

I Was Shanghaied

The Narrative of A. E. Clark, of Camas, Wash., Who in 1891
Fell Victim to Blood Money—and Who Sailed From
Astoria Chained to the Ship T. F. Oakes

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK.

CHAPTER I

A LONG, clear and resonant blast cut the fog-laden air of Portland's waterfront one morning early in October, 1891, and presently a group of persons on the dock at the foot of Glisan street saw a lean, trim steamer come out of the fog blanket and nose up to the wharf. She was the Iralda, 120-foot passenger boat, noted for her speed and for the "prettiest" and most powerful whistle on the Columbia and Willamette.

There were some 40 persons in the group waiting for the Iralda. Among them was Larry Sullivan, widely known locally as a prize fighter and as proprietor of the sailors' boarding house at Second and Glisan streets, and one of Larry's men, Friday, who was known simply as Mr. Smith. It was Mr. Smith who seemed to be in charge of the party. Mr. Smith was a genial chap, talking first to this and that one, passing out cigars with noble hands of red and blue around them and making whatever they called wisecracks in 1891.

The several women in the party were dressed in what was known as elegant style. They were well groomed and their coats fitted snugly to their hourglass shapes.

Probably the youngest person in the entire party was A. E. Clark, who had come upriver the day before from the wilds of Scappoose, Or., to see the sights of the hell-hole that was Portland's north end. Young Clark was 21 and was just off the farm. On this particular October morning he thought he was going on a fine, free trip to Astoria—along with the others—as a guest of the fascinating Mr. Sullivan and the genial Mr. Smith, and would return that night to Portland. He couldn't know that when the sleek Iralda passed under the shadow of the old Steel bridge that morning it would be the last he would see of Portland for seven years. In that seven years Clark learned not only a lot about geography which the schools had neglected to teach him; he learned about ships and the men who go down to the sea in them, and he learned that the United States, glorious country that it is, or was, is really a very small part of the world.

Mr. Clark now lives on the Columbia river not far from Camas, Wash. His place is truly a "sailors' snug harbor," and had his story not been so graphic and interesting I should have been content to sit by his wide windows and watch the October sun glint on the broad Columbia between us and the busy Oregon shore. But I forgot the autumn sunshine, the river and the far shore as A. E. Clark unfolded for the first time the amazing story of what happened to him after the Iralda left Second and Glisan streets in October, 1891.

A. E. Clark's Story.

Maybe you're right, and I'll tell you briefly something of myself before I started down the river on the Iralda, although it isn't very interesting. I was born near Rochester, Minn., and came west in 1874 with my parents. We lived on a ranch near what is now Roosevelt, Or. In 1888 I came to Portland and entered the Portland Presbyterian academy with the idea of preparing for the ministry. In January, 1891, I quit the school and went to Columbia county, Oregon, where I took charge of a farm near Scappoose, and for a time managed a couple of other farms. I also built a large barn there, which I am proud to say, is still standing.

In October, 1891, I left home and came to Portland with the idea of seeing what the city looked like. Yet, I had been there before, when I was in the academy, but I didn't know much about Portland. I wandered around on Third and Second streets and then decided to take a look at Burnside street. It was getting along toward evening when a

pleasant sort of fellow engaged me in conversation. He told me he was staying at the sailors' boarding house at Second and Glisan and that it was the best place to stay in Portland.

I went with my new acquaintance to the sailors' boarding house. The place was rather dimly lighted. A Scandinavian was playing on an accordion in the big, main room on the ground floor; several old-time seamen, or at least I took them to be such, were sitting in chairs around the room, smoking pipes that reeked to the skies and telling how these new-fangled steamboats would never amount to much.

In the morning we went downstairs, and a jovial sort of fellow who said his name was Smith took us in tow. He bought breakfast for us and also for six or eight other fel-

lows. "Larry Sullivan is putting on a party today," Mr. Smith said. "He has chartered a river boat, to make a trip to Astoria and back to Portland. . . . Maybe you fellows would like to go along."

We fellows did want to go along, and said so.

