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SAILORS LIVE WELL ON BOARD MERCHANT SHIPS

United States Shipping Board Safeguards Their Interests.

NOT LIKE "GOOD OLD DAYS"

Inspectors See That Crews on American Commercial Craft Get All the Comforts That Are Coming to Them—Men Have Dining Saloons, Baths, Proper Air Space and Sanitary Beds—Food Is Ample With Same Menu for Officers and Men.

Recent appointment by the United States shipping board of inspectors, attached to its recruiting service, whose business is to see that the crews of American merchant vessels get all the comforts that are due them, has served to attract attention to the conditions under which the crews work aboard the ships of the new merchant marine.

Contrasts between living and working conditions aboard merchant vessels today and "the good old days" of the sail, as regards the crew, are startling, and all in favor of the present. Jack is now treated with consideration, and lives better, on the average, than he would live if working ashore.

As four thousand young men from factory and farm are now going into the merchant marine every month through the shipping board's training service, public interest in the way the men live aboard the nation's new cargo ships is taking on a personal aspect. The shipping board is receiving frequent inquiries on the subject. Mothers and sisters and wives—to say nothing of sweethearts—want to know if their sailor boys are getting good food and proper beds, and they are not at all backward in asking for specific information on the subject.

The shipping board is taking special pains to inform the public of conditions on ships under its control—and that means all vessels under the flag of more than 2,500 tons. As comforts on smaller ships, as well as on the larger ones, are regulated by law, it is safe to assume that every American sailor today is far better off than sailors have ever been before.

The U. S. shipping board is not confining its activities in behalf of merchant crews to legal requirements, however. Finding that mines, liberally strewn at random by the Germans in violation of the rules of civilized warfare, usually explode under the forward part of the vessel striking them, the living quarters of crews have been removed from forward to aft.

Forecables used as living and sleeping quarters for an entire crew having been proven sometimes insanitary when the crew is large, the latest American ships are being fitted with staterooms for the men, with not more than four men to a room.

Forecastle Lamp "Burned Blue."

To understand how conditions in general have improved on American vessels since the old days of the square riggers, it is only necessary for the average citizen to read of how the crew lived on an American ship bound round Cape Horn in 1836, and contrast what he has read with an inspector's report of conditions on a cargo steamer operated under authority of the shipping board today. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," a classic among sea narratives, is authority for conditions in 1836.

Dana, author of the book quoted, made the passage from California in 1836, on board the ship Alert, which was considered a smart, well found vessel. Here is what he says of the living quarters of the crew while rounding Cape Horn:

"The fore-castle was too uncomfortable to sit up in; and whenever we were below, we were in our berths. To prevent the rain and sea water which broke over the bows from washing down, we were obliged to keep the scuttle (in the deck) closed, so that the fore-castle was nearly air-tight. In this little wet, leaky hole we were all quartered, in an atmosphere so bad that our lamp, which swung in the middle from the beams, sometimes actually burned blue, with a large circle of foul air about it."

"The usual meal, day after day, for men standing hard watches in icy blasts, snow and hail, was a pot of hot tea, a hard biscuit and a slice of cold salt beef."

As to sanitary conditions, they may be judged by this entry in Dana's log covering the passage of the Cape, which lasted a month:

"Not a razor, nor a brush, nor a drop of water, except rain and spray, had come near us all the time; for we were on allowance of fresh water; and who would strip and wash himself in salt water on deck, in snow and ice, with the thermometer at zero?"

Crews Have Waiters of Their Own. What is the picture of conditions on a shipboard today, contrasted with this?

Here is a paragraph from a shipping board inspector's report on the living quarters aboard a 5,000-ton cargo steamer built in 1917 by the emergency fleet corporation and engaged in overseas traffic:

"The crew's quarters were aft. They contained 12 pipe berths, each made up with a good mattress, pillow and blankets supplied by the United States shipping board. There were 120 cubic feet of air space for each man as provided by law, and 16 feet of floor space. Each man had a berth of his own, and not more than two berths were placed in a tier.

"The fore-castle was situated aft, out of danger from mine explosions. It was ventilated by three large ports, and lighted by electric lights. Each man had a steel full-length locker for his clothes. There were shower baths for both sailors and firemen.

"The ship was fitted with a tank for ice drinking water, to which the crew had access at all times.

"Meals were served in a mess room, or dining saloon, the crew and the firemen each having a mess of their own, with a messman to serve their food. The table was clean, with good china and other accessories. At the time of my visit there were fresh peaches and tomatoes on the table, which was being set up for supper."

