

# NEWBERG GRAPHIC

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## SETH A. MILLS HAS A CLOSE CALL

Spends More Than An Hour Clinging to Overturned Boat in Icy Alaskan Waters

Editor Graphic—

On a bright sunny day, March 1, 1920, I was crossing the mouth of Keku Strait from Kulu Island, Alaska, to the Kuprinoff shore in my little nine-foot row boat, loaded down with four sacks of spruce bark, and little thought of the comparatively small swells that were running when I pushed off from shore, for I had crossed many times when they were several times larger than they were now, though not with so heavily a loaded boat.

Nor did I take into consideration the fact that for two weeks we had been having clear, sunny weather and that the cracks in the sides of the boat had opened a thirty-second of an inch. Of course this was above the usual water line and about two-thirds of the way up from the bottom of the boat, and the continued crossing of the channel, both last winter and this, even though it is shown on the government chart to be a mile wide and 180 feet deep, had made me think as little of it as though it were a creek.

But a sudden awakening was awaiting me for as I proceeded farther from shore the wind and size of the waves increased and by the time I was in mid-channel a couple of inches of water was in the canoe, but still I felt not the slightest alarm and was holding up in the wind and tide to make as direct a line as possible to the little harbor where my 32-foot gas boat was anchored, when the waves began coming over the top pretty freely and I realized it was necessary to turn and run from the wind toward the nearest point I could land, but still not ready to throw overboard my bark, which I had gone more than two miles to procure.

I pulled with all the energy of hardened and practiced muscles, but suddenly, and very unexpectedly, a large wave seemed to form right at me and rolled over my little boat as though it had been a stone. The bark floated off and I grabbed the .303 Savage, still thinking a little wetting and the loss of my bark would be the cost of the venture, but just as suddenly and unexpectedly the boat turned wrong side up and I was in the icy water with a gun in my hand, dressed in heavy wool, a belt, ax and camera strapped to me, and an attempt to swim soon convinced me that my only hope was to stay with the boat, and much as I thought of the .303 Savage, it seemed to me to be superfluous, so I let go of it and attempted to make the boat carry me, but as I would succeed in getting on top it as readily turned the other side up, and after many attempts in every conceivable way, I decided the best plan was to keep the boat bottom up and with one arm across the bottom, swim as best I could with one hand and my feet and drag the boat to shore.

Slowly I was working my way toward shore but finally it seemed I was not moving, as the current passing showed me, and on investigation I found that my anchor, which was a small casting on a forty foot line, had struck bottom and was holding the boat. I tried to pull it up but found that was impossible and my chance lay in cutting the line, so I began trying to get my knife but was by this time very numb and it took a long time to get it, but finally with my teeth got it opened and the line cut.

Then the thought came to me for the first time, I may as well drop this new \$2 knife for I will never need it again, but no, I will not give up yet, so I painfully got it back in my pocket and worked away again with all the energy I had left, but the fact that it would never last until I could reach shore soon became evident and I realized my chance now lay in getting the oar loose, which I had attempted to do many times, as it stuck fast in the row lock, or rather, the row lock stuck fast and the oar was fastened in it.

After many more attempts, much of the time under water, with both feet on the oar and holding the side of the boat with my hands, I succeeded in getting it loose and catching it when it came to the surface.

Then with the oar to help me keep balanced I once more turned the boat right side up and with my feet in the stern, my knees against the seat but with my head above water and most of the time about a foot of the bow of the boat standing out of the water almost on end, I slowly, very slowly, paddled toward shore, using one end of the oar on either side of the boat as much to keep the boat in position as to make headway toward land.

After what seemed ages to me I felt the end of the boat hit bottom and then a big swell landed me on shore, but to my consternation I could not stand up, so I crawled up toward the timber to get out of the awful biting wind, which before my bath had not seemed cold, even though much ice was still floating around continually. The timber reached, I got out of the wind and began preparation for a fire but on opening my waterproof match safe I discovered it was not proof, and that there was no possibility of a fire. It was then I roundly berated myself for all the effort I had made in the water to come on shore and chill to death which, I felt sure, was to be the outcome.

The parting words of Dr. Hester, of Newberg, when he said, "Some way, I fear you will not get back this time," came to my mind and I wondered about how things would be arranged—how the girls and some of my friends would feel—then determined to still make an attempt to save my life. By the help of a tree I got to my feet and tried to walk, but a sorry attempt it was and I was down more often than I was up. And again I lay still after a fall, with hope again all gone, but I remembered of thinking just before the boat capsized that I saw a gas boat coming away out on Sumner Strait and turned to look for it but everything was in a muddle and I could not tell which way to look, but it seemed that away out I could see something that looked like a boat and hope revived once more.

