

THE MEDINA SENTINEL

VOLUME NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE

MEDINA, O., NOVEMBER 29, 1918.

No. 14.

DEATH IN FRANCE OF DUDLEY M. BORGER

MEDINA BOY PASSES AFTER BRIEF ILLNESS

Victim of Pneumonia—Brother Was
With Him During
Last Hours

A message from the war department last Friday to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Borger, 132 North Vine street, conveyed the sad intelligence of the death of their son, Dudley M. Borger, in France, of pneumonia, on Nov. 1 or 2. The message was verified in a letter received by the parents Monday evening of this week from their other son, Harold, who was with his brother during the latter's illness and death. The letter also stated that Dudley had been ill only five or six days and had had the best of care.

Dudley Borger was a native of Medina, where he was born Sept. 19, 1896, thus being in his twenty-third year at the time of his death. He was educated in the local schools from which he graduated in the class of 1916. He was intimately known to all our people, jovial of nature, and was possessed of a wide circle of friends.

He evinced an eagerness to enter the service of his country, and joined the colors in May of the present year with Ambulance Co. 332, 83d division, at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, under the direction of Major John R. McDowell, a former Medina man. The company sailed from New York for France in June, where the deceased had been actively engaged as a wagoner in the danger zone near Verdun up to the time of his final illness, having been promoted but a short time before his death.

By remarkable good fortune he was stationed within close proximity to his brother, Harold, and both were enabled to frequently exchange visits. The bereaved family are sustaining their great sorrow with remarkable fortitude, and may be certain of the profound sympathy of the community in their dark hour.

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about the same as reported last week. Only a few cases are of a serious nature, say the physicians.

However, there will probably be no lifting of the ban on schools, churches and all the public gatherings before the end of next week, says Health Officer Harding, unless there should be an unexpected let-up of the disease. It is a safe prediction, he says, that the schools will not be opened before Monday, December 9.

The Thanksgiving union service which was to have been held at St. Paul's church today, of course, will not take place.

DON'T PUT OFF YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

The ending of the war does not remove necessity for early Christmas buying.

Transportation and labor problems are not relieved by the signing of the armistice.

The program of the Ohio Defense Council—co-operating with the retail merchants is to be pushed harder than ever.

In the interest of labor saving merchants have agreed not to put on extra help during the shopping season. To relieve transportation it is requested that all gifts to be sent by mail or express be started by Dec. 5. Patrons are requested to carry home their packages wherever this is possible.

Most important of all do your shopping now.

CHRISTMAS FUND FOR BELGIAN CHILDREN

A final appeal for the little ones of Belgium is being made by the local Belgium relief committee, not only to all those who have played the role of Santa for the past four years, but to all others who are able to contribute to the happiness of these needy but deserving little folk.

Without American help there would be another sad Christmas in a land which for so long has been devastated by Hun invaders. With your help there will be joy once again in many a Belgium home on Christmas day. Donations of any and all amounts are invited. Any Medina bank will receive donations, or they may be left with Miss Helen McDowell.

AKRON REPS. START BOOM FOR PERSHING

A group of Akron Republicans, of which Charley Dick is the ringleader and C. L. Knight of the Beacon Journal is a close second, filed incorporation papers this week of the "Pershing for President League," this being so far as known, the first gun fired in a campaign for the preferment of the great commander in 1920. It is the purpose of the incorporators to have branches of the league formed in every state in the union, so that when the evil days draw nigh everything will be primed and ready for biz. Just what Charley expects to get out of this isn't discernible at first glance, but his ultimate fame will never rest upon self-immolation.

THANKSGIVING MESSAGES



BY MINISTERS OF MEDINA

Meaning of Personal Blessing

"Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands."—Ps. 46:1.

That is what Thanksgiving means this year—a joyful sound of praise to God from out the Nation and the lands. It is the sound of jubilation.

