AIMEE LAMBIE MAY DETAILS EXPERIENCES

(Continued from Page One)

out from the field to report on Japanese activities, but none of the pilots would go close enough to Chapao to bring back a report. That convinced us that the Chinese were better talkers than they were fighters. After all, you can only form conclusions from what you see yourself.

The Chinese authorities advised us to get our furniture to Shanghai, and gave us trucks for the purpose, since trains were being used for military purposes exclusively, and no non-military freight was being transported. We spent a feverish day packing up and loading the trucks.

A Hasty Departure

That was on Monday, and we returned to as normal a life as we could, with most of our furniture gone. On Thursday morning my husband returned to the house early in the morning to say that the Chinese were planning to abandon the field within three days and that I would have to go to Shanghai immediately.

We packed hastily and departed to Shanghai and safety. In Hangchow, everyone had seemed quite calm, but Shanghai was a madhouse. Shanghai has always been noted as a fertile ground for spreading gossip, and what gossip can do in times of stress is criminal. Wild stories started and grew and multiplied, especially in the numerous clubs.

The idea seemed to be that we would stay in Shanghai until the trouble had blown over, and even optimists expected it would take a month or so, and so we decided an apartment would be cheaper than hotels. Real estate offices were jammed with people moving into the French Concession—Chinese from Chapei and other vulnerable spots, and foreigners from Heaven knows where. Not only were real estate offices crowded with clients, but the offices of the gas, electric and telephone companies. Landlords were reluctant to let apartments without signed leases, but it could be managed.

With a friend, I got a place which we later discovered was the very borderline between the French Concession and Chinese territory, and there we stayed, without telephone or radio to disconcert us, for almost a week, waiting for the rushed utility men to connect them and the gas. In the meantime we cooked by candlelight, having decided to dispense with the luxury of a staff of Chinese servants. While we waited we were serene in the belief that everything was going to be all right now. Occasionally, a call from some friend who was more in contact with the outside than we were would make our faith a bit, but on the whole we were quite confident that all would be well.

One day it occurred to us that even if the war didn't touch Shanghai, the compradores might take advantage of the occasion to boost food prices, so we ordered a great deal of canned goods at the current prices.

Friday, 13th And War

Then, out of the blue, came Friday the thirteenth, with cannons booming, planes diving and bombs bursting in air. We weren't in any danger, but we could smell the smoke from the fuel guns, and feel the house shake when a bomb hit, not too far away. And at the Red Cross Hospital, less than a block away, dead and wounded were being brought in, literally in truckloads.

With continued fighting and air raids, a sort of pandemonium broke loose, thereby proving a contention of my husband's that the greatest danger of an air attack is to the morale of the civilians.

Busses stopped running, taxis were hard to get, and rickshaw runners were very particular about where they would and would not go. Trains were still operating, but very erratically, and were taking ten and twelve hours for a normal four-hour run. That, of course, was because they were sending military-supply and troop trains through first. Trains were mobbed with people trying to get out of Shanghai to safety. Telephone connections were very hard, and in some cases impossible, to make, and food prices immediately jumped a hundred per-cent. People were frantic about members of their families who were out of Shanghai and with whom there was no way to communicate.

On Sunday, my friend and I learned that there had been two bombing raids by airplanes on the field at Hangchow, where both of our husbands were at the time. Not being able to get in touch with a husband who has just gone through two air raids isn't exactly conducive to peace of mind.

Fear Looting

Somehow, days weren't days as we had known them. They had no connection with each other, nor with the rest of time. Each one was a complete entity in itself, beginning and ending with gun fire, and lasting an eternity.

People were beginning to fear that the Chinese refugees, who were sleeping and living on the sidewalks all over the French Concession, might become hungry and start looting. Within a few days relief stations, providing food and inoculations, were established.

On Monday morning, our two husbands arrived from Hangchow. They had departed from there during the third air raid on the field, and were met in Shanghai by another, at Lunghua Junction, which is near an air port. The train wasn't running into the North Station, because the authorities were expecting that to be bombed at any time.

With our husbands came the radio, and that brought the beginning of the end of peace and quiet. It was turned on from early morning until late at night, to catch any war news. The Evening Post and the Mercury were on the air every hour after noon, giving news and announcements. They really did a marvelous job, although partly in a manner that was, I believe, unforeseen by them. It occurred to people that it might be possible to reach relatives through the radio, and the radio station was besieged with messages, some of them pathetic and some funny. They weren't equipped to take care of such a rush of business at first, and announced, repeatedly, that they couldn't cope with any more personal messages. Apparently, they finally decided that they were rendering a much needed public service, and for a few days became the biggest feature of the broadcasts.

