

The True Northerner.

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LOCAL

W. R. Sirrine is very ill at this writing.

County Farm Agent Eckert, is confined to his home on account of illness.

Mrs. Hattie Hogmire of Edwardsburg visited relatives here last week.

Ed Bailey came from Detroit to spend Christmas with his family here.

County Clerk Royal E. Decker, spent Christmas with his mother in Battle Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Colburn entertained relatives from Kalamazoo on Christmas day.

H. W. Showerman and wife expect to start for a trip to California on January sixth.

Mrs. Charles Morton who is a patient at Bronson hospital, is expected home Saturday.

Mrs. Wandell of Kalamazoo is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Fred Overacker, east of town.

Mrs. Amanda Andrews is spending the holidays with her niece, Mrs. Graham Wells in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Ballance and children are spending the holidays with his parents in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Harrington entertained eighteen relatives and friends at Christmas dinner.

Arthur Nunn is home from the Naval Training Station to spend the Christmas furlough with his parents.

Kirk Harrington and Eldred Fish have been discharged from S. A. T. C. and arrived home in time for Christmas.

Miss Bess Harrison has arrived safely Over Seas. She is a Red Cross nurse and will serve in the hospitals of France.

Miss Virginia Roach is spending her school vacation at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Broughton.

Lieutenant Herbert Bassett who arrived in New York city December fourth, was home to spend Christmas with his parents.

Tom Soule and two children are home of his father in Lawton, Okla. Mr. Soule is recuperating from his recent illness.

Mrs. James Nelson is a patient at Bronson hospital, Kalamazoo. It is feared she will have to undergo an operation for gall stones.

Harold Bolinger, the new County Treasurer, is moving his family to town. They are located in the M. P. Allen house on East Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Towers are in Detroit to spend the holidays with their son's wife, Mrs. Walter Towers and son. Walter is in France doing Y. M. C. A. work.

Word has been received here that Lieut. Fred Litshaw of Camp Taylor, South Carolina, has received his discharge from Army service. It is not known whether his plans for the future have been decided upon.

All wanting posts or word should read Charley Hoskins announcement in the classified column of this issue. He guarantees his posts to be first class, and his word is good. It will be a pleasure for Charley's old friends to have an opportunity to deal with him on some more.

Mrs. Wave Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Braybrooks of Lawrence, died in Borgess hospital in Kalamazoo on Christmas afternoon. She had been ill but a few days with influenza when pneumonia developed. She leaves a husband and five children, the smallest being but two years of age. Cases of this kind are indeed pitiful, and a great sorrow to relatives and friends.

John D. Mangum of Muskegon, died from pneumonia in New York city, the first of the week. He was chairman of the Republican State Committee of Michigan, and for many years had been a prominent and influential political character in his state, and will be missed not only in his home community, but in every section of the state. The State Central Committee will undoubtedly announce an early meeting to name Mr. Mangum's successor.

Mrs. Frank Miller is on the sick list this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Drew spent Christmas in Kalamazoo.

Ray Wilson and family of Flint came home for Christmas.

Dr. O. A. Eaton of Central Lake was in Paw Paw for Christmas.

Fred Longwell of Schoolcraft was a Paw Paw visitor on Christmas day.

Sergeant Bill Killefer of Camp Custer spent the holiday with home folks.

Harry E. Chase of Grand Rapids spent Christmas at the O'Grady home in Paw Paw.

Mrs. I. A. Whitman has started for Florida where she will spend the winter months.

Mrs. J. C. Maxwell is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Ida Stevens of Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Anderson of Cassopolis will be guests at the H. A. Cole home on New Years day.

Erven Fisher and Clyde Cochran have both been mustered out of the service and are at home.

Mrs. Clara Rennie entertained her sister Mrs. LeGrand Hammond of Decatur over the week end.

Dr. Boyd Kelley and family of Calumet were holiday visitors of Paw Paw relatives and friends.

Mrs. J. C. Warner entertained her sons and their families on Christmas day. Glenn was the only absent one.

Mrs. Caroline Sellick returned the first of the week from a trip to Mt. Clemens and other Michigan places.

Regular communication of Paw Paw Lodge No. 25, F. and A. M. this Friday evening. Installation of officers.

Sunday school with election of officers will be held at the Presbyterian church on Sunday at the usual hour.

Douglas Hindenach was home from Norfolk, Virginia to spend Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Al Hindenach.

Mrs. M. L. Barber returned the first of the week from a weeks sojourn in Chicago. Mr. Barber also arrived to spend the holidays at home.

Mrs. Cora Bilsborrow of Kalamazoo spent several days with relatives here last week. She left here for Detroit to spend Christmas at the home of her son Frank in Detroit.

A. A. Pike and wife entertained her brother Frank V. Hodges and family of Paw Paw, and a nephew Leo Hill and family of Lawton, on Christmas day.