If I could only keep exercising enough to last until they could come in they might hear me and come to my assistance, so I fell and got up again, over and over, often looking to see the boat again but never could see it, so I decided it was no use anyway. By this time I was becoming drowsy and wanted to sleep very badly, so after a fall I decided to lay still and have a nap, at the same time realizing that if I did it would be my last one, but a raven cawing loudly from a limb close by reminded me that in a few hours at longest they would be picking my bones and the thought was so very repugnant I again got to my feet and could see a decided improvement in my walking.

From this on my strength returned rapidly and soon I began wondering how I would reach my boat. On looking back down on the beach saw the tide had almost left my row boat entirely and I succeeded in pouring the water out, rowed to the gas boat and soon had a fire and dry clothes.

The time spent in the water must have been between one and two hours, as the time of the stopping of my watch and the time by the clock when I got on board showed just about three hours.

Now, after about a week, I am regaining strength, but they tell me several weeks must pass by before I lose the effect of my cool bath.

A look at the other side of the picture for it has indeed been an exceedingly pleasant ten weeks out in my boat, alone most of the time and miles from any one, with sometimes several days without catching any fur, but I have taken out over \$50 worth in a day and one shot of the .303 (now planted) at a large timber wolf brought a return of \$40, for hide and bounty. Over 100 eagle have fallen before this same rifle in two months, on which the government pays a bounty of fifty cents each.

All the meat needed, as well as a barrel salted for future use, and a small amount dried has helped stay off the H. C. L.

The winter has been rather mild but quite stormy.

S. A. Mills,  
Petersburg, Alaska.

### ANNOUNCEMENT

#### FOR SPRINGBROOK

Chisung Pil, a student in Pacific College, will speak at Springbrook Sunday night at 7:30 o'clock. Come out and hear him.

## Illness Costs U. S. Wage Earners Billion Dollars Every 12 Months



The annual sick bill of 30,000,000 American wage earners is \$1,000,000,000.

The time clock of the nation shows that each worker, through sickness, loses an average of nine days. This means that the working time of the nation is decreased by more than 850,000 years.

Half of the billion-dollar sick bill represents wages lost—abstracted from the total of earnings expected to finance the budgets of millions of families. The other half represents the bill for doctors, nurses and medicines. And the total is twice the amount given annually in the United

States for all philanthropic purposes, in normal times.

This is the problem of illness as it is presented by the survey now being made by the Interchurch World Movement.

The survey has formulated a program as a proposal for the co-operative effort of the evangelical churches. An increase in the efficiency and capacity of existing denominational hospitals is the first provision of this program.

Construction of 31 new hospitals is the second. These hospitals include 12 general hospitals for white people; twelve for negroes; one tuberculosis sanitarium for Arizona; four hospitals for incurables and two children's hospitals.

### GRIM MESSENGER CALLS

#### SEMON J. MADSON

Semon J. Madson, son of James and Karen Madson, was born in Grundy county, Iowa, ten miles from Cedar Falls, July 15, 1874. He died at his home, 401 North Harrison street, Newberg, Sunday morning, March 14, at the age of 45 years.

Six weeks following his birth, the family moved to Oregon and located at LaFayette, in this county, where they lived for three years, when they moved to a farm out northwest of Newberg which they bought. This was their home up to twenty years ago when they moved into Newberg.

On July 21, 1909, S. J. Madson was married to Eliza B. Wilson, who survives him, the only other surviving member of the family being his mother, whose age will be ninety years the coming month.

In January, 1911, the deceased enrolled as a member of the Friends church in Newberg and besides being a faithful attender of the services, he has served the church on the finance committee and in other capacities faithfully and well. With his finances he has been a liberal supporter, both of the church work and the maintenance of Pacific College, always responding cheerfully to the many calls made. He also, in many instances, gave timely aid and encouragement to those who were endeavoring to get homes of their own.

The deceased was a quiet and unassuming man, but he was held in high esteem by those who knew him, and there was a general expression of sincere surprise, sadness and regret when his unexpected death was announced on last Sunday morning.

Funeral services were conducted at the home on Tuesday afternoon by Rev. Fred E. Carter, pastor of the Friends church, assisted by Jesse Edwards.

### INTER-CHURCH CONFERENCE AT McMinnville

The Yamhill county pastors met at McMinnville Wednesday at 1:30 p. m. for the purpose of perfecting the county organization. Rev. W. N. Coffee was elected permanent county chairman and Rev. E. M. Smith, of McMinnville, executive officer to keep the committee in touch with the field management. A fine executive committee was also elected.

