

FIRE CHIEF RELATES EXPERIENCE

The experiences of a man buried under a mass of brick and burning timber, thinking that his plight was unknown and that he must slowly be burned to death were related in the following letter read at the fire chief's convention in Astoria last week. The writer is the fire chief of Tillamook and the experience he tells took place during the recent disastrous fire at the place.

President and Chiefs Assembly:
The subject assigned me seems most fitting at this time after my recent experience of December 30th. I endeavor to give you a few details preliminary to the subject assigned me.

The alarm was given by two men who were just starting on a duck hunting trip on Sunday morning at 10 A. M. They came rushing down the "fire" station and shouted "fire" from the street, "The Page Centre is on fire."

We took all our apparatus on the spot and laid in four lines, using 100 feet of hose. The entire building was in flames, leaping out of the windows and doors all over, and ready to fall in when we arrived.

I knew we could do nothing more to keep it confined to the building. It was soon gutted, leaving all the timber standing, with burnt members of wood hanging around the front porch, some clinging here and there around the cross wall, making a front of the stage. An iron beam supporting the arch in the center, which was of brick, was still standing. This is the wall that fell on the floor of the stage, under which were at the time.

We took up all the lines in front of building but left one laid to the door. I sent two trucks back to the station with the hose rolled up and piled in, to get them in shape again, and left this one line to wet the ground and put out small fires that might spring up later.

Then started around inspecting ruins to see that it was safe to go in, when I noticed a small blaze around the dressing rooms in the basement. I took the hose down the stairs and Mr. Willitts, one of our volunteer firemen, went down with me. We had extinguished the fire, laid the hose down and were going around when without any warning whatever we heard a crash. It started running for the stairs when we got about halfway up, a big crash and we were under a mass of brick and timbers.

It was dark as I lay face down against the wall covered up to my head and foot, with my partner just above me lying at my feet. The pressure from all sides was tremendous, the brick were hot and the timber along my left side and across my shoulder, which is no doubt what killed me, seemed to be burning.

I could hardly breathe and could not think of anything but my own thoughts. Thoughts traveled thru my mind it seemed at the rate of a mile a minute. I thought of all the things and of all the good things I had ever done, in the twinkling of an eye. I could think of nothing but the last, of the horror of burning.

I felt sure the timber on my right side must be burning and that it was getting closer and closer to me all the time. But Oh, the pressure on my hips and shoulders and the back of my neck, I felt that I could not stand it for another minute. I could not hear a sound from my father or mother who are now dead. I thought of my brothers and sisters and all the people that I know, and brighter thoughts flashed thru my mind like lightning. Could anyone know I was buried? Could they get me out if they did know it? Would they even get to me? And how would it take to get me out. All these and many others things flashed through my mind over and over again. But not a sound, not a thought of encouragement came. It seemed an hour, it must be two by now when I thought, as I lay there, unable to breathe and not able to move a muscle.

Why don't they come? The load is getting heavier and heavier. The pressure seemed to be getting hotter and hotter and the timbers must be burning faster all the time. If something would only happen to end it all. If I could at last go unconscious so I could not realize. I know it's all over. No one knows I am here, or they can not get to me with fire around. I give up, it's no use, everything seems to get darker and the lights of life seem to go out. In the meantime which was not a few minutes, two of the volunteers who were near ran around to the stage door and were told by one of the volunteers who just got out, that some of the boys had covered up. On of them caught and rushed to the engine house where the regulars and some of the volunteers were at work, and



told them a wall had fallen and covered up some of the firemen. They cranked the truck, piled on and hastened to the scene. Each one grabbed a bar, an ax or anything they could get hold of ran to the spot.

Suddenly I thought I heard voices, they sounded a mile away. Again I thought I must be mistaken. "Where are they?" came to my ears. No mistake about it this time. Everything seemed to light up as bright as the brightest day. I saw the Heavens light up as bright as if the judgment day had come, before even a brick was removed.