Miss Katherine Merritt of Blue Island, Illinois and Miss Winifred Merritt of Jackson, Michigan arrived Tuesday to spend Christmas with their sister, Mrs. Frank Miller, and family.

Those who had been lamenting the fact that we were probably to have a "Green" Christmas, were happily surprised when quite a heavy fall of snow came Tuesday. Christmas morning dawned bright and clear, and it seemed like the old time Christmas day.

Gerry Dohm is critically ill of In-Wm. Underwood in this village, and it is feared he cannot survive. Mr. Dohm is a boiler maker in the employ of the Fruit Belt Railway. He came here from Manistee some weeks ago, and was taken sick soon after his arrival. His wife and child are here with him. (Just as we go to press we learn that the unfortunate man has passed away.)

On Thursday, January 2nd, John Atkinson and a large party from Cass, St. Joseph and Berrien Counties expect to leave for the lower Rio Grande Valley in Texas. The party will be gone about eight days, stopping off at Houston, Texas, and also spending one day at Galveston. Two days of the time will be spent in visiting the large irrigated farm lands of the Valley, on which are raised alfalfa, corn, broom corn, sugar cane and Rhodes grass. Alfalfa is the largest crop raised in the Valley as the hay can be cut from eight to ten times a year. The party will also visit a large stock farm where the hogs and cattle are fed almost entirely on Rhodes grass. Any one interested in this trip should notify John Atkinson, Cassopolis, Michigan.

Mrs. Charles Stoker of Lawton was in Paw Paw Monday afternoon.

Charles Burns is home from Camp Custer on a Christmas furlough.

Lieutenant Mark Chaffee of Camp Custer spent Christmas in Paw Paw.

Under sheriff Dwight Barker has moved his family here from Lawton and will occupy the Dunbar residence.

Paul Broughton of Lansing came to spend the holidays at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Broughton.

Harry O. Turner of Detroit, Auditor for the Republican State Committee was in Paw Paw last Saturday and made the True Northerner a pleasant call.

Sheriff elect, Andrew Lang expects to move into the sheriff's residence the first of the week. Sheriff Beattie has moved into his new residence on east Main street.

The next regular meeting of the W. R. C. will be held December 28th, at Memorial Hall. All members are asked to be present, as the Inspector will be present to inspect the work.

A bouncing baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Will Taylor on Monday last. His arrival has added considerable Christmas cheer in the home of Grand Pa and Grand Ma Charles Wildey.

Miss Ruth Hill of Lawton is spending the holidays at the home of her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Pike. She has been here during the time the schools have been closed at that place.

Dell Hulbert of Canton, Ohio came to spend Christmas with his parents Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Hulbert. Dell never gets too busy to spend a few days at the parental home at Holiday time.

Miss Marian Mutchler is home from the U. of M., and Harley from the Naval Training Station at the Municipal Pier in Chicago to spend the holiday vacation at home with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Mutchler.

Dr. Racette left Tuesday for Muskegon to spend the holiday with his wife and parents. Mrs. Racette and daughter have been at the home of her parents there for some time and they expect to accompany the doctor home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Haworth have received several recent letters from their son Cecil in France. He has been promoted to Corporal and is well and happy. They are anxiously awaiting some news from the older son, Raymond.

Mrs. Ed DeHaven who has been critically ill, is slowly on the gain. She received a temporary setback on Monday when her son arrived unexpectedly from Cass City. The sudden joy in her weakened condition caused nervous prostration. It is hoped however that she may soon recover.

The local health officer has received the following order from the State Board of Health, which is of vital importance to this community, and in fact to every community in this state: "The Michigan State Board of Health has designated Influenza and Influenza-Pneumonia as dangerous, communicable diseases. All shipments of dead bodies from the above disease will come under Rule 2, which provides that a casket or box must be hermetically sealed. Funerals must be private. And in those sections of the state where the epidemic is raging, all funerals must be private, by order of the State Board of Health, Richard M. Olin, Secretary."

Lieutenant Leland Aseltine has been mustered out of the military service of his country, and with his wife is spending the holidays at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Aseltine. Leland resigned his position as Principal of the Charlevoix schools at the beginning of the war to join the colors. He was granted a Lieutenant's commission at Fort Sheridan, and was sent to Mexico, later becoming a member of the Regular Army. It was his ambition to be sent across to do his part in the great war across the sea; but he was kept in Mexico with his company during it all. After three attempts, his resignation from the army was granted, and it was then he received word that his old position was awaiting him in the Charlevoix schools.

Rev. I. P. Bates entertained his son Alva Bates and family of South Haven and a grand daughter Miss Lela Bates of Aurora, Illinois on Christmas day.

