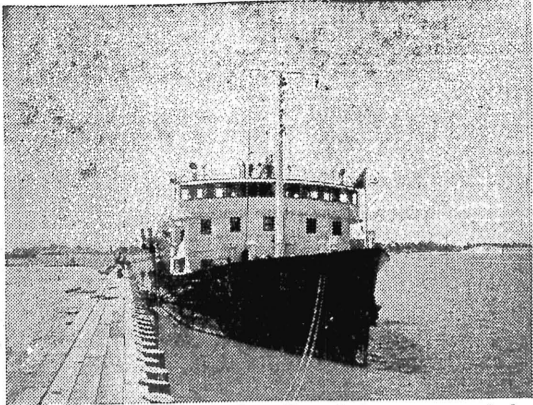


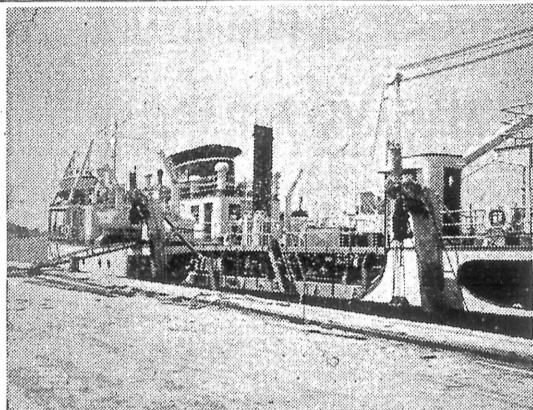
Dredge "Davison" Of U.S. Army Engineers In Bay

BIG DIESEL ELECTRIC VESSEL DEEPENING HARBOR CHANNELS

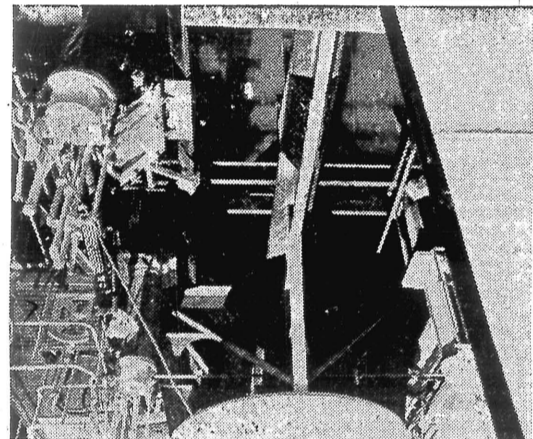
By CHET SCHWARZKOPF



The Davison works in the bay all week, but comes to dock in Eureka from Saturday morning until Sunday night.



Stern end of Davison, at dock, showing after quarters and "smokestack."



A glimpse into the cavernous hold of the Davison, where all dredged material is pumped, pending disposal.

Everyone familiar with Humboldt Bay knows that its harbor area requires some bit of dredging from time to time to keep it deep enough for large vessels to call for cargoes. For Humboldt Bay, in final analysis, has many of the characteristics of a lagoon. As such, most of it is shallow water.

Accordingly, the U. S. Army engineers send up a dredge from time to time to keep our bay-lagoon's channels open. One is here now—the Donald A. Davison, named after a general who died in 144, while on active duty.

Let's take a look at "The Davison," as the vessel is familiarly called. You'll be surprised! For the Davison runs quite contrary to the popular conception of what a dredge should be, and look like. This ship is no "drudge." She is as spick-and-span as a new thousand dollar bill.

Each week end, she ties up at the former C.B. & I. docks, at the foot of Washington street. From Saturday morning until Sunday night, you may go aboard her, and a friendly watch officer will show you about. It's an education.

HOW IT WORKS

The Davison is literally a big floating vacuum cleaner! Equipped with suction heads on each side, attached to pipes like a vacuum cleaner's extensions, she can lower this gear onto a mud bed and suck it up just like your cleaner sucks dirt out of a rug. And in her hull is a spacious tank, corresponding to a cleaner's bag, into which the muck and debris is dumped.

As soon as she is loaded, the Davison then will move to a deep place along the south jetty, near No. 3 buoy, and "empty the bag." The vessel's capacity is 720 cubic yards of material, and so well does her suction machinery function, that she can "fill up," in as short a time as ten minutes—and never longer than half an hour!

But why does the Davison empty along the south jetty at that one place? Because engineers found that a sixty foot deep hole exists there—a perfect natural to get rid of dredgings, because outgoing tides keep it scoured out. You can never fill it . . . nor will dredged materials be carried back into the bay. The outgoing tide does the trick. It's made to order.