Of all the years we have experienced, verily, this is the one, when in neither public speech nor printed page should we give prominence to personal blessing or private gain. Have we been in health, others just as good and dear to the Heavenly Father have been in sickness and in wounds. Have we been prospered in basket and in store, others just as good have lost their all and have suffered the pangs of cruel hunger.

We have learned the real meaning of personal blessing; namely, that we may be a blessing. We have learned the deep significance of private gain; namely, that we may walk the road that leads down from the Jerusalem of every land to its Jerecho, in company with the Good Samaritan, who walked it in company with his disciples, twenty centuries ago.

We are thankful that we are returning (for our prayers and tears, our hopes and fears have been one with our Allies) from the trench, from the rain and the mud—in out of the darkness and privation—and from the brutality of the prison camp and the long, long night of nameless horrors.

We are joyful for the new fire and glow in the stars of freedom and democracy, and for autocracy unhorred.

We are thankful for the Diplomat in the White House; that the professor's pen, and that brains and books rather made him mad for

When the Boys Come Home

There's a happy time coming when the boys come home;
There's a glorious day coming when the boys come home;
We'll end the dreadful story
Of the battle dark and fiery
In a sunburst of glory,
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter when the boys come home,
And our hearts will be lighter when the boys come home;
Wives and sweethearts will press them
In their arms and caress them,
And pray God to bless them,
When the boys come home.

The thin ranks will be proudest when the boys come home,
And our cheer will ring the loudest when the boys come home;
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle standards tattered,
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty when the boys come home,
And their uniforms be dusty when the boys come home;
But all shall see the traces
Of the battle's royal graces
In the brown and bearded faces,
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them when the boys come home,
To bless them and to greet them when the boys come home;
And the fame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not discover
From the nation's heart forever,
When the boys come home.

—John Hay.

The Passion of Praise

Psa. 116:13

Surely the words of the sacred writer stir us when he says, "Deep calleth unto deep." He who cannot find expression in words of gratitude for God's abundant goodness and long-suffering is indeed a thankless soul. He who does not rejoice in the majestic march of truth and justice is a passionless soul. He who cannot see in the glorious spirit of this hour a token of glorious triumph for righteousness is a visionless soul. There are not many such.

Man is capable of praise. The catastrophe of the world war swept over us the proud and iniquitous forces of selfishness, incarnated in men, wrought dire havoc in human life and property, but the sons of freedom and humanity's rights, gave themselves in defense of honor, justice and manhood and the hand of God turned back the stubborn foe.

"What shall we render unto the Lord for all his benefits to us? We will take the cup of Salvation." The passion of praise is the result of the recognition, acceptance and practice of the life of God in the soul.

The manifestations of life are many and varied. The life of man finds expression in action, in plan, in purpose, in achievement. The products of art and science and industry are the evidences of life. Truth, honor, love, justice, righteousness, are not mere abstract forms of life, they glow with warmth of heart, with fire of imagination, with the fadeless hues of man's soul; they find expression through eye, and lip, and hand. "In Him we live, and move and have our being." Praise begins to find expression in us when we recognize something to live for. There come to us the values found in acceptance of life. Life is a gift, but love is the product of life, and to love the giver is an evidence of enlargement. Is it not possible that He gives that we may love and develop into that beauty of life, that in the living we find happiness?

In the realm of love what lengths, and breadths, and depths, and heights. Herein lies the passion of praise. This vast inheritance is ours. The practice of the life of God is the supreme thing in praise. How can we experience the emotions of praise without the giving of ourselves in constant service for God and men? They who gave themselves unreservedly for their country are able to enjoy in the deepest sense the thanksgiving season. The selfish, loveless, lifeless, finds no joy. The victory over the licensed saloon in Ohio elsewhere is an overwhelming testimony in regard to the practice of the life of God in the affairs of men. Let us praise and give thanks to our God for all his gifts to us. The passion of praise is centered in God.

W. H. Bryenton,
Pastor M. E. Church.

CLARENCE RICKARD INJURED IN ACTION

A letter received Monday night by I. H. Rickard, from his son Clarence, who has been with the United States fighting forces in France, stated that the latter had been confined in a hospital since Oct. 23, the result of injuries received in action from exploding shrapnel, the left leg being broken, the right one severely injured, and the left shoulder blade fractured.

