

THE SENSATION ON BOARD A SUBMARINE

A British Merchant Ship Captain Some of Them While Depth Bombs Were Being Discharged Overhead

Sensations experienced in a German submarine while depth bombs were being discharged overhead were described recently by a British merchant ship captain who was a prisoner for fifteen days aboard a U-boat, according to the Associated Press.

In an interview the English commander, captured by the Germans after his vessel had been torpedoed, related how the depth bombs shook the undersea craft and created consternation among the sailors. In one instance the faces of the Germans became white with fear and all stood trembling after the first shot, which was not near enough to destroy the submersible. All were expecting a second discharge.

The English commander reached his native land after having been imprisoned for months at Brandenburg, where, he said, he and other ship officers at times had been harnessed to carts which were used to haul mail and packages from the postoffice to the prisoners' camp.

Seven vessels were torpedoed by the Germans while the British captain was aboard the U-boat. Previously the English officer had been in command of a merchant vessel which had also met its fate at the hands of a submarine crew.

"On the third day after I had been taken prisoner," said the captain, "just after the midday meal, I gathered that the submarine was about to carry out an attack on a convoy which had just been sighted. The U-boat approached submerged for some distance and torpedoed a large steamer. Our whereabouts apparently were detected, I was told, by an allied light cruiser, for we dived rapidly to a great depth.

"Hardly had the submarine reached an even keel when we heard and felt a tremendous explosion which caused the U-boat to vibrate from stem to stern. It was a depth charge from the cruiser.

"The effect on the crew was evident. All stood trembling, with faces blanched with fear, not attempting to speak, expecting a second charge, the result of which might mean the destruction of the boat and without the slightest chance for us to escape.

"There is no doubt in my mind of the mental attitude of the crew, for it was not the first experience of the men with a depth charge, and they had learned from others in the service what terrible weapons depth bombs were in the hands of skillful seamen.

"For some moments we waited; engines were stopped and all means were taken to prevent giving indication of our position. Minutes seemed like hours in such a situation. I'll admit that I was turning over in my mind whether I should see my family again. No additional explosions took place, however, and after remaining some eighteen fathoms deep for a long period we continued our voyage.

"A few days later we had another experience with a depth charge, or 'wasser bomben,' as the German sailors call them. A sailing vessel had just been sunk by shell fire when two allied destroyers were sighted, and down we went. By the microphones the propellers could be heard, and as the vessels came nearer and nearer we in the submarine could hear the thudding quite distinctly. To and fro the destroyers went searching for us. Evidently they picked up a clue, for there were two explosions ahead, but not so near us as that from the cruiser, but quite close enough to cause the submarine to tremble and then roll about as though in a heavy sea.

Prison camp conditions in Germany were described by the British captain as being deplorable. "We were compelled to harness ourselves to carts which we had to draw through the streets to the station or postoffice in order to fetch our parcels and any other commodities to camp. It was at this camp also that I saw three hundred Russian soldiers working, all of whom were in the last stages of tuberculosis. The poor fellows could not get enough to eat, and they would eagerly scrape discarded tin cans in the hope of finding particles of food. I have even seen German soldiers do the same thing. We were glad to search the cinder paths at any opportunity in anticipation of finding bits of coke or coal with which to cook our food."

The captain said his ship was torpedoed without warning and that after he and all his men were afloat in lifeboats the submarine appeared on the surface and he was taken prisoner, the mates and seamen being permitted to start in the direction of land. Describing the submarine, the British captain said:

"She was a fairly large craft, of recent numbering, having three torpedo tubes, two in the bow and one aft, and carried ten torpedoes. She was also armed with a gun for shell fire just forward of the conning tower.

"My first meal aboard the U-boat consisted of a stew made with stringy meat, probably horseflesh, supplemented by small portions of sausage with black bread. As the voyage progressed this bread became mildewed and uneatable, an dthen some bread of lighter color, which had been kept in hermetically sealed receptacles, was served, but was even more unpalatable than the black bread. The coffee was made of burned barley and acorns. The commander and officers of the U-boat fared as the lower ratings, but were able to supplement their allowances with tinned ham and other canned food.

