

On May 5, 1978 the museum's oral historian sat down to listen and record an interview with William Manley. Both Mr. and Mrs. Manley are members of the Washington County Historical Society. Having lived in the county for many years, both have taken an active interest in the activities of the museum and preserving <sup>the county's</sup> historical resources.

The interview is not geared solely around one subject but rather intended to be more autobiographical in content. The son of missionary parents, William spent his first few years of his childhood on the Indian subcontinent. He tells of the physical and emotional adjustment he had to undergo coming home his native country for the first time. Mr. Manley then presents his reflections and opinions on a myriad of topics ranging from the growth of the city of Hillsboro, the various business ventures he has been associated with, and what he perceives as changes in society's attitudes and morals.

The majority of the subject matter on the tape revolves around Mr. Manley's personal involvement as a front-line soldier during The Great War. Mr. Manley recalls the events of the war in poignant and often gruesome detail. It becomes quite evident by the end of the conversation that this man's confrontation with death and survival on a daily basis has been the focus of many years of philosophical reflection afterwards. Mr. Manley's <sup>reminiscences</sup> ~~reminences~~, interspersed with emotion, humor, wry cynicism, and what maybe futile attempts to find meaning in the experience, forces the listener into some sobering reflection on his own.

For the fullest impact the user of this historical material is urged to listen to the tape in conjunction with the transcript.

INDEX TO TAPE AND TRANSCRIPT  
WILLIAM MANLEY  
MAY 19, 1978

TRACK I

- 0-10 (pgs. 1-2) Interviewer's introduction. Mr. Manley's missionary parents in India.
- 10-20 Life in India. (pgs. 2-4)
- 20-30 (pgs. 4-5) Mr. Manley coming home to the United States.
- 30-40 (pgs. 6-7) Initial impressions of the U.S. Early education.
- 40-50 (pgs. 7-9) Arriving in Oregon.
- 50-60 (pgs. 9-10) Moving to Hillsboro. World War I experiences.
- 60-70 (pgs. 11-13) Canadian Army. Going to war.

TRACK 2

- 0-10 (pgs. 14-15) Attitudes toward war at the beginning of the conflict
- 10-20 (pgs. 15-16) Heavy casualties suffered. Trench warfare.
- 20-30 (p. 17) Wounds, healing and the power prayer.
- 30-40 (pgs. 18-20) Trench warfare. Reflections.
- 40-50 (pgs. 20-21) Fear of war and dying.
- 50-60 (pgs. 21-23) Futile attempts to see a purpose behind the war.
- 60-70 (pgs. 23-26) Armistice. Dead friends. Reflections on the value of human life. Story of the near-dead logger in Seaside, Oregon.

TRACK 3

- 0-10 Pgs. 27-29) Coming back to Oregon after the war.
- 10-20 (pgs. 29-30) Special privileges granted to veterans.
- 20-30 (pgs. 30-31) Veterans gradually dying and being forgotten.
- 30-40 (pgs. 31-32) The significance of Memorial Day.
- 40-50 (pgs. 32-34) Rising property values in Hillsboro.
- 50-60 (pgs. 34-35) The nursery business.
- 60-70 (pgs. 35-37) The nursery business (continued). Reflections on present-day morals.

LOH 78-195.5

Page 1  
William Russell Manley  
May 19, 1978  
Accession No. LOH 78-195.5

LM: The following interview, taking place on May 19, 1978 is with William Manley a long time Hillsboro resident. He talks about his experiences as a son of missionary parents in India, then moving to the United States for school and then on to Oregon. Mr. Manley served in the Candian Army during World War I and talks about his experiences during that war. Upon returning to Oregon he became involved in the nursery business here in Hillsboro. He talks of the Hillsboro area during the post war years.

LM: To start off could you tell where and when you were born?

BM: I was born in 1895. My folks were missionaries so I'm really a long time citizen of this community even though I have lived here for over 50 years. Which sounds like an peculiar but at the same time, it only covers about half of my life. It is kind of hard to explain that to a younger person because 50 years seems like forever, I think. To most people under 50 anyway. Moving into Oregon in 1911 I sometimes wonder, marvel how close we came to being real pioneers! There were no Indians

Page 2  
Manley  
Accession No. LOH 78-195.3

BM: (cont.) around. From the development that the country has taken I can see where we were pioneers alright even though it was 1911. My wife's people, moved out here in 1849 that made them pioneers without a shadow of a doubt. Homesteading and they had some Indian troubles. Not much, but some drunken Indians and Indians that were bumming food and that kind of thing. The community and the growth of the community and the country is just marvelous if you stop and think of the progress that we have made. In spite of the arguments and controversies that these people that have tried to do things have run into. There is always someone against it and they have to get it straightened out one way or the other to make progress. Our local swimming pool I think was in the neighborhood of 20 years developing. Somehow McMinnville got ahead to us and had a swimming pool before 1919. I don't think we finally put in a swimming pool in until about, it's been a long time ago, 20 years anyway, or 25 years.

