



Hernonia Eagle

Advertising rates—Foreign, 30c per inch; local, 28c per inch; legal notices, 10c per line first insertion, 5c per line succeeding insertions; classified 1c per word, minimum 25c.

INADEQUATE TELEPHONE SERVICE

Vernonia needs 24-hour telephone service. The rates charged warrant such maintenance.

The night service is discontinued at 11 p.m. until 7:00 a.m. with no service on Sundays after 7:00 p.m. until the following morning at 7:00 a.m.

Here is an old grievance. For the past two years many have tried in vain to interest the local manager of the telephone line, and also the district manager at Forest Grove, to give service which a city with the population of Vernonia demands.

On Sundays after 2:00 p.m. the local Western Union telegraph office is closed, so between the hours of 7:00 p.m. to 7:00 a.m. our communication with the outside world is cut off, just as thoroughly as though we had been surrounded by an invading army who wished to censor our communication. Time and time again men have been injured the island groups were or became sick at camps in the night and it was desired to telephone for a doctor or medical aid.

But the service, which happens to meet with the approval in Vernonia with no one but the telephone company themselves was discontinued from 11:00 p.m. to 7:00 a.m. and it was impossible to get a doctor as promptly as it should have been, had the phone service been open during these

Many injured or sick have been caused unnecessary pain and suffering in waiting for such time until aid could be summoned.

A local doctor reports that two weeks ago last Sunday, St. Helens were unable to get in touch with him here after 7:00 p.m. to advise him that one of his patients, a child aged 9, was dying and that the parents desired him to be at the bedside to render whatever aid possible.

Our Vernonia doctor received word the following morning after the child had passed away.

Service rendered during phone hours is good, the telephone operators are courtious and quick although severly handicapped in the placing of long It certainly looked like a cannibal distance calls through the Forest Grove exchange, but from their exchange here, endeavor to give the of our skin and bones being fatten best of service.

In many instances arrangements have been made with Earl Smith, the local manager, to receive an emergency call after 11:00 p.m. and espec- old navat ways. ially in the case of sickness accommodations for receiving or sending the calls were arranged for.

Still, other exchanges know that the local of- habel of talk. Voices yelled i fice is closed at an hour before midnight, and many pidgin English.

"You Germans? How you get here from way off? Come on. Gerlowing day due to disconnecting the telephone ser-

vice at these hours. The volume of business done by the telephone natives. company in this city warrants a 24-hour daily telephone service which without further delay should place, grievances against their masters, the British, Then quite a numbe installed.

Let the city officials, chamber of commerced the trenches in France. There some had been killed and some wounded, and most who survived had conlic servcie commission on the unsatisfactory telephone conditions which prevail in this city in regard to the service being discontinued at 11 p.m. week days and on Sunday. If the West Coast Telephone company refuses to meet the demands, a reasonable demand which leaves the city in an unsafe condition after 11 p.m. let us remember that the Nobelem Mutual Telephone company which had been described by the services of the Island, worn-out shells of men. They said there were no white men on the Island, and we longed to go ashore. With our scurvy-swoilen legs we could hardly stand, however. It wouldn't do to be a support of the service being discontinued at 11 p.m. safe condition after 11 p.m. let us remember that the Nehalem Mutual Telephone company, which received its charter years ago, has a franchise good for over 25 years and with the concentrated support of subscribers of telephones in this city and the vicinity, may be able to install a system which most every city and many with less population, enjoy.

hauled ashore as cripples, It would not increase these warriors' respect for Germans. as fighting men: Cripples do not fare well among savage peoples, and we thought the best not to reveal our impotence. So we refused the natives' invitations to partake of their hospitality, told them we must hurry on to fight the British, and asked for fresh water and bananas. They brought great gourds full of water and bunches of bananas. We drew

A few citizens are attempting to influence the and bunches of bananas. We drew up to the dock and they handed these precious supplies down for boxing commission to discontinue holding smokers we had our fill of bananas and chamber of Commerce were convinced that over

Chamber of Commerce were convinced that over one-half of those attending these boxing bouts came from camps and nearby towns, and do considerable trading in Vernonia.