Mr. Smith told us to wait outside the boarding house. We did. In a few minutes about a dozen women, all young, arrived at the corner where we were waiting. This, you will remember, was at Second and Glisan. The women came in one-horse cabs.



A. E. CLARK, AS OF 1933.
One day, at the age of 21, Mr. Clark set out from Portland on a pleasant excursion to Astoria. He expected to return within a few hours. Seven years passed before he again saw Portland.

Smith had seen to it that we all had had a few snorts of hard liquor and also one each of the justly celebrated Peach Blow cocktail, which was the invention of H. C. Malcolm, manager of the Portland hotel bar. Mr. Sullivan had provided an orchestra of three pieces—violin, accordion and guitar—and the girls grabbed us and we danced.

No, I'm not positive about what the popular pieces were at that time. I can't imagine that anyone would want to know what they were. But as I remember it the three-piece orchestra on the boat featured a song which had been sung by Billy Scanlon and was titled "Peek-a-Boo," and then one of the orchestra stood up and sang "Picture 84," which had to do with the regues' gallery.

Mr. Sullivan stayed very much in the background on the trip to Astoria. He quietly saw to it that all of us had everything we wanted, but Mr. Smith was the life of the party, as they say nowadays.

I'm not positive about it, yet I think we stopped at St. Helens. By this time everyone was feeling fine. Larry kept very much out of sight and let Mr. Smith do all the honors.

I remember that we danced with the girls—or maybe they were women—and the popular dance at that time was the Berlin polka. It was two hops and a jump and then a slide. The Iralda's saloon wasn't very large and we bumped into each other every minute or so.

A gang rang about 1 o'clock and we were called to dinner. It must have been a special dinner, for I have never had such food, either on salt or fresh-water boats. There was steak if you wanted it, or there was pork, or you might order oysters, crabs or fried salmon. Along with the mid-day dinner they served very whiskey, rum and three kinds of wine. The orchestra, which by this time had got fairly well organized, broke out into an old-time song, "Can She Make a Cherry Pie, Billy Boy?" and we all sang the chorus. It went something like this:

She can make a cherry pie,
Quick's a cat can wind her eye . . .
But she's a young thing,
And cannot leave her mother.

I think we stopped at Cathlamet, Wash. And as I remember it the late John Yeom was logging on the Elakamam river at that time, driving his own bulls. At least, I remember seeing a turn of his fir logs dumped into the Columbia while we were at the Cathlamet wharf.

SHE LOOKED LIKE THIS

The T. F. Oakes was one of the first sailing ships with steel hull—and it was no picnic to be a member of the crew. Painting courtesy Thomas Tubb.

No, I don't know whether or not Larry Arnold was in the horse cab racket then, but the women came in cabs anyway.

This Mr. Smith was the life of the party. The fog was low and heavy and some of the women shivered. Mr. Smith rose to the occasion; he had some blankets with him and he threw them over the ladies' shoulders while we were waiting for the Iralda.

That boat certainly had a whistle that has never been equaled, to my knowledge. We couldn't see her, that morning, before she docked, but her whistle could be heard by four-morning drinkers at J. E. Kelly's New Elite sample and wine rooms, "way up on Fourth street, between Salmon and Taylor.

Well, the Iralda tied up at the dock and we went aboard. I guess there were some 40 persons in the crowd.

They cast off the hawsers and the Iralda backed away from the wharf and started downstream. Just about the time we entered the Columbia river the sun came out. Mr.

Well, we finally approached Astoria. Just before we docked Mr. Smith came around to all of us. He had some papers in his hand.

"Now," said Mr. Smith, "we are going ashore in Astoria so all of you can see what the town looks like. We'll have an hour ashore and then we'll go back to Portland. Just to make sure that all of you are aboard when we leave, sign your name on this passenger list. Then when we are ready to go we'll be sure that everyone is here."

Mr. Smith put some papers on the saloon table. He had pen and ink handy, and we signed the "passenger list." Then we all went ashore in Astoria.

