ship, and at the door ways of the freight house leading to these, there were picket fences all about and customs officials at each opening. I finally saw our baggage was inside of this fence and so I knew that they would care for it.

Business of the ship at the pier, many restrictions have been taken off or modified; for instance, our trunks did not have to be inspected, though on the boat before as they did. We were allowed to take pictures at the wharf and our friends were allowed on the pier. It seemed that all these were for our special benefit, and our hearts were thankful.

Koert had told me to get on, but I had the ticket and his passport, and to once get on, meant that I couldn't get off, so I decided to wait till he came. I got up near the fence and watched every face as they appeared at the main entrance. Soon I was joined by Bro. Burger and Miss Willison. Friends began to come one by one, and by twos and threes, so that by the time Koert came there was quite a party present. We had the trunks to be weighed and Koert tipped a fellow fifty cents to get our five trunks on. All completed we went back to our friends and talked with various ones.

Near the picket fence we made a circle and sang several choruses and then Brother Smith prayed and each of us three shook hands with them all. There were twenty-five there. Almost loathe to leave them, we passed through the little gateway and presented our passports and permits to India and the official signed the passport and we mounted the gang plank.

Just as I stepped onto the ship a real thrill of joy went through me and I waved my hand at the little crowd below us. It was almost too good to be true, to think that at last we were aboard. At once we went to our cabin and counted our baggage and found it all there, also took our first dose of Mother Sill's Seaside Remedy, that friends in the East had sent us. So much accomplished, we went back out and sang long and loud with our dear friends. One sister looked at me and said, "You look as though you were only going across the bay to Berkeley, instead of so far away," and I assured her that that was the way I felt about it. I was so calm that I wondered if I never would feel again. I couldn't have cried if I had tried, for just now I was realizing the hopes and plans of many long months, and years of prayers. I was so glad, in a way, that none of you were present for the hard part was over when I had said good-bye to you.

That, perhaps, is a selfish feeling, for I should love so much for you to

have met the friends and seen our ship and been the last ones to wave to us as we went out of sight, but God knows best. I took three pictures of the crowd on the pier and one of a bunch of Hindoos who were saying good-bye to some of their friends who were going back to India.

We were late in getting off and a little before three the whistle gave an awful bellow and the gang planks were pulled in, and all connection was severed from the Home-land. In backing out, the back of the ship hit some of the piling and how the splinters did fly, but no damage was done and no one hurt, so finally we got out with the help of a faithful little tug boat. We waved as long as we could see the pier we had left and they waved back. The boat, turning around, made for the Golden Gate, and some one told us that we would be an hour or more getting out, so, not having eaten since the night before, we proceeded to the dining room and found that most of the people had eaten and the boys were clearing the tables, but we imposed on their good natures enough to get some soup and fresh fish.

We then went to the room, and took time enough to see that it was a nice little cabin and in not so bad a location, with a port hole for fresh air, two bunk beds, more like trundle beds, like we slept in when children, with a high board in front to keep us from falling out. I took the lower one and Koert the upper. He has a fine little five rung ladder to help him up stairs. On my right is a large stationary wash bowl, tank of water and jug of drinking water, with a large mirror above and an electric light above it, with hooks upon which to hang things, and a towel rack. We have a folding seat, and our trunks are under the bunk on one side and the couch on the other. So thus you can get some sort of an idea of our apartments for the next thirty days.

We were so tired from getting on board that we both took a nap and got our seating in the dining room. We are all together at one of the side tables which seat twelve. In the dining room there are two long tables in the middle part of the room and two smaller tables on each side of these. There are too many passengers to be served at one sitting, so we got in on the second table and our dining hours are seven, twelve and six, and the other table, which is really second, dines one hour after us.

We had a very rough sea, and most every one had fled to their cabins for refuge, for when one is sea sick, your bed is your best friend. We were somewhat dizzy and it seemed hard to get used to the rolling of the ship, for it not only rides up on the big swells and then comes down at a rapid rate, but it rocks to and fro like a rocking chair and it makes you wonder just where you will land next.

Most every one was sick, and some very sick. At the dinner call very few showed themselves. Miss Willison stayed flat of her back and had the stewardess bring her some dinner later in her room. We were hungry so went to the table, and found it surrounded with side boards about three inches high. To eat was like sticking one's head over a rail fence in hopes of reaching some sweet morsel on the inside. I felt like I must be about a mile away from my food. Our chairs are stationary and revolve part way around, but are so far from the table that I sit on the edge of mine to eat soup for fear it will get away from me.