LM: I imagine in your 50 years you have seen a lot of changes here in this area. How about when you were first born back in India? What was the situation like back in there?

Page 3  
Manley  
Accession No. LOH 78-195.3

BM: Well...

LM: How did your parents end up in India then?

(10) BM: There has been changes yes. We moved so fast that I don't think they left too much of an impression on my young mind. I grew up with them so I didn't realize the opportunity I had to broaden my mind more than I did. We kids in India, kid brother and I is the only ones that I remember. The rest had all grown up and left back to the United States. The servant situation that we more or less enjoyed over there it was really taking advantage of the Hindu's. They would work the full day for a couple pennies of U.S. money (equal to pennies in the U.S.). My father's income of a \$100.00 a month as a minister could stand a lot of that kind of labor. There were servants for everything. I had a servant for my riding pony and we had a servant for our carriage horse and the carriage and a man to take care of them. Each little job you had to appoint an individual to it. There was one that kept the fans going in the rooms and the cook and the shopper, the man that went to market. That was all like our unions in this country although they had no union over there, although they did

Page 4  
Manley  
Accession No. LOH 78-195.3

BM: (cont.) in a way. Much stronger than we ever had. Once caste didn't dare touch another caste. The unions never become that stiff-necked. It wasn't progress and I don't think the way the unions are acting it is going to be progress either in this country.

LM: Your parents, then, how long were they over in India?

BM: My parents?

LM: Yes, your father?

BM: My father, 35 years on the mission field. My mother was home with us. You might say she was also 35 years, the time was divided between her family here in the United States and her husband who of course was in India. The worry and all, she might as well, she would have been better off if she had been in India. It would have been easier for her. (My father served seven years and then had two years back in the United States. Mother made several trips extra to be with the family.)

LM: Where were they coming from originally?

BM: My folks? My mother was a Downeaster from up in Maine. Augusta, Maine and her ancestors were all from Maine. My dad was from Kansas and Ohio. Graduated from William and Jewel college there in Ohio, I think.

BM: (cont.) Then he entered the seminary where he studied for the ministry. Later he met and married my mother and then they departed on a sailing and steam trans-atlantic vessel at that time. I think it was an eight or nine day voyage across. Sometimes, I imagine more than that if it happened to get bad weather. Where now they, air travel has cut that down to ridiculous. You get comfortable in your seat and you are in London. New York to London is like about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  or 4 hours now. First trip I took (on my own) was when I was in the Canadian Army and it took 4 days and a half on a superliner in those days. It would still rate as a superliner. It was a sister to the Lusitania which was rather a sad ending. They made wonderful time. Their motors were triple expansion steam and could drive the ship 18 to 20 knots per hour.

(20) LM: How did you yourself end up here in the United States? When was your first trip to the U.S.?

BM: United States (laughs)? Let me tell you. I don't have recollections of coming into the harbor which is always a big event to most people. I was a youngster. I might have been interested in a lot of things other



BM: (cont.) than the Statue of Liberty and those attractions that are such a big thing to a foreigner coming in. But somehow somebody got me aboard the train bound for Chicago on the New York Central and the conductor was to watch over me which he did a certain extent. I don't remember now how long that trip took but it was a fast trip I know. Even judging it by modern transportation they had a wonderful railway system between Chicago and New York. There is nothing like it at the present. My two brothers met me in Chicago and we went from Chicago out to our missionary home that our folks provided for us. There were five of us Manleys at the missionary home at one time. I became Americanized pretty fast after that.

LM: How old were you at the time?

BM: Seven.

LM: You came across the ocean by yourself?

BM: I was left in charge with another family of course. My folks just didn't shove me on the boat. I came across with another family. I was the only representative of my family but they had a couple of kids and they were coming back on furlough. The outstanding feature

BM: (cont.) of that whole thing was the fact that at the last minute I got rather desperate. My dad was standing on the dock and the ship was pulling away and here I was standing on the fantail of the ship waving to my dad. The last hold on my family and it was disappearing pretty quick right before my eyes. It pretty near got the best of me, I was rather heart broken for a few minutes but they calmed me down I suppose with a piece of pie or something. But I outlived it and soon got into the swing with the rest of the kids, of course there were quite a few on board ship. I had my seventh birthday aboard the ship and I can remember the partying, cake and ice cream and one thing or another, it was quite an event. That was a terrible experience, I can still see my poor old dad, he was a very short man standing on the dock there waving and there we were pulling apart (laugh).