Arrangements were made for a great mass meeting at Newberg on the evening of April 12 and for another at McMinnville, all day April 13. At these meetings a team of strong speakers will make addresses which will be illustrated by most entertaining and instructive views. More later—Look for announcements.

### OBITUARY OF ELIZA

#### BETH TAYLOR LEMON

Elizabeth Taylor Lemon was born in Ontario, Canada, October 27, 1835. She died at the home of her son, J. M. Lemon, in Newberg, Oregon, March 11, 1920.

She was married in 1854 to Thomas Lemon with whom she lived for 53 years, until his death in 1907. To this union eight children were born, seven of whom survive. They are Mrs. E. L. Watts, Victoria, B. C., S. R. and J. M. Lemon, Newberg, Oregon; G. W. Lemon, Pratt, Kansas; Thomas J. Lemon, Medicine Lodge, Kansas; E. W. and A. T. Lemon, Long Beach, California.

Early in life she united with the Methodist Episcopal church and to the end remained a devout Christian.

Funeral services were conducted at the home by Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Edwards.

The deceased was of a beautiful Christian character, always sweet and gentle in manner, greeting all with a smile and a kind word. While in health she was a great reader, choosing the best of reading matter.

No greater blessing can come to any family than to have such a mother. Our lives follow us either for or against the right and her life has left a rare and heavenly fragrance with all who knew her. But she became weary and God has taken her to himself where there is no fatigue or growing old and where there is one eternal day.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth, yea, sayeth the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

### CHASE-WOOD WEDDING

On Sunday, March 14, at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Wood, of McMinnville, Miss Billie Wood became the bride of Chandon L. Chase, of Newberg.

Rev. Trawin of the Baptist church officiated, using a simple but very impressive ceremony.

The home was decorated with fragrant violets which were sent by an uncle in San Francisco.

The bride wore a traveling costume of dark blue tulle with a corsage bouquet of violets and freesias.

Following the ceremony delicious refreshments were served after which the young couple motored to Portland, leaving there Tuesday morning for Astoria, where they will visit at the home of D. L. Chase, brother of the groom.

Many useful and beautiful gifts were presented to the bride. The guests included the members of the two families.

Best wishes of hosts of friends are given this young couple as they begin their life's journey together.

## AMAZING STORY OF AUTO INDUSTRY

Ninety Manufacturers of Automobiles and 172 Builders of Motor Trucks in 32 States

Unofficial figures compiled from various sources tell a wonderful and amazing story of the automobile industry in 1919.

Ninety manufacturers of passenger automobiles and 170 builders of motor trucks in 32 states, employing 580,000 people, produced approximately 1,586,787 passenger cars and 205,142 trucks, valued at \$1,807,693,829 in the last 12 months.

A small group of automobile tire manufacturers produced more than half of the 30,000,000 tires made in 1919, with the other half manufactured by 213 small companies. Of the entire total The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company made nearly 7,000,000 tires, or 20 per cent. In 1920 it is estimated that 40,000,000 tires will be produced, of which this company will produce about 25 per cent.

Automobile exports last year were of startling totals. The value of motor vehicles and parts sent abroad to 81 countries was \$146,334,516, of which 62,624 were passenger cars valued at \$68,945,740, while 14,748 were commercial vehicles worth \$35,372,419. The value of parts exported was \$42,016,284.

It is estimated that there were in 1919, 62,036 automobile dealers, garages and repair shops in the United States. Of the total, 32,317 were passenger car dealers, 18,943 were truck dealers, 36,427 were garages and 43,381 were repair shops.

Farmers were the largest users of motor trucks, owning 10 per cent more than manufacturers and 15 per cent more than retailers. It is estimated that 40 per cent of the car output was sold to farmers last year. The 7,100,000 motor vehicles in use in the United States, of which 700,000 are motor trucks, brought \$65,000,000 revenue to states from license fees.

Mathematicians figure that there are 15.96 persons in the country to every automobile and two cars in the country for every square mile.

Lovers of horse flesh will view with sadness the fact that 3,600,000 were displaced by motor trucks last year. At the same time it is estimated that 15,000,000 acres of land were released for food production by the use of trucks.

Iowa and Nebraska have the greatest number of automobiles per capita, with one car for every six and a half persons. Tennessee leads the country in increase of car registrations, with 29 per cent gain.