We ate heartily and felt pretty well. Had a fine sleep that night and the next morning found us on deck but there was hardly a soul to be found. If we did find one, they were piled up somewhere and could not even raise their heads. Since so many were sick we decided not to try to have services unless some appeared.

The purser said that this was the worst trip of the year, though it was beginning better than it usually was. He said that in the China Sea it was usually very bad, sometimes they have to stop the engine and just keep her afloat until the storm is over, and other times it is as smooth as glass. After all, we feel that we are on the Lord's ship and He will care for us. Our freight and trunks are all on here with us.

On Monday and Tuesday the sea was much smoother and the sick ones were better, and soon on deck.

There are about thirty missionaries on board, a large number of Scandinavians, some for China and some for India. Then there are the English families going to China and one Salvation Army lady going to India. One is a Christian Missionary Alliance man going to Indo-China. I have met two ladies who go to Shanghai and know Claude and Julia very well. Then some go to Japan, etc. New Year's Eve we had a nice watch night service. The English clergyman took charge and Koert spoke a few moments. At twelve o'clock we were all on our knees and the wildcat whistle was let loose, also the main steam whistle and it nearly racked our nerves for about five minutes.

Then we retired and the worldly set danced till almost morning. One girl said she got in about three o'clock. The next evening the dining room was all decorated and hung with soft lights, and a regular holiday dinner served. I had California turkey and cranberry sauce, etc. We have very nice meals served, and everything is kept nice and clean. The Chinese boys wait on the tables and do all the cooking, etc., and it is as good as one can have on ship board.

Koert decided that he didn't want to climb up stairs to sleep so made his bed on the couch which is just under the port hole. It often gets stuffy in our room, since it is on the same floor as the dining room and does not open to the outside except one climbs the stairs to the deck. One night we retired very weary, but with a calm sea, and a nice breeze blowing in, and in the middle of the night the wind arose and the big swells appeared and presently our fair sleeper was awakened by a part of the big ocean coming right in on him. He jumped to the floor in a second and called "Teal! Teal!" I had a faint remembrance of a splash but got it into my head that he had poured a bucket of water out through the port hole. At once I turned on the light and there was a much bespattered husband and a wet steamer robe. To say the least, I just laughed good and then helped tuck him in bed again, finding him worse scared than wet. He closed the port hole for the rest of the night, and we have never left it open at night since then.

We sleep a great deal and are trying to get rested up. The sun shines most of the time and we have felt the tropical atmosphere for several days now. It is simply glorious outside. It was cold in leaving Frisco, but it didn't take long to warm up, and that right quickly. Tomorrow we are to land in Honolulu about five in the morning and lay there all day. We expect to go ashore and see the sights. There are some Hawaiians on board and they play the most beautiful music. There are about 127 passengers on board, I hear.

HALF BILLION FOR ROADS

Expenditures for highway work in the United States this year are likely to amount to a half billion dollars, or even more, according to a recent statement by officials of the Bureau of Public Roads, United States Department of Agriculture. On reports received from State highway departments, the bureau estimates the expenditures for roads and bridges at \$385,000,000, or \$110,000,000 more than the average expenditures for 1918 and 1917. This estimate does not include, however, the additional Federal funds which will be available if the amendment to the Post Office appropriation bill, making \$50,000,000 immediately available and \$75,000,000 more on July 1, is enacted into law.

Estimated work under control of the State highway departments includes \$45,000,000 for the construction of 5,000 miles of road now under contract, \$30,000,000 for 4,000 miles of construction ready for contract, \$100,000,000 for 16,000 miles of contemplated construction, and \$60,000,000 for maintenance of 200,000 miles. Expenditures of counties, townships, and local road districts are estimated at \$100,000,000 for the construction of 15,000 miles and \$50,000,000 for maintenance of 100,000 miles.

SPRING MILLINERY NOW READY

Ladies will find a fine new line of spring millinery ready for inspection at King's. Old customers and prospective new ones as well, are invited to call and look the stock over.

SEEING THINGS AT MONTE CARLO

Arlic Evans and Clarence Coe Off on Furlough for Rest and Recreation

Hotel De La Terrasse, Monte Carlo, January 30, 1919.

Dear Folks—I should have written you several days ago, but you can imagine how busy we have been since starting on our furlough.

Twenty of us from Company E were given ten days' leave.

It is certainly a wonderful contrast to leave our camp where everything was frozen and threatening snow all the time to come here where the flowers are all blooming and everywhere you see spring in full swing.

To us at present at least, this is the garden spot of the world, and I simply couldn't stay indoors long enough to write.

