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DUNDEE

Miss Belle Kelley, who is teaching at Aurora, spent the week end at the Marr home last week.

Little Misses Vera Robinson and Mildred Wilson have been on the sick list the past week but are both convalescing.

Mrs. Chapman and little daughter, from McMinnville, visited Mrs. Chapman's sister, Mrs. Joseph Her-ring, last week.

Mrs. E. H. Anderson has returned from a visit in Portland. Professor and Mrs. Anderson will soon move to the Conlee home in Dundee.

A. A. Parrett and Paul Groth were Dundee's enthusiastic nimrods who went to the mountains on April first. Their catch has not been reported.

The regular monthly business meeting of the Red Cross will be held in the library at eight o'clock on Saturday evening, April 5. Every member of the Red Cross is urged to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Olmsted went to Portland Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Edwards and all had dinner with relatives of both families in the Walter Edwards home at Vancouver.

A very enjoyable dancing party was held at the hall on Saturday evening. Many guests were present from neighboring cities. The dance was under the auspices of the Young Peoples' Dancing Club.

Don't forget the Refugee clothing. There is crying need in many countries abroad for anything to clothe the unfortunates. Anything you can spare will be acceptable. Leave your contributions at any of the Dundee stores or bring them to the Red Cross rooms on Tuesday. Anything in the line of clothing or household articles that you do not care for any longer and that you consider appropriate to send abroad can be sent to the Red Cross shop in

Portland where they find a sale for everything.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Fogg's sons and daughters and their families who live in Portland were Dundee visitors last week, coming out to celebrate the thirty-fifth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Fogg. It was a delightful family re-union, marred only by the absence of the relatives in Tillamook who could not be present, and of Harold Fogg who is still in the employ of Uncle Sam as a mechanic in an aero squadron.

Members of the Dundee church held an all day meeting and picnic luncheon at the parsonage on Friday. Plans for the local work in the Centenary movement were the topic of the day. Though the financial part of the Centenary plan, on account perhaps of its magnitude, \$140,000,000 for home and foreign missions and work in the devastated war areas, has been most advertised, the awakened and renewed activities in moral and spiritual lines is the real purpose of the great endeavor. It is expected that members of the church and all Christians, for the movement reaches into all denominations, are to consecrate themselves anew to a realization of the Christ consciousness as the supreme aim in life. The mission work both at home and abroad concerns itself with homes, employment, sanitation, education, in fact, everything that makes toward right living, for only as the body is made a fit temple for the Holy Ghost can the spiritual side of man be reached and awakened to its fullness.

In many localities in the United States parks and highways are being planted, commemorating lives of our boys given for humanity in the great war. Dundee has a profound spirit of thanksgiving in respect to the thirty-two boys from here who offered their lives but were spared the sacrifice. In recognition of that thankfulness in the hearts of all who reside here a Dundee Memorial Park is planned and is under way,

in which an ornamental tree for every Over Seas boy and a beautiful shrub for all those who served in this country, will be planted. The piece of ground is a small triangle of about one-third of an acre donated and deeded to the school district by the Yamhill County Court for this purpose. It is located just above the new county road between the double S curve and the railroad crossing, just bordering the city on the north. It is the most slightly location that could have been chosen, being on the Pacific Highway, about the center of the school district, and in plain view from the railroad. Donations for work and materials are coming in to the military relief committee of the local Red Cross, which has the matter in hand, and a conception of the beauty of the idea is steadily growing. Besides the thirty-two blue stars in our service flag Dundee has one gold star placed there in loving tribute to Robert L. Henry, who for some time was a teacher in our schools. A beautiful weeping birch will be planted in his name. Anyone having suggestions to make or wishing to donate services in this beautiful public enterprise, is requested to attend the business meeting of the Red Cross on Saturday or to advise with Mayor Shannahan or the military relief committee.

DUNDEE

Continued from the account of going into battle, by one of the Yamhill county boys, printed about three weeks ago:

Believe that last letter we had spent the night in a shell hole and had brought up rations early in the morning from road. Well, the company lugged rations, guns, ammunition, everything, in fact, up this hollow we spent the night in until it turned into a narrow ravine with steep sides. Here was the safest and most logical place to eat. A dead Yankee lay on the edge above us, one of the few we saw. Our rolling kitchen had left a meal which tasted mighty good even if it was cold. We had bread, syrup, beans, cold coffee, rice pudding, tomatoes and beef hash.

