

The Monmouth Herald

Ore. Hist. Society
Public Auditorium

Vol. XI

Monmouth, Polk County, Oregon, Friday, Nov. 29, 1918

Monmouth is Located in the Best Section of the Best Valley of the Best State in the Union.

NEWS NOTES OF NORMAL

Supt. Seymour Describes Work of Industrial Clubs to Students

H. C. Seymour, head of the Industrial club work of the state, was the chapel speaker on last Friday. Mr. Seymour reviewed the history of the Club work in the United States from its inception to its present membership of over 2,000,000 boys and girls. The talk was most interesting and very informational. Some of the results of the Club work will be demonstrated by the Corn Show which is to be held on December 13 and 14 at Independence. Several of the pupils of the Monmouth Training School who have been working under the supervision of Mr. Gilmore, will enter exhibits.

The first Student Body Social Event of the year was the party on Saturday evening. The gymnasium was transformed into an ocean liner and each guest was booked for some known or unknown port. The captain, sailors, ship's doctor, stewardess, purser and even the steerage passengers were there, making the scene vividly realistic. The stunts which were given by the passengers and ship's crew were a source of much amusement to those who were privileged to be spectators. The games which entertained the passengers were all suggestive of the time and place as was the lunch which was served in "ship-shape" style. The guests were having such a delightful time that it took a threatened submarine attack to disembark them.

Miss Amy Steinberg, an alumnus of the school, was visiting classes at the Normal on Monday.

Mrs. Sarah A. Evans, ex-President of the Federated Clubs of Oregon and prominent in the war activities of the present, is to speak at Chapel on Friday, December the sixth. Mrs. Evans is a convincing speaker and her active connection with Club Work makes her feel especially interested in Club women, all of whom are urged to be present on Friday morning.

The Monmouth and Independence Training Schools have given up their regular Thanksgiving vacation in order to make up some of the time lost during the epidemic. The Critics are therefore all spending their Thanksgiving in Monmouth and Independence, but many of the other members of the Faculty whose homes are not in Monmouth, are taking advantage of the few days to visit Portland.

Miss Mabel Johnson, of the class of '16, who leaves this week to fill a vacancy at the Dalles, was visiting on the campus last week.

"Crashing Through to Berlin" was the motion picture at the Normal Auditorium on Thursday evening. It is one of the best of the many war pictures that are being shown and is an authentic depiction of the work of the allies.

Miss Boise, of the English Department, assisted in the program which was given at the Oak Point Center on last Saturday.

President and Mrs. Ackerman spent last week-end in Portland.

Perrydale Boy In The Lead

Levi McKee of Perrydale is the county prize winner in the rodent contest for last week, with a total of thirteen moles and gopher scalps to his credit.

Following are the three highest in each of the zones: Perrydale District, Levi McKee, 13; Tony Newfeldt, 5; Richard Byerly, 3. West Salem District, Clarence Moeller, 4; Ferdinand Boyer, 3. Falls City District, Frank White, 5; Eddie Hern, 2; Airlie District, James Bush, 4; Glen Sparks, 2; Murry House, 2; Robert Steele, 2.

There is a possibility that the contest will be continued until January first to allow the schools which were closed by the Flu vacation an opportunity to get into the contest.

Cow Testing in Schools

The Falls City schools under the supervision of Mr. H. H. Lowe has a class started in cow testing and record keeping. The class work which is the first to be inaugurated in the county will be taken up by other schools and made a part of the regular school work. The plan has the advantage, states the County Agent, of being educational to our future dairymen and at the same time assists in eliminating the boarder cows which is a very important thing just now in light of the high cost of feed.

Red Cross Notes

The war is not over and will not be over until our soldiers are safe at home. People are slacking up on war work and Mrs. Lorence, who has charge of the Red Cross knitting, says there is plenty of material on hand, and sweaters and socks are urgently needed during the next six weeks. Please bear this in mind.

Following are Red Cross receipts in the local branch since July 1: Memberships for Mesdames Laura Noble, Kate Baab, Jacob Smith, S. H. Hinkle, Peter Conklin, J. Q. Thomas; Miss Marie Smith, Walter Scott, Cletus Butler, Mr. and Mrs. J. Antwerp, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Kelsay. Donations from Mrs. W. J. Miller, \$5; W. J. Miller \$5. Salem Bridge sale \$2.25; State Fair goat \$45.25; Mrs. Antwerp \$2.50; Grange \$1.21; H. K. Sickafosse 50 cents.

The committee who waited on the county court in Dallas last Thursday was assured that the court would scarify and roll the road between Monmouth and Independence in the near future. Because of the large amount of traffic on this road public attention is centered on it and it is hoped to have it paved within the coming year. Beside being a public highway it is also a post road as our mail comes over it and the government will also be interested in seeing that it be put in good shape.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Boothby will spend Thanksgiving with their daughter, Mrs. W. McCreddie in Corvallis, returning Sunday.

O Bird of Joy



TORPEDOED BY A SUBMARINE

Thrilling Details of Actual Experience in the Danger Zone

The following letter was written by a friend of Ivan Wood and is as appears upon its face, a record of actual experiences.

I was appointed as wireless operator to the "Aburi" on April 1, 1917, and it was on this steamer that my exciting experience occurred, which I am about to relate.

