

G. K. Ness Tells About Ocean Trip

The Nine Day Journey from New York to Bergen Was Favored with Fair Weather and No Unusual Occurrences.

All freight and baggage was loaded, the passengers were on deck, the order was telephoned to the engineer and S. S. Bergensfjord started out from the N. A. L. pier in Brooklyn at 12 o'clock noon, July 21st. The sun was shining warm and bright overhead. The ocean lay blue and still underneath as the ship with her precious cargo of nearly 500 human lives, slid down the bay. From the mastsheads floated the Norwegian and the American flags in co-ordinated positions. Here was the much talked of Atlantic bridge that was to provide a closer and more direct route of communication between the two and one-half million men, women and children of Norwegian descent in America and the two and one-half million people living in the fatherland. This bridge, the Norwegian-American Line, was made possible through co-operation between the people in Norway and the Norwegians in America. It is doubly fitting and appropriate that the Red, White and Blue, the emblem of the love for freedom, should grace the mastsheads of all ships owned by this company. As I stood there gazing at these two flags, I felt great pride in the hyphen. Here was the flag of my fathers under which I was born, reared and educated, and here was the flag of my adopted country to which I in more mature age had sworn allegiance, the flag whose honor I had promised to defend—even with my life should such be required. It was with untold joy I meditated on my position as Norwegian-American while I watched the tri-color floating in the breeze, and recalling that it is the American flag floating at the North Pole and the Norwegian flag floating at the South Pole. Go wherever you may and you will behold one of these flags.

On the pier stood a large number of people waving good-bye and wishing Good-speed to friends departing on a long journey. In many instances it was undoubtedly a last good-bye, a tie broken forever.

Well on our way we were aroused from our meditations by the call for dinner, and everybody betook himself to the dining hall, where long tables were set with the choicest foods. My first impression of the table was that the food thereon was an advertising display by some packing house. There were six or seven kinds of meats, two or three kinds

of cheese, and one or two kinds of fish. A variety large enough, it would seem, for the most particular to select his favorite dish. It was not only the first meal on the ship that such tables were set, however, but every meal during the nine days on the ocean.

To those of us who had not crossed the ocean since about twenty years ago this was a great surprise. I for one had expected but little improvement in ocean travel since 1903 when it took fourteen days to cross the Atlantic, fourteen days of fasting during which time I was kicked about like a dog and slept among multitudes of vermin.

Neither was it the food received on this trip that surprised me, but the service and accommodation in its entirety. All officers and servants are politeness personified, ever striving to make life for passengers as pleasant as possible. Everything is kept scrupulously clean. At 11 every morning the whole boat is subjected to a most critical inspection by the officers.

As a third class passenger I am only trying to describe conditions existing on third class. Second class passengers are paying a little more than \$3.00 per day extra and consequently are entitled to some extra accommodations, which they also get. First class passengers pay still more and naturally get service in proportion.

The average man will perhaps enjoy travel on third class better than on either of the other classes.

The rooms are arranged for four persons each. A limited number are, however, arranged for only two. Each room is equipped with single beds, a washstand, mirror, towels, soap, etc. Every morning the chambermaids make the beds, supply clean towels, water, etc., and the passenger gets the impression that he is staying at a higher class hotel.

Two dining halls are provided for third class passengers, but as only a small number traveled this time only the one was used. There is a ladies' parlor with piano, smoking rooms, barber shop and tailor shops, bath rooms and toilets for ladies and for men. A one-man print-shop is also maintained and a newspaper published at irregular intervals. In addition to the newspaper the bulletin board is used for posting radio telegrams and other information, such as the number of miles traveled each day, the course of sailing, etc. There are two bar-rooms for third class operated under great restrictions.

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You may be courageous enough not to care what people say about you, but that won't keep them from saying it.