WHAT MAKE IT GO

All right—what kind of machinery makes this floating vacuum cleaner work? To begin with, she is an all-electric job. Power is generated by a pair of husky 1000 horsepower GMC diesel engines. These generating units supply juice to the motors that drive the Davison's twin propellers—and also to the giant motor that drives the suction pump.

But let's let First Assistant Engineer Larry Wosser explain: "This pump is a centrifugal, much on the same principal as a vacuum cleaner's suction—only it pulls up water, mud, and sand, instead of air and dust," he says. "A 700 horsepower direct current motor drives it. Everything we pick up passes through the pump and into the tanks. Needless to say, it is built of the strongest steel alloys to stand the gaff.

"Another things—we have to prime it with water, like an old-fashioned well pump, before it will start to pick up. That's where it isn't like one of your silly vacuum cleaners—although I admit the comparison otherwise is logical."

The Davison's engine room, like all the rest of the vessel, is kept as clean and immaculate as a creamery's churn room. You cannot help being impressed; for it, as well as the rest of the ship, is run by a staff of officers and crewmen who know their business.

WHO'S RUNNING IT

Captain of the Davison is R. T. Nelson—a cordial-spoken man who has followed the sea all of his life, and who has commanded a number of trans-ocean freighters and tankers during his career.

"This dredging game has attracted a number of experienced deepsea men," he states. "Several of our crew members are themselves licensed officers, waiting their turn."

"There are two reasons for this. First is that we are always near

smaller. The top of each branch carries the wide open flowers.

As these foxgloves have been re-seeding themselves in my garden for the past 17 years, it was my theory that this one is a throw-back from the wild stage. There are dozens of others in my yard growing wherever they seeded themselves, but only one came out with this particularity.

I would like to hear about the report that Mrs. Springer gets from the botanist on this flower. Sincerely yours,

MRS. J. C. BEERBOWER.

Editor's Note: Lots of foxes seem to be wearing strange gloves this year. Does any gardener have a normal foxglove? Maybe we're developing a new species.

our families and homes, instead of being away for months at a time. Most of us live around San Francisco Bay. Right now, for instance, our chief engineer, Mr. Ernest Hartel, is at home for the week end, and Mr. Wosser is in charge below. My first officer also went home—it only takes a couple of hours to fly down from here.

"The other reason is that these jobs are civil service, which means no layoffs as a rule, and a decent pension when we retire. So there is your answer."

The Davison carries a personnel of ten officers, and 37 crew members, Captain Nelson tells you. Of the ten officers, five are on deck, and five in the engine department. Two officers are always on duty—one on deck, and one below—while the captain and chief engineer are in supreme command of their respective departments; with the captain ranking senior.

Among the vessel's personnel is also a competent steward's department, for she stays out in the bay all week and runs 24 hours a day, just like any ship at sea. Excellent meals are served, you are told—for that's half the battle on a job like this.

DECK AND QUARTERS

Crew members and officers alike have comfortable and commodious staterooms, which the steward's department keep as clean as a new hotel. The galley is an example of neatness and order, while the messrooms compare to any good restaurant.

The Davison is a vessel that can go anywhere on her own power. She has been across the Pacific, and regularly goes up and down the length of the coast on various jobs. Her twin propeller motors can drive her at 11 knots. In other words, she is a seagoing ship as well as a dredge.

As a result, the Davison's bridge and pilot house can compare with most any vessel. It runs the whole width of the top structure, and is completely enclosed in glass with windows that can be raised or lowered by hand crank as in an automobile. She has a complete radio set, as well as fathometer and direction finder.

Unique is the fact that her propeller motors can be controlled directly from the bridge, if wanted. She also has the conventional

engine room - and - bridge signal equipment, so that the engineer below can handle her, if desired.

"Running the ship's motors from the bridge has its advantages in this line of work," Captain Nelson explains. "It is literally like shifting gears in your car, as well as steering it. When we are dumping a load, for instance, we can operate more exactly from the controls on the bridge. Also, we have 12 speeds ahead and astern for close maneuvering."

How large is the Davison? She is 216 feet in length, and has a beam—or width—of 40 feet. Also she will sink as low as 14 feet in the water with a full load.

THEY LIKE EUREKA

All members of the Davison's personnel are enthusiastic about Eureka. One of them is an avid fisherman and never loses a chance to get out on the streams after trout. Several others are golfers, and have been heing themselves over to Bayside links at every opportunity. And one and all, they exclaim over the redwoods.

