

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, Stefenson, 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 708 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."

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."

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