

Continued from page 1  
 water, while ladders and ropes were hung over the side for those who had the strength to be pulled or pull themselves aboard. The water was so fearfully cold, that many who were in it hadn't the strength to battle against the waves as the severe cold benumbed them.

They were now lowering the last boat and somebody shouted to me to get into it, for I had quite forgotten about my own safety, being engaged in helping those in the water on board and also horrified to see the men being murdered by the German shells as they were falling all around us. A part of the crew consisted of West African natives, who, when they saw some of their mates being drowned in the swamped lifeboats, refused to enter the others, peculiar as it may seem to the reader. We had to use force and violence to get them into the boats with them continually shouting, "Me going to die, me die comfortable". It got the best of me to think they were to die comfortable on a doomed steamer, but seemingly they had not courage to try and save themselves, while my idea was to fight for dear life. Life to me seemed never so sweet as that moment.

We managed to get this last boat away safely amidst a torrent of shells, giving us a lively time for twenty minutes. Apparently getting "fed up" with this inhuman play, the German submarine diverted her whole attention to the shelling of the ship and after about fifteen minutes shelling, she discharged another torpedo which struck the Aburi amidships, ending her existence for her stern gradually came out of the water and with one mighty shudder, she disappeared.

The submarine's guns vanished simultaneously and without a moment's hesitation, she also dived from sight leaving us battling with the mountainous waves which were tossing us like feathers in the air. It seemed impossible that such a small boat could live very long on such a tumultuous sea. With the submarine's hurried departure, we thought it must have sighted something more powerful and warlike than itself. Or was it another poor merchant ship doomed to the same fate as ours?

We scanned the horizon for smoke or some other welcome sight but nothing appeared. We saw the other life boat, which in addition to ours, had gotten safely away. We settled down to our duties making ourselves as comfortable as possible. As I had already donned my clothes which I fixed in my arms on leaving the wireless room, I wasn't as bad off as I might have been though drenched to the skin. Our second mate guided our boat with an oar keeping her head on to the wind and sea, as we had no rudder to steer her with. More than that, we had only four loaves of bread and one tank of water amongst 24 men. We managed to attract the attention of the other life boat by means of a cap stuck on an oar and held high in the air. We learned on their reaching us, that they were very much more fortunate than we were as they were in a life boat and not a surf boat, such as we were in. Also, they had a sail and above all, plenty of food. The Captain, who was in the same boat as myself, arranged for them to tow us, but here an obstacle presented itself, we had very little rope. However, with the aid of the little we had made fast to a piece in the lifeboat, we managed to get along quite well for about thirty minutes, when the rope gave way. We, finally succeeded in getting it connected again, but about every ten minutes it broke. As the distance between the two boats was decreasing by the contin-

ual breaking and reknitting of the rope, the operation of rowing became quite a dangerous adventure. After continuing for about two hours, a giant wave threatened to swamp us. The Captain seeing our predicament, shouted, "Cut the rope". Being in the best position to do this, I lifted an axe and with one blow, severed the rope. This timely movement, no doubt, saved us, for we would have been pulled right through that giant wave. Instead we floated rather decently over the top of it. Our boat was full of water, also water was running off our clothes. Several oars had gone, but none of us were washed away all having clung on to the boat. We started bailing at once and got her steadied on the sea again when something caught our eye, it being the other boat disappearing over the horizon. All this day (Tuesday) and night, we struggled to keep the little surf boat afloat by continually bailing out the water, it being a mighty hard job for two of us, an apprentice seaman and myself as we could not keep her empty. I did not sleep any as I was generally standing upright in the boat, shaking myself and trying to keep warm, for the mighty waves kept continually drenching us. This together with the unceasing sleet and snow made things very uncomfortable.

Wednesday morning found us with the same weather, also with four of our shipmates dead, having died of exposure through the night. These men we buried overboard as our boat was far too small to carry them.

