

Christmas Dinner On A Battleship



By Charles Frederick Wadsworth

MR. AND MRS. BLANK, let us say, are having some of their kinfolks for Christmas dinner, on a farm, ranch or plantation, or in a cottage somewhere in America.

The conversation turns to a boy of the neighborhood who is in the navy. "I wonder what Frank is doing today," wonders Uncle George.

"And what he is having for Christmas dinner," Aunt Josie speculates.

"Navy beans and sowbelly, I betcha," opines Grandpa, who served in the Civil war.

"Let's see," says Pa. "Frank's on a battleship, isn't he?"

"Yes, it's the Arkansas." This information from Ma.

"Then he'll have a swell feed," comments little Bill, who reads a lot and thinks maybe he will join the navy himself some day.



Just to satisfy the curiosity of Pa and Ma Blank, Aunt Josie, Uncle George, Grandma, Grandpa, little Bill, and the neighbors generally, suppose we all step into the quartermaster's office on the U. S. S. Arkansas and sit at a mahogany desk with Chief Commissary Steward Jimmy East and find out all about what the boys on a battleship have to eat at Christmas time.

"First," says Chief Jimmy, as he takes out his fountain pen and reaches for a sheet of letter paper with "U. S. S. Arkansas" printed at the top. "I'll give you the menu we served last Christmas."

Here it is:

- MENU**
- Celery Hearts Olives Sweet Pickles
 - Fruit Cocktail
 - Cream of Tomato Soup
 - Saltines
 - Roast Young Turkey
 - Oyster Dressing
 - Cranberry Sauce
 - Giblet Gravy
 - Mashed Potatoes
 - Green Peas
 - Cauliflower
 - Candied Sweet Potatoes
 - Butter Sauce
 - Hot Finger-Rolls
 - Tomato and Lettuce Salad
 - Thousand Island Dressing
 - Assorted Fruits Nuts Hard Candy
 - Hot Mince Pie
 - Ice Cream
 - Chocolate Cake
 - Coffee
 - Cigars and Cigarettes

"That dinner," says Chief Jimmy, "was served to the crew of 1,100, at a cost of \$1.10 per man. In addition, the crew had as guests 200 orphans and other needy children."

"Is that customary?" Chief Jimmy was asked.

"Yes, the crews of ships in port make that a regular practice," was the reply. "Last Christmas the Arkansas was in port at San Diego."

It was suggested that the quantities of food required for Christmas dinner on a battleship might astonish some of the folks "back home."

And Chief Jimmy made this memorandum of the main items, reading each aloud as he put it down:

- Celery, 400 lbs.; olives, 20 gals.; canned tomatoes, 150 lbs.; crackers, 200 lbs.; turkey, 1,200 lbs.; cranberries, 300 lbs.; Irish Potatoes, 600 lbs.; sweet potatoes, 600 lbs.; green peas, 200 lbs.; cauliflower, 300 lbs.; hot rolls, 2,400; ham, 400 lbs.; lettuce, 200 lbs.; fresh fruit, 1,200 lbs.; nuts, 300 lbs.; candy, 500 lbs.; pies, 200; ice cream, 40 gals.; cigars, 1,100; cigarettes, 1,100 pkgs.; coffee, 100 lbs.

At this point Grandma might well have exclaimed: "My gracious! Six hundred pounds of Irish potatoes! It would take a week to peel them!"

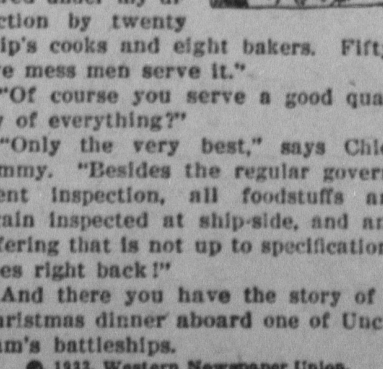
"How about that, Chief? Do you have any labor-saving devices in the galley?" ("Kitchen" to landlubbers.)

"Oh, yes," says Chief Jimmy. "The potatoes are peeled by power peelers, of which we have two, each with a capacity of a hundred-pound sack in approximately five minutes. But the boys dig out the eyes with paring knives in the good old-fashioned way. We also have eight navy standard oil-burning ranges, and twelve steam boilers, each of sixty-gallon capacity, for vegetables and so forth. The meal is prepared under my direction by twenty ship's cooks and eight bakers. Fifty five mess men serve it."

"Of course you serve a good quality of everything?"

"Only the very best," says Chief Jimmy. "Besides the regular government inspection, all foodstuffs are again inspected at ship-side, and any offering that is not up to specifications goes right back!"

And there you have the story of a Christmas dinner aboard one of Uncle Sam's battleships.



Zaharoff, at 84, Lonely Old Man

World's Leading "Peddler of Death" for Many Years Fears End.

Sir Basil Zaharoff, whose lucrative manufacture of armaments has brought thousands of men to see the face of death, is taking elaborate precautions to postpone his own meeting with the Grim Reaper, Morris Gilbert, N. E. A. Service writer, tells us, in the New York World-Telegram.

