

## AUSTRIAN SEA ATROCITY AND GRIM SEQUEL

### Crew of British Steamer Turned Adrift Six Days in Arctic Blasts and Leaky Boats—Mutilated Captain, Who Tells the Story, Probably Only One Alive, Those Not Drowned or Slain Being Carried Off by Bedouins.

LONDON, Apr. 12.—A stirring story of the experiences of the crew of a British steamer which was sunk by a submarine is told by Captain Arnold C. B. Groom, late of the steamship Coquet.

"About 10.45 a.m., January 4th, 1916," said Captain Groom, "I was writing in the saloon when I heard a gun fired. On reaching the bridge, the third mate told me it was fired over our bow. Then another was fired across the bow, one over the bridge and one under the stern from a submarine on the port quarter. At the same time one or two people told me there was another submarine on the port bow. I stopped the engines and indicated that I had done so by flag signals. The firing stopped and the submarine was soon close to us with signals flying 'Abandon ship!' Immediately I took the chronometer, sextant and chart in the starboard boat and we left the ship. The other boat left a little before us. We had no sooner got clear of the ship than the submarine started firing on her. Eight shots were fired. One of them broke the signal halliards on the bridge.

**Looted the Ship**  
They stopped firing then and, coming close to the boats, ordered us alongside. This was a dangerous proceeding, as the submarine's deck was just awash and there was a big swell. I was ordered aboard the submarine and then some Austrians, armed with revolvers and cutlasses, were sent in

for anything valuable, taking sextants and charts, and also every scrap of paper they could find. They would not let me keep even the account of the wages of my crew or any of my bills, although I asked them specially for these later, and pointed them what they were, and that they were of no earthly use to them. They ordered me back into my boat and then left us.

"Captain Groom then described the attempt of the two boats to get into the track of steamers between Port Said, Alexandria, and Malta.

"With a heavy sea running," he said, "we were very soon all wet through and remained so for the next six days. All the time we were in the boats all the able-bodied men had to take turns at bailing, two at a time. The steward, who was old and ill, I exempted from the work, also four boys I had who were very young, also seafish and somewhat frightened. The boat was overloaded with seventeen in it, and was ankle deep with water, in spite of the vigorous bailing with two buckets.

The next day Captain Groom lost sight of the second boat, which was not seen again.

"By the night of the 7th, everybody was chilled to the bones. With that cold northerly wind blowing right through our saturated clothes, we all used to look forward to daytime coming in the hope of getting a little sun, but it was always nearly covered with clouds. Several of us had excruciating pains in our ankles, knees and wrists. A poor little Italian messroom boy was crying all one night with them, and, of course, I could do absolutely nothing for him. I had them badly myself. Early on the morning of the 8th the weather moderated somewhat, and I decided to set sail and make for the African coast."

**Laughs at "Murder."**  
"While all this was happening the commander of the submarine asked me many questions. The two lifeboats were near the submarines again now, and bailing was in full progress in each boat. I pointed this out to the commander of the submarine, and the fact that both of the bilge planks of the boats had most likely been sprung alongside his awash deck. I told him it was nothing short of murder to send thirty men away like that in the middle of winter, too, so far from the land. He laughed, and said he would save the next ship and send her to look for us.

"The boats were alongside by this time and the Austrians searched them

man being who could tell them which way to head for the nearest civilized place. They met an Arab, who returned with them to the camp, where there was a Greek fireman who spoke Arabic.

"The Arab suggested that I go with him to the nearest town afoot," said the captain. "This would not do, as I was utterly done up with six or seven hours of walking that day after being cramped up in the boat, but eventually I sent two Greek firemen with him.

"After a night in the cave dwellings the rest of the party, fifteen in number, next morning, were attacked by Arabs with rifles. Captain Groom himself was wounded and lost consciousness.

"When I awoke," he said, "everything was quiet, except for the groaning of the carpenter, who was rolling between me and the edge of the water about six feet away. I found he was horribly mutilated but still alive. He asked me to drag him away from the sea. I tried, but he was a big man and my wound was very painful. A little way out in the water the steward was floating face downward. Whether he was shot or drowned, or both, I do not know. Further up, the little Italian messroom-boy was lying dead. I could see nothing of anybody else and was afraid to go out of the trench, thinking that if the Arabs saw me alive they would come back and finish me off.

"Soon afterward a small Italian steamer, with the commander of Fort Marsa Susa aboard, entered the bay. A sailor named Lord was found lying in the sand, wounded by both bullet and bayonet. He said the other ten of them had been carried off by Bedouins. He thought they left him because they believed him to be dying.

"The commander of Fort Marsa Susa then took us aboard the little steamer, also the bodies of our steward and the messroom boy, and our wounds were washed and bandaged. The carpenter died just as we were starting to wash his wounds."

After relating the kind treatment extended to him by the Italians, Captain Groom said: "The submarine had no mark or number on her, but I concluded she was an Austrian, as the officers on her had the Austrian crown of the badges of their caps."

