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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

### THIRTY YEARS IN PRISON

**Aged Woman Released From Connecticut Penitentiary After Spending Half Her Life Behind the Bars.** Hartford, Conn., Dispatch, 26.

Saturday a white haired, wrinkled old woman walked out of the Weatherfield state prison, which she entered when handsome and in the very prime of life. She is Mrs. Kate Cobb, convicted of the murder of her husband in 1879, and sentenced to life imprisonment. She is 66 years old, and was 31 when she was sentenced. She has therefore spent more than half her life in the institution.

Regularly every two years since 1900, the 21st year of imprisonment, Mrs. Cobb has appealed to the board of pardons for freedom. On some of these occasions her hope ran high, only to meet bitter disappointment. But late this afternoon, with Governor Simeon E. Baldwin, presiding, occurred to the woman's plea.

The pardon is full and unconditional.

The news of the pardon was telephoned to the prison and Warden Garner went at once to the woman's cell. She knew that her case was before the board of pardons, but she looked at him without halting the activity of her knitting needles. The refusals to pardon her had been many. She had little hope. She was a grandmotherly figure sitting in her rocking chair (one of the small privileges allowed her), an exquisite piece of lace work falling from her knitting needles, the walls of her cell hung with other dainty embroideries for whose output she has become famous since her imprisonment.

But when the warden hurriedly told her the good news she fairly sprang to her feet and tottered to the barred door. She made him repeat the message. Then she lifted her shrunken hands and cried:

"Thank God! Oh the good God be praised! God bless the board of pardons! Warden, I am too surprised and happy to say another word."

As she contemplated her good fortune her emotion increased, and she broke down altogether and became hysterical.

In her appeal to the board of pardons, Mrs. Cobb declared that she no longer cared for freedom on her own account, but asked it that her children and grandchildren might be saved the disgrace of having her die in a felon's cell. Besides her daughter, there is a son who is a prosperous business man. Both were small children at the time of their mother's sentence.

"I don't know," she said to Warden Garner, "whether now I can ever become used to a home. It has been so many years that I have been here. I actually feel a certain fear about going out into the world—even regret at abandoning this cell where I have lived such a long, long time."

The trial of Mrs. Kate Cobb and Wesley Bishop, a chemist, and her admirer of Norwich, Conn., for the murder of Charles Cobb, her husband, was the crime sensation of New England in its generation. She had been sweetheart of Cobb. He was a rising politician and the tax collector of Norwich. Wesley Bishop and his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Cobb had been the most intimate of friends.

In 1877 Mrs. Bishop died of a mysterious illness. She had not long before told her sister that Bishop was utterly infatuated with Mrs. Cobb, and that she feared they would murder her to get her out of the way.

Notwithstanding the sudden queer character of her illness no investigation followed. It was Mrs. Cobb who protesting that she had been friend, dressed the dead woman for burial.

As Mrs. Cobb lifted Mrs. Bishop, the better to pin a lace collar at the back of her neck, there had come a sudden contraction of the tendons of the dead woman's right arm so that it flew up and the rigid index finger pointed weirdly at Mrs. Cobb. The women fled the room, all save Mrs. Cobb, who went on dressing the corpse and told them they were a pack of silly women to be frightened at a happening due to perfectly natural causes.

When her own husband died the next year, popular clamor arose for an investigation for the affair of Bishop and Mrs. Cobb had meanwhile become a public scandal.

An autopsy revealed that Cobb had died of arsenic poisoning. Mrs. Cobb never faltered in her protestations of innocence, but Bishop weakened and made a confession declaring that he had furnished the poison and Mrs. Cobb had given it to her husband, their intention being to marry when he was out of the way. Mrs. Cobb has never admitted her guilt. She still maintains that if Bishop gave her husband arsenic poison it was unknown to her.

Like her, he was sent to Wethersfield prison for life. He died there four years ago. He had never appealed for a pardon. Once a week for 31 years the man and woman saw each other, but never exchanged a word.

At the Sunday services Bishop, sitting in the main body of the chapel, would be plainly in view of Mrs. Cobb, sitting in the women's gallery. It was noted that sometimes he would look her way, as if anxious for some sign of recognition. Sometimes their eyes met, and then her expression was invariably that of cold anger. He sent a dying request to her to come and speak to him, and she refused.