"Here's one man, here's his hair," I heard them say. It was the boys at last. No one except a man buried in a burning building can ever tell how good the voices of the boys sound from beneath tons of brick. Everybody throw brick someone said, and as they commenced to uncover my head one said, "here's the other man, here's the head. Get the live man, come a shout. Let the dead man go and get the live man out, came the voice of another. As the brick was removed from around my head and from the back of my neck, I heard two or three of them say at the same time "It's the Chief." And as they talked with wild excitement in their voices, and worked as I know they never worked before, I knew they were all there.

I don't know whether I can stand the strain till they get me out or not, was my thoughts at that time, under the weight of the load which for the moment was un-noticed. I know they are doing their best, but it seems like hours, the pressure is so great. The load gets lighter as they work and as the pressure is removed the pain seems to get worse. Do that again, I said as the timber against my left side is moved an inch,

for it seemed like a foot to me. Get an ax and cut this timber! We can't uncover the other end! I heard one of them say. Now everybody who are not firemen get back out of the way and let them work! I knew this was the police talking. Hurry boys that wall is liable to fall any minute he said. It don't make any difference we got to get them out, came the reply. Oh! Don't! I said as one of the boys lifted my arm off the buried timber. This arm is broken I heard him say, and to me it sure felt like the ends of the bones grating together. As they chopped the timber every stroke nearly set me wild, I was so badly bruised on that side. Finally they pulled the timber away from my side and the pain was greater than ever. I suppose the nerves had become partially paralyzed or numbed till the timber was removed.

Then they lifted my head and shoulders up and it seemed like they would pull me in to. My legs felt like they were still covered up, and that they were trying to pull me out instead of uncovering me.

They carried me outside and laid me on something till the ambulance came, and I was rushed to the hospital. For days as I lay in my room banked with flowers at the hospital, not able to be turned over, and crowds there all the time, when permitted. But sympathy does not bring back health. The thoughts of the whole affair ran through my mind many, many times. I will always remember the sound that seems to be buried under a burning building. The voices of the Boys.

It is an awful experience, one which I trust that none present will ever be called upon to meet and only financed through a revolving fund, built up by a deduction of 2 1-2 per cent from the gross receipts of the

through luck or whatever you may call it, that I am able to be with you today.

Gentlemen, I have endeavored to tell you as best I can my thoughts and feelings and the little incidents that came to me. I had fifteen minutes to think of these things and if you don't think one can think of that much and more just try it.

My partner at the time Mr. Amos Willitts, who was with me, I regret to say was less fortunate than I. He was a little farther down the stairs and was killed instantly. I do not think he ever knew what struck him. Mr. Willitts was a volunteer and a good fireman.

Our fire loss up to this time was only \$2609.00 which we thought very good. I thank you.

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HARDWARE COMPANY**

Tillamook, Oregon

the Oregon Walnut exchange and expect this year to handle 150 to 200 tons of Walnuts. The plant will be local unit through a period of six to seven years. The local buildings committee consists of G. A. Dearborne, W. V. Dolph and W. H. Bently, with Charles Ertz as architect.

It is planned that the building shall be completed by October 1, at which time there will be held on all-day plant dedication service. Weather permitting there will be a daylight tour of surrounding walnut groves, to be followed by a speaking program and an evening banquet and other entertainment.—Oregon Farmer.

FEED ROUGHAGE

Addressing the farmers of Massachusetts, Professor O. E. Reed of the department of dairy husbandry at the Michigan Agricultural college, his topic, "The Health of the Dairy Herd," declared that recent work at the Michigan experiment station indicates roughage is the most important article in cattle feed. Cows fed on heavy grain with a relatively small amount of roughage do not maintain their vigor and good health as when fed with a ration with large content of legume hay, good silage, or roots, he said.