One would hear: "Calling Tsingtao, so and so, everyone in Shanghai is all right. Mother leaving on Rasputans. Worried about you. Please communicate."

"Calling Peitheiho; stay where you are until consul advises evacuation . . ." or: "Calling Mokanshan . . ."

Notice To Evacuate

On Sunday evacuation notices began coming in. The British started things off. At first there were simply announcements that a British ship would sail on Monday, and women and children who wished to leave could make arrangements to go on it. Then notices became more and more insistent and urgent. The consulate from other countries announced evacuation plans and strongly advised their nationals to leave. Not only women and children were requested to leave, but all those whose businesses had been interrupted by the war.

Announcement was made that American women and children would be evacuated beginning Tuesday. Three Dollar boats had been rushed to Shanghai, the Presidents Jefferson, McKinley and Hoover.

In the meantime, to complicate affairs, the banks had been forced to move, because most of them had buildings on or near the Bund, which was under bombardment. Banking was carried on in private homes, and largely without benefit of records. Very little cash was available.

Most banks were allowing their clients from $50 to $100 Shanghai dollars, and U. S. $100 in traveler's checks. All other businesses were on a strictly cash basis at this time, and hardly anything could be charged. Then came a shortage of small change. Eighty cents change would purchase a dollar, and four dollars could be readily exchanged for a $5.00 bill.

No Change—Money or Mind

If one went into a store and asked for a loaf of bread which was selling for twenty-five cents and handed the storekeeper a dollar, one had to make up one's mind whether one wanted the dollar or the bread more. The grocers were unable to change the dollar . . . unable or unwilling—which?

On Monday night an American woman came to us in desperation. She had one small child, and was expecting another in a few months. She was leaving on a train morning on the President Jefferson, and her husband was in Nanking. She had heard nothing from her for a week, and had not been able to reach him, to let him know she was leaving. She had only a little Shanghai money and the fare to Manila, to which they were sending Americans, was two-hundred Shanghai dollars. She wanted money, and we couldn't not give it to her because we couldn't get it ourselves. It is a pleasant reflection on human nature though, that people who had anything at all to offer were glad to share with others.

My friend and I decided not to leave Shanghai until later, and thereby missed what must have been a harrowing and horrible boat ride. It was considered too dangerous for the large ocean liners to come right up to Shanghai, and so it was arranged that a tender was to take the passengers down to Woosung, to meet on the President Jefferson. The British and American consuls had extracted a promise from both the Japanese and Chinese that there would be no firing on the river while the tenders were going down but when Tuesday morning arrived both sides staged a brilliant display of fireworks. Airplanes flew over the tenders and anti-aircraft guns went into immediate action, aiming just above the departing boats. That, of course, made it necessary for all the passengers to go below. There were not sufficient accomodations, so they were forced to sit on the floor or lean against the walls.

Typhoon Adds Danger

The passengers consisted almost entirely of women and small children, and to make things more unpleasant, the tail end of a typhoon had chosen that particular time to make the river very rough. Many of them were very ill. The ship was so overcrowded that some of the able-bodied ones had to sleep on cots on the deck. These poor unfortunates arrived in Manila just as an earthquake was rocking the city. They felt by that time as though they wished heaven would forget them, instead of signaling them for such unappreciated attentions. They were met in Manila with great hospitality, and those who did not have friends were housed in private homes.

Fighting continued, but there was a kind of lull, and the city began to pull itself together and organize. A skeleton bus service was resumed. Since I have left Shanghai I have read accounts by eye witnesses who claim to have seen the air thick with shrapnel, human bodies and pieces of them lying about the streets for days, and gutters rolling in blood. It makes a much more dramatic story that way and probably a real artist would feel that the dramatic effect was more important than the truth. But in the International Settlement and the French Concession they cleared up the terrible mess with people and buildings within a matter of hours.

I had decided to leave on Saturday, on the Dollar boat, the President Hoover. Perhaps the American consul was warned that that day was to be a "Bloody Saturday," because the sailing was suddenly put forward 24 hours. We were allowed to take with us one suitcase and anything else we could carry. I chose a typewriter and a movie camera. My Chinese rugs and teak tables, together with a wardrobe trunk containing all my winter clothes, are in a storage godown near the Bund, and I never expect to see them again.