LM: You then arrived in Chicago to go to school.

(30) BM: Schools? Yes, I was in first grade. I think I lost a year in there somewhere. Most of the time you lose more than a year. I would have been older than the average kid I think. I don't remember any trouble

Page 8  
Manley  
Accession No. LOH 78-195.3

LM: What was your initial impression of the United States then?

BM: How is that?

LM: What was your biggest impression of the United States then in comparison in the way you were living?

BM: It was a wonderful situation. I don't know if I could see any great advantage in it over India except it wasn't so blasted hot. We had advantages over there that we couldn't afford over in this country. Like ponies and tricycles and gardeners and all of that you couldn't afford them at all. We took trips we'd have our vacations up in the hills, where the climate very seldom varies from 70. 70 is the average. Beautiful jungles and vallies that were always green... plenty of water. If anything I would have preferred to be back in India in a lot of ways. I hadn't thought about that before though. Any kid with a group like we were with 21 children there at that home you soon adjust with the group and from then on you are always busy.

LM: Where exactly was this school or missionary home?

Page 9  
Manley  
Accession No. LOH 78-195.3

BM: It was in Morgan Park, Illinois, just out of Chicago. A big 3 story building under the care of a very able lady. She must have been a Baptist because it was a Baptist school. So we were divided into our different age groups more less to a certain extent anyway and we had a religious guidance always of course. Always of course very prominent in our early education and our early teaching schools. In fact, it was right next to a Baptist church, in fact our home was. I think that experience would be invaluable to any youngster. I see kids now that have been spoiled and they become selfish more or less. You didn't have time to be selfish with 21 kids, it just wouldn't work that's all. I just wouldn't work, I had to learn to work with the others and I don't know how much good it did me but I can see from other youngsters that lack any of that kind of training. Table manners for one thing. I notice that awful quick. We sat at these big tables and if we didn't do things right we could leave the table that's all. Away you go. Nothing to eat. The training we got wasn't out of line in any way. If you cussed you would get your mouth washed out with soap and a few odds and ends but that didn't hurt anybody.

(40) LM: How did you end up out here in Oregon then?

BM: How did I happen to? My two older brothers had made their home in McMinnville to attend the McMinnville Baptist college at that time. It is Linfield now. Their enthusiasm over the country and the college in particular influenced the folks to move out here from Kansas where they had arrived on furlough. So my mother and father and my sister and my younger brother we all took off for Oregon. It was quite an adventure. I know we didn't have Pullman trail, the train trip was interesting to kids and it would still be for me. I still enjoy a train ride. After we got to California and then the trip up the coast that just enthralled us. You might had never seen rivers like we did here. Like Shasta and a few of those streams that are just crystal clear we had never experienced anything like that. We could just hardly believe it, it just seemed like a fairy land. Mount Shasta really was a thrilling sight to us flat landers. Even though Kansas is a beautiful state but it's nothing like Oregon. It is flat country and it is flatter than a pancake. What they call a hill out there is nothing more than a mole hill in this

Page 11  
Manley  
Accession No. LOH 78-195.3

BM: (cont.) country and the rivers are always full of mud.

LM: This is fine (phone in background). Excuse me for the interruption. At the time...you mentioned that it was 1911 when you first came over here. Was there a lot of other people from the Midwest Kansas area coming and moving out to Oregon?

BM: No, not that I know of. We had no close neighbors from Kansas at least, just our family. In McMinnville naturally we ran into quite a few Baptist people. My folks of course were wrapped up in the Baptist work and the mission work. So we didn't feel like strangers exactly. Us kids got a job the first couple of weeks that we were here in the fall. Kid brother and I went out to a prune farm, prune ranch, orchard and for a \$1.50 a week and board we slept in the barn on fresh straw, fresh clean straw, and ate with the family. We were having the "life of Riley" (laughter). This farmer had a homemade reefer or a harvest combine that he had made up in his shop and that is all he had to work with, no electrical equipment. But it worked and would bundle the grain and then you would have to shuck it up you know. Very nice people. Talk about

BM: (cont.) it many times there as kids there for a \$1.50 a week for board and my goodness we ate more than that \$1.50 a day! McMinnville and Hillsboro are very much alike. We moved to Hillsboro and a lot of things happened after I got to McMinnville for that matter. My folks are buried there. The college has changed and I had two brothers and my wife graduated from Linfield. My wife went back after an absence of 15 or 20 years and got her degree. I tried but I didn't quite cut the mustard and after three years in the army I tried to get back in but it didn't prove well. I just couldn't take it...