Spent the rest of the day moving up to a new position nearer the Rhine. Our platoon had to go back to carry up all the ammunition. This new position was on a slight hill which was full of recently vacated German dugouts and artillery emplacements. Between this position and where we ate we passed a few dead on both sides and over ground literally littered with shell holes. German shells were coming over less and less all the time. Our guns kept pegging away but as they had to follow up, too, the firing wasn't very lively.

We caught up with a bunch of infantry at this place. We all appropriated the dugouts and as it started to rain soon after, I considered myself lucky to have gotten into one with a good roof and boarded on inside, top, bottom and sides, with straw on the floor. Jerry

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leaves some mighty comfortable permanent dugouts.

We were certainly hoping we might not have to move in the rain. The dugout looked awful good to the four of us who squeezed into it. But we were routed out before midnight and had to move with everything, in rain and mud up to our ears. Lovely! It was a tired and silent bunch that hiked down to a road in pitch dark, up that road through a town, and finally to a hillside covered with small brush and bushes. Here we stopped and were told to sleep on the ground as there were no dugouts, bivvys or anything.

Luck again had stopped the rain so we flopped among the brush and slept a little until morning. From this day on we were bothered no more by German shells or Germans and we hadn't seen them yet except their dead, and we hadn't fired our gun, nor did we. Pretty soft drive for us, wasn't it?

Well, we stayed among the bushes. Our kitchen and transport caught up and we had a hot meal or two. We found big bunches of German shell cases here and empty shells, also several pieces of artillery were captured here.

We slept on empty cases that night instead of ground but it rained hard the first half of the night and most of us got everything pretty wet. With daylight we burned up enough shell cases to dry things out considerably, however, and had big bon fires all over.

By this time the 42nd Division had come up and taken a neighboring hill to camp on. That's the Rainbow Division which relieved us on the 11th. But we moved again that morning, transports and all, marching all day, nearly, after Jerry. Went through Buzancy about noon. It was pretty well wrecked, some ruins still smoking as Jerry had been driven out only two days previous.

Some kilos past Buzancy we went down into a canyon where a large part of our division camped for about four days. About a mile farther down was where we had to go after water. There was the 77th Division which had been fighting on our left in this drive. The Marines were on our right. Stayed among the scrub pines cleaning up and resting.

Rumors of an armistice were already in the air. Finally we got orders to move, took the back track to Buzancy. Made quite a hike that day through wrecked villages and over torn-up country. Spent a rainy night billeted in a wrecked village recently occupied by the Germans. Could still see and hear firing. Hiked again all day until about 2 p. m. (Always start the day's hike with daylight.)

Now we were moving with the rest of our division and there were troops for miles along the road. Saturday afternoon we landed in a big wood through which the road ran, after climbing quite a series of grades. This hill was the same one which we descended October 30, go-

ing into the lines at night and where I heard my first shell come over.

Pitching tents in these woods, we spent a couple of frosty nights on the ground. We were allowed to have little fires which helped some. Sunday the "wireless" went around amongst the boys that it was up to Jerry to sign the armistice by eleven the next day. We celebrated in advance and made things lively and noisy in general.

Early Monday morning we hiked back. It was said the 42nd relieved us, taking up the chase. Went back the same way we came in, billeted for a week in a clump of old barns and dugouts. Cleaned up, rested, got some new clothing, not much, and spent the spare time arguing about going home.