Robert Martin of Lawrence, well known here, has received his discharge from Army service and is on his way home from Camp Taylor, South Carolina.

Sylvester Carpp and family of Hartford were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brown on Christmas night. They were enroute home from Bloomingdale where they had spent the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Mather received a letter from their son Leo on Monday. He is in a hospital in France, but getting along nicely. His letter did not state whether he was there from illness or wounds. This is the first word received from him since the armistice was signed, and naturally lifts a heavy load of anxiety from the minds of his parents.

Francis Shaefer of Detroit spent the week end with relatives here. He went to Lansing, where on Christmas day he was married to Miss Margaret Tubbs of that city. From there the happy couple went to Detroit, where they will commence housekeeping at once. Francis is still in the service of his country, but will probably be mustered out soon. The True Northerner joins his Paw Paw friends in congratulations on the happy Christmas event.

Last Saturday was volunteer day for Red Cross memberships in Paw Paw. The ladies having the matter in charge report receipts of \$356.00 for the day in the village. The county districts of the township have not yet reported. Those who did not have an opportunity to pay their dollar on Saturday, may do so any time this week, by calling at Cooley's store. It is a patriotic duty of every individual to retain their membership in the Red Cross. Come across if you have not already done so.

Portions of letter from Private John E. Raymond, Co. C. 310th, Engineers, A. N. R. E. F. Archangel Russia, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Raymond of Paw Paw. The letter was dated October 30th.

Dear Father and Mother—I am well and hope this will find you the same. I received your welcome letter of August 1st, yesterday (October 20th). Winter has set in here for good, I guess. The snow is eight inches deep now and has been on the ground for the past two weeks. It has rained or snowed nearly every day since we landed here. I don't find any of the boys I know from around Paw Paw up here. You see we were all split up in England. I well remember August first. That was the twelfth day on ship, and we sure had rough seas. It took fourteen days to cross, and nine days to come up here. On September third, I saw snow on the mountains at Normans and we landed on September fifth. I am keeping a diary of what I do and what happens every day. It will be interesting when I get home you know, so I can tell all about everything. I have thought I would go up and get some pictures taken, but haven't got around to it yet. I would rather get some souvenirs to send you but the next thing would you get them? They have some of the nicest furs here you ever saw, and I am almost afraid to take a chance on sending them.

They sent back the other day those who were unfit for active service. I would rather stay here if it takes four years than to go back with some disease or be wounded so I would be unable to take care of myself. I would much rather have gone to France, but maybe up here is all for the best.

I have been broke ever since I landed here, but am still alive. I have had one pound and one shilling but that didn't last long. I will manage though to get along some way. It would cost you \$4.00 for one meal here if you had to buy it, and then you would get horse meat.

Now Mother, don't worry about me, if you don't hear very often because we may be frozen in at any time, and I think the only way mail can get in and out is by ship. So it may not be possible for me to get letters to you very much longer. We have a Y. M. C. A. here and all kinds of amusements. Say Mother, stamps would do me no good over here. I saw an American funeral today. One

soldier and one from the Navy. There are all nationalities of soldiers here now. Say, I am trying to raise a mustache, and you wouldn't blame me if you only knew how things were up here. We have to boil all our drinking water and then we have to strain it. So you see by having a mustache, we can save a strainer. (ha ha). All the Yanks are doing the same. We have mighty short days of daylight here now, but we don't keep banking hours, but keep the lights burning nearly all the time.

November 30th, (Sunday). I will try and finish my letter. Well the sun has shone all day, the first sun shiny day I can remember since September fifth. I went down to a picture show. It was good, only the letters were bottom side up. (ha ha.) They say that was why America entered the war, and I guess it was. Well I will ring off. Good bye with love.

Letter from Private D. G. Pike Company C. 129th, Infantry, -Some where in France, to his parents Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Pike. The letter was dated November 15th.

Dear Mother and Father:— Now that the war is over, I know you are know whether I pulled through all right or not. Well you see by this letter that I did. I had the privilege of going up to front line trenches with the celebrated—Division. We would have been over the top in another half hour, if we had been given the opportunity. Just before 11:00 o'clock on the 11th, shells were bursting all around us, but we were so darned cold that it took all of our attention to keep warm. No time to think of shot and shell. It was a glorious sensation to experience when the firing ceased. It was like a storm that had spent itself in the last blast of fury and then ceases suddenly.

Our company was very fortunate however, and some of the other companies were less lucky. It was very evident that the Germans were just as happy as we were that hostilities had ceased. We reached the front after a three days march, and I never hope to be nearer all in than I was right at that time. You know that meals don't follow you up any too fast when you are on the march. However, everything possible was done for us. I realize fully what war means to a country and its people. I have slept in the open, in old buildings where you couldn't sleep, and in trenches. At present we are sleeping in old Jerry Dugouts on the side of a small mountain. It is very comfortable and has tunnels running way back into the hill. Across the valley on the opposite hill, the ground looks as though it had the small pox, the way it is all pitted up.