### E. N. HOLLINGSWORTH OBITUARY

Enoch N. Hollingsworth was born in Wayne county, Indiana, November 7, 1835, and died at his home in Newberg March 15, 1920, at the age of 84 years, 4 months and 8 days.

He was married in December of 1856 to Mary A. Morris who preceded him in death one year and eleven months.

To them seven children were born, of whom three sons, Edward M., of Berkeley, California, Joseph A. and Clifford E., of Newberg, and two daughters, Mrs. Nellie Hollenbeck, of Kansas City, Missouri, and Rosa H. Hollingsworth, of Newberg, like to mourn the loss of a most kind and devoted father who had ever their best interest at heart.

To the two sons and the daughter residing in Newberg was given the blessed privilege of ministering to the comforts of this loved one in the last days of his life, and thus repaying in a measure the tender devotion which had blessed them through the years.

Funeral services were conducted at the W. W. Hollingsworth Co. chapel by Rev. Ezra Hays.

### JINGLE SOCIAL MARCH 25

On Thursday evening, March 25, there will be a jingle social given at Pacific College when the women of the College Auxiliary will vie with the men in a jingle contest.

Each member is asked to earn a dollar and write a jingle about it, to be read at the social.

If you attended the last contest you will remember what fun it was. A good program will be given. An admission of ten cents will be charged for those not contributing.

## FARMER ENEMY OF CHINA PHEASANTS

C. W. Bradshaw Says Pheasants Do Farmers Great Harm While Quail Are All Right

Editor Graphic—Here's hoping that bunch of China pheasants recently received and released at Newberg will get the flu and disappear before they make that "substantial increase" hoped for by the sportsmen of the community.

Perhaps the motive for the above statement may not be evident to the two young men who were parties to the transaction, hence a few words of explanation for their benefit as well as others who are interested in the venture.

To come directly to the point, the China pheasant is a nuisance to the farmers of this section, or any other that is engaged in similar crop production. Where you find one farmer in favor of them you find ten against.

There is a conflict on, and has been for a number of years, between the farmers and the sportsmen of Oregon. The young men that have grown up in the cities know nothing of this, perhaps, and are not to blame for their attitude as they are simply following out the natural instinct of man to hunt, as has always been the case. But should this instinct be encouraged? Isn't hunting a cruel sport at the best? If we followed such practices among domestic animals, would not the humane societies call us down quick and hard? Think of the crippled birds left to die during the hunting season. Any hunter knows how hard it is to kill a pheasant, and that more wounded ones get away than are caught.

It is urged that pheasants do more good than harm; hence should be protected. If this be true, why kill them at all? Let them increase and do all the good possible. If the reverse is true, better exterminate them all as soon as possible and stop the cruelty of hunting.

If the sportsmen want to do the farmers a real favor they will encourage the propagation of little quail of different kinds in preference to pheasants, as there is no question of their value to the farmer, and there is no objection to them by the farmers.

Then, as a further favor to us, they will bring their rifles (not shot guns) out to the country in the springtime, and watch for the gray digger, gopher, etc. You may say this is too tame sport, but does not civilization demand a change from useless cruelty to useful effort?

Isn't it a strange condition when we encourage the propagation of a bird of an animal, and then employ as brutal a method of capturing as science can invent? Better raise them in confinement where there will be no unnecessary cruelty used in killing them.

In the next article the practical objections to the pheasant will be discussed.

Dundee, Oregon. C. W. Bradshaw.

### MUSIC PUPILS GIVE RECITAL

The popularity of Miss Britt's recitals was in evidence again on Tuesday night when the auditorium was filled to overflowing with enthusiastic parents and friends.

The pupils all showed thorough training, careful preparation, and several showed unusual progress, considering the few months during which they have taken lessons. Considerable talent was also displayed by some of the more advanced pupils.

Vocal numbers, which were much enjoyed, were given by Miss Evald Hadley and Miss Goldie Everest, pupils of Mrs. Grissen. Mrs. Chas. A. Morris, who is coaching in repertoire with Mrs. Grissen, also gave a delightful song in coloratura style.

Helen Stanbrough, talented child elocutionist trained by Mrs. Chas. A. Morris, gave a very entertaining reading.

Miss Britt's piano pupils who played were as follows: Mildred Frazier, Arloene Davey, Herbert VanValin, Denals McGuire, Bertram Miller, Bernice Newhouse, Bernice Carlisle, Vera Johnston, Emma Fort, Margaret McVey, Bonniere Behnke, Emmabell Woodworth, Euphemia Boyes.

Other piano pupils will be presented at the next recital which will be given in about two weeks.