

## Vancouver and Vicinity

By Doris Mae Williams

Mrs. Carroll Johnson, a scaler on the ways, is ill following a fall from a scaffolding Tuesday night. Suffering severe shock and a pain in the side, Mrs. Johnson has been off from work several days.

Mrs. John Menefee, a chipper on the ways, is laid up with a sore foot and a slight illness. The accident of dropping the steel on his foot which caused several days lay-off, was not serious and no bones were broken.

Mr. Jessie Mayes, a newcomer in these parts, is employed by the Kaiser company in Vancouver. After serving nine months in the Armed Forces at Camp Walters, Texas, he was discharged and is now working in the shipyards to help towards victory.

Mr. Dillie Hunter, a veteran of World War I, is an employee of Kaiser Co. in Vancouver as a welder. Mr. Hunter formerly served with the 25th Infantry overseas for 14 months, his permanent residence is at El Paso, Tex.

Pvt. Eugene Gillispe has returned to the States after doing overseas duty for seven months and is now attached to the Barnes hospital staff. Pvt. Gillispe has been in the Army for thirty-seven months.

T-5 Otis T. Cramer is back in the States after serving a number of months in England with the quartermaster corps. Cramer is now stationed with the Brooke General hospital division of Ft. Houston, Texas.

Mrs. Reba McMath, formerly a scaler on the ways, is back to work after a 30-day layoff and is now employed as a shipwrights helper. We are proud her illness is over and hope she remains well and continues her efforts for victory.

Mrs. Ada Myles, a scaler lead-woman on the ways at Kaiser Co. was reported to have made this remark to Mrs. Alberta Johnson: "I am going to warm up and kick somebody's pants." We had the pleasure of scaling along beside Myles prior to her becoming leader of a group of workers and she seemed to have been an awful nice woman to know and work with. The women resent her attitude very much, but as it is impossible to transfer from one type of employment to another they are forced to accept her threats in order to keep their jobs. There are any number of Negro women eligible and have seniority to become leaders but are seldom given the opportunity to prove their ability as leaders.

Mrs. E. C. Steward of 145-A Wintler Drive, Bagley Downs, is back to work, after being laid off by her attending physician for a rest. Mrs. Steward was formerly hired as a scaler. But since coming back to the yard is now a shipwright helper. She is greatly missed by all the old gang, but the doctor knows best and we are indeed glad her conditions permits her to be back to work again. Even not a member of the scaler family any more we will be able to see and greet her as she is still working our shift.

After reading an article in the Negro Digest I am more than ever of the opinion that we as a race must live our lives to prove that in every respect we are and will for ever be an intelligent people. It seems to me that there are some people that are still inclined to believe that we are unclean and offensive, that if ever a law was passed against discrimination and we as a people were given an equal chance that who so ever hired one in his office would be compelled to wear a gas mask in order to keep from suffocating. What I never will comprehend is this, why if the Negro is so all fired filthy,—would any one want him handling the food that goes into their stomachs? Are ethics more to a race than bare

necessities of life? Are people in a civilized world more careful about who they wash after than who they eat after? Since being employed in public work I am inclined to dispute the theory that when a white man sweats salt comes out of the skin and kills the odor. For so long the Negro was forced to the hardest type of work, longest, hours less pay, poorest living quarters and every disadvantage known. Yet in spite of all handicaps he has made a sure and steady advance. Is this the reason by any means for the hard knocks given him? As for sweat it is like bullets, it knows no color line and any one getting warm by doing hard work in a hot place I guarantee will sweat and I am sure there is no perspiration odor that is pleasant. It is common knowledge deodorants were not invented for Negroes. So far no one or group has bathed themselves with the doing of anything of value for the colored people except find fault. So it is up to us to live down all false accusations obtaining to put a blot on our character.

## VANPORT and Vicinity

By Mrs. E. P. Mims

W. M. Byrdson, 2408 Cottonwood St., and Mr. W. M. Talley of Vanport City, spent the week end in Seattle, Washington. They report having a great time and O! what a relief from the noise of the ships and chippers.

Picnicking in Seattle are Misses Quiller Jackson, Mr. Ernest Russell and Miss Gladys Baker.