The trip here was wonderful and even though we had to stand up most of the way, every mile was enjoyed and will live in our memory forever. The country is beautiful but not productive, especially from Lyons to the Italian border.

From Valence the entire country is rock and sparsely inhabited but the scenery is wonderful. Nearly every high mountain has the ruins of a feudal castle, where in ages gone by, lords lived with their tribes.

Long before we reached Marseilles we traveled along the shore of the Mediterranean Sea and it's certainly a most beautiful body of water. You've heard of the "Blue Mediterranean," but I didn't suppose any water could be as blue as it is. The road winds around the hills and cliffs along the shore line. Believe me, someone was a wonderful engineer.

Saturday night we were tired, and not knowing if we could get back to Arribes. There were no soldiers at the station as it was very late, so we looked up two gendarmes and they assisted us in finding a hotel. Next morning when we were awakened we were almost content to remain and not register at any of the leave areas, for our hotel overlooks the sea and, with snow-covered lower Alps in the background, this seemed to be the most beautiful of places, but we finally decided to go on and when we arrived at Monte Carlo, or Monaco, the M. P. told us that Mentone was filled to capacity.

Once in my army life, fortune smiled at me, for Monaco and Monte Carlo are the most beautiful places in the Riviera. The Europeans think this the wonder spot of the world for winter homes. But I am of the opinion that there are places even in California that are just as pretty.

The entire Riviera is beautiful, the buildings are modern, the cities clean and life is gay, and as near the real life of France before the war as it can be, under the conditions, for although this is a part of France, it's a principality of its own, ruled by Albert I, Prince of Monaco, the smallest principality in the world.

Monday we went over the border into Italy. Tuesday we visited the Prince's palace, the Cathedral, the museums, exploring all the old nooks and corners of the fort.

Wednesday we went through the Casino, and after dinner we went to see the monument of Augustus Caesar at La Turbie, and to the ancient city of Eze.

Yesterday we went to Nice. The city is beautiful and has a wonderful walk along the sea. The Y. M. C. A. has a wonderful opportunity here as the Casino has been turned over to them. It is built on a steel structure out in the sea, connected to the mainland by a bridge. If a man couldn't forget the horrors of war here he'll never be able to do so.

I believe if we had sufficient income I could be content to live the life of ease here, although I know it's just the blooming flowers and warm sunshine after 18 months of hard work in the mud and rain and cold, eating slum three times a day, sometimes standing in mud half way to your knees while eating, that makes this such a treat to us soldiers.

Clarence and I have taken a lot of pictures, for of course we are together on this trip. We went to a cafe last night and I danced. The people are very nice and treat us like we were real men. This is a

SEEING THINGS AT MONTE CARLO

Arlic Evans and Clarence Coe Off on Furlough for Rest and Recreation

quiet place and much desired by English tourists. I'm sending cards from the main points of interest and will write a line on the back.

Clarence and I are both well and send love to you all, Arlic.

CREEPING BARRAGE SPLENDIDLY SHOWN AT BAKER THEATRE

A great deal has been written about that wonderful device of modern warfare—the creeping barrage. For the first time a creeping barrage has been put on the screen with really graphic details by D. W. Griffith in his new photoplay, "The Greatest Thing in Life," in which Lillian Gish has the stellar part and which will be shown at the Baker Theatre next Wednesday and Thursday, March 19 and 20.

It is a remarkable battle scene. No printed words can adequately describe this curtain of fire under the protection of which our Yank boys have repeatedly marched into the Hun trenches. You can see the heavy smoke clouds sweeping forward as though by the force of some unseen giant hand moving steadily toward the enemy trenches on a hill crest. You can see the shells exploding. It is so vivid that you can almost hear the crash.

Through the curtain of cloud a bombing aeroplane takes its perilous flight; now up almost in the real clouds; now darting like an angry wasp through the smoke and reek of the battle, just about the trenches.

The creeping barrage is a development of this war. Before the days of such intensive artillery fire such a tactical device was never dreamed of. This is the first visualization available to those at home.

FAREWELL GIVEN JOHN BARLEYCORN MONDAY NIGHT

Somthing more than 100 people participated in a banquet given to John Barleycorn Monday night at the Y. M. C. A. The occasion was arranged for giving an expression of gratification over the final success of the long fight for National Prohibition.

President Pennington presided as toast master, throwing in his usual fund of apt stories to enliven the occasion. Miss Edith Minchin, who responded to the toast, "The Path-makers," covered well the story of the long hard battles engaged in from the days of the first temperance advocates to the present time.

