

SEA SLUG STORIES

Continued from first page

thing away. He couldn't take a chance on sending up a rocket or tooting his whistle, for secrecy is everything. So he just laid a course the way he thought he ought to steer and kept it up hell bent all night.

Just after daylight he discovered that he was off the Belgian coast, having crossed the channel. As the early morning mist lifted he sighted a big vessel astern flying the German flag. She didn't look like a regular warship—more like a converted yacht—but she mounted one gun forward, and C. could see others aft.

He had a regulation three inch piece himself.

"Well, boys," he said to his crew, "we may be rotten navigators, but we don't need to know navigation to give that tub a fight. What do you say?"

There was only about one chance in a hundred that any of them would come out of the scrap alive, and C. didn't like to order his men into it. The M. L. was so fast she could have run, but the crew was game, so C. put about and began to loop around in order to cross her bows, thinking to cut loose a few raking shots into the craft.

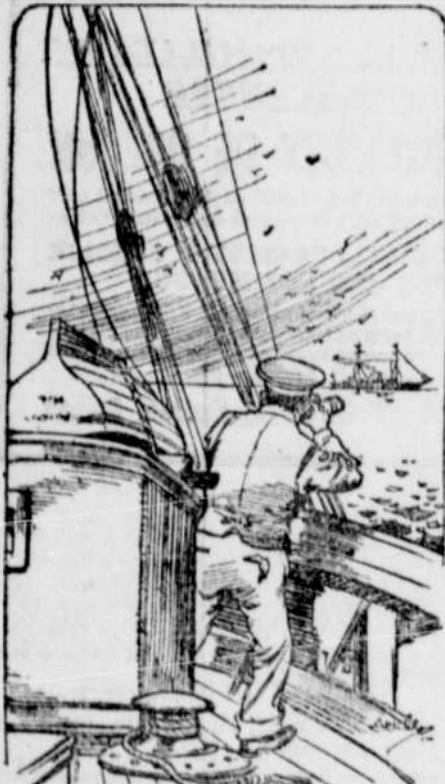
The gun was loaded and ready to fire, and C. was only waiting for what he thought was the best position before giving the order to shoot.

"We ought to fly our flag if we're going into battle," suggested some one in the crew.

"By Jove, you're right," C. agreed, and in a jiffy the British ensign was run up at the M. L.'s stern.

Like a shot the German flag at the stern of the war vessel came down, and the Union Jack took its place. Simultaneously from the masthead the stranger broke out a private British navy signal, and C. replied.

He had come within an ace of firing into one of his own vessels which had been flying the German flag in order to decoy any German craft that might



He Sighted a Big Vessel Astern Flying the German Flag.

sight her. It shows, though, that the Sea Slugs are ready to go into action any time and that they don't have to have the odds in their favor either.

A Matter of Luck.

As I said before, the catching of a submarine and its destruction is greatly a matter of luck. Sometimes the M. L.'s cruise around for days without seeing one, and then perhaps a U boat will pop to the surface within a couple of hundred yards. The most important adjunct to luck is an all seeing eye. One never knows where the periscope is going to stick out above the surface, and you must be ready at any second to make it out at any point of the compass.

Just how many submarines were "got" while I was in England I am not at liberty to say, but I can go on record as stating that they are not easy to get, and the captives are fewer than generally supposed. A vast number of units are necessary to combat them with any degree of success. Besides being invisible almost at will, the submarines are manned by men of nerve.

The idea prevalent among some people that submarine crews are more or less only sneaks, who strike in the dark or when there is no danger for themselves, should be dispelled. The submarines are operated by men who fear death not at all and who sometimes take staggering chances. If the British develop one trick that bugs a single submarine they consider it a success. News of English ruses spreads rapidly in the under water gossip.

U boats have run in a few scant miles from shore and sunk all sorts of craft, and they have even tackled destroyers. The British had some very sad experiences in sending destroyers on rescue work, after which they used the M. L.'s for this purpose. These make smaller torpedo targets. The

Germans are supposed not to risk U boats unduly; but, believe me, they do. I talked with the chief engineer and one of the crew of a British sugar ship from the West Indies who had been rescued after being torpedoed.

"We were just making Havre," said the engineer, "and we were mighty glad to get in. The day was remarkably clear, and the water was oily smooth. We were so close to land we didn't think there was a chance of anything attacking us when just at 1 o'clock in the afternoon a submarine appeared off our port bow and signaled us to stop.

"We were armed with a 4.7 gun on our stern and had navy gunners on board, so instead of obeying we turned sharply to starboard to present as small a target as possible for a torpedo and opened fire.

"The first two shots fell short, and the third went over the U boat. The way some people talk you would have expected the submarine to run away. She didn't do anything of the kind. She opened up on us with a gun that must have been at least a three inch piece, and the second shot hit one of our gun mounts.

"One man disappeared—actually disappeared. Either he was knocked into the sea and sank, or he must have been literally blown to pieces. Another poor fellow was killed—just about torn in two—and two other men were put out cold. The captain had to stop then, because there was nothing left to fight with.

"We were so near port that the firing must have been heard, and it was almost certain something would come out to investigate, but the U boat went about finishing the job very methodically.