Private Booker T. Kemper of New Orleans, now stationed at Vancouver Barracks, was the dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Waldon, 2402 N. Cottonwood St., Apartment 458.

Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand Thomas have returned from an extended vacation to their native state of Kentucky. They had a swell time visiting friends at their old homestead and a grand time motoring back in their beautiful Buick. They were accompanied on their return trip by Mrs. Thomas' mother who says she is "just wild about the City of Roses." The little daughter of Mrs. Thomas, Theresa and her brother Bertram Jr. also expressed their liking for Portland. Looks as if we have some permanent guests.

Mrs. Dora Gozey of 3828 Victory Blvd., one of Vanport's top-notch beauticians, is planning to open an elaborate beauty salon in the near future. She has not decided on the location as yet. We wish her much success.

Bring your news for the PORTLAND INQUIRER to the Branch Office at 2410 Cottonwood, Apt. 505. Phone: WEBster 1534. Fred and Elsa Mims in charge.

Mr. Bolen Nelson of 11811 Meadows, succumbed to a heart attack at 3:30 o'clock Sunday while visiting friends, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Eaton at 3810 Victory Blvd., Apt. 2097.

## VITAL STATISTICS.

### Clark County-City

#### BIRTHS

Larce Dillard — Eunice Marie Burks, a daughter, Deloris Dillard, born August 11, 1944.

#### DEATHS

Majorie T. Simmons, died August 15, 1944.

### Multnomah County MARRIAGES

Yofe, Ora, 2722 N. Interstate, to Otto Mar Gwendola Beverreaux, 2272 N. Interstate, on August 16, 1944.

#### NOTICE

Due to lack of space we are forced to leave out several features of The Portland Inquirer. We will print them when we have more space or give you a bigger Portland Inquirer.

## THE INVASION OF SOUTHERN FRANCE

(The following dispatch was filed on August 17 by Ollie Harrington, Pittsburgh Courier war correspondent, and one of two Negro war correspondents representing the Combined United States Press during the invasion of Southern France.)

By OLLIE HARRINGTON  
WITH AIRBORNE TROOPS  
OVER SOUTHERN FRANCE— I have just returned from the invasion points over Southern France where I'd flown with the huge glider force on D-day not long after the first waves hit the beach.

In all honesty, I must admit that this is probably the most pleasant invasion of all time, and the last minute letters which I wrote my wife, my mother, and my Simon Legree editor, Bill Nunn, now seem frightfully silly. I frankly hope they may be lost in the mails.

I am quite sure that my friends back home are experiencing more hell in ten minutes of the August heat and humidity than I did in almost six hours over Adolph's impregnable fortress.

From our altitude, the French countryside looked peaceful and serene and like New England countryside. The only difference was that thousands of parachutes flittered the meadows. The plowed fields below presented a quiet holiday pattern and the only element missing in this nostalgic rural scene was the absence of grazing livestock. I didn't find this surprising however, considering the fact that the master race mob moved out.

One of my most pleasant aspects of the invasion was the crew of the C-47 in which we rode. They were without exception the swellest bunch of guys I've yet shackled up with. The pilot, Lt. Roger Coleson of Fairbault, Minn., and the co-pilot, Lt. Gene Feckler, St. Louis, are both, despite their extreme youth, veterans of the troop carrier trade. The navigator, Lt. Alex Pakowitz of Brooklyn, N. Y., slept most of the time on what he called the milk run.

There was nothing heroic about any of them, yet all carried Distinguished Flying Crosses with Oak Leaf Clusters buried away somewhere in their barracks bags. After much coaxing, I discovered that they had gotten them for a job in Burma supporting the legendary General Wingate's Army on the Imphal drive with Col. Corkin, the Flip Corkin of Terry and the Pirates.

These fellows had one gripe. They knew Joe Louis was somewhere around, but some general had decided to pull this invasion before they had a chance to see the champ go through his paces.

Just before takeoff time, the pilot of the glider to be towed by our ship walked up with a cherry pie captured on a foray the night before. He suddenly rushed over and smacked me in the pit of the stomach which at the time was not very strong.

"Well, I'll be damned if it isn't Press!" he shouted, "where in hell have you been?"