Aviators who have been forced to jump from a plane with a parachute have told me that they were so glad to be able to get out alive that the idea of being afraid to jump doesn't occur to them. We felt much the same way. We were so glad to get away from Shanghai that leaving most of our clothes and household possessions seemed a small price to pay for safety. Our puppy had to be left with a veterinary, who promised to keep it until he had to leave himself, and then to kill her painlessly. That is one of the things I don't like to think about too much.

Separated From Husband

The part about leaving that frightened me most of all was that I was breaking off communications with my husband. Mail and radio were both very uncertain. Our trip down the river to the Hoover was almost uneventful. To be sure, a plane circled and was shot at and hit by anti-aircraft fire, and we were all forced to go below. But the weather was fine and no one was seasick.

The Navy and Marines took care of the evacuation, and none of the husbands were allowed on the tender. I have never been so thoroughly helped before in my life as I was after the tender arrived at the Hoover. Every few steps a Marine or a member of the crew would gently take my elbow and help me up a step or two as though we must all be almost prostrated by what we had been through.

The Hoover is one of the "luxury liners" of the Dollar fleet, and we were able to get first-class accommodations. I don't suppose that many refugees have had a more comfortable retreat. Only the service on American lines seems very poor, as that of European ships, since the strikes in the United States.

The situation was really handled very efficiently and with the least possible annoyance to us. Which of course meant that there was considerable annoyance to a few. We were requested to fill out questionaires, giving our exact financial status and the condition of our clothing, as well as naming any friends we had in Manila. This information was radioed on to Manila, and the aforementioned friends were contacted and requested to give us accommodations. Persons without funds or friends were to be housed in army barracks at Fort McKinley.

Customs Stupidity

On the morning we docked we had to disembark, meanwhile, where we were given shots for cholera, typhoid and dysentery. That was understandable and necessary, but we resented having to make is against the stupidity of the customs people, who insisted on examining our luggage. To have to stand in line for hours, tired and nervous and depressed as we were, in order that they might examine baggage which we had had to scramble together, shooting among our things only those which were essential—it seemed almost too much.

The people of Manila have been extremely kind. And when we have been reunited with our husbands and families, and have reestablished our homes, whether again in China or in the United States, we may be able to look back on all this as an interesting, if exhensive experience to have passed through.

Dondero Speaks At Annual Homecoming

The Big Beaver Community Church will hold its annual Homecoming on Sunday, October 17, at the church which is located on Rochester Road, The Rev. Albert Balgooyen, pastor, will address the congregation at the morning service and the Junior Choir will sing. The afternoon meeting will be held in platform style. The choir for this session is to be composed of some of the persons who have sung in former Beaver Choirs.

Spokesmen for the committee stated that they had secured a speaker at the evening service, Rep. George A. Dondero, who is a former teacher in the Big Beaver school system. Henry James will conduct the singing for the evening service.

Committee members also proposed great success for the pot-luck dinner, to be held at noon and again at 6 p. m. "It is always a great success," they stated. "It is a golden opportunity for those who have not been here for years to renew old friendships and visit old scenes."

DELEGATE JOBS FOR FESTIVAL

(Continued from Page One)

pany, which will also furnish an operator and machines. Miss Edith Roach will lead the singing of the audience before the movie starts. Carl Eley, speaking for the American Legion post, announced that members of the Legion were eager to help, and that they would be willing to serve as ushers at the movie.

It was decided that one dance would be sufficient, despite the fear of congestion which was expressed at first. Dick Gibbons' seven piece orchestra has been secured for the occasion. Ward Cruickshank, chairman of the decorations committee for the dance, announced that his plans were completed.

Clarence G. Heinmiller signified his willingness to serve again as general chairman of the food service committee at the Barbecue. This concluded the business of the meeting, all other chairmen of committees having sent in their reports to Charles J. Shain, who is again acting as chairman-in-chief of the Fall Festival. The final committee meeting will be held at 8 p. m. next Wednesday, at the Community House.

THRIFT SHOP OPENS OCT. 19

(Continued from Page One)

such articles is urged to call either the Community House or Mrs. Carl Underhill. Cars will gladly call for donations if the contributors are unable to bring them to the House. They may also be left at Mrs. Underhill's home. It was pointed out that the Shop depends upon such contributions.