### Queer Things Sent By Parcel Post

Fish, right out of the water, are now being carried directly to kitchens by parcel post. Caught in the morning each fish is wrapped in a peculiar kind of paper that quickly dries to the stiffness of board, and shipped by mail train to the cities.

Enterprising producers are also using insulated containers, packed with mineral wool, for sending perishable stuff—such as butter, which, cooled before it starts, retains its temperature long enough to reach the consumer in first-class condition, even in the hottest weather.

A curious parcel post incident happened at the little fourth-class post-office of Yonges Island, S.C., which, over night recently jumped into the presidential class. Bulbs and plant-cuttings did it. Yonges Island is in the midst of a region that produces great quantities of onion "sets," tomato and cabbage plants, etc. When Congress passed an act admitting such things to the parcel post, the local post-office was overwhelmed, five or six carloads a day being shipped.

Previously the growers had shipped their output by express. But express facilities end at the railroad station; whereas, Uncle Sam delivers the goods by rural carrier at the farm gates. Besides, the parcel post is cheaper, and an immense number of young plants can be compressed into one package.

The newest auxiliary of the parcel post is the automobile. Already more than 500 rural free delivery routes are covered by motor cars, taking the place of horse-drawn waggons. Yet it was only on the first day of last July that Congress passed the act providing for this method of transporting the mails in country districts.

Congress fixed the minimum length of the automobile R. F. D. route at 50 miles and the maximum pay of the carrier at \$1800 a year—this sum to include the use of the car. Such a machine, it is reckoned, doubles the distance that a carrier can properly cover, and multiples by eight the quantity of stuff he can transport.

The first woman carrier in the R. F. D. service was regarded as a curiosity, and a photograph of her was exhibited with pride at the post-office department in Washington. There are to-day 150 women carriers who cover rural free delivery routes.

**Slow Chap.**

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No, I would not!  
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You'll get splendid wear from these high-class suits and above all you are assured a perfect fit, correct style, best linings and inter-linings. Sizes: 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7. Prices a Suit . . . . . \$12.00, \$13.00, \$14.00.

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Men's Kid Blucher Boots. . . . . \$2.40 pair.  
Men's Vici Kid Blucher Boots. . . . \$2.80 pair.

## Fishermen's Union Trading Co'y.

## Conditions in a German Prison Camp at Muenster

Described by Henry Crosme.

PARIS, April 7.—Henry Crosme, former secretary of the French Embassy at Vienna, and an artillery sergeant who recently escaped from the prisoners' camp at Muenster, Germany, described his experience to the Associated Press as follows:

"About twenty of us were taken prisoners after our battery was destroyed and all of us were wounded. The first order we got was to lie down in a bunch when the Germans were hardly a yard away. Using revolvers they had taken from us they fired into the heap, killing all but six of our party, of whom I was one. When I got up I spoke a few words of German which saved me. We were conveyed in cattle trucks to Muenster.

"After two days without food we were placed in a camp hollowed out of the ground with 15,000 other French, British and Russian prisoners.

"My first attempt to escape failed when I was four miles from the Dutch frontier. I was brought back and tried to a post with a rope twined around me from my neck to my feet. Since then there has been no punishment for prisoners caught trying to escape. The only thing done is to paint three stripes of red, white and blue on an arm to show that the prisoner is a dangerous subject.

"On my second attempt to escape I got away with the help of a friend. It took two days to reach the frontier, eighty kilometers distant. We were pursued by dogs, but the supply of pepper which we had brought with us was used to put them off the scent. Near the frontier we saw what we thought were sentries but these turned out to be dummies, cunningly cut out of the hedges at short intervals.

"The camp officers and non-commissioned officers are not compelled to work but the rank and file were starved into working in mines and factories after signing a paper that they were volunteers, which was then shown to neutral inspectors. The French prisoners were not inspected by Americans but by Spaniards who were in charge of French diplomatic interests.

"We arose from straw mattresses in time for coffee at seven. The coffee was always made from roasted

barley. At ten we had the principal meal which was composed of a thick barley soup 'concrete' cod once a week and pigs' jowls once a week, and one small sausage once in a fortnight. The only drink allowed was camp water or lemonade bought at the canteen.

"For six months after the war began there was plenty of meat. The supply gradually diminished and there was no meat whatever for the last six months. It must be admitted that the discipline was not brutal or severe. Idle prisoners did much as they liked. The chief cruelty now is in keeping severely wounded or legless or armless prisoners in camp and refusing to exchange them. Perhaps this is owing to the fear of exposing bad surgical treatment on the part of the German doctors. Parcels and money orders arrived all right and untouched and we were allowed to receive up to the maximum of ten marks a week."

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- Mrs. Brien—Colonial Street.
- James Whelan—Colonial Street.
- F. Fitzpatrick—Gower Street (top of Nunery Hill).
- Mrs. Organ—Military Road.
- Mr. Parsons—Catherine Street.
- Mr. E. Parsons—Corner Hayward Avenue and McDougall Street.
- Mrs. Wadden—Pleasant Street.
- Mrs. Doughton—Fleming Street.
- Mr. Fitzpatrick—Field Street.
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