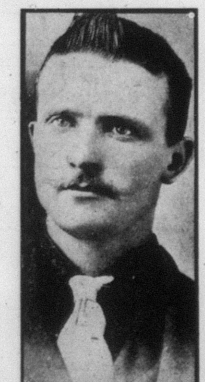
Mr. Smith took us to various places where we drank. Either he or Larry Sullivan—I'm not sure which—asked us if we wouldn't like to visit a deep-sea ship.

As I remember it there was only one of us who had ever been aboard a deep-sea vessel, and we jumped at the chance. Mr. Smith hired some rowboats and we piled in, the whole gang of us. I was in the first boat with nine other fellows.

The deep-sea ship was standing at anchor several hundred yards from the Astoria dock. She was the T. F. Oakes, and her home port, we learned, was New York city. The

Oakes was one of the very first steel hulls laid down for a sailing vessel, and a steel ship at that time was still quite a curiosity. She was loaded with 21 tons of wheat in sacks consigned to Le Havre, France. In this connection I'd just like to say that Mr. Thomas Tubb, who sells papers at the corner of Alder and Third-avenue, remembers the T. F. Oakes very well, as he had helped load her several times in San Francisco.

The Oakes had masts of Oregon fir. The sails of her main course were: Main upper topsail, main upper topgallant, main royal, main skysail, and these names repeated with the prefixes "fore" and "mizzen" in place of "main." The fore-and-aft staysails take the name of the masts they are attached to, ex-



A. E. CLARK, AS OF 1892.
The photograph was taken when Mr. Clark had been released from his shanghai excursion.

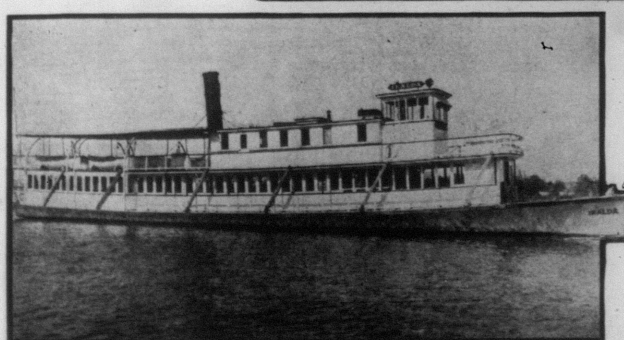
cept that the foremost carries the jib, the outer jib, flying jib, in front and the two swinging booms carry the spanker over the stern from the mizzen. In other words, the Oakes was what was known as a full-rigged ship.

The Oakes had a steam winch, and this was another innovation which was damned top to bottom by the old-timers. It reduced a crew by about half as compared with a hand-powered winch, so you see this technological unemployment had started for sailors even at that early day. The steam winch on the Oakes was a very crude affair, yet in 1891 it was something to marvel at, and it really was the last word in efficiency at that time.

You ask what is the difference between a "ship" and a bark, barkentine or schooner. It is this: Properly to be designated as a ship a vessel must have square sails on all masts.

The Oakes proved to be a trim and good sailor, but she was cranky and required expert handling, as we were to learn. But she

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THE IRALDA.

On this river vessel young Clark and his acquaintances made a pleasant excursion to Astoria. The Iralda, now a memory, possessed a booming whistle.

Where ArtLaughs at the Big Bad Wolf

The Blue Eagle May Scream in the U. S. A., But the Lean Gray Wolf Snarls at American Artists in Paris

BY GARDNER BRADFORD.

WHEN the Blue Eagle started screaming in America the Gray Wolf began snarling at the studio doors of the Yankee artists in that naughty nook in the heart of Gay Paris known as "the Latin quarter."

This is the wolfish message brought back to the land of the free by the celebrated painter and etcher, Wilson Sibby.

"Gone are the days," he declares, "when one dollar in France was as good as ten in America, and what with curtailed revenue, new low prices for pictures, delayed remittances from dealers, many of the world's most famous men and women artists and writers are literally 'on their uppers' in Paris. Americans have been the hardest hit."

It develops that even though true artists pursue art for art's sake, even a celebrated painter must eat, pay rent, purchase pigments and plates, and with coffee 75 cents a pound, eggs hovering around 60 cents a dozen and milk 22 cents a quart in American money, it is quickly perceived that ten dollars there is no longer as good as fifty in the United States of America.