The luxury of this would have upset an old-time sailor man, who, when a heavy wave washed the crew's kid of beef over the lee rail in its passage from the galley, was forced to go superfluous to bed.

An interesting sidelight on the victualing of modern crews is afforded by the fact that in these times the same bill of fare is served in fore-castle and cabin on American ships. Jack gets just as much and just as good food as the officers. The bill is made out by the food administration at Washington, and is the same for all ships under the flag.

It provides ample meals, in which fresh meats abound, even on the longest voyages.

What Jack Eats When at Sea. The bill of fare which accompanies the report quoted show that Jack fares better at sea than many of the government clerks at Washington, who rely upon boarding houses and restaurants for their daily bread.

Here is a sample Monday morning breakfast:

Hominy and milk	Hot beef steak
Bread and butter	Hot boiled potatoes
	Coffee

This is Tuesday's dinner:
Barley Soup Roast Mutton
Lima beans Hot boiled potatoes
Bread and butter
Bread and butter pudding

Thursday's supper is as follows:
Baked pork and beans Corn beef hash
Hot boiled potatoes Cheese
Stewed fruit Bread and butter
Tea

Sunday's dinner bill calls for tomato soup, stewed chicken and vegetables and plum pudding. Butter is served at all three meals, and milk and sugar with coffee.

The report quoted continues: "The cooking on this ship was found to be first class, the food being well prepared and palatable. The cooks were young and intelligent, and took great pride in their work."

In order that the supply of cooks for the country's merchant ships shall not fall below the greatly increased requirements of the new fleet, the shipping board is conducting two schools for cooks and bakers, on specially fitted ships stationed at Boston and New York respectively, and is also teaching cooking to apprentices on its eight other training ships.

PORTLAND CHURCHES TO GIVE THANKS SUNDAY

Special thanksgiving services will be held in the churches of Portland next Sunday at the resumption of services after a recess of five weeks.

BIRTHS.

To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Olson, 4524 East Seventy-eighth, November 8, a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. T. U. Williams, 6135 Thirty-seventh avenue, October 29, a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Marshall, 5822 Ninety-second, October 29, a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Seward N. Finney, 9720 Sixty-fourth avenue, October 27, a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sahlman, 9651 Forty-third avenue, October 25, a son.

MARRIAGES.

Frank Fleming, 20, 540 Miller street, and Reith Jones Murphy, legal, 5417 Sixty-ninth street S. E.

For Sale.

One small cookstove, like new; nice for apartment; also sanitary couch. Call 9408 Fifty-sixth avenue S. E. Telephone, Tabor 8104.

MOTHER

J. W., in a French Newspaper.

Dear mother, when I read each tender phrase,
Each throbbing line of love you write to me,
My heart grows sad, and oft I count the days
Until at last I shall sail o'er the sea
Back, back to you and home and all I love,
And once I cursed the fate that placed me here.
But, lo! I caught a vision from above
That steeled my heart with patience, mother dear,
Before my thoughts were dark with fancied wrongs,
Of plans miscarried and of work undone,
I heard faint echoes of the old home songs
And glimpsed your loving faces, one by one.
I knew your troubles—that I could not ease—
I suffered at the worry in your heart.
I longed to rest my head upon your knees
And feel my bitter loneliness depart.
To me the war had brought out bitterness;
Brought discipline—that cut me to the raw—
And acts unjust that promised no redress
Beneath the changeless military law.
All through the days I heard the homing-call;
I saw your pleading eyes and heard your voice.
I prayed to come, I prayed to cheer you all
And in reunion let our hearts rejoice.
All useless seemed the changeless game we played
Of endless labor, unremitting drill.
It seemed 'twould be far better had I stayed
At home with you, who love and need me still.

And then I caught a vision from the skies
Of why we fight and suffer and are sad!
I saw the reason for our sacrifice,
And, seeing, lo! my heart grew strong and glad;
That I was in the ranks to fight and die,
If need be, for the millions yet unborn!
I saw the Belgian women as they lie,
The spoils of Hunnish lust, undone and torn!
Their children lifting mutilated arms
And babies caught upon the bayonet;
Their aged mothers, slaving on the farms
To feed the German hordes unconquered yet!
I saw the helpless sinking in the waves,
While German sailors laughed to see them die;
I saw a row of new-made baby graves
And distant aircraft sinking in the sky;
I saw the towns of desolated France,
The fruiting trees destroyed in senseless hate.
Oh, mother, these I saw as in a trance,
And others that my lips dare not relate!
Oh, think if we had lived in Belgium then!
If France had been our home! Oh, God on High
To picture you the toy of brutish men,
Our home destroyed, my loved ones left to die!
I see—I see at last—the reason why
We must forget the little things of life
And dry our tears and stifle every cry,
Whatever pain may issue from the strife!
Why we must battle on, with ne'er a thought
But Victory, nor stop to count the cost,
Until a sweeter Liberty is wrought
From out the old, which was so nearly lost!