According to Mr. Rickard the injury to his left limb is the more serious, although the attending surgeon was of the opinion that he would not be permanently crippled. He was struck by eight different sections of shrapnel. The letter did not state the circumstances under which the wounds were received, nor Mr. Rickard's location at the time.

BIGELOW-JANES

Their many friends are showering congratulations upon Sheriff-elect Park C. Bigelow and Mrs. Etta Musser Janes, who were united in marriage last Friday evening in Cleveland, at the parsonage of and by Dr. Daniel Bradley of Pilgrim church, of which the bride was soloist for a number of years.

Both bride and groom are well-known to Medina people, the former being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Musser of 422 East Liberty street. The groom was elected to the office of sheriff of Medina county at the recent election.

They returned to Medina Monday and will reside at the Bigelow home, 512 East Washington street.

RICHARD C. CHEENY FATALLY INJURED

SUPREME SACRIFICE MADE FOR COUNTRY

Family Receives Only Brief Notice
of Death of Their
Only Son

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Cheeny of Leroy received the sad intelligence Tuesday noon of the death of their only son, Richard C. Cheeny, which occurred in France on Nov. 3, the result of injuries received in action. The tidings were conveyed briefly in a letter from a nurse in Base hospital 82, and gave no other details. It appears that a telegram from the war department had been sent, but miscarried to another Leroy, in Lake county, O.

The deceased enlisted on Dec. 9 of last year at Columbus, O., in the 2d Regt. Heavy Motor Ordnance, previous to which he had been associated with his father in the automobile business at Medina.

He was born in Leroy, April 1, 1892, being in his twenty-seventh year at the time of his death. He received his early education in the Leroy schools, later taking a two-years' course at Wooster university, and still later graduating from Case school, Cleveland. His preparation had been for a career in electrical engineering.

In his army service he was at first Ord. Sergeant, and promoted in June to Top Sergeant. These positions entailed no particular danger, and a few months ago, at his personal request, he was detailed for action at the front.

Richard C. Cheeny was well-known to Medina people, who will remember him for his happy disposition and his energetic application to business.

DEATH AT CAMP OF CHIPPEWA LAKE BOY

Ernest Sherman, 23, of Chippewa Lake, died at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, O., on Sunday, Nov. 24, of bronchial pneumonia. He had been ill for some time.

The deceased had been in his country's service only since Sept. 1. He was married shortly before going to camp, and besides the widow he is survived by his parents.

Mrs. John Sherman of Chippewa Lake, with whom he previously had made his home.

Funeral services were held from the Sherman home Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Whitehair of Chippewa Lake, and burial was made in Spring Grove cemetery, Medina. The body was escorted from camp by a comrade.

BOYS APPREHENDED FOR HORSE-STEALING

Ignatius Kolasinski, 14, and Joseph Repinski, 13, both of Cleveland, were locked up by Sheriff Gehman last Saturday morning on a charge of having stolen a horse and carriage from Frank Lappa, who resides a half mile north of Bennett's Corners, to which charge the boys at first made denial, but later confessed. The rig was stolen Nov. 10, and was driven until the horse, from hunger and exhaustion, could go no farther, and was found near the Brown home in East Hinckley.

The boys had been begging food from place to place in their wanderings and upon their arrival at the Wyman store at Bennett's Corners were suspected of the horse theft. This was last Friday afternoon and they were locked in a granary pending the arrival of the sheriff.

They were turned over to Officer Thos. Lewis of the Cuyahoga juvenile court last Sunday morning. The older of the boys was at the time on parole from the juvenile court.

ALL DRAFT RECORDS ARE TO BE SEALED

Gen. Crowder has issued instructions to draft executives impressing upon them the necessity of preserving all registration records. Administration of war risk insurance and of future pension laws will in many cases depend almost exclusively upon data in the local board records, which will also have vital relationship to charges of desertion or delinquency involving the honor of thousands of men.