"After the contributions are sorted and, in some cases, repaired," concluded Mrs. Brewster, "they will be offered for sale at a nominal fee. All proceeds from such sales will be turned directly over to the Community House Welfare fund. We feel that the Thrift Shop is the one means of making it possible for people to have usable and much needed articles, of good quality, which they otherwise would have to do without.

The permanent headquarters of the Junior League Thrift Shop will be in the upstairs of the Community House.

Proper Only at Home

She (hysterically)—I wish I had never married you.

He—S'sh! Don't let us quarrel here on the street. What have we our home for?

Jots 'n Jest

Speaking of hotel strikes, no one knows the ups and downs of the hotel business better than the elevator boy.

* * *

And although that Canadian farmer raised one weighing four pounds, we're still the greatest exponent of the Big Apple.

* * *

They called it the nickel world series because some of the boys felt like just that much after making those errors.

* * *

A German scholar has decided man has 15 senses instead of five, making the recovery situation nine times more acute in certain nations.

Attractive Plaid

Ideal for fall wear is this blue and white wool plaid coat, which features the use of the diagonal for the swing back and sleeves, in contrast to the front, where the fabric is used on the straight. A blue felt hat trimmed in grosgrain makes a nice complement.

NAME LEADERS FOR 'Y' DRIVE

(Continued from Page One)

at the Community House, will offer games such as ping pong, checkers, chess, puzzles and a variety of other quiet games. It is planned to keep this center open three nights weekly in addition to regular afternoon sessions.

The second center will be opened in the southern section of the city, providing a suitable place is found. Here, besides games, crafts will be introduced and, possibly, dramatics and singing. The program in this center will be open to girls as well as boys and a leader will be provided for each group. The proposed program, it was said, will be started as soon as the necessary funds are available to purchase supplies and equipment.

SELL 600 FOOTBALL PROGRAMS TO PUPILS

The annual Football program published by the Baldwin Journalism class last Friday for the Monroe-Birmingham game, had a most remarkable sales turn out, thanks to George Woolfenden, sales manager. Over 600 copies were sold in the school building alone and although the weather Saturday greatly hampered the sale at the game, a fairly large number was purchased by fans of both teams.

Programs that were left were given to the players of the Monroe and Birmingham team also the officials and cheer-leaders.

This program is self support ng and any profit goes to the support of other projects of Baldwin Publications.

Parish the Thought.

Just what would a girl have to do nowadays to be classed as a tomboy?—Louisville Times.

ATTACKS MOVE TO CENTRALIZE

(Continued from Page One)

have been rushed through Congress at the president's request for immediate action.

Pool Winners Announced

Winners of the club's annual baseball pool were Ralph Bricker and Fred Douglas. They picked six out of the eight American League teams to finish in the correct order. Bob Allen, scorekeeper cited Ralph Johnson as the "lousiest guesser" and awarded him five pennies to keep him from feeling like a big spender for selecting every team in the wrong position.

Exchangist Guy Jensen was roundly applauded after member Cy Osborne announced to the club that the former had been honored by the Masonic order with the 33rd degree. This final degree is strictly honorary and is bestowed on Masons only for outstanding achievement. There are about 500 Masons in this country with the degree.

Theatre Features Cartoons Saturday

The Birmingham Theatre again offers children an hour of special entertainment Saturday, starting promptly at 2 p. m. A series of leading cartoons will be shown including such as Popeye, Mickey Mouse, Betty Boop, Our Gang, a Silly Symphony, musical cartoons and, in addition, there will be an interesting Pete Smith subject. The regular program which will follow the cartoons will include the All-American family, The Jones Family, in "Big Business" plus "The Great Gambini" starring Akim Tamtroff and Marian Marsh.

Theatre manager Howard Holah stated that patrons are being offered the latest feature and news attractions. He said pictures of the Michigan Wolverine's football clash, taken Saturday in Evanston, Ill., were shown on the screen here Sunday afternoon. On Monday, Mr. Holah presented highlights of the final World Series baseball game played in New York City Sunday.

WE HEARD IT SAID BY—

Frank Packard, 737 Pierce

St.—"Despite the fact that the hunting season is on I'm glad to learn that the weekly contract bridge tournament will be resumed at the Community House beginning tonight. Last years these matches proved popular and reports have picked up a better turnout is expected this fall."

Obituary

MRS. DORA LIPPS

Funeral services was held in Argus, Ind., Saturday morning for Mrs. Dora Lipps, 72, who made her home here with her son, Walter Lipps, of 2320 Dorchester road. Mrs. Lipps died the preceding Wednesday night at St. Joseph's Mercy Hospital, in Pontiac, to which she had been admitted a week before. Burial was in Pierceton, Indiana.