### HIKED FOR VINEGAR BARREL

**Bold Attempt of Unknown Negro Is Thwarted By the Cries of the Proprietor—Occurred Early in the Evening.**

An unknown negro entered the store of Mr. Lee M. Howie last Saturday evening about seven o'clock, and at the point of a double-barrel shot gun ordered Mr. Howie to "hold up his hands." This was done immediately. The negro then ordered Mr. Howie to give him his money.

Instead of handing over his money, Mr. Howie began arguing with the negro until he finally caught him unawares and fell behind a vinegar barrel. Mr. Howie then began crying "police" at the top of his voice, and so frightened the negro that he ran out of the store and has not been seen since.

The attempted hold-up occurred at about seven o'clock, and as there is a great deal of passing about that time, it was an extraordinary bold act of the negro. He apparently must have been a stranger, as anyone acquainted with the conditions would not have dared attempt a hold-up at that time. Mr. Howie was alone in the store at the time.

Mr. Howie's store is located at the forks of Wadesboro Avenue and Windsor street. Along about seven o'clock there is a great deal of passing, and how the negro went so far as he did without anyone seeing the attempted robbery is surprising. The police have a faint clue and are at work on the case.

When Mr. Howie called out some ladies were passing and saw a man with a gun. They ran to Mr. M. C. Long's residence nearby and phoned for the officers. Mr. Laney found one colored man who fitted Mr. Howie's description and took him to the store, but Mr. Howie decided that he was not the man, and the officer released him.

### Old Time Lye Hominy Like Grandmother Made.

Written for The Journal.

Hog killing season is on. If you have the hog, you want the hominy—the good old time lye hominy like grandmother made. Perhaps some of the younger housewives, among my readers, would like to have the formula for making this popular and highly relished dish of pioneer days. Here it is, the simplest and shortest, fully tested by the writer who is an expert of more than forty years experience: Two full quarts water, two quarts nice plump white corn, two table-spoons powdered concentrated lye. Add lye to water, bring to a boil, add corn, boil and stir constantly till the husk and tips slip easily (say 20 or 30 minutes), remove from fire, empty corn into a suitable vessel, add clear water, stir thoroughly, using clean stick or wooden spoon; drain, wash through several more waters, pressing and rubbing the corn through the hands to remove the husk and tips. (Don't put your hands into the first water, it will chap them.) Return to kettle, cover well with clean water, bring to a brisk boil, drain and repeat. Then cover well with water and boil gently until the corn is tender and can be easily crushed, when it can be emptied into any suitable vessel and set aside for use as desired, as it keeps well.

There are many ways of preparing this delicious old time cereal for the table. The intelligent housewife will know at once how to put the "fixings" on it. Grandmother's method was to mash it up with a wooden pestle, season with salt, a pinch of red pepper, plenty of pork, sausage or ham gravy, then serve while hot. This old time way has never been improved upon much, in my judgment. Of course there is the food chopper, an improvement on the pestle; then there's sugar and cream and sauces and relishes as you like. Just try a half gallon, as an experiment, and if you and the "kids" can't eat it, the pigs can.

H. P. M., Wingate, N. C.

### Great Advancement Among Adult Farmers.

The Commissioner of Agriculture directs special attention to the official showing that last year's crop of cotton in North Carolina was 790,000 bales and that the cotton mills of the State consumed that year \$69,915 bales, nearly 100,000 bales more than was grown in the State.

The Commissioner has just filed with Governor Craig his biennial report for the State Board of Agriculture, being practically the same as was officially passed upon and published in connection with the recent annual meeting of the State Board of Agriculture.

The Commissioner declares in his introduction to the report that there has never been such advancement among adult farmers anywhere as has been attained in North Carolina the past several years through the special efforts of the Department of agriculture in this direction. The State has risen, he points out, from the twenty-second to the thirteenth in the Union in the value of its agricultural products and in cotton has taken first place among the Cotton States, producing 315 pounds per acre in 1911.

Bell Wilkins was the central figure in a disturbance that occurred in a restaurant in Spartanburg Thursday. He is president of a large mill and is well known throughout his section. It is said that he started the mixup by throwing a pitcher of water at a waiter. Mr. Wilkins was arrested and carried to the station house, but was later allowed to give bond.