(50) LM: When did you move in to Hillsboro?

BM: When did we come here? In 1921. I spent right after the army after the war went over in '22 and came here. I married shortly after I got home. Sorta getting on your feet and jobs were everywhere anyway you turned you could get a job. But the opportunity of the logging was to make big money. My goodness \$7.50 a day was just too much and so we moved to Seaside and I logged for a couple of years. Even got promoted to head rigger. I thought about it since I could have stayed


BM: (cont.) with the logging business. If I hadn't got killed I might have been better off financially, but very few loggers get through more than 10 years without some crippling accident. I read in the paper this morning about one that got killed in a logging accident down in Eugene somewhere. I enjoyed it. It was flam bang kind of work. My wife in the mean-time was first arrived over there in Seaside got herself a job back at the Cannon Beach hotel. She had been helping them out. They would hire college girls for waitresses during the vacation period. So everything went fine and we finally gave up that logging idea and I got started out in the greenhouse here in Hillsboro.

LM: Going back a little bit you mentioned that you moved here after World War One. My understanding is you were part of the Canadian Army during World War One?

BM: Yes.

LM: How did you get involved with that then? What were the circumstances surrounding before the war?

BM: I wanted to go to El Paso, Texas and I went to El Paso, Texas. While there I met an English chap who had been in Wartus army. They were fighting in Mexico at the time. He had his discharge from the





BM: (cont.) Mexican Army and was going to go to Canada and enlist in what was then called the American Legion Battallion in Canada but the U.S. Government wouldn't allow them to use that name. The United States Government, they didn't want to get involved. That was always a sticky subject between myself and any of the English or British. They thought we should have involved before we were and I undoubtably believe that we should have been, too. So we took off to Windsor, Ontario, and I enlisted in the Canadian Army in Windsor, Ontario in February 22, 1916. One day before Washington's birthday.

LM: The war was going on then at this time. What was the feeling in the United States at that time? Particularly in this area before you went down there to El Paso towards the war?

BM: Most of the older people and, well, people with families  
(60) and boys for instance were trying to impress on their sons not to join in the Canadian Army or any other army for that matter. They didn't want their sons in the war of course. Especially in a war that we weren't supposedly directly involved in. We became involved in

Page 15  
Manley  
Accession No. LOH 78-195.3

BM: (cont.) it later but not at that time. So I was not imbued with any great patriotic ideas but after talking with this English chap, why I was interested in getting into the army. It sounded like a lot of excitement there and adventure. I wasn't mistaken (laughs). Too much adventure really.

LM: Was there much talk here in the McMinnville area up here in this time about the war or the European situation?

BM: Not at the time. Not in McMinnville.

LM: No one paid it any attention then?

BM: No, except that we were to keep our fingers out of it. We weren't supposed to be at war and it was a long time before we finally...well. They had to sink a ship of Americans and a few other odds and ends before we would believe that they were really- - if they whipped the allies why they would certainly jump on our necks. We would be the next in line because the Kaiser wasn't happy with just England and France. If he could beat them why then he would take on the world as Hitler would have done.

LM: Before the sinking of the Lusitania in the German submarine warfare then. Was there a feeling toward the

Page 16  
Manley  
Accession No. LOH 78-195.3

LM: (cont.) allies or for the German powers at that time?  
Especially in this area, I think there was quite a  
few German immigrants?

BM: The feeling was very bitter when it finally came to a  
head. There were several instances where German people  
renounced their name, the German name and took an  
English name. Because the feeling was so bitter and so  
against Germans.

LM: This was before the war? Before American...?

BM: No, after we became involved. Well it was the same  
in Canada. You couldn't have joined the Canadian  
Army with a German sounding name either. Let alone  
if you are a German or not (laughs). That was hatred.  
People don't realize how it can control a whole nation.  
It is needless to I have to admit it should be settled  
by mature people and mature minds. Instead of that we  
have to pick up guns and start banging away. It is  
funny how little the human mind has developed in  
mastering that type of thing. You would think they  
could find a better way to settle arguments but they  
don't.

