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AS IN NAVY THREE YEARS

AN EYE-WITNESS TO DESTRUCTION WROUGHT BY THE GUNS WITH THEIR SUBS.

The following interesting letter from Stanley Seaman whose home near Buena Vista prior to entering the war, will be read with a great deal of interest by Enterprise readers. The letter follows:—

S. S. Prometheus, Hampton Roads, Va.

When war began I was on the U. S. S. Prometheus, then at Mare Island for repairs. Our repairs were completed and on May 30 we were ready for sea. After coal was stowed we left San Francisco for Honolulu to convoy a merchant vessel to that port. This was probably the first time an American warship had had a mission. We were at sea 26 days when we left here at Port Townsend, Washington. During the trip two of our ship mates died, one on our return trip, which we buried at sea and the other just before our return. He went to his home in California. After a speed run to Hawaii where we spent the 4th of July we received orders to proceed to the Atlantic Coast for convoy duty.

The Panama Canal was traveled the first day. Everybody saying "could you do this outside?" The Big Ditch with no cost to us was being completed at Colon, we left for Norfolk, Virginia. Here we saw a lot of the famous southern nights in the tropical islands, where yachts were during the winter months. Our trip was not for pleasure, so things were all. Not making stops until reaching our destination. Another coaling and we arrived in New York which was to be our "Port" when not at sea. A few days of rest and Liberty, we were again at sea. With our convoy of American troops for Europe. We had fine weather until about seven or eight days out, we encountered a heavy storm. We could only see the masts of the transports. More than half the time we could not see the destroyers at all. On the 11 day we were to meet the destroyers from France. Just before dark they came. It seemed as if they came up from the sea, and were everywhere at once. Just before dark we left the convoy with the destroyers and turned on our "home." We were pretty disappointed that we did not go all the way into port with the transports but such was life in the navy. Fall of disappointments. At the coaling port we coaled ship and Liberty until we left on our trip. Coaling ship was our first port. Our coal bunkers had 2150 tons and then took a load of about 1000 tons. Our ship was pretty cold and all day a heavy sea running. Gunners and look-out watches four on eight off. The lookout was the worst and we all considered ourselves lucky if we were detailed on a Gun watch for the trip.

On this trip we met the destroyers same as before but morning was all with the convoy. All day and the next morning we anchored in the river at St. Nazaire. Everybody was preparing for liberty. There was not much to do. The streets are narrow and muddy during the winter. It is always raining. After a few days we left for Brest. We coaled ship and gave six days of Liberty. Leaving Brest the ship was to convey the Mount Vernon to New York. In this trip we had a record, run for the making the trip in seven and a few hours, averaging 20 knots throughout the trip. That record was broken by the U. S. S. Prometheus in a few hours. We went into dry dock for small repairs and left for Halifax, Nova Scotia. Here was the coldest we had. Many days we did not scrub our deck on account of the water being so high. Here convalescing was the same as before. Cold meetings destroyers and turning and returning to port and ship on the average to every week. Some times on coming there would be so much ice

on our foote that all the deck force would be busy breaking ice for two and three hours, so we could let go our anchor. I guess here was where the saying came, "It's a great life if you don't weaken." It was so cold that nobody cared to go on liberty. Now when a sailor don't go on liberty it has to be pretty bad. The last trip before I was transferred to the U. S. S. Colony was the nearest thing to real action we had ever had.

A few days out a ship was seen just ahead of our convoy. So we moved in its direction to learn what ship and where bound. As soon as we came near it, she would make more speed and get out of our way. But always keeping close to our convoy. She would show no colors or answer any signals. Battle stations were sounded and deck cleared for action. Our convoy was left behind and we were doing what is called in the navy, "making knots". But with all the speed we could make, it would always keep ahead and out of our distance. Finally we thinking it was a trap to get us away from the convoy we turned back to our convoy. We found our convoy safe and resumed our regular Virgil.