"As the submarine was forced to keep below the water's surface a great deal of the time life aboard the submarine was anything but pleasant.

"The boat sweated and all spare clothing became saturated with moisture, while the atmosphere often be-

came foul and breathing difficult," he asserted. "While we were submerged the crew would start the gramophone. That machine supplied the music which was played triumphantly when the U-boat got another victim. Really, the sinking of any innocent merchantman caused that crew as much joy as if the members had sunk a war ship.

"One night there was more than the usual amount of rejoicing and the gramophone's liveliest airs were played. The Germans had torpedoed an oil tanker, which, according to the commander, sank in thirty seconds. I could not help wondering at the mentality of men who could rejoice at such a thing, knowing that without giving them the slightest chance of defending themselves or escaping they had sent innocent sailors to their deaths.

"The next day we seemed to be out of the track of steamers, and I went into the conning tower and saw the officers amusing themselves by shooting at gulls or empty bottles.

"By this time the submarine evidently had reached the extreme outward point of her voyage, and we started on our return trip to Helgoland. Three Norwegian ships were stopped for the purpose of obtaining fresh food. Soon after this there was much excitement when it was ascertained that there was a British submarine in our vicinity. By listening the crew could hear the enemy submarine, and the Germans feared she was going to attack us. We submerged and eventually dodged the British vessel.

"The U-boat was equipped with powerful wireless apparatus and each evening, providing the weather and other conditions were favorable, the German commander remained on the water's surface in wireless communication with his base."

The British captain finally arrived in Helgoland, and afterward was transferred to Brandenburg. Eventually he was taken to Switzerland and released, reaching England on June 19.

And now the captain is getting ready to go to sea again.

SERGEANT IS THE PINCH-HITTER OF THE OUTFIT

Capt. Robert C. Young, with the American army in France, writes his brother, Adjutant General Laurence Young, that the whole American outfit in the fighting over there is "batting a thousand," says the Raleigh News and Observer. With his letter Capt. Young encloses a highly interesting account of the individual bravery of Sergeant J. F. Brown, also with the American army, whom he designates as a "pinch hitter" for one of the American units.

The story, from a staff correspondent of the London Daily Mail on duty with the American army, is here reprinted:

American troops have again today been fighting valiantly with the French. No details of what has happened are yet available, but that they were engaged is certain.

The Americans have also been fighting east of Rheims during the past few days, and from all the reports I have seen have conducted themselves with the customary distinction of the American army. But it is still the story of the American resistance to the German attack across the Marne on the opening day of the offensive which holds a premier place in the interest of the day. I have already told of the French appreciation of the work of this unit. It appears when the Germans came across the Marne the Americans refused to leave their positions, and the Germans went on in the endeavor to reach their objectives. But soon the enemy was in great distress.

The American machine gunners and riflemen fired into the backs of the enemy, who was quickly compelled to retreat to the opposite bank of the Marne. At several places the Germans found it impossible to cross the river so terrible was the artillery and machine gun fire of the Americans. One German regiment, a grenadier regiment, was shattered and on eof its battalions had very few men left indeed. All around lay German dead piled up in heaps, both banks of the Marne being covered with bodies.

Then as the Germans retreated the action transformed itself into a free-for-all fight. Individual Americans would go out with their rifles hunting for Germans. Many authentic stories are told today of acts of individual bravery and initiative which are amazing. The story of Sergeant J. F. Brown proves an interesting specimen. He was wandering around looking for Germans with his captain when he lost his pack, which was struck by a piece of shrapnel.

This did not apparently worry him, for, with his officer, he attacked a nest of four machine guns and captured two, his officer being killed in the fight. Then, armed with an automatic rifle, he seized a third and, obtaining the services of a corporal, attacked the fourth. He shot a German private dead and when the German officer who was there reached for his knife to attack him, he killed him also. The fourth machine gun thus fell into his hands.

He then brought in some prisoners, maps and other suitable souvenirs and handed them over to a military policeman and asked, as he says in his report, for a receipt. Then he went out again and with a number of comrades hunted for Germans. Soon he found just over 100 in a trench in which there were many dead and which was cut off by artillery fire.

