

Paulus Tells How He Missed Death in Boat Tragedy

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"I firmly believe that it was an act of Providence, and that only God could have given such guidance and care in furnishing me with an immediate plan for possible survival, and given me the strength to carry it out.

"I also firmly believe that the same guidance would have come to my two close friends had not a freakish act of nature made it impossible.

"By prearrangement on Friday it was agreed that Ed and I would meet Don at Moore's Boat Landing at Newport at 5:30 Saturday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Piasecki were my house guests at Road's End Friday night, and early Saturday morning Ed and I drove to Newport, arriving there at 5:30 as planned.

"It was foggy in spots on the way to Newport, and when Don arrived from his home on the Alsea river he mentioned that it was foggy driving in.

Young Very Cautious
"We went to the boat house and prepared the boat for service, and those of you who knew Don and had been out with him know that meant 100 per cent caution in everything.

"This meant the airing out of the bilge and blowing out the motor with an electric fan to be sure there were no gas fumes in the motor well. This and other precautions have been standard by measures with Don Young over the long period of years during which he has owned motor boats.

"Shortly after 8 a.m. we decided to troll in the bay until the tide turned and the bar was suitable for crossing with a boat of the Dons type. The tide turned about 7 a.m. and we made numerous trips to the entrance of the bay to find out the condition of the water, and each time turned back, deciding it was still too rough and a little too foggy.

"At about 8:30 one of the sport fishing boats crossed the bar with no apparent difficulty, and we again went to the mouth for a look at the water.

"Again we decided it was still too rough for Don's boat, and went back to the vicinity of the bridge. The bay was full of outboard boats that made headway with a large boat difficult.

"Some time between 9:30 and 10 we again went to the mouth and decided the water had leveled off enough so that even with the slight fog we would have no trouble reaching the even water beyond the bar where most of the fishing is done."

Don had traveled this course dozens of times and knew it by heart, and also had traveled it by compass, so there seemed to be nothing to worry about.

"We had hardly approached the middle of the first part of this stretch, however, when a wave of no small proportions came from out of nowhere and smacked us pretty hard, causing us for the moment to reverse our position, and we immediately discovered that we were very close to the rocks either on the North or South Jetty.

"We immediately turned and headed into the channel in the direction from which we had been reversed, and for the moment had comparatively smooth water.

"But again without any forewarning another small wave came upon us and scattered things over the cabin, including the compass.

Moving Mountain of Water
"I reached down and picked up the compass and replaced it in front of the wheel, and at the same time suggested to Ed that he step below and get several life preservers.

"The words were no sooner out of my mouth than through the windshield appeared a solid wall of water, the like of which I have never before seen anywhere, and which did not have the appearance of a wave, because it was 40 or 50 feet high and not rounded in appearance like a wave.

"What's this?" Don said.
"He'd no sooner said it than that mountain of water hit us and crushed the cabin like a piece of paper."

"The force of the crash was so terrific that I have no recollection of anything after that until I found myself deep in the ocean, coming up towards the sunlight, and eventually making it to the surface.

"To this moment I don't know how I was able to think quickly enough to do something.

"Nevertheless, I saw a large boat cushion, which was a cover for the motor well, floating a short distance away. I swam over and got hold of the cushion.

"I then looked around for Don and Ed, and could see no signs of them any place. I did, however, see the boat, which was only a short distance to my right, and apparently right side up.

Also the top of the cabin was floating to my left a short distance with what appeared to be something or someone hanging to it. That later proved to be the covers for the searchlights.

Unable to Reach Boat.
"I made every effort, by using my feet and the cushion, to paddle to the boat, but with my left arm completely useless and hurting terribly.

"I was unable to keep up with the boat which was drifting with the waves. I kept trying for some time to get to the boat. I was anxious to reach it because of the numerous lifejackets in the bunk room.

"But the boat and I drifted completely apart and I was again swallowed up by enormous swells that again started in from the ocean.

"I lost track of the boat, and soon had trouble on my hands from numerous large swells that hit me and bounced me up and dropped me down.

"I worked out a plan of looking back over my shoulder, and at the approach of each large wave I would take a deep breath and hold it as the wave

hit me. After I came out of the crest, I would get another breath of air and go through the same procedure.

"After six or seven waves had hit me, I decided I still had a chance. Before that, I had practically given up all hope of ever getting out alive, and had more or less reconciled myself to the moment when some large wave would tear the cushion away from me, and that would be the end.

"Strange as it may sound—and this is where I believe I was assisted by a supreme power more than at any other time—I was hanging onto the cushion with only one good arm and the fingers of my left hand.

Faces Breakers
"The last time I looked over my shoulder to see a wave and get ready for it, I saw an enormous wall of white foaming water, which I knew, of course, was the breakers.

"I had only a seconds' time to get an extremely firm grip on the cushion when the wave tossed me into the breakers. Then I was tossed in every direction, upsidown and sideways.

"At last I came down in a smooth spot for a second—long enough to get more air in my lungs, and then I was kicked all over the map again.

"This went on I would guess six times, and the last pitch tossed me toward the bank where I was able to touch bottom with my feet. The next wave took me in closer and I was able to see bottom.

"I attempted to get up off the

cushion and walk ashore. But I was completely paralyzed except my feet.

"I couldn't move my body at all.

"Then I got caught in the backwash which would carry me back out to the breakers, and next I would be tossed ashore again.

"This went on for some time, until finally a large comber sent me in with such force that I rolled head over heels in all directions, cushion and all, and landed on the wet sand where the water was about six inches deep.