On our return trip to Halifax, mumps broke out among the ships company. I got them after our return to port. Fifty of the worst cases were transferred to the U. S. S. Old Colony. We were stationed there for nearly six weeks, then transferred to New York to the Receiving Ship. Then back to the San Diego again. After a week or two volunteers were called for a gun crew to be transferred to the Armed Guard Barracks at Brooklyn. Two months of hard training and we were qualified for Guard Duty at sea.

On June 29th we were transferred to a small freighter on Over Sea duty. This ship the Lake Larga was then at Montreal, taking a cargo of baled hay and grain for the Canadian Expeditionary Forces Over Sea's. We were quartered in a hotel the St. Lawrence Hall, until our ship was ready to sail. We were the only American sailors in that city then, so we had a very fine time. Although we had not been paid for nearly a month.

Leaving Montreal down the St. Lawrence River past the city of Quebec, saw the historical trail by which the city was captured many years. I always will wonder how they ever climbed that wall of rock. In these cities the prevailing language is French, so we picked up a few words to be used when we reached France. The next day we arrived at Sidney, N. S. where we would prepare for our trip across. Here we found quite a few Americans working in the mines. Just before leaving we played a game of base ball for the benefit of the Red Cross. We were defeated by the score of 4 to 3. \$160.00 was collected by the Red Cross. A dinner was given us by the citizens of Sidney. It seemed as if everywhere we had a great time.

At last we received orders to sail for LeHarve. We were sorry to leave but all glad in a way. Despite the fact we did not have our gun yet. Twenty-three days found us at the entrance of the English Channel. Here we saw the leaving of some Hun submarines. Boxes, life crafts, dead bodies, where a ship had been torpedoed early that morning. On one large life raft a little dog was sitting. The raft was not near enough for us to get it, so our Chief Gunner said we had better shoot it and not let it starve to death. It was an act of kindness even if it was taking a life. That day we anchored off the Isle of Wight. Sailing in convoy the next morning and arrived at Le Harve that evening. Here we discharged our cargo and received a cargo of lumber. In two weeks we were ready to sail for Cherbourg. During our stay in Le Harve we visited a few of the old Fortresses dating back in the middle ages, also the old churches. The Harbour of Harve was used as a English landing, so there were very few Americans there. We did not stay long in Cherbourg and only had a short liberty. Sailing for Brest the following day where we discharged our cargo of lumber, which is now built into a large warehouse dock. Here we received our gun, a 3-inch 50 caliber. It was taken off some ship that had been torpedoed and then beached. It had been in the water and was pretty well rusted, but we worked hard and soon had it in fine condition. That was all we had to do clean our gun and stand watches while at sea. So we had what we called the life of "Reiley." While in port we could go ashore any time we wished,

YANKS TURN TABLES FOR BRITISH BRIDES



Yankee boys are turning the table on the British youths in the "brides from across sea" act. A. J. Drexel, son of the famous Anthony J. Drexel of Philadelphia, is the latest American to marry a British beauty. This is the bride, formerly Miss Nancy Grayson, daughter of Lieut.-Col. H. M. Grayson, M. P.

just so we did not miss our ship. Bicycles is the main personal conveyance of France, so all of us (10) would hire them and take long rides into the country. The villages are hardly more than one mile apart, so we were mostly riding through small towns. Everywhere is small vineyards where each family grows their own grapes and makes their own wine. There is very poor drinking water and taking water into the field like we do they take a bottle of red wine (vin blanc) (win blank.) This wine costs about 2 1/2 to 3 francs (or 50 to 60 cents in U. S. money), if bought at the wine shops in the cities. A traveler cannot buy any along the way, but he is welcome to drink all he wants. There are always a flock of little children around and if he gives each one that the penny he asks for, he will pay for the wine he drinks. After a few days our orders were to go to Cardiff, Wales for a cargo of coal. Having target practice on our trip at boxes and other floating debris, arriving at Cardiff we found there were quite a few ships also waiting for coal, so would have to wait perhaps a week. Here we were paid and purchased ourselves a phonograph which some of us afterwards wished we had never got. We finally got our cargo of coal and after a day of the crew cleaning the ship and us cleaning ourselves, we put to sea. Each time we left a port all of us scrubbed our clothes and there was always an argument about who had

the most complete sea bag or who kept the cleanest sea bag or who. We were always arguing about something but there never was a fight or hard feelings among us the eight months we were together and that is nearly a record for a bunch of sailors.