There being no compass on board we had no idea in what direction we were steering. Also, our rations were almost gone and what were left were soaked with salt water. About 5 p. m. on Wednesday afternoon we sighted a two funnel steamer making toward us, so we endeavored to attract her attention by means of handkerchiefs and jackets on our oars and waving them in the air. When just about 300 yards from us, she suddenly turned around and went off on a zig zag course, undoubtedly mistaking us for a submarine under sail as we had the cook's apron fitted up for a sail. This disappointment struck us heavily, as we were so sure of being picked up and our bread was almost gone only having a small piece for next day's ration.

Our mates continued still to die of exposure and frostbite, helped by our continual drenching and the extremely cold weather. All through that night we again kept doing our best to keep ourselves afloat and alive. Oh, the horrors of that night! Many times we stood up gasping for breath when wave after wave continued to fill our little boat, soaking us again and again. Perhaps we had just been relieved from a spell at the oars or bailing and had tucked ourselves as cozy as possible to have a snooze possibly just dropping off to sleep, when one of those waves would come, making us jump to our feet, gasping for breath and trying to steady ourselves in that small boat.

Thursday morning arrived with much colder weather and rougher seas and with a few weary and white faced men and boys. Daylight was a welcome sight even though it brought rougher weather for we could now see what we were doing, especially in bailing as there was no fear of emptying a bucket of water down an unfortunate comrade's back instead of putting it over the side. Our hero of a second mate who had all this time when steering the boat by means of an oar declared that it was beyond him to keep her nose on to the wind and seas and that she would soon be swamped unless somebody relieved him for a spell. The

gunner then took a spell at steering and managed all right for some time until eventually the second mate and gunner took turn about. I had been rowing and bailing along with the rest and my hands had become horribly sore with cuts and blisters.

On Thursday afternoon, the storm abated considerably and lo, the sun appeared throwing its welcome rays of sunshine. By it, we were able to define the direction in which we were going and discovered we were heading for the British Isles. This was a great consolation as we knew we could strike some part of Britain sooner or later. The sun's rays dried our clothes a bit, and we were now given our last piece of bread, about 3 inches long, 1 inch wide and 1/4 inch thick. Didn't that piece of bread seem delicious to us, even though it was soaked with salt water. I'm sure not a crumb was wasted. I've never tasted anything like it since nor never will unless I find myself in the same straits again.

Late on Thursday night, we saw a trawler away in the distance, so we made for it at right angles with all possible speed. We found on nearing her that she was trailing her nets, therefore going ahead at minimum speed, so this gave us a splendid opportunity to catch up with her. We had just succeeded in getting about fifty yards astern of her when we started shouting and whistling. About five minutes elapsed but no one answered. Are we going to lose our goal after so nearly reaching it? was all our thoughts, when suddenly a whistle in answer to our shouting. Personally, I expected to see the trawler clear off at full speed on a zig zag course just as that two funnel steamer had, which we sighted on Wednesday afternoon. Luckily for us, though, she stopped. By this time there were only 14 out of the 24 of us left so with one accord we raised a feeble but hearty cheer and about 14 different prayers went up to heaven thanking our Saviour, for our deliverance.

We were treated with every respect on board the trawler, even giving us their dry clothes until our own were dried, besides cooking food for us. Our hunger was so great that we couldn't wait for fresh fish to be cooked, so the cook fetched cold meat to us and believe me, there was no thought of manners as we fixed a piece our hands and ate it with all possible speed, followed by another and yet another piece. When the fish arrived we fell to and shifted a considerable amount of them. We were cautioned by those on the trawler to watch ourselves and not eat too much as we would make ourselves seriously ill by filling our stomachs after being so long without food. These warnings took little effect on us then, but a day after several of my shipmates were groaning with a terrible pain in their stomachs caused by overeating.

We slept the sleep of the weary on board the trawler on top of chairs and tables or anywhere we could get our heads down, but strange to relate we wakened up several times feeling hungry which the good cook settled by giving us a few nicely cooked fish. We were eventually landed at Larne, an island, on Friday evening where a number of private motor cars and ambulances were waiting for us, which conveyed us to the best hotel in town. We had a much needed wash and brush up. Also, our sores were attended to and we were served with very tempting and delicious bacon and eggs. We were all more or less frost bitten, our legs and feet being bandaged up, some of the worst cases being put in the hospital, while the rest of us made our way to Liverpool, via Scotland.

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