

Byrd's Ship Boasts Remarkable Record

Service and Adventure Written Large in Log

Washington.—"The Bear of Oakland, sturdy steamship which brought Rear Admiral Byrd and members of his expedition safely back from their year long vigil in Antarctica, has a name that stirs the hearts of sea dogs," says the National Geographic society.

"Gales and high seas of three-score years have whipped over the broad decks of the barkentine, but like punches bouncing off the unyielding shoulders of a heavyweight champion, all have been turned aside," continues the bulletin.

"Adventure and service to mankind are written large in the pages of the Bear log-book. No polar explorer lives who is not familiar with her stout career, and several there are who have paced her staunch oak decks—Byrd, Greely, Stefansson, Amundsen, and Capt. 'Bob' Bartlett, to name a few. She was the first to meet Lieutenant Greely marooned on the Arctic ice in 1884.

"Her crew maintained law and order in the frozen outposts of America during the Alaskan gold rush, long before radio had come into general use. Her commanding officers were often called upon to conduct funeral rites and marriage ceremonies during the long period of her service in the U. S. Coast Guard, from 1886-1928.

Built in Scotland.

"Whaling men knew and loved her for the occasions on which she went to their rescue in the icy fastnesses of the North. When the bark Napoleon was wrecked in the ice near Cape Navarin, Siberia, the Bear put out to sea immediately, following a route described on a piece of board passed from one native village to another.

"She has schooled many salty seamen in the uncharitable ways of ice, wind, and ocean. A dozen of them reside in the City of Washington today. Rear Admiral H. G. Hamlet, present commandant of the U. S. Coast Guard, served three assignments aboard 'the old Bear' as

he affectionately recalls her. His assistant, Capt. L. C. Covell, was the skipper of the Bear in 1925 and 1926.

"A barkentine with auxiliary steam power, the Bear was built at Greenock, Scotland, in 1874, for service in the whaling trade. Constructed of solid oak, she is strongly braced to cushion the shock of ice. She is 200 feet long, weighs 703 tons, and has a depth of 18 feet, and a beam of 32 feet. When the United States government wanted a real boat to bring Greely out of the Arctic, the Bear seemed a logical purchase.

"Reinforced with additional beams, iron straps, and Australian iron bark, the Bear, commanded by Lieut. W. H. Emory, U. S. N., and a volunteer crew of navy men, set out with a relief expedition under Commander Winfield Scott Schley. Schley was the commodore who la-

ter led the famous Flying Squadron against Cervera during the Spanish-American war. The Thetis and the Alert went out after Greely with the Bear.

Rescued Greely.

"Speed and ruggedness made it possible for the Bear to reach the Greely party first. Her arrival was none too soon. Only seven of the 25 men who set out with the explorer were alive when the Bear crew reached them in the summer of 1884. There are few more thrilling tales than the story of this gallant rescue in the frozen Arctic. Greely was brought back to Portsmouth, N. H., in August on Commodore Schley's boat.

"The Revenue Cutter service, which is today U. S. Coast Guard, received the Bear for service in Alaskan waters and the Arctic ocean. Here began its long career of rescue and patrol work, after which it was donated to the City of Oakland, Calif.

"Admiral Byrd bought the Bear, now the Bear of Oakland, in May, 1932. Refitted at Boston, it sailed with the Byrd Antarctic Expedition II."

Lights of New York By L. L. STEVENSON

New York's "slave markets" are in the Bronx. Every day colored women, old and young, line up at Westchester avenue and Southern boulevard and at Prospect avenue and East One Hundred and Sixty-first street, to sell themselves into temporary bondage at so much an hour. Ragged, down-at-the-heel, hungry, they await the appearance of possible purchasers of their services sometimes with chatter and laughter but more often with grim silence. There is no assurance of employment and the walk to and from Harlem is long, especially when the stomach is empty and the shoes so thin that feet all but touch the concrete. The "slave market"—those who line up and wait supplied that name—is the last hope. If the employer doesn't come along, there will be more hunger and possibly eviction, since Harlem landlords do not care to wait for their rent.

Those who make purchases at the "slave market" are housewives of

the vicinity. Shrewd in bargaining, desiring to make every penny count, their offers are always low. Follows an auction of sorts. But the one with work has all the advantage. Household tasks may await another day but hunger—and landlords—won't. In the end, there is capitulation since need makes it seem better to take from 12½ to 15 cents an hour for hard and heavy work that in good times brought 50 cents an hour, than it is to walk back to Harlem penniless. Also the employment is only temporary and there is always the hope that there will be a change for the better.