Started the long 12-day hike the following Monday. On these hikes you always try to march fifty and rest ten minutes each hour if possible, speed 2 1/4 to 3 1/4 miles per hour, depending on the distance to go and other circumstances. Thanksgiving made our record hike in a beautiful rain. Ate hard tack and beef for Thanksgiving dinner, taking 30 minutes rest at noon. We made over forty kilometers that day or about 25 miles, and were soaking wet and very tired when we pulled into a small dark town about 6 p. m. I slept in a hay mow that night too tired to go out in the pouring rain for supper. Slept in wet underwear from waist down but I did not have a pair of dry socks to put on. Out at 4:30 next morning for a daylight start. It was a bedraggled, lame bunch that hobbled forth early the 29th. It was raining but we had hope that was very cheering. "This was the last day of the hike" and again we thought we would reach the place for taking train west and home. So nobody dropped far behind although we made over 30 kilometers and it rained quite a bit. We got tired early but no one would think of falling out. At Laign's word went round it was only four kilometers to our final objective. It was the longest four kilometers I ever went or hope to go. Here we are yet nearly 2 1/2 months later.

There are many things left to tell, much easier and more satisfactory to tell than to write, such as minor observations, personal experiences, feelings, etc.

Next letter I hope to tell some more of the details here. Our Y. M. here has their new movie machine which came yesterday. Three shows a week. Fine! Also some American magazines and periodicals came today. Am writing on a December 25th Outlook. Have earned a look at it, haven't I, after three big letters? Love to all.

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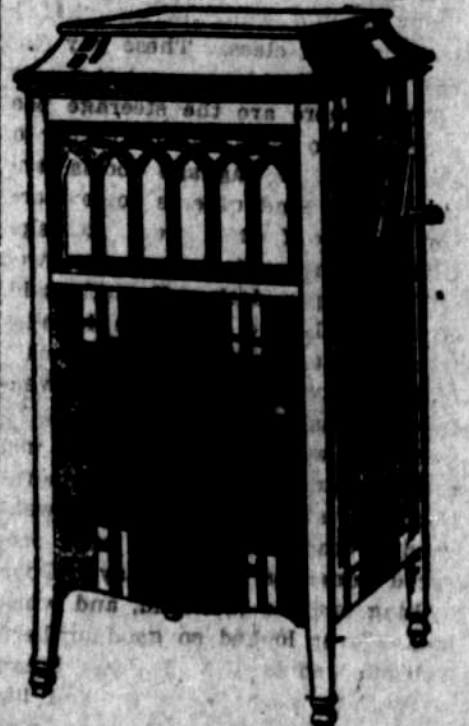
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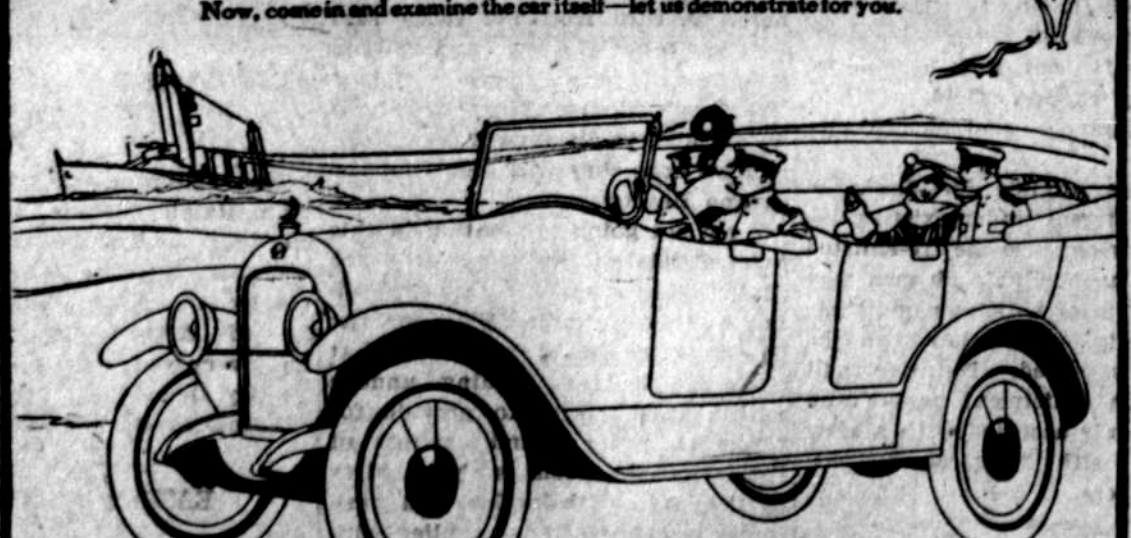
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