Then I recognized my old friend, Lt. Ed. Hansen of Alhambra, Cal., one of the hottest glider pilots in the business. I hadn't seen him for months and since then he too had picked up a Distinguished Flying Cross with a heap of other decorations in Burma.

"Where's Sid Williams?" he wanted to know and I told him Sid left Liberty Club in Naples to get back to the Urban League in Cleveland. Then we all squatted down in the shadow of the big wing and, through huge mouthfuls of prized pie washed down by water from gasoline drum, batted the breeze. Before we'd wound up it seems that my name had become Press and there was nothing I could do about it.

Hansen and co-pilot Lt. Jerry Sonken of New York insisted that I ride in their glider and I had a hell of a job explaining to them that there were a couple of gremlins in the front office back in Pittsburgh who'd be foaming at the mouth if I didn't hurry back in the C-47 in time to write some invasion stuff.

"But Pittsburgh's 6,000 miles from here and they can't do nothing to you," piped up Crew Chief Lyle Fenlason from Fairfield, Me.

"No, they can't do nothing but throw me off the payroll," I answered.

So I rode the freight car and when we got over the target, I looked back through the open door of our ship as the glider pulled away in a slow bank. There, grinning, were Hansen and Sonken with the right thumb and index finger in the "so long" sign. I returned the sign and hoped they'd be okay.

America needs guys like that. I figured that if I had to have bad luck, I'd like it to happen with fellows like that. They are the kind of guys that Crispus Attucks went down with.

## Conference Meets at Bethel A.M.E.

(Continued from Page 1)

est amount of money. Mrs. Polk received an award for having the second largest attendance and Mrs. Duncan an award for raising the second largest amount of money.

Following two minutes of prayer in memory of departed dignitaries of the church, came the naming of officers and members to the Women's Missionary Society.

The reading of a Resolution thanking every one who had helped in the Conference was adopted by a standing vote, and after the appointments had been read, the Conference closed.

J. E. Roberts was returned to Tacoma, Rev. Hayes to Seattle, Everett Williams to Bremerton and lastly what everyone was waiting to hear, Rev. B. C. Allen was to stay in Portland at Bethel.

Special mention was given to the chefs and men of the S. P. & S. railroad who gave their time free to the Conference to prepare meals for the delegates and guests.

## Babe's Meal-Planning Corner

This week we have a recipe sent by one of our readers, that will make the family ask for more. This recipe is not to keep slender, and you who string beans, will have to ask for small portions. More food for hubby and the kiddies—

Did I fail to mention that we are trying to (with the aid of our good readers) go easy on those precious ration points. How do you like that?

Ladies, we are still asking you for your recipes.

Why not send us oodles of them by the end of the week?

This recipe was sent to us by

Mrs. Doris Mae Williams,  
11917 Meadows  
Gulds Lake.

### MOCK CHICKEN

#### Recipe of the Week

1 1/2 Tablespoons fat  
4 Tablespoons flour  
1/2 Cup Milk

1 Cup cooked tomatoes  
4 Eggs  
Salt to taste  
Large onion (finely chopped)  
Pinch of sage.

#### METHOD:

Fry onion, two egg whites and flour until brown—the success of the recipe depends upon getting this mixture brown enough. Cook with constant stirring until it all but burns. Add the two egg yolks and cook until it thickens in the frying pan. Add the salt, sage and tomatoes. This is also suitable for sandwiches.

LADIES . . follow Mrs. Williams recipe with more good recipes each week. Just put your recipe on a postcard and send it to The Portland Inquirer at 2736 N.E. Rodney, zone 12, and we will publish one each week. You may send as many as you wish to send.

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## CLUB TO BE FORMED

All women employed in Industry in the Portland-Vancouver area are invited by the Y. W. C. A. to join a club which is to be formed. The club is for those interested mainly in recreation of all kinds, but you are invited to come and help form the club if you are just interested in meeting other girls and women of your own community and other neighborhoods.

The first meeting to form the club will be held in Community Building No. 6 in Vanport on Wednesday evening, August 30, at 8 p. m.

Ladies: The grand advantages offered to you through membership in the Y. W. C. A. are yours for the asking. Why not come out and meet some really worth while people who are interested in your welfare. They want to help you have a good time and help you to help yourself. So come out on Wednesday night, will you, ladies?