The Chamber of Commerce, the executive committee of the American Legion, and every progressive merchant and citizen who has the welfare of the city at heart, is not alone anxixous to see the smokers continue but willing to assist put them. smokers continue but willing to assist put them and blood into you and draw the

It is most a sure bet that the very few who poultice had been applied. object, do not care for boxing, but the majority sle of Katafanga. It is quite a

At the rate farmers in the Nehalem valley are the Fijis, and sailed into a large taking to the raising of sheep and goats, this sec- gulf surrounded by distant islands. It was night, and we decided to

Priceless Gavel

When the presiding officer of the Chleago Association of Commerce raps for order at future meetings he will rap with a renewed author ity. It is no common gavel that calls the members to attention, for It helped literally to keep the root over the heads of 26 Presidents of

the United States.

The gavel was carved from one of the main wooden roof trusses of the White House when the repairs to the roof were made, during the Began a Big Industry

The shoe industry of this country was begun in 1629 by Thomas flower on its third voyage and brought bides for making shoes. Seven years later Philip Kertland of Buckinghamshire began making shoes in Lynn, Mass. Since that date the state of Massachusetts has come to lead the world in the manufacture of boots and shoes,

Malalla-Shot Gun Lumber company will start operations the reef. The wind was sweeping . Not knowing this, we used a good September 1st.

UCKNER,

by • Lowell Thomas

deep apathy. Our brains were like balls of cotton. Nothing mattered. certainly not death. Death would come, we thought, as a relief from these sufferings. The prospect of its arrival became more and more

"Boys," I said, "let us take pieces of ballast iron and tie them around our necks. One plunge and in a few seconds all of our pains will "Yes. All right." There were

mutterings of assent. But Parmien, the youngest, the one who was nearest death, picked

up the comic volume, Fritz Reu-ter's "Trip to Constantinople," and began to read a funny story. We all laughed. That book had eased many a hard hour before, on this ghastly voyage, and now, perhaps. it saved our lives.

And so we continued on with but one instinct left in us, the sailor's instinct to navigate his craft. Mechanically, without any particular hope, without any particular thought, we trimmed the sails, guided the belm, and calculated ur position as best we could. Nau tical science was at a low ebb among us now. We were too far gone to reckon exactly where we were, and were only vague in our steering. All we knew was that we should steer to the west where

I won't try to say how we felt when we saw a speck on the horizon and the speck grew bigger and a tropical island. We had been so much like dead men, who had thought that nothing could ever make us glad again. By, Joe, that sight gladdened our hearts, though. We grew even weaker, but it was the weakness of happiness. As we drew near, we thought of nothing but land, fresh water, and soft food, a soft banana, for our loose, shaky teeth Never mind ships or capturing ships. Never mind being taken prisoners. We headed straight toward a crude pier that stuck out into the water.

A crowd of a hundred natives. is less, were gathered at the tanding place watching our ap-They were ferocious took passed from the region of the brown, indolent Polynesians to those of the black, warlike Mela-

"What ugly customers," I said to

The forbidding battle array on shore stirred a new strength in us. island, and miserable as we were, still we could not escape the thought ed up in preparation for an old-

time South sea banquet.
"Clear the boat for action?" I ordered. Even in our present straits, we could still remember our

The German flag went jerking to our masthead, and rifles and machine guns were displayed.

landing pler and talked with the natives. They were unmistakably ber had been recruited and sent to

large isle and inhabitated by more

We came to the main body of canvas that keeps a boat from turning broadside to the wind and waves and from drifting too fast. We lay down for a decent night's sleep. We would need all our energies for the morrow.

A sudden shout, I awakened, It was just daybreak. Straight ahead was a wild white line of surf. It broke over a long, low coral reef, and just behind it was a high cliff. We had run into a strong current during the night. Krauss had awakened just in time to see that sage to the officials of the it had carried us perilously near islands a day's sail away.

toward the breakers.
"Raise sail," I shouted.