"Cattle fed rations deficient in mineral matter become less resistant to hardships and disease," he continued. "Minerals keep up the alkaline reserve of the blood of animals. The alkaline reserve consists chiefly of minerals in the blood stream which are present to neutralize acid produced in the body or absorbed from the digestive tract. The feeding of a heavy grain ration tends to lower the alkaline reserve. Where plenty of minerals are not available in the ration normally fed, the addition of calcium carbonate aids in keeping up the alkaline reserve."

"Rickets in calves, convulsions and other conditions which restrict growth are unusually traceable to faulty diet. Sunshine has a remarkable effect upon the health and well being of the dairy cow. The milk from animals kept in sunlight is more nutritious and more healthful," he concluded, "than milk from cows kept in dark barns."—Oregon Farmer.

WALNUT GRADING PLANT

A large new walnut grading and warehousing plant is under construction at Dundee by the Dundee Walnut association, the largest local unit of the recently organized Oregon Walnut Exchange, Cooperative.

This plant, which will be the only one of the sort on the Pacific coast north of San Francisco bay, will be a fire-proof concrete building, with the most modern of machinery. It will handle from one to one and a half cars of walnuts a day, grading, sorting and sacking. The use of this plant will cut in two the former cost of handling walnuts in Oregon, besides insuring a better graded product for the market. The building will be 50-100 feet, conveniently located between the highway and the railroad track. The cost of the building will be approximately \$8000 and the machinery about \$2000.

The Dundee local controls a larger acreage than any other unit of

California buyers.

Coos Bay—Hoop factory producing quantity lots with heavy advance orders.

Ashland—Skyline mine will spend \$100,000 on concentrator, ore mill and other improvements.

Roseburg to get natatorium, gymnasium and auditorium to cost \$100,000.

Hood River—Checks for \$55,000 forwarded to fruit growers for part payment of 1923 crop.

Wedderburn—Macleay Estate salmon cannery using all available help for what promises to be record season run.

Astoria—Steamer loads 1200 tons wheat for English market, and German steamer loads 5,000 bbls. flour for London.

Sutherland shipping prunes and pears to eastern and southern markets.

Big Run, Pa., is anxious to secure new industries. It is in heart of soft coal region, has excellent water—both for domestic and industrial use—is 98 per cent American-born population, progressive, and has lots of capital for industries which qualify. For further information address Editor, Tribune, Big Run, Pa.

COLISEUM

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 21

The Dangerous Maid

Featuring CONSTANCE TALMADGE, CONWAY TEARLE, MARJORIE DAW and TULLY MARSHALL

A dramatic story of the seventeenth century full of thrills and just enough comedy to make a picture that will give you an evening of real entertainment.

"POSTAGE DUE"—Comedy

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

The Dangerous Coward

Starring FRED THOMPSON and his horse "SILVER KING"

A picture of the old west, full of comedy and action.

"THAT ORIENTAL GAME"—Comedy.

TUESDAY-WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23-24

DADDIES

A clean, sparkling comedy, designed to amuse and entertain movie patrons of all types. Starring MAE MARSH and a strong supporting cast. This picture offers you more real clean entertainment than any picture the Coliseum has presented for some time.

"NEWS AND AESOP'S FABLES"

THURSDAY-FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25-26

The Covered Wagon

Special return engagement of the greatest picture ever filmed. We are playing a return on this wonder picture to accommodate the hundreds of people who were unable to see it during its long run last month.

Admission 25c and 50c. All Pioneers admitted free. Just make it known at the door and you will be given a pass.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

Western Luck

Featuring CHARLES (BUCK) JONES. A really good western comedy drama.

"HAMS AND YEGGS"—Comedy.

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THOUSANDS of owners have proved it! They've driven it nearly a year now, over all kinds of roads and in every climate. There's simply no question about its power, economy or rugged endurance!

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Roadster	875	2-Door Business Coupe	\$1045
Touring	875	Coupe	1175
Sport Roadster	985	Sedan	1250
Sport Touring	1015	Sedan De Luxe	1350

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