The records are to be sealed by the boards and held subject to instructions. Gen. Crowder directs that boards shall permit no one other than board members or their clerical force to have access to the records.

No information concerning the records is to be given out except upon written orders of the state governor, or the provost marshal general's office.

RITTER-BERRY

A quiet wedding occurred Monday afternoon at the Baptist parsonage, when Rev. S. F. Dimmock spoke the words that made Mr. Barbour Berry of Bradner, O., and Miss Delpha M. Ritter of Medina, man and wife. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Ritter of Wadsworth Road, and until recently was employed at the A. I. Root Co., as telephone operator. The groom is a prosperous farmer of Bradner. Mr. and Mrs. Berry left on Tuesday by auto for their home in Bradner.

Phil. 4-19; Read Psalm 104:1-24

It has been our custom to turn in the autumn of the year in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for His many blessings and mercies to us as a nation. With this Thanksgiving our gratitude to the giver of every good and perfect gift should be hearty and spontaneous.

With a future before us of marvelous prosperity we approach Thanksgiving Day. Is there anything for which we should be thankful? We should be thankful that there is a God of justice and right, and that He is our God. That He is the God that never fails. Kingdoms may rise and fall, but God is the refuge of his people and in Him do we trust. Therefore, we will not fear, ever bearing in mind the struggle of the past four years. God in His providential goodness and mercy has been unfolding to the world, the plan of the ages. We ought to be thankful that He has spared us another year; we might have been called into His presence, as many millions of others have been, to give an account of our stewardship.

We have been permitted to come to another Thanksgiving time; let us make it a real Thanksgiving Day. We have so many things to be thankful for. There has been an abundant harvest, with all our needs supplied and some to spare for those less fortunate than we. A few of the things I am personally thankful for:

First—My place of residence, that it is not in ravaged Belgium, nor devastated Poland nor massacred Armenia, but in prosperous America.

Second—I am thankful for our country's temper. While other countries went forth to war in the spirit of

A Real Thanksgiving

"And thou shalt rejoice in every good thing which the Lord thy God hath given unto thee and thy house."

Notwithstanding the sad conditions caused by the great war, we as a people can approach our Thanksgiving Day with many reasons for sincere, heartfelt gratitude.

The Psalmist tells us "It is a good thing to give thanks to the Lord." If those at the head of our nation feel it is a good thing for the nation to have one day in the year on which the people can give thanks to God, how much more should the individual feel his need of observing one day when he can balance up the blessings and adversities and see how gracious God has been to him.

True it is that many homes have been saddened by the results of the war; and the terrible epidemic which has been throughout the land, but let us remember the blessings also. The awful struggle between nations has ceased. God has given us a more bountiful harvest than the preceding year, and the curse of alcohol is to be put out of our state. Last year one hundred ten bushels of grain

hated, we have maintained the Christian spirit.

Third—I am thankful for the freedom of conscience that gives me the privilege to worship God according to the teachings of his word; for the privilege of living in this age, and the opportunity of service in such a variety of ways, and faith in God's eternal goodness and loving kindness.

Fourth—I am thankful for the hope of the coming of a new age, when all people shall live in peace and harmony upon the earth; for the associations of kind, good people, and for the many helpful things that have come to me thru them.

A tale of olden time, with an up-to-date fulfillment, by Julia E. Barnard:

"I have been reading a tale of olden time,

Told in language strange, a quaint old rhyme.

A tale of many a dauntless knight
Who sallied forth in armor bright
To battle till death for truth and right;
I wish I had lived in those days of old.

That heroic tales might of me be told.

"But most wonderful tale of all, 'tis told
That the children rose in these modern days
And bravely marched without a fear,
With waving banners and songs of cheer,
To rescue the tomb of the Saviour dear.

I am thankful I've contributed my feeble aid
And have taken part in this great crusade."

S. F. Dimmock,
Pastor Baptist Church.