Sir Basil is now eighty-four, a lonely old man and a recluse, seldom seen, always guarded. He sees few indeed of the great people who sought his help in building up their armaments. In fact, he sees almost no one. He seldom ventures out of doors except when the weather is very good. Two doctors are in attendance on him continually, and one or the other sits at his bedside at night while a low light burns. Somehow Sir Basil Zaharoff doesn't like the dark.

A strange and silent end draws near for the man who has always led a strange and silent life.

Sir Basil, armament salesman deluxe to Europe, Asia and other continents for more than fifty years, has gained incalculable wealth by peddling death in the form of high explosives, machine guns, submarines, heavy artillery and ordinary rifles to any country that had the cash.

The Turkey-born Greek-Frenchman-Briton (Sir Basil personally embodies the true cosmopolitanism of the International armament ring) was always a mystery.

His big house in the Avenue Hoche, near the Etoile in Paris, is shuttered, save for the ground floor where his famous built-in window boxes flourish. Years ago he defied the local police regulations prohibiting such contrivances by having them built behind glass.

Behind the secrecy which surrounds the aged plutocrat, his routine of life is fairly simple. It is the routine of any old man of great wealth nursing his dwindling physique. In winter and early spring he lives in Monte Carlo—though his once far-famed ownership of the Casino there has now been liquidated.

Later in the year he lives in his luxurious London home. Then, in autumn he comes back to Paris.

Only one intimate shares his declining years. This is Mackenzie, Captain Mackenzie, dour, powerful, discreet and Scotch. Mackenzie is his "secretary" by title, but he serves also as Sir Basil's bodyguard, valet and nurse.

Sir Basil and Mackenzie have been associated so long and so closely that Sir Basil rarely has to speak any more. He has got out of the habit of speaking. Instead, he snaps his fingers. Mackenzie understands.

Two more men keep vigil by Sir Basil Zaharoff's side. They are almost as intimate with him as Mackenzie. Both are Greeks, the elderly Levantine billionaire having perhaps returned in spirit to his beginnings; which took place in 1849 in a humble mud-walled Turkish village called Mighla.

Both also are doctors. People used to think they were bodyguards, because when he went strolling on the Riviera a few years ago, they always walked respectfully ten paces behind Zaharoff. But this is not so. Mackenzie was the man who fended off the beggars and the press. The doctors walked behind him because of the possibility of sudden illness.

And that is why, according to informed persons, they sit up with him, turn and turn about all night, by his bedside, where the light is never extinguished.

Sir Basil doesn't even trust food very much. Whatever passes his lips is boiled or otherwise sterilized.

But two personal physicians aren't enough for Sir Basil when he is in Monte Carlo. There, each winter,

two others, Doctors Boyer and Marsan, are constantly at his disposal. While he is on the Riviera, these two physicians scarcely dare to leave their homes for fear of missing a telephoned summons from their patient. And with reason, for the summonses come often—on provocations which in anybody having less money than Zaharoff would seem ridiculous.

Sir Basil spends most of his time inside four walls these days. He goes outdoors for about an hour a day when the weather is good.

The horses and carriages in which he used to be transported in his public appearances are used only occasionally now. Instead, he has a Rolls-Royce; and when the sun is especially bright, a wheel chair.

Sir Basil hasn't much faith in weather, either. So when he goes outdoors he is muffled in a big double-breasted overcoat with a muffler and shawl. He wears a wide-brimmed slouch hat. His white mustache and "imperial" or goatee emerge beneath it, making him appear like an elder brother of that other mysterious diplomat-plutocrat, Montague Norman, governor of the Bank of England.

Sir Basil doesn't walk much more. In Paris or Monte Carlo it is only the distance between his door and his car.

In the high-walled grounds of his chateau of Ballancourt, once the property of Baroness Vaughan, morgannatic wife of the late King Leopold of the Belgians, he sometimes strolls farther. When he does, the faithful Mackenzie is always at his side.

THOSE GRAINS OF SAND THAT MAKE SO MUCH WASTE!

"It isn't the mountain ahead that wears you out—it's the grain of sand in your shoe."

Service said that. And in those words we have summed up the greatest waste and the most continuous waste in the world, of the powers of men and women.

It is only when we are detached—and therefore it is usually about the affairs of other people—that we see this terrific waste of power that goes into the petty little annoyances of every day and detracts from our chances for the big things.

Probably the larger part of this waste is on the part of women. Through longer freedom from detail, and longer training in larger affairs, men have built up defenses against the frustrating army of little things. Men in business, upon whose success depends the livelihood of others, have had to learn to keep their eyes on the goal, on the big object, and not let themselves be diverted by the petty annoyances of daily routine.

The trouble with those little things that hold you up on your way to the mountain, is that at the moment they seem to be very big things. True, they are not always so simply dealt with as the grain of sand in your shoe.