My mother, cheer your heart and dry your tears,
For after while, God willing, I'll return.
We sacrifice today that, through the years,
We may enjoy the peace for which we yearn.
Forget all cares, forget all minor things;
Today we labor and tomorrow rest!
We fight for every mother as she sings
Her babe to sleep upon her throbbing breast!
We battle for the Womanhood of Earth,
For Liberty, for Honor and for Right!
Be proud, oh, mother dear, that you gave birth
To one who lived to enter such a fight!

—Contributed by Mrs. F. R. Peterson.

POPULAR PORTLAND GIRL WEDS TEXAS TIMBERMAN

At Beaumont, Texas, Miss Unis Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Jones, 4842 Sixty-fourth street S. E., was married to William C. Reed, of the Columbia Spar Company, of Beaumont, Rev. E. P. Drake, of Portland, officiated.

Miss Jones recently went to Texas on a visit and the wedding was quietly arranged. The party will motor back to Portland, stopping to visit friends en route. Miss Jones had many friends in the neighborhood of her home, and they will welcome her as Mrs. Reed with a real housewarming.

Bulletin to Housewives.
Get the best out of the last green vegetables and fruits—stews, hashes, salads, soups, scallops, plain boiled or creamed. Don't draw on the winter reserves until you have to.—Food Administration.

Hold Your Liberty Bonds.
Don't surrender your Liberty Bond, conditionally or unconditionally.

SOLDIER IN FRANCE WOUNDED SEVEN TIMES

Allen T. Gribble, formerly a member of the postal service in Portland, is recovering from seven wounds received in a close fight with the Germans, according to a letter received by his wife, Mrs. Allen T. Gribble, 7009 Sixty-second avenue S. E.

Mr. Gribble enlisted with the United States Marine Corps last April but in seven months of service he has seen some active fighting, according to Mrs. Gribble. In August he went to France, and September 13 he was temporarily put out of commission. According to his letter, three wounds in his leg did not stop him from fighting, but when he became wounded in his right wrist he was obliged to crawl to a place of safety.

To Comfort Soldiers.
Every dollar contributed to the United War Work Campaign, November 11 to 18, will be used to bring comfort to soldiers of the Allied armies.

FIRST CHOICE VOTES ELECT COMMISSIONERS

C. A. Bigelow and S. C. Pier were elected city commissioners on first-choice votes, according to the official count. To fill the two offices, 70,391 first-choice votes were cast. A majority, sufficient to elect, as defined by the city charter, then would be 17,598 votes. Official figures show Mr. Bigelow with 18,161 votes, Mr. Pier with 18,058 and Dan Kellaher with 17,277. Mr. Pier's margin is 781.

To Celebrate Anniversary

Expecting that the ban against holding open meetings will be lifted Saturday the local Society of Sons of Veterans of the Civil War and the Daughters of Veterans will hold an open meeting November 19, the anniversary of the issuance of the emancipation proclamation by President Lincoln 55 years ago. The arrangements are in charge of Charles J. Schnabel, past president of the Lincoln Memorial Association and the present commander of the local society of the Sons of Veterans of the Civil War, and Miss Caroline Sharrer, president of the local society of the Daughters of Veterans.

Death Claims Two of Family

To lose both a sister and a brother within four days was the misfortune of Mrs. Samuel J. Allen, of Woodmere. Mrs. Allen and Baby Dorris left Sunday evening for Boone, Iowa, to meet the orphaned children and bring them to reside with her. While in Boone she will be the guest of Dr. A. W. Crary, and Prof. M. A. Crary. She will stop one day in Kearney, Neb., guest of Captain Leich, and Mrs. Beaman (nee Gladys McSloy), recently of Lents; in Omaha she will stop for a short visit with Mrs. Millar, of Grand Chapter, O. E. S., State of Nebraska.

BIRTHS.

To Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Williams, 6135 Thirty-seventh avenue, October 29, a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Marshall, 5822 Ninety-second, October 29, a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Lomas, 2055 East Burnside, October 27, a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Steward N. Finney, 9720 Sixty-fourth avenue, October 27, a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Fred William Sahlman, 9651 Forty-third avenue, October 25, a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Burroughs, 4704 Fifty-ninth, October 31, a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harrison L. Barnes, 6904 Fortieth street, October 21, a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Elle, 6503 Sixty-second avenue, November 1, a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tesdal, 3816 Sixty-eighth, October 31, a son.