We scrambled frantically raised the canvas. The wind was inshore. We could not head into it. We were being blown slowly.

exorably onto the reef. People accustomed to the surfs of what breakers are like off the islands of the South Pacific. The surf all over the Pacific is particu larly strong. But when it breaks over a mid-oceanic coral reef nothing can live in it. The strongest pleces against the jagged coral.

And there wasn't the slightes hope of our moving against the wind and backing away from the Slowly, slowly we were near ing it. The breakers roared like In a few moments we would be flung into that death trap of water and coral.

Pistol in hand, I shouted something to the effect that I didn't intend to be ground to death by the breakers on that jagged coral.

The others looked for their pisols. One could not find his. Be tween the pull of the current and the power of our sails, we were drifting along the reef, edging to-ward it. The wind gave us an extra push. We were in the backwash, only a few yards away fro the breakers. And still one man could not find his pistol. Instinc-tively, we all waited. And that was what saved our lives. Suddenly we saw the reef drop away, slanting back at a sharp angle, and a mo-ment later we were drifting paral-lel to the coral.

It was then that I discovered there were two kinds of breathing. In times of terrible danger, the breath comes in short, quick puffs. The danger gone, you breathe deep By Joe, when we got clear of reef I breathed such a breath that it seemed to go right down to my heels. I sat looking at my boys' faces. When we got our pis tols ready, their faces had set tense, as if cast from bronze. With the danger past, their faces held the same set expression. It was an hour before their old expressions came back again. Two of my fellows found patches of gray in their bair afterward. (Maybe the had been there for years only to b discovered now!) Another's les was blue in spots. In those fright ful moments he had without know ing it, grasped his thigh in a clutch like a drowning man. I tell you, by Joe, it was the hand of God that put the curve in that reef! When one of the boys, I don't know which, said in surprise, "We are clear!" I knew it was the hand of

CHAPTER XV

Caught by the British at Wakaya. THE ISLAND was Wakaya. Several old sailing ships were in the harbor. We gazed at them with hungry eyes, and eager plans for capturing one ran through our inds. Natives on shore spied us took us for shipwrecked sailors. and put a boat out to meet us. It our unifor suited our plans to let them go man flag. right on thinking we had been ship-wrecked. That might make it much easier for us to get some information about the vessels at anchor. Leaving a couple of my boys in the boat, the other four of us accompanied the natives to their huts, where they treated us hospitably. They were a simple, trusting Several half-breeds and a of white men, however, looked at us suspiciously. One half-breed was particularly offensive and nsisted on asking us many ques-We did not like his behavior at all.

Kircheiss and I took a walk a long a path in the woods to talk over what seemed another menac-ing situation. A white man came galloping by on horseback. He was pale with excitement. He slowed down for a moment, gazed at us, responded curtly to our greeting, and went on. Thoroughly alarmed, we hurried back to the village. Some curious business was afoot, and we determined to find out what it was,

what it was.

"Our last half gallon of rum,"
Kirchelss murmured regretfully.

"Yes," I responded, "it is too
bad, but it will go to a useful pur-

We got hold of the half caste who had been so inquisitive. The white man we had seen on horse-back was with him. Something, indeed, was afoot. We talked cas-ually with them and then suggested drinking. They were interested, and became enthusiastic when we produced our half-gallon of rum. In the half-breed's but we staged a drinking bout, which last half through the night. Nothing like rum to make men friendly and conversational. The half-breed got so conversational that he blurted out:

"Why you're all right. But at first we thought you were Germans. We could get fifty pounds if you were Germans," Now, as an American sailor would say, you've got to "hand it" to the

English. They know how to spend money when it is useful. We Germans are usually more niggardly, or "careful" some might call it. or "careful" some might call it. We will try to save a mark and then lose thousands. Having received the wireless warning from the resident at Altutaki of mysterious armed Germans in the South Seas, the authorities in the Fijis had passed word among the natives to be on the lookent for natives to be on the lookout for us, and had offered a two-hundredand-fifty dollar reward to anyone who turned in definite information about a party of Germans posing