Other toasts responded to were, "The Long, Long Trail," Jesse Edwards; "A Joyful Funeral," Rev. G. A. Pollard; "John Barleycorn Buried Deeper," Rev. G. H. Lee; "By-Products of Prohibition," U. S. G. Miller; "Prohibition's Contribution to World Progress," Prof. Harvey A. Wright; "The Unscrambling of Scrambled Eggs," Mrs. Ada Wallace Unruh. The last speaker dwelt at length on the plans that are already well laid by the wet goods dispensers for establishing themselves just over the Mexican border for the purpose of being easy to reach from this side. She said the call was coming from the better class of Mexicans for help to combat the evil, and that plans were being perfected for sending some workers into that field. The statement was further made that Miss Gladys Hannon, of Newberg, had been selected, as one of the workers to be sent and that funds were being raised for meeting the expenses. A subscription was taken for this work and Mrs. Unruh will canvass here later for funds and also throughout the state.

SUCCESSFUL MUSIC RECITAL

On Monday evening the second recital of the college music department was given in Wood-Mar Hall before a large and interested audience. The first half of the program was given entirely by the little folks who acquitted themselves so remarkably well and self-consciously that they were a source of much pleasure to their hearers. The second half of the program was given by older pupils, of whom quite as much in praise might be said.

Those taking part in the children's section were Thelma Stretch, Katherine Duer, Helen Virginia Moore, Robin Moore and Bertram Miller, piano, and Wilma Evans, violin. The later numbers were given by Misses Elizabeth Cady, Kathleen Cone, Grace Little, Estelle Stroud and Hil-

RICHARD M. KENNEDY DIES IN GERMANY

Son of Mrs. R. H. Kennedy and Graduate of Newberg High School, Class of 1916

Friends and acquaintances alike were shocked Friday last to learn of the death of Richard M. Kennedy, which occurred in a hospital in Luxemburg, Germany, following a ten days' siege of flu and pneumonia. News of his death came to the mother, Mrs. R. H. Kennedy, direct the Red Cross nurse who cared for him during his illness, and assured the mother her son had had every care and attention possible.

Richard M. Kennedy graduated from the Newberg high school in 1916 at the age of 18, and entered Reed College, Portland, the same year. He was a member of the Newberg Presbyterian church, and his death adds another gold star to the service flag of that church.

The following is taken from the Portland Journal of recent date:

Richard M. Kennedy of the Reed College class of 1920 is anticipating travel in Germany with the army of occupation, according to a letter received at Reed recently. He is attached to Headquarters Company, 150th Field Artillery, of the Rainbow Division. Following are extracts from his letter telling of action shortly before the armistice was signed.

"Our artillery in front of Setcheprey from 75's on up to big naval guns mounted on railroad trucks miles beyond, opened up with a prodigious slam at 1 a. m. and our infantry went over about daylight. Positions which had been held for over four years were taken in a few moments, and long before noon the Germans were back beyond the range of our six-inch howitzers. To our division was assigned the capture of Mont Sec and the towns of Bony, Fanna and Bony and we took an enormous number of prisoners. The towns were the old Man's Land were so badly cut by artillery fire that it was two days before we could move up. We were then rushed across to the Verdun front where the First army was driving hard on in the Argonne.

"The woods here were nothing but stretches of naked tree trunks, the undergrowth of two years, barbed wire entanglements, dugouts and shell holes. Formerly fair-sized towns are stretches of weeds, low mounds of rock covered with grass and vines and bare places where once were village streets.

"A few days ago some Hun planes came over and laid a few eggs right beside us. The bombs lit with a whang that made my ears ring for hours. And then after the load was dumped the ornery cuss fired a few rounds with his machine gun at some horses tied on the line and flew off. Being bombed is about the worst experience."

The Kennedy family is now located at 1227 El Sereno Avenue, Los Angeles. Miss Louise Kennedy holds a responsible position in the public library of that city. Theodore M. Kennedy was listed in the arrivals on the Caponic in New York on February 20th.

SPECIAL MEETINGS IN PROGRESS AT FRIENDS CHURCH

Revival services still continue at the Friends church with good interest. The public is cordially invited to attend these meetings. The presence and assistance of all Christians will be greatly appreciated.

Fred E. Carter, Pastor.

The British Tommies have added an historical touch to the Pool of Bethesda, of Biblical fame. Steps lead down to the pool, the water of which is not any too clean, and on the walls in seventy-seven different languages, is the account of the healing described in the fifth chapter of John. But one Tommy, not finding his mother tongue represented, promptly wrote out the story in Welsh. So now there are seventy-eight versions for visitors to choose from.—Telephone-Register.