With his automatic rifle resting on his arm, for it was so hot he could scarcely hold it, he covered the Germans, who threw up their hands in surrender. Then, with his comrades, he marched fourteen miles with his captives, safely delivering at the end of his journey 164 prisoners, including a German major. In his way several of the prisoners fell out and died.

Public prayer for victory for the allies was said Sunday throughout France on the occasion of the fourth anniversary of the declaration of war.

NORTH CAROLINA BOYS ARE SEEING REAL WAR

Robert Duckett, Newspaper Man of Raleigh, Writes Interesting Letter—Saw His First Shell Burst on July 4th

The following letter, printed in the News and Observer, will doubtless be of interest to our readers, as a number of local boys are in the 30th division, among them being Battery E, of the 118th artillery:

Raleigh boys of the 30th division, which is composed of the old North Carolina brigade and the 118th artillery, are now taking part in actual fighting on the front in France, and, according to a letter received here by a friend from Bob Duckett, a former newspaper man, now a member of brigade headquarters, they are "seeing big sights" there. The letter was written July 15, the date of the allied offensive.

In telling of events which are happening every day in his sector, the Raleigh boy is proud that he saw the first shell burst on July 4th. "I was watching one of our observation balloons lounging leisurely in the later afternoon sunlight when suddenly there was a swish and a crash. The explosion was some distance away, but I broke all records on ducking."

"All the Raleigh boys with our organization are enjoying the very best of health and are taking things as they come, which is the only way to go into the free-for-all scrap being staged from Switzerland to the sea," he writes. His organization is commanded by Maj. Gordon Smith.

"Believe me, we are seeing big sights out here. History moves before one's very eyes like a vast cinema and the realization of the history-making happenings that occur daily almost at your very feet is impossible. People at home read about the square-head, the intrepid allies an dthis or that raid or offensive, but they are ignorant of the real game of war as it is played nowadays. An opinion may be had from the press and periodicals, but the 'real thing' is a picture that cannot be painted. Only the spectator or participant sees or realizes the vast effort that is being put forth by two-thirds of the world to crush forever the murderous syndicate of bandits from Berlin.

"To my intense delight I today gazed upon the first batch of German prisoners whom I have seen. There had been a quick drive into the enemy's territory somewhere 'up the line,' a flash of cold steel and the inevitable cry of 'Kamerad' had followed. As they straggled down a winding road that circled through the quaint houses and shacks of the district they were a war-worn and weary lot. The uniforms were irregular and stained with the dirt and muck of battle. Some wore the big, cumbersome Teuton helmet, but the majority wore the German service cap, made of a field green heavy cloth and closely resembling the distinguished headgear worn with such pomp and glory by a Bland Hotel bell hop.

Some were only boys, others old men of the type that you might see as the proprietor of a butcher shop or a side street grocery in any of our big cities. All wore the familiar German trench boot, and with their unshaven and haggard faces they looked more like animals of the unconquered wild than human creatures with a heart and soul.

"The nerve displayed by the people of this section is something wonderful. You find them—old women, old men, children and many pretty girls—operating cafes and coffee shops almost under the mouths of the big guns. They refuse, as a rule, to desert their homes, shells or no shells, and only evacuate when forced to do so by the military authorities. Here is an instance: The other evening I talked to a very pretty Belgian girl who, for three years, had continued to live in a town that was shelled every day and frequently bombed from the air at night. She had been ordered out several weeks previously, and attempted to argue with me that she had been imposed upon. I didn't argue because I wanted to preserve peace and continue my very pleasant conversation, but I could hardly agree at heart that a shell-swept town was the place for a young lady.

"It is a grand and pleasant sight to watch our planes soar over Jerry's lines. They are continually in the air and soar about among hostile shrapnel puffs without taking the least notice. It gives one a thrill to watch them dive and duck. Jerry comes dangerously near sometimes, but he never daunts the nerve of the allied flyers. They play about over the enemy's lines with apparently no thought of themselves. Young, strapping and fearless, I believe that the allied flyers are the bravest body of men in the world. They are all youthful and do not know rear.

"The weather is clear and warm this afternoon and I just stepped to the door of the hut to watch the Archies popping at our observation balloons. The Dutchman's shrapnel is bursting all around the big, lazy-looking bags, but they 'carry on' without the least notice. There are about one million jobs in this war that I prefer to being a balloon observer."