Besides her son, Mrs. Lipps is survived by a daughter, Mary Lipps, of Indianapolis, Ind., a brother, Lorenzo Miles, of South Whitly, Ind. and a sister, Mrs. Stella Cutter, of Cheribusco, Ind.

OLD ENOUGH

Philadelphia, Pa.—Wm. H. Staples, Negro, believes he is old enough now to handle a gun and, therefore, applied for a license. He gave his age as 108.

Carillon Recital

Christ Church Cranbrook Sunday, Oct. 17, 3 p. m.

William Hall Miner, Bellmaster

Chorale—Gottes Sohn ist kommen ..... Bach

Carry Me Back to Old Virginny ..... Bland

Mother Machree ..... Ball

O God, Our Help in Ages Past ..... Croft

Tell Me the Old, Old Story ..... Doane

Hark Hark the Lark ..... Schubert

October Showers ..... Couperin

Kingswood School Song

Service Friday For David C. Bliesath

Funeral service will be held at 2 p. m. tomorrow for David Carl Bliesath, 1026 Floyd St.reet, who died in St. Joseph's Mercy Hospital, Pontiac, at 2:30 a. m. Wednesday following a ten-day illness.

The last rites will be observed at the Manley Bailey Funeral Home. Burial will be in Utica Cemetery with Masonic services.

Mr. Bliesath was born Jan. 30, 1886, in Utica. He married Beryle Frazier in 1928. He moved to Birmingham 30 years ago, coming here from Brooklyn, Michigan. He was in business here for a number of years, as a blacksmith and machinest.

He was a member of the Utica Lutheran Church and the local Masonic lodge. He and A. M. No. 44. He leaves, in addition to his widow, three children, Archie, 7, Tilby, 5, and Keyna, nine months. Also surviving are three sisters, Mrs. Herman Bush, of Pontiac, Mrs. John Weir, of Hubbard Lake, Mrs. Lester Drake, of Napoleon, Michigan, and one brother, Fred, of this city.

WE HEARD IT SAID BY—

J. Harvey Rosso, treasurer Birmingham Board of Education: "For several years we have had to borrow funds to carry on the schools, until winter taxes begin coming in in December. This year, however, due to moneys received from the Thatcher-Sauer Fund, we shall obtain about $45,000 of State aid. This money comes from the State's sales and liquor taxes. The more people buy, and the more they drink, the more the schools will have, it seems."

NOTICE OF ELIMINATION OF STATUTORY DOUBLE LIABILITY WITH RESPECT TO CAPITAL STOCK OF THE WABEEK STATE BANK, BIRMINGHAM, MICH.

(Public Act No. 84, Acts 1937, Senate Enrolled Act No. 67, Senate Bill No. 21)

Sec. 59. Liability of stockholders. The shareholders of every bank shall be individually liable, severally and ratably, and not one for another to satisfy the obligations of said bank to the amount of their stock at the par value thereof, in addition to the said stock; but persons holding stock as executors, administrators, guardians, or trustees, and persons holding such stock as collateral security shall not be personally liable as shareholders, but the assets and funds in their hands constituting the trust shall be liable to the same extent as the testator, intestate, ward, or person interested in such trust funds would be if living or competent to act; and the person pledging such stock shall be deemed the shareholder and liable under this section. Such liability may be enforced in a suit at law or in equity by any such bank in process of liquidation or by any receiver or other officer succeeding to the legal rights of such bank, or by the bank examiner. The additional liability imposed upon shareholders under the provisions of this section in any bank organized and existing under or governed by the provisions of this act shall not apply with respect to shares of stock issued by any such bank after the date of the first call made by such bank for payment of assessments upon shareholders under the provisions of this section in any bank organized and existing under or governed by the provisions of this act shall cease on the effective date of this act, but only as hereinafter provided with respect to all shares issued prior to July first, nineteen hundred thirty-three, by any bank which shall have been actively engaged in the business of banking on June four, nineteen hundred thirty-five. Such liability shall cease to be enforced as of June four, nineteen hundred thirty-five, as to all deposits made in and to the credit of such bank prior to June four, nineteen hundred thirty-five, such liability shall cease at such time as to any such depositor or creditor who expressly and explicidly consents thereto, and in any event shall cease on July one, nineteen hundred thirty-seven, as respects such a depositor or creditor, unless such depositor or creditor files with the bank an express written dissent to the change in the shareholder's liability aforesaid. It shall be the duty of the bank to post a copy of this section in a conspicuous place in such bank at least thirty days prior to July one, nineteen hundred thirty-seven. As respects banks which have not secured the express or implied assent of depositors and creditors hereto provided for, a copy of this section of the law shall be published once each week for a period of three weeks immediately preceding July one, nineteen hundred thirty-seven. If the bank fails to give such notice and publication as and when provided, the termination of such additional liability may thereafter be accomplished as of a date sixty days subsequent to notice in the manner provided herein.