We stopped in Brest for orders and next morning was on our way to Nantes, about 30 miles up the Loire River. Here we went through another old Chateau or Barracks. Here they had quite a number of the old time torture machines and after going through and seeing all those things, I was glad I did not live in those times. After discharging our cargo we sailed for Cardiff Wales for another cargo of coal and it was on our return trip to France that we nearly had our luck with a submarine. We anchored at Penzance near Lands, England. About 4.30 a. m. were in line formation with a few small trawlers for our escorts. We were about four miles out side of the harbour when we heard one of leading ships fire one gun. Myself and a fellow we called Mack, an ex-brakeman on the Southern Pacific Railroad was on watch and when we heard the shot, we were busy looking for the object of their fire. We looked all over the surface of the water but all we could see was a large can floating on the water. I looked at it and said it was only a can and was looking on the opposite side. I heard Mack say "look at that can" and make a dash for his side of the gun. That can was out of water and rising fast. We got one shot and tore a part of the can away and then a trawler got in our way. All the gun crew was on the job as soon as the gun was fired. We had turned and was making for the protection of the submarine nets in the harbour. An English destroyer dropped depth charges a part of that morning, but did not strike anything. That evening a large cargo ship was torpedoed not far from the harbour where we were at anchor. She was run aground to save her cargo. The next morning we left again and was not bothered this time, we had destroyers with us.

This trip we made to Paulliar near Bordeaux, where a large air station was. It has been turned over to the French Army since. While here we saw seaplanes assembled and trial flights made. Many people think all the flights are made by officers, but here was a sailor who was an expert pilot. He secured a special permit to go fancy flying, doing the spiral, tail spin, rip side down, corkscrew. Our next port was St. Nazier where we took on a cargo of steel for building aerodromes. Here we met with the accident which brought me back to the states. I was going forward one night to the radio rooms when I tripped on a line and fell down the cargo hatch and came to a stop, head

first on one of the steel girders in the hold. I had let a yell out from where I fell and the gag "found me and got me out" They could not do anything for me in St. Nazire, so when we arrived in Brest I saw a naval doctor and he told me I had a fractured jaw. So I was transferred to the hospital. I was in the hospital a month and then was transferred to the Repair Ship Prometheus, then at Brest repairing the destroyers, yachts. Well anything from repairing watches to building a new bow on a destroyer. That is some job, but the "Pig Iron Polly" (as we call it) has done that on the U. S. S. Stewart, when she rammed the U. S. S. Benham.

I did hate to leave the bunch on the Lake Larga, for they are still over there, but try as hard as I did, I could not work a transfer back there again. The Prometheus stayed at Brest until January 18th, then sailed for the States after fourteen months foreign duty. While we were two days from New York, a ball was arranged by wireless. The ball was held at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel on January 31st. I stayed on board but they say a fine time was had by all. The next day we sailed for Norfolk, Va., where we are now stationed still on the job repairing anything that comes our way out of order. This ship was formerly on the West Coast being built at Mare Island California for a coal collier, but being remodeled for a repair ship. A large sand pit (not for us play in) but for moulding and making castings. Also we have a large pattern shop (not ladies) for making patterns of machinery, also a large machine shop and a speedy deck force of which I am a member.

I have been in the U. S. Navy now three years and like it fine, but I think I will go back to the soil and quit the navy with the memories of going through the greatest war even if I did not have a very exciting time in doing it.

I am at your service,
CARL STANLEY SEAMAN,
U. S. S. Prometheus.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

Dr. Dunsmore will speak on the subject "White Lies" at Calvary Presbyterian church Sunday evening. No morning service.