### BELK KILLED McMANUS.

**Christmas Tragedy in Buford Township—Babe McManus, While at the Home of Stafford Belk, Created a Disturbance and Was Shot Dead—Both Men Lived on Same Farm—Belk Gave Himself Up at Once and Has Been Let Out on Bond.**

Stafford Belk, a young man about twenty-five years old, shot and killed Babe McManus, his neighbor on the same farm, on Christmas day, at the home of Belk. Belk immediately came to Monroe and surrendered himself and remained in jail till yesterday afternoon, when, after a short preliminary trial before the Recorder, he was let out upon giving a bond of one thousand dollars.

The shooting occurred in the afternoon, and the wife of Belk was the only eye witness. She was not put on the stand at the trial, but the presumption is that her testimony will corroborate the story told by Belk of how the affair took place. Both men lived on a farm belonging to Dr. J. M. Belk in Buford township, not far from Altan. Belk states that on Christmas afternoon McManus came over to his house and was drinking. They had been friends and had never had any trouble. After sitting a while in the house McManus began to sing and to use vulgar language in the presence of the family. Belk told him to desist, and when he did not, Belk pushed him out of the house. He came back and then Belk knocked or pushed him out with a chair. Again McManus came back, this time with a wagon rod in his hand and sought to attack Belk, whereupon the latter pulled a pistol and shot him in the breast, probably in the heart. He died at once. At the hearing yesterday afternoon the defense put up no witnesses and the bond was granted on the statement of witnesses as to circumstances and conditions surrounding the case.

The dead man was some thirty years old and leaves a family and several children. Belk is a young man with a wife and two children. He is a son of Mr. C. M. Belk, who now lives in Charlotte. Some years ago he lived in Monroe and worked at the Gloucester Hotel.

### Pageant Items.

Pageant Journal, 23rd.

Mr. Fisher Braswell, son of Mr. Wilson Braswell of Marshville township, and Miss Lillie McManus, the daughter of Mr. Sam McManus of Buford township, were married Sunday afternoon by Esq. T. G. Collins.

Mr. Baxter West, son of Mr. Stephen West, and Miss Annie Wallace were married Sunday afternoon by Notary R. H. Blakeney at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Wallace, three miles west of town. These young people have many friends who wish them happiness.

Miss Nancy Rollings died at her home near White Plains last Friday morning, and was buried at White Plains Saturday, the funeral services being conducted about 11 o'clock by Rev. J. M. Sullivan. She was sixty-eight years old and she had been in declining health for several years, but she was confined to her bed only a day or two.

Mr. Henry M. Pigg and Miss Kate Sowell were married last Wednesday afternoon by Notary James Wadkins at the home of the bride's grandfather, Mr. P. H. Wadkins, in Kershaw county. Mr. Pigg is a son of Mr. Dorsey Pigg of Pageland, and he is a contractor at McBee.

### Italian Warship is Ordered to Back the American Cruiser.

Rome Dispatch, Dec. 27.

The Italian cruiser Calabria, now at Beirut, Syria, has been instructed to assist the American cruiser North Carolina if necessity arises as the result of further demonstrations against departure of Europeans from Turkey territory. The cruiser Tennessee, the fuel ship Vulcan and the gunboat Scorpion of the American Navy which also are looking after American interests in the Eastern Mediterranean, are ready to steam to any place where they are needed, according to reports received here.

According to a dispatch from Athens the North Carolina recently threatened to use her guns as the result of an incident at Tripoli, Syria. The cruiser, conveying the American steamer Virginia, entered Tripoli harbor and the commander requested the Turkish authorities to permit the British and French Consuls to depart with their nationals resident in the city.

The request was refused but several French residents boarded the Virginia. They were attacked by a mob and wounded the captain and first officer. The North Carolina threatened to fire and the mob fled. The Virginia and the North Carolina left for Dedeagach. Later the cruiser proceeded to Smyrna.