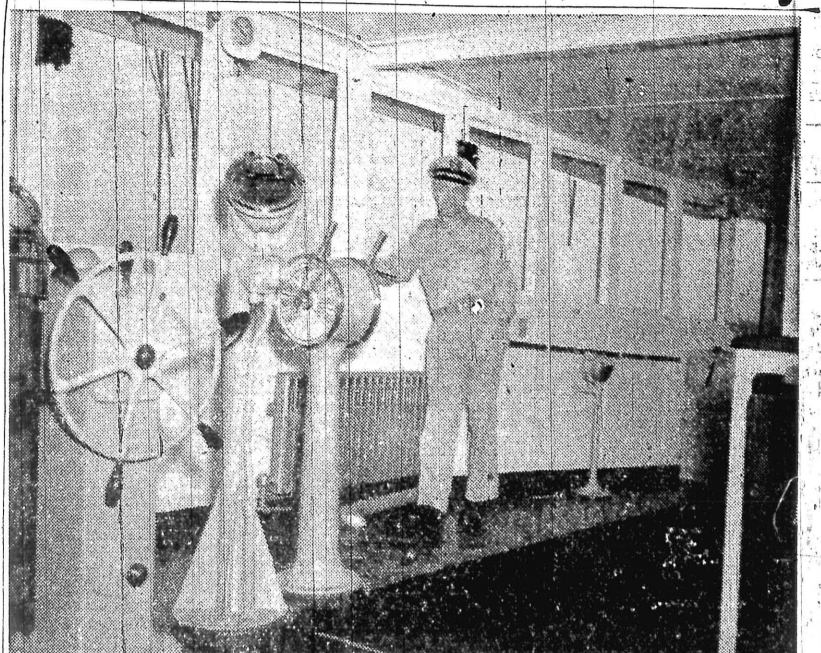
"You've got everything here in Eureka and Humboldt," they say. "Climate fit to live in, mountains, forests, streams, picturesque sea-coast and—best of all—a grand bunch of people. No wonder you say they are flocking into here from other points—we'll be back ourselves some day, when it's time to retire."

Captain Nelson is impressed by Humboldt Bay's possibility as a world harbor. "I speak from experience," he says, "for I knew this bay when sailing ship masts made a forest at the docks.

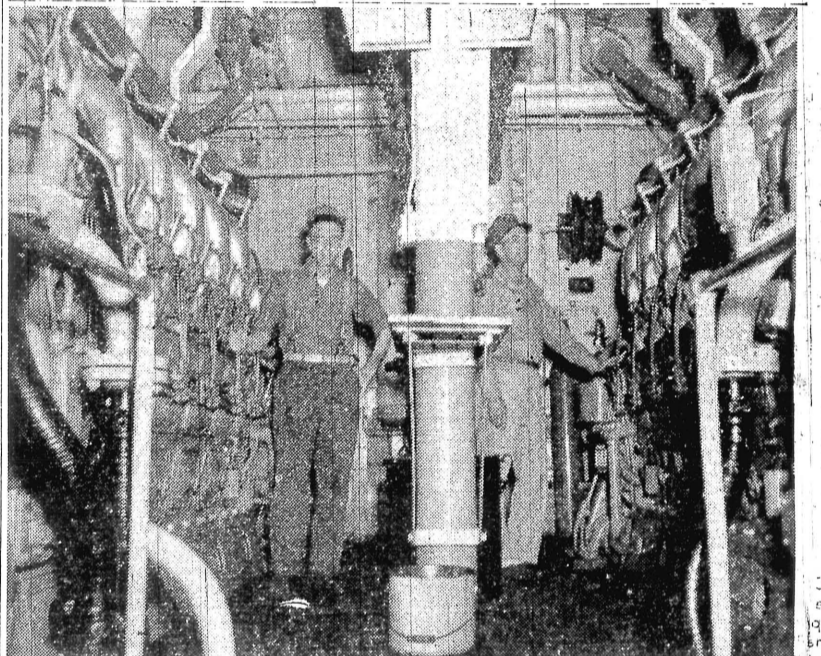
"War, and other troubles, hurt this port all right—but if it were dredged and maintained for thirty-foot channels wherever needed, I think the business would come here. Your lumber export potential is unlimited.

"Eureka itself looks to me like a coming city," he continues. "It can go just as far as the imagination and ability of men can make it—for it has one of the coast's most strategic locations.