There will be the usual services at the Catholic church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Non-Catholics are always welcome. Sunday morning at the M. E. church Dr. George Pratt of Portland, will be speaker of great interest. Let all some and hear him. In the evening the pastor will speak on "Where do you Stand?"

ODD FELLOWS CELEBRATE ONE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY

The Odd Fellows celebrated its one hundredth anniversary last evening with an elaborate program. About two hundred or more were present and the event was the greatest in the history of the order. Two jewels were awarded for twenty-five year membership to Sam Goff and George Rolter, the presentation of the jewels being made by Dr. Dunsmore. R. F. Swope gave a most excellent address and Miss Arbutnot delighted the large crowd by given two readings. Several others took part in the program after which a luncheon was served. The Independent Order of Oddfellows, commemorating its one hundredth anniversary last evening, takes comfort in statistics which show a truly marvelous growth in membership, in expenditures for relief and intangible assets of one kind and another, but its vast usefulness has been of an imponderable kind. The spirit of brotherhood, which is cultivated by Odd Fellowship, and which feeds upon itself and grows by practice, is only symbolized by the statement, for illustration, that \$6,509,000 was expended for relief work in 1918, or that the present membership of the order in the United States is 2,230,231.

The great number of benefit-paying fraternities of which the Independent Order of Oddfellows is a pioneer type, give eloquent testimony to the power of an idea. In a perfect state of society, perhaps, there would be no need for men to organize, with friendship, love and truth as their motto, and formally to declare their purpose to visit the sick, relieve distress, bury

the dead and educate the orphan. But men need the stimulus both of precept and example to preserve them in a proper relationship to duty, and these are furnished by the Oddfellows and kindred fraternities. Practice in well doing serves to demonstrate that it is indeed, more blessed to give than to receive. The great sums expended in relief of the brethren, their widows and orphans, the homes for the aged orphanages for the care and education of the young, are in themselves worth while, as their immediate beneficiaries can testify, but it is pertinent to consider that the greatest benefit of all is conferred upon those who are permitted to share in these benevolent and unselfish enterprises. "A brother to relieve—how exquisite the bliss," sang Robert Burns, giving voice to this idea. The Independent Order of Oddfellows, conceived in America by five men familiar with the spirit of a similar adventure in England, has grown to its present proportions because unselfishness is contagious, and because, in their innermost hearts, men want to help their fellows and need only to be shown the way.

The beautiful should exist in the school life of the child. The school building and grounds should portray the artistic and beautiful. Those things which adorn the tasty home should embellish the school property—the lawn, terrace, walks, trees and flowers. Within should be neatness and refinement. A neglected school house in a terrible demoralizer. Place a child at a mutilated desk, put in his hands torn and soiled books and we find an almost irresistible temptation to continue the destruction with knife and pencil. Place the same child in a neat, clean room with suitable and beautiful furniture and we immediately remove the temptation for destruction.

About 40 Dallas young men, most of them students in the high school and all of them under 21, were arrested last Saturday and taken before District Attorney Piascki to whom they all confessed they had smoked cigarettes, pipes and tobacco and also gave the names of dealers in Dallas, who they said, supplied them. The boys appeared before Justice John R. Sibley on Monday and were fined \$1 each and costs, making a total of \$3.50 each. Several merchants who are said to have sold the boys cigarettes and tobacco will be summoned before the justice at an early date.

LOOK FOR THE RED BALL TRADE MARK

REMINGTON UMC

"Modern" Firearms & Ammunition

Shooting Right

Wetproof

AH, YANKEE HORSES DRINK FROM RHINE



The first drink from the Rhine went to a horse, "Von Hindenburg," ridden by Capt. M. H. Latham of the American first division in the army of occupation. This photo was taken at Eppard, Germany, December 10. Captain Latham says he named his horse Von Hindenburg on account of its stubborn disposition.