### Military Christmas in England.

Christmas, 1914, will long be remembered in Great Britain as a military Christmas. Everywhere men in khaki and in blue were the object of attention and admiration. There was a great decrease in the customary railway crowds of civilians visiting their homes, but almost the usual number of trains were running. The cars were filled with soldiers and sailors on leave. Many thousands of volunteers from the training camps and a considerable contingent from the Continent and the fleet had two or three days for a holiday.

### THERE BE GOOD TIMES.

**That's the Conclusion That Two Old Fellows Came to When They Talked Over Boyhood Days.**

Correspondence of The Journal.

Wingate, Dec. 28th.—Mr. Wesley Pierce and wife and baby came in Saturday from the state of Arizona, just seven years to a day from the time he left the parental roof and all that was near and dear to most lads of his years and has spent the greater part of this time in wandering from place to place. According to reports Mr. Pierce has visited nearly every State in the Union. He was about 15 or 16 years old when he left home. Doubtless there was much rejoicing at his home coming, and doubtless he would prove an interesting guest in any home. The writer remembers him only as his smart little black-eyed, black-haired pup. Certainly he would like to spend a while with him and enjoy the stories of his wanderings.

Mr. David Trull and family have moved to Wingate. They are occupying the residence of Mrs. Snyder on North Main street.

Dr. Shep. Funderburk and family of Mr. Croghan, S. C., are visiting at Mr. G. M. Stewart's, Mrs. Funderburk's uncle.

Prof. and Mrs. B. Y. Tyner, who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. W. Bivens, have gone on a visit to Prof. Tyner's parents at Lowe, N. C. His friends will be glad to learn that Uncle Jona Hartsell's health is improving. He is much better at this writing.

Capt. Wiley Hefner went to Charlotte Saturday. It's none of my business why; you can guess.

Mrs. L. C. Pflifer of Wadesboro and her sister, Miss Annie Green, teacher of the Mineral Spring school, are visiting relatives in and about Wingate.

Miss Daisy Hargett is visiting relatives and friends in Peachland, and her brothers, Masters Fred and Zeb, are spending a few days among relatives and friends about Unionville.

Mr. and Mrs. James Liles of Monroe are spending a portion of the yuletide with Mrs. Liles' parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Stewart.

"Uncle Bob" dropped in for an hour on Saturday. We talked and chatted and rejoiced over the good times of the present as compared to those of wheat, coffee, corn bread, sorghum molasses, home-made tobacco, kamessup clothes, "hog-tanned" shoes, etc. Those days, back there, when during a drought we had to go 15 to 25 miles to find a mill to grind our corn and wheat; when we had to haul our cotton 40 miles on ox-carts and wagons to find a market for it—O, well, you all know how foolish we young people can talk when we get together. Anyway, we concluded that those were gloriously good times and that the present generation had had too much and therefore didn't know what hard times were or how to appreciate a good thing when they had it.

Mr. Y. H. Allen and her sister, Miss Fannie Perry, both teachers in Anson county, are spending the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Perry, and other relatives about Wingate.

O, but haven't the dear little birds enjoyed a respite from the cruelties of the sportsman's dog and gun? And I am glad of it; not that I have any malice against the hunter, but I just love birds and don't want them destroyed. They are my friends.

Mr. Horace Presley, son of Mr. T. A. Presley, after spending several days with his parents, returned home in Charlotte Sunday afternoon. Mr. Presley is one of Uncle Sam's recruiting officers and has his headquarters in that city.

### How the Custom Began.

When one sees two persons shake hands after a horse trade, or any other kind of a bargain, he wonders where the custom originated and why. A writer in the Saturday Evening Post describes the custom as follows:

"Do you know why men often shake hands after a trade? If you are not acquainted with the origin of the custom you will be interested to learn how it came to enter into our everyday life. Back in the early days barter constituted the only method of trading, and both parties had with them the commodities they intended to swap.

"As neither the Indian nor the trader gave up his wares until the other fellow did likewise, no credit system was necessary. Moreover, as both men's hands were fully occupied holding skins, beads or other articles there was no opportunity for either to draw a knife or a tomahawk.

"As trade became more extensive and the Indians were unable to bring their wares with them, some sign was needed to signify whether they were coming to fight or to trade.

"At this point the shaking of hands was developed to signify trade, for with both hands clasped both traders were unable to draw a knife."