LM: Before American entry then were there quite a few young

Page 17  
Manley  
Accession No. LOH 78-195.3

LM: (cont.) American men joining in the Canadian Army  
along with yourself?

BM: Yes, at Windsor especially. One of my buddies was a graduate of Michigan University. We were both in the machine gun section. There were more of them in that particular battallion from the United States than there were Canadians. See that is right across the river. It was in the dead of winter when men were out of work. Young fellas out of work would naturally be interested in getting in to the army where you would get fed and clothed and all the rest. Then to get a chance to get your head blown off but they didn't think about that. They didn't think it would happen to them. It wouldn't happen to you; you know (laughs). Although several deserved it when they finally took off to Halifax there were several dessertion, I was ashamed to say. It wouldn't have occurred to me as I would have been heartsick if I hadn't have got to go. I was pretty near heartsick after I got there (laugh). I guess I am about the same mental caliber as a bear went over the mountain, I had to see it, see the other side.

END OF TRACK # 1

BEGINNING OF TRACK # 2

LM: Was that the feeling among the American youth and the Canadian youth at the beginning of the war. It was an adventure? Something for fun?

BM: Quite largely I believe yes. I don't think there was any very few of them that. . . There was one boy who was from a family that had lost five sons in the war and he was the last boy in the family and he always gave me the impression that he was in it body and soul and try and avenge the loss of his five brothers to fight for complete victory whatever the cost. He was killed, also. He was very seldom out with the guys out on these drinking bouts that they would have that would be the only thing available that you might say for amusement when we get our paydays would be to get as "sauced" as they could without getting thrown in jail. It seems to be the case of all soldiers, I don't know why. Outside of that it was just a case of a free trip to the old country. Yes, that was the expression of the Canadians from the old country that joined they got a "free trip back to the old country". But a lot of them stayed over there that was the worst of it. They didn't get to come back.

BM: (cont.) But they didn't think of that. They don't think of those things until it is too late you might say.

LM: When did you first go over to Europe then to the war?

BM: In let's see, I joined in Fevruary, 1916, and it was about a month later. About April we arrived over in Liverpool. Our battalion was broken up and we were sent in as replacements to various fighting units in France. I went with a group of machine gunners to the 13th Royal Highlanders Black Watch Battalion who had suffered terrible casualties on the Somme front.

LM: 1916?

BM: 1916. We would be moving, infantry marching you know. Kids, English kids would if you happen to see a group of them they would start jeering at us. "Here come the Bloody Canadians never fought and never defeated." The "umpty umps" they called us umpty umps because they thought the war was over, you see. They figured the war was over. Well, England had suffered terrific losses and they were sort of holding their own by 1916. Never suffered any bad losses after that. Thats' when the Canadians joined and I always say that. But,

BM: (cont.) they had Canadian troops there in 1914. Our battalion that I was finally transferred to the kilted battalion "the Black Watch". They were there in the latter part of 1914. They lost a tremendous amount and they had a lot of casualties, a tremendous amount of casualties. Their first Colonel and his whole staff were in the deep dugout and then a heavy fishing shell brought the whole thing down on top of them. I think they are still down there now because I don't think they ever dug them out. I don't know that but that is immaterial. But they suffered several terrific losses.

LM: 1916, was the low point for the allies?

(10) BM: Yes it was. From then on, why, it improved. Although, in 1918 in August was when I left with a superficial wound. As far as the individual was concerned Germans were still just as tough as they were in 1916. They didn't give up easily. They just kept right on banging away at you if you got within ten feet of them and then they would throw their arms down and comrades it was too late to do anything about it because you wouldn't shoot a man that had his arms up and hand up in the air. You felt like it. They were wonderful soldiers there is

Page 21  
Manley  
Accession No. LOH 78-195.3

BM: (cont.) no doubt about that. Well trained, but they could run like rabbits when things got tough.

LM: You were in the actual heat of the battle then? You were involved in trench warfare?

BM: Yes, we got over there in early spring of 1916 as reinforcements this kilted outfit, the Black Watch, the 13th Black Watch had been pretty well decimated. They just came up from the Somme then the Battle of the Somme. They lost a lot of men. They were a tough looking bunch of soldiers I tell you. All of them are full of gray backs. To us guys right fresh from England and the easy living over there they looked pretty rough. I only had a week the first trip over. About the fifth day that I was up there we were running eight man crews with only four men (the machine gun crew), So we were putting in some pretty long shifts. I was during the day shift and I had charge of the post. That was nothing other than a trench with a place to stand up and a machine gun laying on top. I was watching a mini werfers. Mini werfers was a bomb type projector about the size of a ten gallon milk can shot out of a little mortor. They come sailing over like a football



BM: (cont.) and go up in the air maybe 300 or 400 feet.