You know, of course, how easy it is for other people to dispose of the things which bother you. "But if they had the same problems—" you say! And there may be the secret of it all. With other people's troubles we have detachment, which gives perspective, and a better sense of values. If we could just detach ourselves momentarily from the annoyances which are standing in our own way, and so get perspective on their real importance, we women, too, should be able to discipline ourselves into keeping our eyes on the mountain ahead and our feet on the road to it by ridding ourselves of the torturing grains of sand.

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Bobby Spills the Beans
Sister's Caller—Why do you look at me so intently, little man?
Bobby—I was looking to see if you were black.
Caller—Black? Why should I be black?
Bobby—I heard sister say you were awful niggardly.

AX DEALS BLOW TO OUR "CHRIS"

Columbus Hard Hit by Its Discovery.

Ethnologists have always believed that Columbus was only about 200 years behind the first man to reach the Atlantic seaboard. That—though the population of the American continent started soon after the last Ice age when tribes from the other side of the world crossed Bering strait and filtered slowly southward to inhabit a continent—the first roaming citizens of the Atlantic seaboard arrived from the West only a short lead ahead of the man who has credit for finding the New world.

But discovery of a primitive stone ax, dug up in Albemarle county, Virginia, is serving to upset this theory. In the opinion of officials of the Smithsonian institution, who say that former ideas of when the first inhabitants reached the eastern shores of America are unsound, they now believe that man trod Virginia soil something like 2,000 years ago.

Students of the races read a running story in this new ax that is so old. It was no more than out of the Albemarle county soil that had concealed it so long until it began reciting its tale of age and strange races. Specialists who understand these things say that the primitive ax was chipped out of black diabase rock by some savage American 20 centuries ago and that in time, possibly because of disuse, it became dull and was sharpened again by new and better informed chipping, possibly some 1,200 years ago. Then it was lost for good so far as the stone ax age was concerned, only to be found by scientists of a new day and age, who knew how to interpret the signs of discoloration and wear and other circumstances to determine age and the part earlier races had to do with the population of this side of the earth. These readers of signs leave no point for layman argument. They just move back population history and we agree that that is that.

But it does lay a burden on Columbus. He thought, or may have thought that he lived long enough, that he missed virgin discovery by only 200 years. And we know on the evidence of present-day science that he missed it ten times 200.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

No Requests?
Librarian—What are you looking for?
Tired, Harassed Student—Surname.
Librarian—We don't have that book in the library.

Hope
"I tell ye, Pat, hope is a great blessing."
"Well, I dunno. If it wasn't for hope, none of us would ever be disappointed."—Vancouver Province.

Story Is Ended
"How are you, Mrs. Browne?"
"Oh, I've nothing to grumble at." "Mr. Browne away then?"

Not Yet, but Soon
F. C. relates that two members of the D. A. R., seeking genealogical data last summer, undertook to explore old cemeteries and copy names, dates and inscriptions from the tombstones. In one ancient churchyard up-state a couple of rather dejected natives, with an air of suspicion, if not of hostility, hung around observing them at their work.

One of the ladies finally said, "I suppose it looks pretty queer to see us inspecting old tombstones."
"Yes," they admitted, "what kind of census are you taking?"

The woman explained.
"Oh," said the man in a tone of relief, and turning to walk away, "I just wondered if some one was planning to tax the dead."—Detroit News.

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CAP AND BELLS

MOLLIFIED CENSURE

"I do not like sarcasm," said the gentle friend.
"And yet," said Miss Cayenne, "it may have its good qualities. Sarcasm is what we resort to when we feel too generous to be brutally frank."

Mean Brute
"Where do you suppose I could get about a hundred fleas?" asked the grouchy one.
"I haven't any idea," replied the other one. "But what the deuce do you want with a hundred fleas?"
"I want to put them on that blinkety-blank tap dog my wife spends so much time hugging and petting," he growled.

Unfamiliar
A comedian touring in Australia sprung a lot of new jokes on his audience, but didn't get a laugh. Coming off the stage he said to the manager: "What's the matter? Aren't my gags all right?"
"Aye, the gags are a bit all-right," soothed the manager, "but, ye see, we've never heard 'em before."—Boston Transcript.

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AN EXCEPTION

Throwing back his shoulders and putting on his bravest smile, Mr. Everybody approached the cashier's desk at the income-tax collector's office.

"Good morning!" he said. "I should like to pay my income tax."
"Well," said the cashier, "you're the first!"
"Surely not the first to pay?" exclaimed Mr. Everybody.
The cashier smiled.
"No," he replied, "the first to say he'd like to."

A Great Idea
"Mummmie, if I were a magician I should turn everything into chocolates."
"But you could not eat so many chocolates."
"I could. I should turn myself into an elephant."—Lustige Blatter.

UNIQUE DOBBIN

First Fly—Say, I know where there's a horse that can't switch his tail when you get on him.
Second Fly—What kind of a horse is he?
First Fly—A hobby-horse.



Dry Cleaned
The barber had used his electric clippers in cutting small Betty's hair. "I guess my neck wasn't clean," she told her mother on coming home, "because that man used his vacuum cleaner on it."

No Wonder
Father—Alicia, what was it kept that young Neckmore so late last night, when we all wanted to sleep?
Alicia—He was trying to explain infatuation to me.

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