I. was clear enough that the half-breed and the white man had been plotting to hand us over to the authorities, but how far they had gone we did not know. It was not until later that we learned the white man's horseback ride had been to give a warning about us to the captain of a cutter in the harbor, and that the cutter had at once shoved off to carry the mes-sage to the officials of the larger

deal of persuasion to put the idea firmly into the heads of the two men that we could not possibly be Germans. It may have been our dermans. It may have been our eloquence, or, more likely, the genial influence of the rum, but, at any rate, they seemed to lose all of their suspicions and became convinced that we were the truest Norwegians from Scandinavia. Kirchelss and I, somewhat the worse from our session at detective work. slept at the Englishman's house.

The four others were offered quarters ashore for the night, but two of my boys remained in the boat as a precaution. It was well they did, too. During the night, fore getting back home. If we native swimmers went out to her fought as naval men and were later and cut the anchor rope. They captured, we would be entitled to were put up to it by a Malay police, the treatment due honorable pris officer who was suspicious of us oners of war. If we fought in Not knowing any of my men would remain on board her, since she was only an open lifeboat, he planned to search her. So he sent his swimmers out to pull her ashore and beach her. The wind was inshore. The anchor rope cut. the boat drifted in. Our two men were asleep, and only awakened course, each side has its spies, and when the keel jarred against bot-tom. Dark figures were around in the water, trying to pull the bont on the beach. Our men, pistol in hand, drove them away and then

On the following day, we made our final costly error. The ships in the harbor weighed anchor and raised sail. We picked the one that seemed the newest and arranged with the skipper to take us along with him to Suva, on the main island Viti Levu. Of course, our plan was simply to sail a few miles out to sea with him and then miles out to sea with him and then ships armed with guns to fire take the ship ourselves after don- sumbarines made it a general rule ning our uniforms and getting out all of our weapons. A sudden squall blew up and forced the ves "No," I said to my men, "In the sel back to port. We returned with her. And now we should have taken her while she lay at anchor. The people ashore would have seen what was going on, but we could have held up the island and then put to sea, storm or no storm. That was our first impulse. We should have followed it. Always trust your first impulse-at any rate, if you go into the pirate business. It is the boldest and best, Instead. we chose a more cautions course. We resolved to wait until the following day and capture our ship when it had got out to sea. While

we waited, another vessel arrived. She was a beauty, too, and would have delighted any seaman's eye as she came sailing into the harbor. She bad just arrived, we were told, from Suva. She ran regularly

among the islands, carrying merchandise to the traders. She was a handsome three-masted schooner with auxiliary motor power, new, clean, and trim, just the kind of ship we wanted. "By Joe," I said to my boys,

"there's our ship."
We immediately dismissed all idea of the old windjammer we had intended to capture, and devoted ourselves to this new beauty. A council of war was held, after which Kircheiss went to the captain of the vessel, which now had docked, and told him that we were Norwegians who, while mak-ing a cruise in a lifeboat, had missed our ship, which was taking coal from Australia to Suva. Could we not take passage with him to Suva instead of on the other slower craft, so that we could get back to our own ship? We would pay regu-

lar rates for the passage. "All right," replied the captain, a jovial unsuspecting fellow. "Come aboard at eight o'clock this even-

ing. We sail in the morning." It was our plan again that, once aboard this lovely ship and out at sea, we would suddenly appear in our uniforms and hoist the Ger-

chine guns, cartridges, and grenades in our canvas bags, wrapped our naval uniforms around these. and then rolled each bundle in a couple of blankets and tied it se curely. A casual handling would not reveal the armament inside. not reveal the armament inside.
Each of us took a pistol in one
pocket and a hand grenade in the
other. At eight o'clock we went
about the schooner. Our maaboard the schooner. Our ma-neuvers had been made carefully. and we had attracted no undu notice of the people who were suspleious of us

Aboard, the captain received us hospitably, and we went around looking over what we expected to make our next prize of war. And a prize she was, just a year out of the shipyard and beautifully fin-

ished in every detail.