The requirements or provisions of sections 11 and 37 of Act 66 of the Public Acts of 1929, including but not by the way of restricting, the requirement that the commercial, savings, and industrial loan business, investments, and reserves of the bank be segregated and the requirement that the funds derived by savings deposits and investments made therefrom shall be held inviolate for the payment of deposits of said funds, have been repealed by the Michigan financial institutions act, effective July 1st, 1937.

WABEEK STATE BANK,
F. C. Schlorff, Cashier.
27-28-29

2000 SANDWICHES CHARGE CAMERA

(Continued from Page One)

er) and we were behind the car, wheezing.

"What's her name?" we queried, remembering that she had to be introduced to her eager public.

"Call her Annabelle," volunteered the photographer. And he disappeared under the black cloth, to do whatever photographers do when under a black cloth.

"Go ahead!" chortled the animal's chaperone. "That's my sister's name and I'd be delighted." Then followed an interval of getting her all posed, only to have her shift about before the shutter could click. Just when we were getting as weary over the whole affair as the heifer seemed to be, the impossible happened. She stood still, and we got the picture shown in this issue.

The man-who-held-her untied the rope. "Say," he called, as we prepared to leave, "why don't you call her Rarotta? My name's Rand, and I've never had anything named after me." So, when you sink your teeth in a luscious sandwich at the barbecue, just remember, "Howdy, Ranetta." And etiquette will be observed. And we hope Rarotta will be less active in a sandwich than she was on the end of that rope!

Incidentally, don't feel to sorry that Ranetta isn't part in the Festival so drastic for her. It's an old family custom with her, several of her relations having gone that way before. She'd probably beef if some other bully tried to cow her and horn in.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Probate Court for the County of Oakland.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said County, on the 11th day of October, A. D. 1937.

Present: Hon. James H. Lynch, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Edward A. Smith, Deceased.

Lawrence E. Smith, administrator of said estate, having filed in said court a petition praying that the time for the presentation of claims against said estate be limited and that a time and place be appointed to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands against said deceased by and before said court.

It is Ordered, that four months from this date be allowed for creditors to present claims against said estate.

It is Further Ordered, that the 7th day of March, 1938, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for the examination and adjustment of all claims against said deceased.

JAMES H. LYNCH,
Judge of Probate.

(A true Copy.)
LEAH KOCH (Martin),
Deputy Register of Probate.
28-29-30

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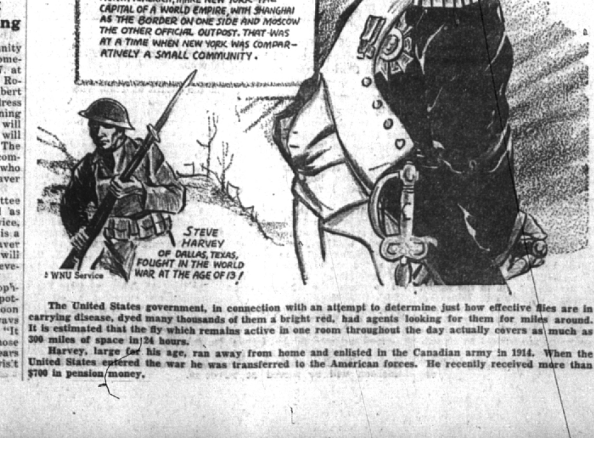
But It's True !



The United States government, in connection with an attempt to determine just how effective flies are in carrying disease, dyed many thousands of them a bright red, had agents looking for them for miles around. It is estimated that the fly which remains active in one room throughout the day actually covers as much as 300 miles of space in 24 hours.

Harvey, large for his age, ran away from home and enlisted in the Canadian army in 1914. When the United States entered the war he was transferred to the American forces. He recently received more than $700 in pension money.