(20) I was watching them landing and getting quite a kick out of that explosion through my rearview mirror. We used little rearview mirrors just like ones on your cars to see what was going on the other side of the trench. You didn't dare look over on account of sniper. One kid did and he got one right between the eyes. One of our newcomers thought he could look over there but it didn't work. There was a smaller type bomb, a pineapple they call it, landed just right along side of me while I was watching a big one come down and this was the first thing I knew of it, I was 15 feet up the trench. Tore half my clothes off. Oh dear, I was all banged up, believe me. I had cuts and bruises all over me and I caught a piece of shrapnel in my leg right here which sent me to England. My first experience was short and snappy. It took me pert near nine months to get over this. They were going to cut my leg off but they wrote home and told my folks that they might have to amputate. It proved to be that my folks told me later that they asked the members of the Baptist Church to have a prayer meeting to pray for me.

BM: (cont.) It healed miraculously. I don't understand it because it was from here to here was all full of tubes to drain and it had all abscessed. In two or three weeks I don't know when they sent the letter or anything about that but when that thing started to heal, it just healed up just like a scratch on your arm. I don't know if it was the power of prayer but I do honestly believe it was a miracle. I am not what you call a good Christian but I believe in everything that the Bible says. But that is the way that it happened and so I still got my leg even though I had to have it worked on again (the leg was later amputated, June 1978). Then I went back for the second helping and got wounded again and was ready to go back for my third helping when they finally signed the Armistice. I never knew a moment in my life when such a relief (laughter) came in because we were all ready to leave to go back. We had our packs all packed we called it stand two and ready to go back to action again and they came in and told us that the Armistice had been signed. I figured the third time around would have been the time for me. I can't say I was terrified, but, I knew it could happen and I

(30)

Page 24  
Manley  
Accession No. LOH 78-195.3

BM: (cont.) just as soon not have gone back and that is the whole thing in a nutshell. I didn't know anyone that would want to go back. Sometimes you read of these characters that sail into battle with their arm tore off and all this and that. But nine out of ten of them, I know on my first trip back that on the wharf there was a young chap with a leg off and he was the happiest man in the whole boat he knew he was all done and never have to go back. I don't want to cheapen the spirit of some of the men showed, a lot of them showed battle wounded and stay with it all. After you see a few of the things that shells and shell fire can do you begin to get a feeling that maybe you would have been better off if you had stayed home and picked hops. It's not a good way to die! It is a horrible thing to think about and it bothers you at night. Not lately, but it did for awhile. Thinking about people blown all to pieces and one man sitting at his gun control with his head off slicker than a button. One of the lads in the machine gun section went over and took his mouser pistol off and took that along with him for a souvenir and this poor German lad leaning along the controls on a field gun

BM: (cont.) and was just as slick as a button with no head. No, it does wonderful things to you those damn shells. I had some pretty close squeaks.

LM: What were those trenches really like? Were they miserable affairs living and fighting in them? (Phone ringing in background).

BM: Yes they were dirty. They did keep them fairly clean. There were some trenches that had been there for several years. They had toilet facilities that is a "honey-bucket" they called it. Dugouts that were fairly comfortable although I never could stand a dugout it gave me, what was that expression? I couldn't stand it. I would have to get out of there.

LM: Claustrophobia?

BM: Yes. I couldn't sleep so I would tend to end up laying along side of the shelf or something along inside the trench and maybe dig out a little bit and then put a blanket down and lay down there. I couldn't stand the dugouts. We would use German dugouts after we would advance. The German dugouts of course faced the wrong direction. After we took them they were facing enemy shell fire then when we took them they were faced towards

BM: (cont.) the German shell fire. We were all happily way down in an elaborate dugout and playing cards and having a good time one night and we heard a thump and we couldn't make out what it was. Finally one of the fellas had to get out of the dugout for some reason or other and he hollered back to us, "say come up here". We walked up the stairs and there was a eight inch shell had hit on the side of the entrance to the dugout and had come down and sheared in and just poked his nose into the stairway. Just poked his nose in about that far, 10 inches, and it didn't detinate (laughs). It would have killed every damn one of us! But we walked in and out of that place but we didn't leave. We stayed there. Everytime you would go by that shell you would still wonder. They are funny experiences.