One of the biggest reasons for the existence of the "slave markets" is the fact that there are practically no jobs for colored men. Jobs such as porters, waiters, washroom attendants, messengers, etc., that once were filled only by colored men have been taken over by whites since the depression. Harlem mothers and wives, as well as single women, have always worked. But present conditions have placed an additional burden on them.

Speaking of colored people, there was the little girl in the school out at Long Island who told her teacher her name was "Fee-mal-ee" Jones. Asked to spell the first name, she replied, "Female." It seems that when she was born, her parents were unable to decide on a name, so at the hospital the blank was filled in (Female) Jones. The parents taking that as official, from then on called her, "Fee-mal-ee."

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THE SIGNAL



"The hostess said the affair was to be strictly informal."
"That makes the girls dress up all right all right."

French Fear Curse in Man Made Gold

See Civilization's Fate at Inventor's Mercy.

Paris.—Will the world welcome the invention of a powerful death ray?

How will men greet an invention which will permit anyone to produce gold at home cheaply?

Will not these discoveries mean the end of our civilization?

These are questions that Frenchmen in all walks of life are asking themselves these days as the result of the announcement of Jan Dunkowsky, Polish engineer and "modern alchemist," that he has achieved the two discoveries. He has already proved to one expert his ability to make gold cheaply, and he has demonstrated to journalists the effectiveness of his death ray, on a reduced scale.

Everything in France ends in laughter, but the French amusement at Dunkowsky's original experiments is beginning to be turned into a feeling of annoyance.

During those two years that Dunkowsky spent in a Paris prison for having falsely claimed that he could produce gold, the public laughed good naturedly at him and looked upon him as just an eccentric. During those two years Dunkowsky was allowed to leave his cell and visit a city laboratory, where he worked to prove that he was not a swindler.

Takes Refuge in Italy.

After serving his time, Dunkowsky took refuge with his family in a villa at Saint Remo, Italy, where he continued his experiments. He wanted eventually to prove that he was not a fake and then have his conviction in the French courts reversed.

Recently Maitre Legrand, his attorney, announced that Dunkowsky had achieved his goal. Monsieur Bonn, a chemist attached as expert to the French law courts, went down to St. Remo. He spent six hours in Dunkowsky's villa applying the Pole's method to auriferous earth. At the end of the experiment Bonn issued a statement declaring that in his opinion the technique devised by Dunkowsky did in fact extract a larger quantity of gold from the earth than would be possible by methods now in use.

Bonn said no fraud was possible. He made a careful examination of the apparatus beforehand. The earth brought by Bonn was divided into three lots. Dunkowsky's "Zeta" rays and then complicated chemical processes were used on the first lot of earth, as the result of which two small globules of gold emerged.

The second lot produced no gold because it was not submitted to the Zeta rays even though it underwent the same complicated chemical processes as the first lot. The third lot was submitted to the rays but to no further treatment. This lot is being sent to Paris for examination.

Tells How Rays Work.

Dunkowsky explained the action of the Zeta rays as follows:

"The bombardment of the gold by the rays causes it to mature from its 'embryo form' in a quarter of an hour instead of the great number of centuries required for this transformation hitherto."

Bonn says the Dunkowskys have been living by their gold production for the last two years.

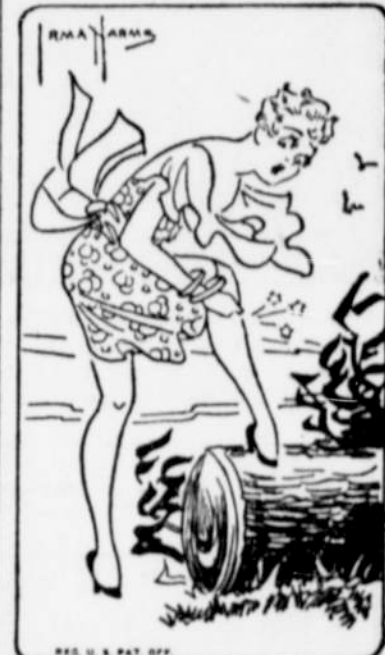
Not content with his gold making, Dunkowsky suddenly offered to France the invention of the death ray in exchange for his rehabilitation in a rehearing of the trial which condemned him for fraud in connection with his invention for extracting gold from auriferous earth.