"More small swells helped me get a little closer, and at last I was near enough to the hard sand to plow my way with one hand and my feet to a position where the backwash couldn't dislodge me.

"I stayed there a moment, and then rolled over far enough to get out of the tide entirely.

Help Comes at Last
"After lying on the sand a short time, I saw three men far away coming off the South Jetty.

"Forgetting about my inability to get up while in the water, I was, for some unknown reason, able to get to my feet and struggle toward the three men who were coming toward me. I signalled them and yelled, and they came running.

"Then I fell on the sand and was temporarily out of commission physically.

"The men took me higher up on the sand and sat me down. It was then I saw that the boat had followed me in and was

coming ashore at almost the same place I had.

"I asked one of the men to go to the boat and see if anyone was aboard. I told them two other men were out there somewhere and asked them to get the Coast Guard boats as quickly as possible. One ran to the Coast highway and called the Guard.

"Some time later a Coast Guard jeep and a very accommodating Coast Guardsman picked me up. On the way to town he talked to his station with his phone equipment and I asked him to get in touch with Captain 'Dubs' Mulkey of the State Police."

Paulus was first taken to the hospital at Toledo. Friends and relatives were informed of the tragedy by Captain Mulkey and others.

Paulus later was removed to Salem General hospital. He expects to leave the hospital today, but will be confined at his home for a time.

The first newspaper advertisement in America appeared in May, 1704, in the Boston News-Letter, and offered for sale or rent a "very good Felling Mill" in Oyster Bay on Long Island.

Phones Go Out At Lone Wolf

Lone Wolf, Okla. (AP)—Telephone users at this small Kiowa county community, faced with higher rates, decided to forget Alexander Graham Bell ever invented the machine.

So 34 out of 165 subscribers told the Southwestern States Telephone Co. it could come and get the phones.

The furor started Aug. 21 when residential rates went up from \$2.50 to \$3.75.

M. E. Barnes, telephone company manager, commented: "We have nothing against Lone Wolf, but this is just a state-wide increase."

The capital of Indonesia is Jakarta, new name for old Batavia.

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Capital Journal, Salem, Ore., Thursday, Aug. 28, 1952—3

British Cruiser Crew Coming To State Fair

Portland (AP)—The crew of the British Cruiser HMS Sheffield will present a retreat ceremony at the state fair in Salem during a week's visit to Oregon.

The vessel is due in Portland Friday. The ceremony, the Royal Naval Tattoo, will be presented at the fair at 4 p.m. Sunday. It will be repeated in

Portland Wednesday night after a soccer match between the crew and Clam Macleay.

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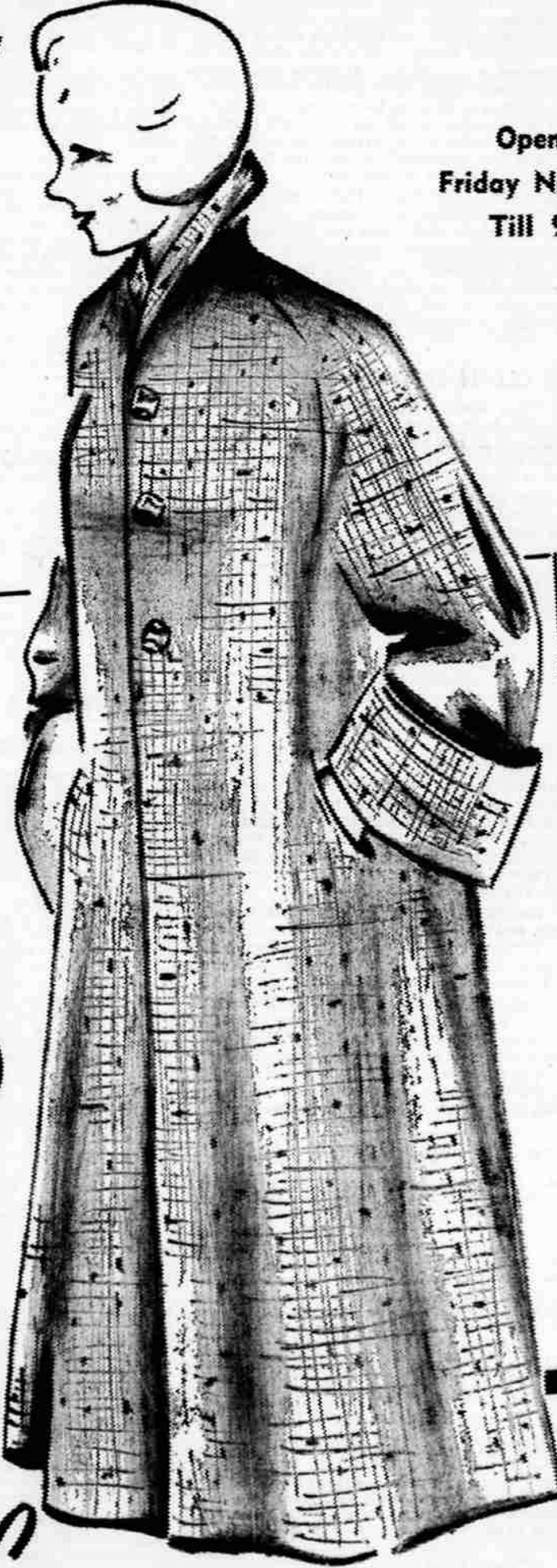
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