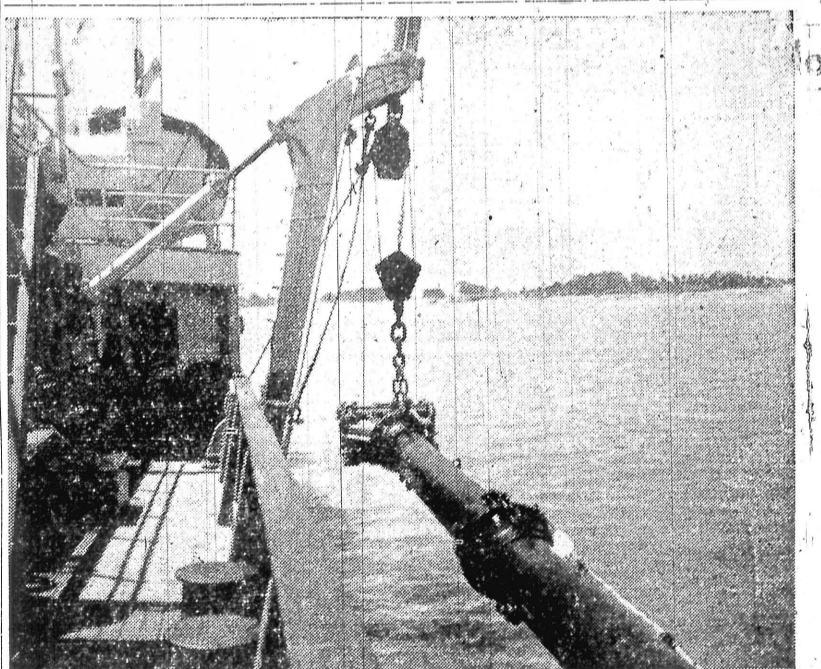
"One thing, though—all of us think Eureka is overlooking a prime essential in its waterfront lands. The city should acquire—and keep—every foot of bay front inside its limits that it can get. It will come in handy. If you live here long enough, you'll see . . ."



Captain R. T. Nelson, of the Davison, shows the visitor about in his vessel's fine pilot house.



These two big GMC diesel engines supply 1,000 horse power apiece to run the Davison's motors. Shown are A. H. Griffiths (left), and engineer Harry Sturge, in engine room scene.



One of the Davison's two "vacuum cleaner" suction heads that are lowered into the bay to pick up sand and mud and shoot it into the vessel's hold.

News of 25 Years Ago

AUTOS STOLEN

Two reports of stolen machines were received by the police this week. Manuel Souza of the Italian Swiss hotel reported the theft of his machine from the Hess wood yards. J. L. Brown lost and found his auto in three hours time.

CHICAGO KIDNAPING

A plan by two wealthy youths, both brilliant students, to kill for excitement and to kidnap for a ransom which they did not need was revealed in the detailed confession of Nathan Leopold, Jr., who with his boon companion, Richard Loeb, was named in charges for the kidnaping and murder of 13 year-old Robert Franks.

FORMER MAYOR TALKS

The people of this city and vicinity heard Ole Hanson, former mayor of Seattle, speak at the Masonic auditorium on American institutions as compared with those by which the Communists seek to supplant them.

S. F. OFFICIAL IN TOWN

Recollections of the war ship-building period following his inspection of the shipyards on Humboldt Bay were voiced by Mayor James Rolph, Jr., who is here for the launching of the James Rolph III. The San Francisco mayor arrived here with a party of 15 for the day's ceremonies which preceded the final launching of a vessel from the Rolph shipyards. "I came to Eureka with a smile and I leave Eureka with a smile. The shipyards are no longer mine but I have a lot of recollections of the hectic days when they were," the mayor said.

REDWOOD TOUR

Plans for the motor caravan which is to tour the Redwood Highway from Sausalito to Eureka, arriving here June 20, are to be discussed at a meeting to be held at the chamber of commerce when representatives from the San Francisco organizations which will participate will confer with President T. W. Hine and Secretary R. J. Wade of the chamber.

WATER SHORTAGE

A serious water shortage in the city of Eureka may occur before very long, it was announced to-

Pitching Horseshoes

By Billy Rose

First chance I get, I intend to hightail it over to Fifth Avenue and buy my wife a wrist watch with a lot of those little red stones.