I could hardly wait for her to raise anchor and set sail. But we had counted that brood of mental chickens before they had batched.

A steamer slid into port! The skipper of our clipper who was standing next to me said he supposed she had brought over the proprietor of the island. The new arrival lowered a boat. In it were a military officer and four Indian soldiers. The boat rowed straight toward our ship. We surmised at once that they were coming for us. Having received the message sent by the suspicious half-breed and the white man that there were six Germans on the Island, the authorl police to arrest us. There had bee some delay in this, as the only available boat on which to send the police was a cattle steamer, the Amra, and she could not raise anchor for some hours. She had arrived now right in the nick of time, had communicated with the shore, and been informed that we

were aboard the schooner.

The storm had cleared durin The storm had cleared during the early morning. The palm trees ashore were ablaze with the troplical sunshine. The water under us was of the deep blue that you see only in the South Seas. A brisk, refreshing wind blew from the west. The boat with the officer and four soldiers came rowing with long, powerful strokes. The Indians we puttees and those funny little pants that leave the knees bare. They carried no arms other than bay-onets. The officer had a sword and a revolver. We could easily have shot them down with our pistols, or thrown a hand grenade in their boat, or held them up at pistol point when they came aboard. There we could have captured the ship and sailed away. The steamer would have been powerless in the face of our machine guns. There were mutterings among my men They were full of fight. We should they urged, make the capture and get away.

I passed an uncomfortable mo were packed in our bundles, stowed civilians, and as civilians we would have to raise our weapons against pants. They edged to the rail, evidently ready to tumble overboard The captain of the schooner and his crew now knew what kind of guests they had welcomed aboard They stood gaping.
"I must ask you to stand back a

Overboard with It all!" I called to

Pistols, grenndes, and machine guns dropped, splashingly into the

"at your service!" for yourselves on your cruise, and now you have played cricket with me. You will receive decent treat-

there are things you can do that first ordeal was to be. Unless the British had more recent news than But during the War of 1870, and during the late war, too, we Ger mans were most severe with france tireurs, civillans who sniped at soldiers. It has been one of our had that gave any hint as to wh fight. As civilians we cannot. At a bomb down there and kill that would be neither fun nor glory in My officers were with me, and

captured the sailing ship Manila After that was a single entry. "Landed stores at Mopelia.

seemed no help for it.

It was the twenty-first of September, just two days short of a month since our departure from

The lieutenant and his four men in those short pants and bare knees came aboard. Followed by his men.

his men in those short pants!

the men also saw the point,

agreed with much reluctance. Cer

a British prison camp. But there

that.

every Gern an naval officer. If we could have fought in our uniforms

chances were at least a hundred to one that we would be captured be

and as such almost sure to hang

that all is fair in love and war, but this does not alter the fact that

citizens' clothes, we were

more than international

finally from a yardarm.

he stepped up to me.
"I've got to arrest you," he began
decently enough. "Who are you?" "Allow me." I responded, "to in-troduce myself. I am Count Luckander of the Seendler These men here are part of my

"Are you Count von Luckner?" "Yes."

He gazed around bewildered. frightened and certainly nonplussed I imagined I could see his legs shake. Apparently, he was digest ing the fact that he and his men were practically unarmed and the certainty that we must be armed to the teeth. "We have," I continued, "hand

grenades and firearms enough to send you and your knee-pants army were in uniform, you would be our prisoners. However, be that as it may, you have caught us in civilian clothes-but look here."

We took our weapons out of our pockets, I had had two of our men bring up our bundles. We cut them open and displayed the grendes, pistols, and machine guns The lieutengnt stared, still aghast in had acted on the impulse of the Cap Inn opened to visitors.

moment, fleutenant," I exclaimed "while I destroy my war material it would have been as honorable naval men. In the end, the odds would be all against us and the

"And now, fleutenant," I saluted "Right ho, count," he replied
"you men have made a great name ment. You have my word as a Briton for that." He emphasized the word "Briton."