"The German commander ordered us into our boats. While we were lowering away he signaled the captain and the chief engineer, myself, to come alongside the U boat. The first thing he did was to have our wounded brought aboard, and his surgeon attended to them. Then he used our boat to send men over and place bombs in the ship to blow her up.

"As the day was drawing to a close, it was becoming colder, and seeing that the men had not brought coats with them, the German commander gave us all sweaters and towed us toward shore for half an hour or so. Three destroyers passed out, but they were so far away that the U boat simply submerged until she was awash, and they never saw a thing. It was almost sunset when she finally disappeared after maneuvering around as though playing like a porpoise at sunset almost within range of shore batteries."

The story of this armed merchantman shows that simply placing guns on steamships is not going to protect them against submarines. There has got to be a sort of craft to fight them on something like equal terms, and the swift, seaworthy, low lying M. L.'s seem to be the ones to do it. But great numbers of them are needed, and great numbers of trained men are needed to operate them.

Song of the Sea Slugs.

The Sea Slugs in England sing a song which pretty well covers everything in the line of their life and duty. Some of the verses were written by one man, some by another. The one referring to Uncle Sam is my own and will be understood when I say that the first M. L.'s were built in America and that the British took some time to learn just how to use them:

Sing me a song of a frail M. L.
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)
Rolling about on an oily swell
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)
Out on a highly explosive spree,
Patrol, hydrite and T. N. T.,
Looking for U boat 333.
(O Lord, have mercy upon us!)

Sing me a song of a bold young "loot"
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)
Skillful mariner and nut to boot,
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)
So ship the cable and heave the lead,
Hard a-starboard and full ahead,
The detonators are in my bed,
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)

Sing me a song of a smart young "sub"
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)
An insubordinate, half trained cub,
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)
Of the king's regulations I know not one
I have left undone what I should have done,
But, oh, my aunt, when I fire that gun!
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)

Sing me a song of C. M. B.
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)
Bred in a garage and sent to sea,
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)
Taken away from the motor trade,
Seasick and sorry, sore, dismayed,
But a h— of a nut on the "grand parade."
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)

Sing me a song of Uncle Sam
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)
Built five hundred and don't care a d—n,
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)
Nobody knows what they built them for,
Every one prays that they'll build no more,
But such are the horrors of "bloody war."
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)

Sing me a song of a North sea base
(O Lord, have mercy upon us!)
A dirty, forgotten, one horse place,
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)
When the wind blows west, how brave we are!
When the wind blows east, it's different,

You'll find us safe in the "harbor bar."
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)
As one may gather from the song,
many of the Sea Slugs were formerly chauffeurs, and, although the M. L.'s



The German Commander Ordered Us Into Our Boats.

use gasoline for fuel, there is some difference between navigating one of them and an automobile.

Sitting Over a Volcano.

The "detonators under the bed" is literal. There isn't overmuch room on an M. L., and about the only place to keep the detonators is under the bunks. These little craft carry sufficient explosives to blow up several first class warships, and if you want to know how it feels to sit over a volcano with the lid about to be blown off you want to ride in one of them, especially when somebody begins potting at you with shells that may blow up every ounce of ammunition you've got on board any minute.

The third article of this series will appear next week. It is entitled "A Motor Launch Raid on the Belgian Coast."

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Notice for Publication.

[PUBLISHER] 03298

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. LAND OFFICE at Portland, Oregon, September 4, 1917.

NOTICE is hereby given that Alvy F. Ball, of Oretown, Oregon, who, on December 11, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 03298, for the s e 1/4 s w 1/4 Section 17, and n e 1/4 n w 1/4, n 1/2 n e 1/4 Section 20, Township 5 South, Range 10 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver of the United States Land Office at Portland, Oregon, on the 24th day of October, 1917.

Claimant names as witnesses: Thomas H. Foster, of Meda, Oregon; Darius J. Dunn, of Meda, Oregon; Harry D. Beckwith, of Meda, Oregon; Ole B. Redberg, of Oretown, Oregon.

N. Campbell, Register.

Proof made according to law under which entry was made.

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Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County, on the 31st day of August, 1917, and to me directed, in a suit wherein E. J. Clausen was plaintiff and Thos. Coates, administrator of the estate of Wm. J. West, deceased, was defendant, and in which the plaintiff recovered judgment against the defendant for the sum of \$1,100.00 together with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent. per annum from the 20th day of February, 1915, and for \$150.00 attorneys fees and \$16.20 costs and disbursements, and a decree foreclosing a mortgage upon the real property hereinafter described, and ordering and directing that the same be sold to satisfy the said judgment, and commanding me as sheriff of said County, to sell the said property as by law provided, to satisfy the said judgment, attorneys fee, costs and accruing costs;

Now therefore, by virtue thereof, I will on Saturday, the 13th day of October, 1917, at 10 o'clock a. m., of said day, at the Court House door of said County, expose for sale, and sell to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, all of the right, title and interest of the said defendant, and of the deceased, of, in and to, all of the following described real property, situate in Tillamook County, Oregon, to wit: The southeast quarter of Section Twenty-two in T. 2 S. R. 8 W. Will. Mer., in Oregon, containing 160 acres according to government survey, to satisfy said judgment, attorney fee, costs and accruing costs. Dated at Tillamook, Oregon, August 31st, 1917.

W. L. Campbell, Sheriff of Tillamook County, State of Oregon.

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