What's that you say? Didn't I ever buy Eleanor a time-piece in the ten years we've been together? Sure, I did, and a mighty trim little ticker it was, too, but she lost it while we were in Jerusalem last March and—but if you don't mind, I'd like to give it to you jewel by jewel and tick by tick. . . .

In the Holy City, as soon as I learned that the Mark Ethridge who headed up the Peace Conciliation commission was the same Ethridge who publishes the Louisville Courier-Journal, I gave the gentleman a ring and wangled an invitation for us to lunch with him at the King David hotel where he was stopping.

Well, what happened at the luncheon was what always happens when two visiting firemen from the same hook-and-ladder company meet up far from home and, the next thing Eleanor and I knew, our bags were being moved into the King David and we were discussing dinner plans.

Along about 9 that evening, we found ourselves in front of a platter of pot roast in the squat, low-ceilinged dining room of the Eden where a couple of hundred Israeli soldiers and their girls were dancing to the music of a fiddle, a squeeze-box and a beat-up piano. And from the kidding and happy hollering that was going on, it wasn't hard to tell which side had won the war.

During dinner, Ted Lurie, editor of the Palestine Post, joined our party and introduced us to several of the soldiers whose battlefield high-jinks had already become part of the new nation's legendry, and I was especially taken with a 27-year-old colonel named "Mottak" Madler who, fighting what he called a "stop-watch war," had captured all of Gallilee in 70 hours. Eleanor's favorite, however, was a tough-looking sergeant in his sixties, white of beard and hair who, according to Lurie, refused to be mustered out because he

thought he ought to stick around "just in case."

Around midnight, a lad who looked like Danny Kaye got up and began to sing an Israeli army song—the one about nighttime on the Negev—and, as the whole room joined in, even those of us who had no personal interest in the land they were singing about felt the excitement oozing into our eyes and ears and bubbling around in our blood. And it was one for the book to see Ethridge, a Kentucky gent from way back, beating time on the table with his fist and exclaiming, "Boy, isn't this something!"

As the song ended, a soldier and his girl got up and went into the Hora—an ancient folk dance that looks like a cross between a hillybilly hoe-down and a conga. A circle formed itself around the prancing twosome, then a circle around the circle, and soon everyone was beating it out and chanting as they stomp-stepped in time with the music. And, for the next 40 minutes, 400 people, arms and emotions locked, let off enough steam to power the 20th Century all the way to Chicago.

Did I say 400 people? Make that 399 for, in a corner of the room, the white-haired sergeant stood watching the frolic and wishing, I suppose, he were as young as he felt and had a girl to shake an ankle with. And then, Eleanor, seeing the old boy standing there alone, suddenly ducked out from behind the table and, before you could say, "Ben Gurion," had kicked off her shoes, locked arms

with the pugnacious patriarch and was dancing plumb square in the middle of the circle. And there, for the rest of the dance, she jumped, whirled and yipped while the Hora-happy crowd, made even happier by the sight of the pugnosed kid from Brooklyn, kept beating it out and whooping it up around her.

It was past 2 when Ted Lurie drove us back to the King David and, when we got upstairs, Eleanor discovered that her wrist watch was missing. We searched our room, phoned the Eden and even called Lurie and asked him to check the upholstery of his car. But either hide not hairspring of the watch could be found and so, the next morning before leaving Jerusalem, I went to a police station and reported the loss to the 18-year-old kid with a sten gun who was playing desk sergeant. A couple of weeks later in Rome, Eleanor dropped anchor in front

of a jeweler's window. "Darling," she said, "didn't you once write a column about how it's later than people think and that they ought to be enjoying themselves?"

"About six months back," I said cautiously. "It's an old Chinese proverb."

"Well," said my missus, "wouldn't it be a lot easier for a girl to know how late it was if she had a watch?"

"It would," I said, "but that proverb doesn't go for little girls who go around losing valuable timepieces. . . ."

"What happened to it then?" I asked.

"Well," said Eleanor, "do you remember that night in Jeru-

salem when I was dancing the Hora with those soldiers? In the middle of the dance, I felt the clasp on my watch come loose, but I did, nothing about it. I suppose I would have yelled for them to stop, but those kids were having a wonderful time and I just didn't have the heart to break it up."

"And so you let them stomp on it with their boots?" I said.

"I guess so," said Eleanor, and there was more so-what than so-sorry in her voice. . . .

Well, I'm sure you all agree that my wife ought to be taught a lesson and, unless someone comes up with a better idea, I figure the most fitting punishment is for me to buy one of those watches with a lot of little red stones and slap her right across the wrist with it.

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