I had no doubt as to what our

we concerning our comrades whom had left at Mopelia, which was not probable, we would be ques ed as to the whereabouts of the Seeadler and the remainder of her crew. I told my men that they should give the same reply to all interrogations, namely that I had that I would answer for all. That would prevent us from tripping one another up. We had taken care to throw away any notes or papers we we had gone ashore in the Society Islands. They could search us as much as they liked, but they would find nothing One mischance, though befell us. I was to learn in a few days that one of my comrades had dropped a notebook, which present ly was found. In it he had a brief questioned the diarist who had kept the unfortunate record, and he told me that his notes about Monelia were very sketchy. He remembered clearly that he had written we had

There his diary broke off. There was no mention of our having sunk the Manila or of our having lost the Seeadler at Mopelia or taken refuge on the island.

CHAPTER XVI

Jailed in Fiji.

OUR ARRIVAL as prisoners was the event of the year at Suva. the capital city of the Fift islands. Our capture was the only warlike happening that had come along in those parts to break the monotony of life in the dreary South Seas The newspaper got out a furid spe cial edition filled with a harrowing account of the capture of the cap tain and a part of the crew of the desperate raider, the Seeadler. It gave the hour when we were ex pected to reach Suva. So a huge crowd, that is a huge one as crowds go in Fijl, had gathered a the pler to look us over. A com pany of infantry lined both sides of the approach to the pier with bayonets fixed. They certainly were a comic-opera-looking lot in their hot-weather knee pants.

During our march down the street between the gauntlet of bayonets and the crowd behind them, a half-caste fellow, seeing us unarmed and helpless, stepped forward and spat in the face of one of my boys. I jumped out of line and gave him of \$150,000.
a blow straight from the shoulder that sent him down in a heap. His

through with a bayonet, but the

shouted:

"Serves him right! Good for you, count!" Then addressing himself to the crowd. he added: "These men have done nothing to deserve such treatment." He said it as though he meant it, too. That Englishhe meant it, too. That English-man was a real fellow, I tell you

We were promptly questioned. Where were the Seeadler and the remainder of its crew? Of course, my boys kept mum. I, on the other invented a story about acci-

dentally getting separated from the rest who were still aboard the Seeadier-where, we didn't know. he story, of course, was not be

At first they kept us at the governor's rest house, a fine place with a garden, where visiting white peole often stopped. Our meals were orne to us by coolies from the ocal hotel. The temporary commandant of the rest house was a Lieutenant Wodehouse, a fine fellow. After a day or so he was replaced by Lieutenant Whitehouse, whom we didn't like so well. He was what the British themselves would call, "a bit of an ass, y'know." Whenever he talked with me he kept his hand on his pistol. He apparently thought me a sort of ogre, a had man sent to frighten nice young lieutenants. he came, hand on pistol, and announced:

you, all of you."

Appearing before a general was man navy. We had our uniforms which were somewhat faded after the long trip at sea. But we slicked them up as best we could and generally made ourselves as present I into stinking cattle cars. For a building and ushered us in, was a jail!

"Is this your General Macken-zie?" I speered at White-"You're a fine British officer." walked away, ashamed, him self, of the dodge he had used to



Moa, Captured by the Escaping

perate attempts he, in his stupid thuidity expected us to make. (Continued next week)

Portland-Plans underway for erection of three-story Spanish type apartment house at 640 Flanders street at estimated cost

Hood River-Renovated Cloud



In Every Circle . . . The Growing Popularity of Nehalia Ice Cream

Is Being Proclaimed

Made by the
NEHALEM VALLEY ICE & CREAMERY CO.
Under the personal direction of Harry Kearns

Sold by the following dealers:

Dad's Sandwich Shop

Horseshoe Cafe

Recreational Club

Highway Service Station