Attempting to secure ten dollars in change for a whiskey coupon, evidently a face-smile of a Confederate ten dollar bill, cost Tom Woodard, a negro, his life in Mount Olive Saturday. The negro went into a store and asked change for his bill. The clerk counted the change out, but found his mistake when he saw the bogus paper. But the negro demanded him not to touch the money, throwing a pistol in his face, and securing the money, the negro walked out. He was later shot and killed while resisting arrest.

### PULL BETTER THAN PUSH.

**Fine Sentiment Strikingly Uttered by a Lady of Monroe.**

The Raleigh News & Observer on Christmas day published short letters from many North Carolina ladies whom the paper had asked to write a Christmas sentiment.

We clip the following striking sentiment given by a Monroe lady:

I should say that the greatest thing that Christmas could do for you and me would be to so imbue us with the Christ-like spirit as to make us turn our backs, once for all, on the gospel of pushing (which has for its motto, "Every man for number one, and the weakest to the wall"), and to make us exalt and practice henceforth the gospel of pulling (which has for its motto, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ"). Between these two gospels there is the difference between midnight and noonday. Push is exclusive and selfish; pull is inclusive and neighborly; push is rough and unfeeling, pull is delicate and considerate; push shoves a cripple off the sidewalk, pull helps a lame dog over the stile; push grabs the best piece of steak on the dish, pull puts it on the plate of the one who is sick or in trouble; push appropriates all the "white meat" on the platter, pull leaves some for those not served; push monopolizes three seats on a crowded car, pull makes room for the passenger who has no seat; push walks over others in order to come first at the ticket-window, pull gives place to the untraveled woman with a babe in her arms; push sees a man popular and prosperous and jumps on him, pull sees him make a stumble and jumps under him.

A few more days and we shall hear the bells ringing in the New Year. May it be a year in which you and I shall be chiefly concerned not about the prizes we can win for ourselves, but about encouraging the faint, about supporting the weak, and about pulling up the niti those whose feet have slipped. "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ."

MRS. D. A. COVINGTON, Monroe, N. C.

### WOMAN POSED AS A MAN.

Frank Merton Proves to be Mary Shriver, Girl of German Birth.

Charlotte Observer.

After wearing a man's clothes for upwards of two months while she beat rides on freight trains in three states, Mary Shriver, 20 years old, was arrested at a North Tryon street moving picture show a few feet removed from police headquarters. A short time previous her lover and travelling companion, Tom Virgil Lakell, had also been arrested. Both are detained at headquarters.

A few hours before she was taken into custody the girl had discarded in part her masculine attire, and when she was ushered into headquarters she wore on her closely cropped head a big cap which was rather too large, in addition to a grey jersey and a light skirt. It was impossible for a casual spectator to know whether she was a girl posing as a boy or a boy masquerading as a girl. The combination of attire, however, was likely to attract attention.

The decision to again assume the role of a woman in this city was the cause of her arrest. Her companion had made application at the home of a colored woman who lives in the rear of the Liddell foundry, for feminine clothes. A white man in that vicinity learned of an arrangement being made to fit out a woman who was wearing man's clothes and playing the part of a spy, so that the information necessary for an arrest was communicated to the police.

Mary Shriver, a rather bright and talkative slip of a girl, talked freely about her career. She was born in Germany, but had been in this country about 13 years, having lived in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Her relatives have returned to Germany with the exception of a brother in Baltimore who works in a reform school. "He has to." One day in August she was sitting in a park when a "fellow" approached her and suggested a trip to Washington. She acceded to the idea, for she had been contemplating a trip with her own people, and this slight deviation from the program did not appear to her to be an out-of-the-way proceeding. In Lynchburg it was proposed that she masquerade as a boy as a matter of convenience and the clothes were secured. Her companion left her at Concord several weeks ago, taking with him her only \$5.85.

### Soldiers Knew No Rest on Christmas.

Christmas brought no rest to the European armies. It found the Russians still fighting desperately in the snows of Poland against the fierce attacks of the German and Austrian allies; Prozenysal in the grip of the invading army; the French making spasmodic thrusts against the strong German lines of trenches in northern and northeastern France and the British and Belgians engaged in the most hand-to-hand warfare against the German trenches in West Belgium.