LM: One hears a lot about foot rot in the trenches. Was that  
(40) really a problem?

BM: Yes it was. The first trip I came back from with this leg business in Brighton, England. We had a big ward there and a lot of the boys there had trench foot. They would lose the feeling in their foot. The doctors would... the only way they could tell when the feeling was back

BM: (cont.) with a lot of them is to prick them with a needle and if they jump why of course they were just fine. I don't know how they tested them all, but I didn't have foot rot. The boy next to me had tangled with a German bomb and got full of little pieces of metal. They were x-raying him and taking out little pieces of that darned bomb the whole time I was there about nine weeks. He was from Australia, he had that hat. I got so enthralled with his stories about Australia that I was going to change my home address to Australia so that I would be discharged in Australia. Which I would have been because any place you name is where you were sent to when they discharged you. They were sent there with free transportation. But I changed my mind and came back to good old McMinnville.

LM: What was the feeling among the actual soldiers then? Were they frightened knowing that they might die at any minute?

BM: Oh, we talk'd it over once in awhile. Of course, you are afraid. Everybody is afraid. Oh, I don't say everybody, there are fellas who don't seem to have that. We had one kid that would during a bombing raid a plane

BM: (cont.) came over he would sit up on top of a virginity and dig like a grave instead of sleeping in the open field just dig a hole and get and lay down in that hole. He would be sitting up on top there and he would be hollering and telling us where the plane was. You'd hear them. One plane scared us silly you might say. You can imagine what the poor Germans suffered in the last war with those flights of Bl7's. We weren't dancing ground out in the open but he sat up there and he would tell us where they were going whether they were going this way or that way so we could get degrees of being afraid. If they were going the other way you didn't have to be quite so scared.

LM: Did the war make any sense to the soldiers? Did it seem like trench warfare was the right way to go about it?

BM: I don't think so. We had one place that we had a water  
(50) well in between the lines. Just to show you how little it would have taken as far as the troops themselves were concerned to have cooperated and got along just as well as you would with any of your neighbors. If there was somebody getting water and filling their bottles the other party would hold off until they left. There was

Page 29  
Manley  
Accession No. LOH 78-195.3

BM: (cont.) never any shooting at that well. I think that that describes the thinking of most of the soldiers German and American and Canadians. It was doing something that supposedly you had to do to preserve your way of living. Your Government and your home which I think is rather misguided in a way. You could have settled it another way. That is the way most of them felt. I sure of that. It took very little excuses for most of them to be invalided out under any circumstances I think they would be glad to be out. I went back one time with a horrible head cold to the first field dressing and one of my platoon was there with his arm bandaged up and he told me two or three days before that he was going to shoot himself and he did. He shot himself. He wrapped his arm with sand bags and shoot through the fleshy part without breaking the bones with the rifle. That is the only one that I ever saw or talked to that was self-inflicted. There was a severe penalty for it but I don't know how you can prove it. In fact, they told me that the piece of shrapnel that they took out of my leg the doctor came in with it the next day and he said, "Manley how do you account for this being a



Page 30  
Manley  
Accession No. LOH 78-195.3

BM: (cont.) British bullet in your leg?" I looked at the darn thing I hadn't seen it before it was bent like that. I have it over there. No rifling marks on it. I said, "I sure didn't fire it out of a rifle you can see that." Well I can tell you how it happened then because a pineapple bomb landed in the trench in this machine gun post and it is common practice when you leave a machine gun post you ditch the ammunition rather than put it on your back and carry it all out. So the bottom of that trench was full of machine gun ammunition. This explosion of that pineapple bomb, it's a criller about that big around, it's so long. It packs a terrific whallop. It had broken that shell and that bullet had got knocked right out of the casing and had a little bend in it and forced into my leg. It went in back here you can feel the lump there on top. When I went to the first field dressing station and he says you tell them about that. You've got something in you leg there. Well I could see that. That is how that happened and they were a little suspicious. They didn't know how I got a British bullet in my leg. It tickled me (laughs). Then I had another experience there. They got a little suspicious

BM: (cont.) about my ya's instead of my yes. It is common with Americans they all say ya. They use that expression a lot, but the British don't use it at all, that's German. Me being a bloody American why they wondered how come I was using that expression. They never doubted my sincerity I don't think but they had to have something to think about I suppose.

(60) LM: What was the feeling like then when the Armistice was signed?

