

THE "LUSTANIA"

The Sinking of the Lusitania as Told by a Survivor, (Doris H. Boulton (D. S. 1917)).

Our readers have doubtless grown tired of accounts of the Lusitania disaster, but the following from an intimate friend of R. A. Whitehead is so matter-of-fact and entirely devoid of sentiment, is more realistic than any we have yet seen.

5 Southwick Street, Hyde Park W., August 25, 1915.

Dear Mr. Whitehead: Some time ago in answer to your kind letter congratulating me on my escape from the Lusitania, I wrote back to you promising to send you a printed account of my experiences. Well, I enclose one now, and am sorry I have not before now. It is just in condensed form and put in a very brief way. I am off to Europe at the end of this week, having joined the French Red Cross. My headquarters are at Roussy, ten miles northeast of Dunkirk. I hope the enclosed will give you some little idea of what it means to be torpedoed.

Thanking you and Mrs. Whitehead for your kind thoughts and wishes and hoping you are both well, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

D. HAROLD BOULTON.

The Lusitania left New York on May 1, 1915, about 12 o'clock, and some 500 miles out of the harbor we passed a British cruiser, an auxiliary cruiser, and later on, further out at sea, we passed a French battleship.

The journey was quite uneventful till Friday morning, May 7, when I was awakened at 8.30 a. m. by the fog horn blowing, which went steadily on till about 10 o'clock, during which time I had got up, had breakfast and dressed. About 11 o'clock the fog lifted and we were a very calm sea and a beautiful day. There was a natural excitement on the ship because we were near the "danger zone" and I am told that "book-keepers" were doubling up their accounts. I went down stairs to lunch at about 1.30 p. m. and had just come up and smoking a cigarette on the boat deck, outside the palm lounge, talking to Mr. Foster Stackhouse, who I found out afterwards was drowned. As I was talking we were struck he was explaining to me how quite impossible it was for a submarine to get us, for he said that that was used to sea could see the periscope of a submarine at least two miles away, and as they have to have the periscope up above the water at the time they fire the torpedo, the speed of the ship which could do 26 knots an hour could easily outdistance any submarine. He said that the middle of telling me this suddenly was a terrific explosion, and the whole ship seemed to shudder at the shock. A few seconds later a huge quantity of dirty water and wreckage came crashing down on us, and we both rushed into the palm lounge to escape the falling debris. That was the last I ever saw of Mr. Stackhouse.

Immediately the ship started to list to starboard side, and I rushed to the cabin of a woman, by name Mrs. Lakaser, who was returning from a tour round the world with her son, who had been wounded at the front, and, whose table I had all on the whole voyage. I opened the door, and there the cabin and shocked to her, but there was no answer, and so I tried to turn on the light but it would not work. Having hastily looked in the cabin to see that she was not lying there asleep, I went to my cabin, which was almost opposite, to look for my lifebelt, but someone must have taken it, as it was not there. I then rushed along the corridor—I say "rushed," and it hardly was a run—as there was such a list on the ship, that my feet were really on the side of the wall and the other on the floor—and I managed to get to the end of the corridor, where I found a steward giving away life-belts. I joined three or four others waiting for them, and, having received one, rushed out to the deck in search of this woman and her son. At last I found them on the port side, which, owing to the list of the ship, was very high up, making walking on the top very hard. I found them there eventually, and while the boy stood with his mother, I helped with a crowd of others to push out the boats that were being swung out which had swung out since Wednesday or Thursday, as they were near the danger zone, but they were hanging in instead of out, owing to the list of the ship. We had to get a sort of sawing on the boat, and every time she swung out the men on the ropes lowered it a little till at last it was almost on the level of the deck. Then we all shouted, "Let the women in first," and a great many women did get in, but some men, and I helped the boy and his mother into the boat. Just as it was filling up with people the captain for the first time appeared on the bridge, and shouting loudly and waving his hand, shrieked at the top of his voice—"Don't lower the boats—lower the boats—the ship cannot sink!" Then in an appealing way to the crowd of men said: "Will the gentlemen kindly assist me in getting the women out of the boats and off the upper deck?" Thereupon these men, who had jumped out, and I helped the boy and his mother myself out of the boat and started with them inside on the deck. I then felt the ship tremble, and looked towards the bow. I saw a lot of scenery-looking-water and the bow gradually being submerged, and shouted to them: "Come on, let us get away; the ship is sinking; let us jump overboard," and hurray across the deck, had to

Council Proceedings

Regular meeting of the village council September 27, 1915.

Present: W. E. Harris, president pro tem. T. E. Harris, deputy clerk. Trustees present: Harris, Brown, Clizbe, Bailey. Trustees absent: Hewitt, Jones. Minutes of previous meetings approved as read.

Bailey moved, Brown seconded, that the bills be paid as read, as follows: T. Harris..... \$30.00 D. B. Williamson..... 1.00 G. W. Williamson..... 50.00 Jay Paddock..... 50.00 C. M. Van Buskirk..... 38.50 Crane Co..... 27.92 Birmingham Hardware..... 31.65 H. D. Edwards..... 1.36 H. Muehler Mfg. Co..... 1.10 Roe-Stephenson Mfg. Co..... 1.10 Malcom Hunt..... 36.11

Penalty Patrick wanted on the pigsty and fixed his eye and knitted his brow on the fat little object that snuggled to him. "M'gad, he's madder, as shitting into a different position he viewed the piglet from another angle. Along came Betty O'Hoyle, but not even her pretty face could make Patrick from his contemplations. "An' how's the pig, Pat?" she asked, though he pugged by his indifference. "He's a 'brut' wonder!" came the emphatic answer. "Shure, an' how's that, Patrick?" inquired Betty, "havin' nearer the sty, 'Bejabbers,' exclaimed the contemplative one, "they's just guzzled two pails full of milk; and then I put him in the pail and he didn't fall all in!"



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U. P. Church Notes. SERVICES AT BIRMINGHAM Sabbath School at 10.30 o'clock. Preaching services at 11.30 o'clock. Mrs. Reid will have charge of morning service. Y. P. C. U. at 6.30 p. m. Preaching on Sabbath evening at 7.30 o'clock. Wednesday evening prayer meeting. 7.45 Eastern Standard time. SERVICES AT HOPE SPRING Sabbath School at 10.30 o'clock. Preaching services at 11.30 o'clock. Mrs. Reid will have charge of morning service. Y. P. C. U. at 6.30 p. m. Preaching on Sabbath evening at 7.30 o'clock. Wednesday evening prayer meeting. 7.45 Eastern Standard time. SERVICES AT THY CHURCH Sabbath School at 10.30 o'clock. Preaching services at 11.30 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend these services and your presence will be appreciated. —WILSON REID, Pastor.

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