The Aburi only carried one wireless operator. She sailed from Liverpool at 3 p. m. on Friday, the 13th of April, 1917. As soon as we left the Mersey River, we encountered very heavy seas with exceptionally cold weather. Our course took us around the north of Ireland and on Monday April 16, we were 200 miles to the northwest of Ireland still heading on that course. We were well warned by wireless from coast stations that a number of submarines were operating around the north coast of Ireland. As usual, I arose early on Tuesday morning and received the warning which I delivered to the "old man". I had just nicely turned in again and was asleep when something shook the ship from stem to stern followed by a tremendous wave which carried everything away in its immediate vicinity. I picked myself from the floor in a dazed condition, little knowing what had happened for I had been thrown from my bunk to the floor, when the torpedo exploded. As it struck right under my cabin, I received the full force of the shock.

When I recovered from this stupor, I found I was soaked and looking around the cabin I discovered that a fair sized hole had been torn in the corner opposite the apparatus but not impairing the wireless gear in any way. The cabin was standing at a rather perilous angle for the ship listed to the starboard, that being the side on which she was struck by the torpedo. My duties and my dangerous position suddenly became apparent to me, so I made a rush for the door to tell the "old man" to close the switch in his room which controls the current to the wireless room. I was horrified to find, on reaching the door, that it refused to open.

After battering at it for some time, it still refused to yield. Superhuman strength seemed to come to me gained by the knowledge that I was doomed to die like a rat in a trap if I couldn't get out of my cabin. So I made one rush at the door, bursting it open. The dangerous angle of the ship together with my mad rush at the door nearly sent me to a watery grave, but for a derrick which was in my way and to which I clung like grim death, I would have gone overboard.

After this adventure was over, which didn't last half as long as it takes to write it, I at once scrambled as best I could, amidst smashed life boats and deck wreckage, to the Captain's room, telling him to close the control switch. He at once complied, giving me the position of the steamer also. When I returned to the wireless room I closed my own switch and pulled up the starter handle, when to my disgust, I found there was no electric current. Thinking the Captain had not closed the switch properly, I looked for him and found him busily engaged in lowering the port boats, as all the starboard boats were smashed to pieces by the explosion. I questioned him and he replied, "It's no use my boy, the engine room is flooded, so you had better get into your boat." I had no emergency apparatus, so I was dependent on the engine room dynamo for current for my wireless gear.

My duty was done, and yet not done, for I had not sent the S. O. S. call, but was assured later that it wasn't for the want of trying that I had failed for if luck had been with me, I should have fully performed my duty.

Being only dressed in my pajamas, I hurriedly grabbed my overcoat and trousers, losing my suspenders in the operation. I now made a hasty retreat from the wireless cabin as the submarine, now on top of the water with her two guns rigged was doing her utmost to blow the wireless cabin in the air and succeeded finally just as I evacuated it.

While one gun played on the wireless cabin, the other one was firing right over the steamer in amongst the men who were in the water and doing their utmost to keep afloat. This added to their discomfort as they were battling against a gale and heavy seas. All this time, one boat only succeeded in getting away, three others being swamped in the attempt. Everything that would float was thrown overboard to help those who had the misfortune to be in the

Continued on page 3

D. M. Hampton who has been a juror in the Federal court in Portland returned home Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Chesebro expect to spend Thanksgiving with relatives in Portland.

Well, this A. M. (21st) it's quit raining, quite a bit nicer outside. I've got my clothes all dry now and my shoes oiled up again so am ready for another rain. Have a pair of over shoes to slip on when it gets too muddy and wet.

Things are pretty quiet here this A. M. Am well and getting along fine, hope you are all fine and dandy.

Birchard A. Van Loan,
Supply Co. 151st F. A.

LOCATIONS OF SOLDIERS

With Censorship Lifted Birchard VanLoan Tells of French Cities

We are privileged to print the following, which is a part of a letter written by Birchard A. Van Loan to his parents from the front in France. Now that the war is ended it is to be noted that features of the censorship have disappeared and the soldiers may give names of places and men, which enables us better to locate their part in the great war.

Oct. 11—Yes I have been in Paris—was there three times—once for two days. It is certainly a wonderful city. The first time, I was enroute from La Rochelle to Chaumont: went to Chaumont to audit books of the Reg. Exchange with Lieut. Feldman. While in Chaumont I visited Gen. Pershing's headquarters. My entire trip covered seventeen days—have saved my tickets and also a number of pictures of things I saw. The second time in Paris was on my return only a few hours. The third time on a troop train—we were permitted to go about the city for three hours—so all told I have seen a little of its bigness and splendor.

I spent about three months in Bordeaux, which is another fine, large city. We landed at St. Nazaire and was in camp there a couple of weeks. The Sub Division Headquarters which I worked in at La Pallice (three miles from La Rochelle) accounts for my mail arriving home quickly as you can readily see by the map I was at a seaport. Our Headquarters were very near the Basin of the Port and I could see the ships loading and unloading from the window of my office. Then in spare time a five minute walk would take me to the beach where when the tide was out I could pick up all the rock oysters I could eat and they were fine too.

It would take about five tablets and as many days to write you all I have seen and visited but I will tell you all about it and can do a better job of it too. I shall live in hopes if I die in despair—we've got the Boche on the run now—the question with us is how far do they want to run.

Oct. 20—Today I've been out in the mud all day getting clothes for our regiment, of course I was wet and muddy but, first thing when I hit camp this P. M. my "bunky" says "here's four for you" and handed them over. I just simply tore my wet duds off hung them by the fire and crawled into bed to read those letters from home. My pal and I have a little German "dugout" we have rigged up hobo style and it's comfortable and dry so we call it "bon". It rained last night and it rained today and I'm sure it will rain tomorrow but, rain is life, eh? Take for instance the Kaiser—his reign is life wasted, and life destroyed.

Am going to send you a Boche helmet soon (I have it now). It is a German sniper's helmet which I found in the Argonne Wood. They are fine for disinfecting the German "dug houses". Ha, Ha.