BM: It was a tremendous relief, I'll tell you. As I said the last trip out I came out on the order board the next morning "Company Sargent Major". That didn't discourage me it disappointed me. I would have loved to have had that experience in being a Company Sargent Major. But it was cancelled because I had left. They had already lost, well my platoon with about 50 men, we lost our Officer Lieutenant and the Sargent and the Senior Corporal all supposed to be in charge of the platoon. They left the machine gun section in charge of the platoon. That was my deal. I was Corporal so we made out fine. We finally ended up, myself and one man and we took our machine gun away from our number one machine

Page 32  
Manley  
Accession No. LOH 78-195.3

BM: (cont.) gun man when he got crippled. He got a hit. So Whitman took the machine gun and I grabbed another vandelier of ammunition (pans of ammunition). We advanced down to our post we had no other alternative. It wasn't a matter of charging into any sudden death we didn't have anything else to do. We either had to go or they were going to blow us up because they were shooting at us with a "Whiz-bang" that is a fifteen pound shell about a little bit smaller than our eighteen pounders they call them French seventy fives. We knew where we were going because they had air maps. We had air maps. You read your air maps just like it was your own backyard. You knew exactly where you were going. We had a trench that we were supposed to get to. They weren't shooting from that trench but they were shooting at us from an angle. We would go until we were completely winded and we'd flop down. Boy about a couple of minutes that you flopped down there they got your range. So you didn't have to have anybody tell you to get up and go again which we did and I got clipped across the back of the head just before we got into the trench. I got this machine gun bullet trip me across my head angling like

BM: (cont.) this and flipped my helmet down in front of my face. I went about two steps and then I did a big jump. I never felt like I was floating I guess it seemed like it took a half hour to get to the ground. It was the queerest sensation that I ever had in my life. I wanted to get down to that trench so bad. Whitman was already in the trench. He was ahead of me. We stuck it out there for quite a while. They didn't have any more to shoot at so we were safe enough in that trench. The Germans were holed up in a demolished house about 150 yards from where we stopped. When they decided to retire Whitman got even with them with the Lewis machine gun. I looked back and low and behold here that land that little valley that we came across the English Soldiers the limies we'd call them. A battalion of Englishmen were coming across that like they were going on parade. They were strung out in field order and. . . . (Interruption someone came into the room). The English officer jumped down into the trench and he says...I've forgotten the English accent. He wanted to know why we stopped there we were supposed to stop at the village. I said we were supposed to stop here to keep anybody

Page 34  
Manley  
Accession No. LOH 78-195.3

BM: (cont.) from entering the village. The Germans because we had the machine gun. The rest of the battalion went down through the woods and up through the village. That is where the Sargent Major got a shell across his abdomen and let his guts fall out. He was sitting there cheering the fellows on holding his belly. I would have got his job Company Sargent Major except I was invalided back to England. But they went on. After they came over we started back and you know there was dead Englishmen all over that country back through there. We had just come through lickity hell bent for leather all by ourselves. These crazy Englishmen just came marching along like they were going to a football game lined up across there. Ever since then I thought "limies are damn good men". You can't stop of course. We couldn't stop that is a cinch. If we would stopped they would have got the range on us and we would have all been blown up. No as I say it seemed like a futile way to settle questions. It leaves such a lasting impression. You lose your perspective somehow of human life. Although after I got the job over in Seaside I went as a choker setter. I started out as a wood

Page 35  
Manley  
Accession No. LOH 78-195.3

BM: (cont.) buck for a donkey engine. One day they had signaled that someone got hurt on the signal wire and the hooktender came running down the rollway and said that one of the fellows got run over and killed. I took off to see if there was anything I could do up there where they guy was, the log had rolled over him alright. There was a mud hole and he was down in the mud pretty bad and his mouth and nose and everything was just chucked full of mud. He looked dead and his color had already gotten that deathly palor. I am telling you this just to show you what getting rather accustomed to seeing people more or less mutilated by shell fire didn't bother me. I started digging the mud out of his nose and mouth after I detected a pulse beat and I handed his hat to one of the crew to dip up some rain water from a pool near by so I could wash out some of the mud. Incidentally he gave the impression of being crushed flat in the chest area but that proved to be from his being smashed down into the mud by having a log roll over him. His breathing resumed as soon as I cleared his nose and mouth of mud and he started talking rather incoherently about a fishing trip he and I had planned. He "doubted that there would

Page 36  
Manley  
Accession No. LOH 78-195.3

BM: (cont.) be any fish in that creek." By then we had him on a stretcher and the crew carried him down to the landing where the train crew took charge. His recovery was rapid and he was back on a visit in a couple of weeks.

END OF TRACK # 2