Apparently business must be picking up for a large buggy concern in Washington has started its operations on full time after having been closed for the past several months.

### Cotton Shipped from Galveston to Germany.

The first cotton cargo to Germany from Galveston since war began departed last Friday for Bremen on the American steamship Pathfinder. The cargo is 6,550 bales, valued at \$445,000.

The hatches were sealed in the presence of the French Consul and a representative of Lloyd's. Both certified the vessel contained only American cotton and was entitled to unobstructed passage.

Light rates on the shipment were the highest ever paid out of Galveston, being three dollars a one hundred pounds. At this time last year the current rate was 32 to 35 cents a hundred.

Grateful Patient—By the way, I should be glad if you would send in your bill soon.

Eminent Physician—Never mind about that, my dear madam; you must get quite strong first.

Load power at The Journal office.

## THE WAR.

Few authentic charges are reported along the great battle lines in France and Belgium and in Poland, where the Germans are fighting the Russians. It is said that the number of wounded that are being sent back from the lines of both sides in the west indicate that the fighting on Christmas day was as fierce as any that has taken place. The sensation is the raid that English cruisers and naval airships made on Cuxhaven. It seemed to be more in the nature of a dare to the Germans to else. England is expecting at any come out and fight than anything time that some German airman will fly over London and drop bombs.

The United States government yesterday addressed a long letter to England protesting against the way the English are hindering American trade to neutral countries by her policy on the seas.

London Dispatch, Dec. 27th.

The airmen of the belligerent countries spent a busy Christmas holiday. While a solitary German flew over the Thames estuary and dropped a single bomb which fell in a roadway and did no damage, a convoy of seven British naval seaplanes visited the German naval base at Cuxhaven and dropped bombs on ships and the gas works. All but one of the British airmen returned safely to the ships which conveyed them. Similar activity was displayed along the battle front, German airmen paying a surprise visit to Nancy; French aviators to Metz; British to Brussels and other Belgian towns occupied by the Germans, and German airmen to Polish cities.

On Friday, December 25, the German warships lying off Schilling Roads, near Cuxhaven, were attacked by several seaplanes piloted by Flight Commanders Oliver Hewitt, Boss and Kilner, Flight Lieutenants Miles and Edwards and Sub-Lieutenant Blackburn.

The attack was delivered in daylight, starting from a point in the vicinity of Heligoland. The seaplanes were escorted by a light cruiser and destroyer force together with submarines. As these ships were seen by the Germans from Heligoland two Zeppelins and three or four hydro-airplanes and several hostile submarines attacked them.

It was necessary for the British ships to remain in the neighborhood to pick up the returning airman and a novel combat ensued between the most modern cruisers and the enemy's aircraft and submarines. By swift maneuvering the enemy's submarines were avoided and the two Zeppelins were easily put to flight by the guns of the undaunted Arethusa.

The seaplanes succeeded in dropping their bombs near our ships but did not hit any of them.

Six out of the seven pilots returned safely. Flight Commander Hewitt is missing. His machine was seen in a wrecked condition about eight miles from Heligoland and the fate of the daring and skillful pilot is at present unknown.

The extent of the damage by the British airman's bombs cannot be estimated but all were discharged at points of military significance.

Another naval airman, on Christmas eve dropped 12 bombs on the airship shed at Brussels but it was impossible definitely to ascertain the amount of damage done.

On Thursday last Squadron Commander Richard B. Davis of the Naval Air Service, visited Brussels in a biplane for the purpose of dropping 12 bombs at an airship shed reported to contain a German Parsival. Eight of these bombs, of which six are believed to have hit, were discharged at the first attack and the remaining four on the return flight. Owing to the clouds of smoke which arose from the shed the effect could not be distinguished.

It was learned today that the German airman who visited England on Christmas Day dropped a bomb near Rochester, only 28 miles east, south-east of St. Paul's London, and seven miles from Gravesend. The bomb did no damage as it fell in the roadway.

Statement issued Saturday by the German Admiralty said eight British ships made a dash into a German bay and that hydro-aeroplanes conveyed by them dropped bombs on ships lying at anchor and also on a gas tank near Cuxhaven without doing any damage.