LITTLE AMERICAN BLEW UP A LARGE GERMAN

A little American, "a shrimp of a man," outwitted a huge German in a deadly grapple on the Marne battlefield, says a seuter's correspondent at American headquarters.

The German was about to finish the American with his bayonet. The American grabbed a grenade from his belt, fumbled with his fingers until he loosened the safety catch, and then thrust the grenade into the German's pocket. With sudden terror the German realized the American's intention, but before he could counter it was too late. There was not enough left of his equipment, the correspondent adds, to provide the quick-thinking little American with a souvenir.

Buy more War Savings Stamps.

SLIGHT INCREASE IN PRICES OF WHEAT

North Carolina farmers will receive from 15 to 20 cents per bushel more for this year's crop of wheat than they did for last year's, according to a statement from food administrators. The whole policy of the food administration grain corporation for the stabilization of the flour and wheat industries has been changed and under the new permanent plan maximum prices are, in effect, fixed for flour and for mill feeds.

Each mill in the state has its own individual basis and the average prices in the state are approximately \$10.85 per barrel for flour and \$32.50 per ton for mill feeds. These prices are bulk, car lots, at mills, and mills are allowed to add cost of bags and, where the products are sold to retailers or consumers, they are allowed to add one dealer's profit.

According to the permanent plan of the grain corporation, the average "fair price" for wheat in North Carolina is approximately \$2.45 per bushel on a basis of No. 1 red winter wheat. The price for No. 2 winter wheat would be \$2.41 and the price for No. 3, into which most of the wheat in North Carolina this year will fall, would be approximately \$2.38, with poorer grades ranging lower.

These prices of wheat are not fixed. The mills are allowed a definite "spread" on their milling operations, and they will naturally pay such a price for wheat as is warranted by the prices they receive for flour. This year, to a greater extent than last, prices of flour and feeds will be regulated by the law of supply and demand. In all probability wheat will sell at the mills in North Carolina at \$2.35 to \$2.40 per bushel, although a considerable portion of light wheat will sell at a lower level.

GOVERNOR PROCLAIMS AUG. 19 AS JEWISH RELIEF DAY

Gov. Bickett has proclaimed Monday, Aug. 19, as Jewish relief day in North Carolina for the people of the state to be given an opportunity to help stricken Jews in the war zone. "Daily Jewish babies tug frantically at breasts that are withered and dry," reads the proclamation, "and above the din of battles is heard once more the voice of Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they are not."

"I call upon the good people of North Carolina to hearken to this cry, to rally to the help of the helpless and once again to show themselves worthy of the high service they are privileged to render. The hounded, hungering Jew can well afford to die. We cannot afford, by indifference and inaction, to have his blood on our hands," the governor says.

The past can never be undone. The food you should have conserved will never reach a hungry mouth.

The only tear we can shed with a smile is the profiteer.

RESTRICTIONS AFFECTING WAR CONTRACT WORKERS

The United States department of labor has issued a bulletin to all state labor commissioners setting forth the restrictions applicable to child labor employed on war contracts. The bulletin reads:

"Laws and restrictions relative to labor: All work required in carrying out this contract shall be performed in full compliance with the laws of the state, territory or District of Columbia where such labor is performed. The contractor shall not directly or indirectly employ in the performance of this contract any minor under the age of 14 years, or permit any minor between the ages of 14 and 16 to work more than eight hours in any one day, more than six days in any one week, or before 6 a. m. or after 7 a. m. This provision shall be of the essence of the contract."

RELATIVES OF SOLDIERS SUE RAILROAD COMPANY

Two suits for \$50,000 each have been filed in Asheville against the A. C. L. Railway Company on account of the death of Privates Philias C. Swann of Asheville and Walter C. Bryson of Candler, who were killed in the wreck of a troop train near Camp Jackson May 10 of this year. The suits are brought by A. P. Bryson and Mrs. Emma V. Swann, mother of Private Swann.

The Chinese government has appropriated \$100,000 to finance the sending of a Chinese regiment to Vladivostok, says an Associated Press dispatch from Peking. The date of the departure of the regiment has not been fixed.



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