Jerry certainly knew how to put up the Dugouts etc; but he couldn't hold them when the Yanks got after him. We get our water here from a valley where a big shell hit and the hole filled up with water. Most all the hills in France have a lot of Springs in them, and the water is good to drink.

I don't know when we will get home, but I hope it is soon, so I can get my old suit pressed up and put it on. It will seem funny to wear a white collar again. And Mother, make me a pumpkin pie, an apple pie, biscuits and all the good things you can think of. I'd give a big dollar right now for some ham and eggs. Love to you all.

The following extracts were taken from a letter from Private H. L. Wheaton, Co. C. 102nd, Infantry, Somewhere in France to his father M. C. Wheaton and sisters here. Private Wheaton was wounded during the Big Drive, but is recovering rapidly. The letter was written November 13th.

No doubt when you receive this, you will have read all about the great news, and you can imagine the feelings of the boys over here when we received the wire, that the armistice had been signed. No doubt by the time this reaches you, peace will be signed and the big show will be over, except a few "Curtain Speeches" etc. etc. Of course it is impossible to put down on paper, how happy I am that I KNOW for SURE that some time in the near future, I will be home again, and a whole man. My hat is off forever, to the poor fellows that are minus parts,—arms, legs, etc. and to the folks of the boys who will never come back.

In—where I am, there was a big celebration Monday, with many parades and flags and music, while France and America locked arms in great joy over the glad tidings. My French friends here had a big dinner for myself and my comrade (a fellow from New York) and opened Champagne and everything. The French people in these small villages are doing all in their power to make the American boys feel at home, and I must say that in my particular case they are certainly succeeding. Every thing (News) is so fresh that no one knows how long it will be before America will "start home", but needless to say, I am perfectly satisfied with the news that I will not have to go back to the trenches, machine gun bullets, high explosive shells, etc. And what do you think? I weighed myself the other day, and tipped the scales at 153 pounds, just thirteen pounds more than I ever weighed before. So you can be sure I am feeling fine.

I have received no mail as yet, but I expect to go back to my company in a short time, and it ought to be waiting for me.

Well I must quit and eat. Vive La France
Vive La America
Vive La Peace.
With a big bunch of love to you all, from your boy who IS coming back.
Harry.

Extracts from a Christmas letter written by Sergeant Harry Miller U. S. Infantry, to his father, Wm. K. Miller of the Granley Farm. The letter was written on November 20th, from a hospital somewhere in France. This is the young hero who was awarded the distinguished Service Medal for gallantry on the field of battle, an account of which was published in these columns some weeks ago.

My dear Old Dad:—Our paper, "The Stars and Stripes" is urging all the Yanks to write to their first C. O. (Commanding Officer) a sort of Christmas Victory Letter, so here goes mine:—

But what will I write? Tell you the show is over, and tomorrow I shall be discharged from the hospital, as fit as ever. Maybe not as tough and hard as ever, for two months of hospital takes a lot of that out of a man. But the big thing is, here I am as well as ever. No more anxiety for the folks at home.

It is hardly six months since we landed in France. For two months all was serene enough, except what the Jerry Bombers could get at night with the help of native spies. Sometimes we caught them, but generally not. But the last four months or up to October was generally entirely given up to Ducking Jerry's Iron, which came over in many forms. I don't suppose, "Kemmell", "Ypres", "Reninghetst", "Popperinge", "Steenworde" etc means anything to you, but they will always bring memories to me of the summer's work.

But our big work did not come until September and October. The English having met with good success further south, were finally brought up to a dead stop, by the "Hindenburg Line." That's a name you do know. I have been told that they made nine attempts to break through between Cambria and St. Quentin, (Also names you know). In the meantime, two of America's finest volunteer divisions were brought down out of the mud of Flanders, given a couple of weeks of hurried training in open warfare and thrown into the line, the strongest, best defended trench system in existence. A break through at this place meant the fall of both Cambria and St. Quentin and finally the whole line, so you can imagine how desperately the enemy would defend these positions.

On September 29th, at six o'clock in the morning, we "Went Over". On October 4th, both cities fell, and on the 20th, we were twenty miles nearer Berlin, having also gone through Siegfried and the Krunn-keldie line. But it cost the states those two divisions. I know companies who were still advancing with six men left out of 250. One lad in this ward fought until the 17th and left nine men, all that was left of that company. I only lasted the first day.

I have the fighting map of this part of the line, showing every foot of trench, every stretch of barbed wire, dugouts and most of the French Mortars and machine guns positions. It will be one of the most treasured souvenirs of this little game.