Hold Your Liberty Bonds.

Some get-rich-quick concerns are endeavoring to persuade patriotic Liberty bond holders, whom they know will not sell outright their Liberty bonds to these companies as security for a loan and with the money thus borrowed purchase stock in their companies.

Every holder of a Liberty bond before he disposes of it, and especially before he trades it for stocks or other bonds, should consult a bank. Much money will be thereby saved to the owners of Liberty bonds and the finances of the American people be better conserved.

Boy Killed by Motor

MacArthur Williams, nine-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Williams, was run over and killed Sunday evening by an automobile driven by D. P. Newman, at Sixty-ninth and Division streets.

House for Sale.

Four-room house and lot, 50x175, near car, with household furniture, chickens, etc. Going away and must make quick sale. Favorable terms to right party. Call on Mrs. Alice Hamann, 40410 Fifty-sixth avenue S. E.

Girl Accidentally Shot.

Rosy Beterno, aged five, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Beterno, of East Eighty-sixth street and Powell Valley road, was seriously wounded when she was struck by a stray bullet while playing near her home Monday.

For Sale Cheap.

Horse, wagon, harness, plow and cultivator, for sale cheap. Mrs. A. A. Rindle, near Wilson Station.

Wanted—Someone to do plain family sewing in exchange for piano lessons. Call Tabor 4518.

MONSTER PEACE CELEBRATION TO BE HELD NOV. 28

The monster peace celebration planned for Saturday has been postponed to November 28, Thanksgiving day. This decision was reached by the committee in charge at the suggestion of Mayor Baker, who had been advised from Washington, D. C., to the effect that this will be the program at the national capital.

Churches will be opened Thanksgiving morning where services of gratitude for the salvation of civilization will be held and the entire afternoon devoted to the mammoth military and civilian parade and their festivities. As Thanksgiving is a holiday, it may be devoted in its entirety to the celebration with a clear conscience.

SOLDIER APPRECIATES NEWS IN THE HERALD

Arcadia, Cal., Nov. 6, 1918—Editor The Herald: I found this piece of poetry in Trench and Camp, a camp paper published at many of the large camps, and I thought that you would like to publish it, so am sending it along.

You will remember me as having worked for the New Method Laundry for five years. Mr. McDougall sends me the Lents paper every week, and I am always glad when the day of its arrival rolls around.

With best wishes for your success, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
CORPORAL H. M. BURNHAM,
38th, Balloon Company, Arcadia, California.

My First Night in Camp

In there with my two thin blankets
As thin as a slice of ham.
A German spy was likely the guy
Who made them for Uncle Sam.
How did I sleep? Don't kid me,
My bed sack is filled with straw
And lumps and humps and big fat bumps
That punched me till I'm raw.

Me and my two thin blankets
As thin as the last thin dime.
As thin as a chorus girl's dress, I guess,
Well I had a hell of a time.
I'd pull them up from the bottom,
My nightie's my B. V. D.'s,
A couple of yanks to cover my shanks
And then my toes would freeze.

You could use them for porous plasters,
Or pillow to strain the soup,
My pillows my shoes, when I try to snooze
And I've chillblains, cough and croup.
Me and my two thin blankets,
Bundled up under my chin.
Yes, a German spy was likely the guy,
And gosh, but he made them thin.

Lents Evangelical Church.

The ban will be lifted. The regular services will be resumed at the Evangelical Church, Lents, next Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school at 9:45, and preaching at 11 A. M., Young People's meeting at 6:30, and preaching at 7:30 P. M. The church services both morning and evening will be devoted to "Thoughts for Thanksgiving for the Allied Victory in the World War." Our whole church and Sunday school should be present to celebrate this thanksgiving for victory over autocracy and militarism. The cause for this celebration is one of the greatest in the history of the world. All are most heartily invited. "Come let us make a joyful noise unto the Lord."

THE PASTOR.

Who Wants to Help?

An aged woman living in Lents is out of wood. A friend living east of town has plenty of wood and wants to contribute a cord to keep the widow's house warm. Who will bring the wood to town? Who owns a machine, and wants to do a good turn. Call at The Herald office.

DEATHS.

November 13, at 6587 Eighty-first street S. E., Benjamin R. Jordan, age 1 year. Funeral services conducted at the funeral parlors of A. D. Kenworthy & Co., Lents.

Richard H. Baker, 9529 Forty-fifth, November 10, 3 months.

William Brimmer, 7403 Sixty-second, November 8, 45 years.

Popular Fall Styles for Men

UNCLE SAM FURNISHER OF LIBERTY MEN TAILORS