The same newspaper men who had been crowding into the villa to make gold now crowded back in

again to see another demonstration.

Dunkowsky explained that airplanes could be brought down with his death ray by using two streams of rays and crossing them on the object aimed at, thus producing a short circuit. He tried the trick on a toy airplane and it burst into flames.

GABBY GERTIE



"There's always some curious mosquito around when a girl says 'If you don't like it you can lump it.'"

Alibi Runs Speeder to Hospital, Then Court

Cleveland.—A "perfect alibi" failed, so John Gilbert had to appear before Police Judge Jacob Stachel to answer charges of speeding 64 miles an hour down an East side street here. When a motor cycle policeman stopped Gilbert, the latter said he was taking his wife to a hospital. Huston sped ahead of the Gilbert car with siren screaming, clearing the way of traffic and pedestrians. At the hospital, attaches said Gilbert had made no reservations, doctors said nothing was wrong with Mrs. Gilbert, and Huston booked Gilbert for speeding.

Mouse Broadcasts Howls; Police Operator Frets

Wichita, Kan.—A mouse broadcast for two days over Wichita's police station, practically driving Dispatcher "Bing" Crosby nuts. No one knew the cause of the distortion that made the radio howl until Sergt. Ray Mitchell got to looking about. He found the dead mouse in the transmitter.

Makes "Face" at Sister and Disjoins His Neck

Nelson, Calif.—Small Curtis Terrell, to frighten his young sister Albertine, "made a face at her." So perfect was small Curtis Terrell's pantomime that he not only sent his sister screaming but he also threw a neck vertebra out of joint, and had to be taken to the hospital.

Bowler, 80, Rolls 555

Memphis, Tenn.—Memphis bowlers, celebrating in honor of their oldest adherent of the sport, were treated to an exhibition by Jim Kelly on his eightieth birthday. The elderly man rolled three games—160, 171 and 224—for a total of 555.

House Built in 1793 Razed

Winston-Salem, N. C.—A 142-year old landmark has been torn down here. It was a nine room house built in 1793 by Romelus Tesh. Its timbers, all hand hewn, were reported "remarkably preserved."

Plan to Restore Old Coolidge Home

May Be Preserved as Historical Monument.

New York.—Mrs. Calvin Coolidge recently revealed a plan to restore the old Coolidge birthplace in Plymouth, Vt., where Calvin Coolidge became President by kerosene light, for preservation as an historical monument. His widow states in the June Good Housekeeping, that John G. Sargent, attorney general under Coolidge, heads a committee now proceeding with the project.

"There could be no more fitting memorial to our thirtieth President," Mrs. Coolidge says, "nor one which would be more in keeping with his natural taste. Undoubtedly he gave some consideration to the matter himself and for that reason made extensive repairs. In building the six-room addition to his father's house, he was particular that no change should be made in the original structure."

Coolidge's only monument today is a simple five-foot granite stone in the Plymouth cemetery, similar to that of his son, Calvin, Jr., but Plymouth Notch itself, with its country store, church, Coolidge homestead and cheese factory, is so identified with Coolidge that it attracts tourists in increasing numbers.

"While Father Coolidge was alive he welcomed visitors to his home," Mrs. Coolidge relates, "invited them

into the sitting room, and posed for innumerable pictures. Since his death the housekeeper has continued to admit callers as generally as her time and strength have permitted. Women in the vicinity have brought pieces of their handwork for sale. I think that Mr. Coolidge refrained from placing a ban upon this because he realized how much it meant to these people in an out-of-the-way community to realize a little pin money."

The Coolidge correspondence, written with proverbial Coolidge caution, is already filed in the Library of Congress. Charles A. Andrews, treasurer of Amherst college, in the same issue of the magazine says Coolidge once said to him: "They will not find any 'Dear Maria' letters among my papers. I did not have any private or semi-private correspondence. I brought nothing home with me."

A typical non-committal Coolidge letter is quoted: "My dear Mr. Field: Thank you for your letter of the twenty-first instant. I shall certainly have your views in mind when I come to act upon this matter. Calvin Coolidge."

Mr. Andrews also recalls this prophetic statement Coolidge made four days before his death:

"I am too old for my years. I suppose the carrying of responsibility as I have done takes its toll. I'm afraid I'm all burned out."