"But the quarter takes it with a smile," says Mr. Sibby. "And the Americans, perforce, must take it on the chin," for the rest of the colony derives a certain malicious pleasure from this poetic justice which has made proletarians of erstwhile plutocrats. One has to live by his wits these days, and were it not for his highly developed sense of humor the Latin quarter would be blue indeed.

"The quarter still rings its gavel," this painter says. "Of what importance an empty stomach so long as one can still laugh? Let me state that every incident I relate concerns artists and writers, with international reputation, whose names I dare not divulge because I am soon reigning in Paris. Just picture them in your mind as the Rembrandts, Whistlers, Hogars and Voltaires of the day."

"I was accompanying one of the greatest American etchers to his apartment. As we reached the street door he whispered: 'Tip toe softly, my friend. No need to ask questions. The Latin quarter knows what that means. It is the slogan of the times.'"

"This man had always been really rich, but now, when a sudden knock came on the studio door, he scampered to a window and hid on the tiny balcony. As I opened the door I knew I faced his landlady. I told her that I was waiting and surely it was a flash of insanity that made me add: 'I have come to buy a picture.'"

"Instantly the lady was all smiles. She sat down and said: 'Then I, too, will wait, for if you buy I will collect the rent.' It seemed my friend owed only 150 francs, and since I chanced to have that sum I paid her. And she had gone, and my friend returned he found me with one of his choicest etchings under my arm. 'See what you have sold me for 150 francs.' I grinned and, though the picture was almost priceless, he let me keep it, laughing at his own predicament.

"The drop in the value of the dollar has



"The landlady was all smiles . . ."

created a real and rather naive state of communism in the Latin quarter," declares the artist. "Not only are men and women wearing each others' clothes but they are sharing everything else. I chanced to be in the studio of a prosperous artist when the door opened and I slouched a mutual friend, burdened with cash, palette, pots, pans and a statue of Psyche. 'I have come to stay a while,' he announced, and began disposing of his belongings wherever he could find a vacant spot."

"Those who cannot pay rent move in with those who can. These also may find the task too great, and then there will be a double moving."

"In the good old days everyone rode here and there in cabs. I attended a rather swank affair at which a rich Belgian was guest of honor. Here I met a prominent American writer, now on his uppers. We wanted to go to another part of town, but neither had a sou for transportation. 'Never mind. I will fix it,' said the writer."

"We went out on the boulevard and walked along the line of parked cars until we came to that owned by the distinguished Belgian, and my writer friend explained that we wished to go to a certain studio to get a picture which the Belgian wished to view. The chauffeur obligingly took us across town to the designated spot. The studio was closed (we knew it was, because the owner was at the party), so we sent the chauffeur back with apologies. Thus does one rely on his wits to get along in Paris."

A successful writer, in dire straits because publishers' checks have not been forthcoming,

hit upon an ingenious way to fatten his exchequer.

Many wealthy American tourists drive their own cars and are always getting into trouble because they instinctively drive the wrong side of the street. The writer turned it to his advantage. Into the outskirts of the quarter rode the tourist, carefully driving on the left side of the street as he should. Imagine his consternation when a man in uniform halted him and threatened his arrest for driving on the wrong side of the street.

"But," protested the tourist, "I am driving on the left, as I should."

"Ah!" exclaimed the supposed gendarme, "one drives on the left in Paris, but here in the Latin quarter, where there are so many Americans, it is wrong," and the tourist was glad to hand over a few francs rather than go to court.

Mr. Sibby gives some amusing side lights on the famous artist's ball, which it is the desire of all society people to attend and to which they are never admitted.

"It is for artists only," declares Sibby, "and at the door is someone representing each of the four arts. They know everyone who is entitled to enter. Many a poor art student sells his ticket to a rich person for a fabulous price. But beyond the ticket taker are two doors, and if none of the committee oked the new arrival an attendant points to the door on the left or right, as the case may be, and when the man has passed through it he finds himself back on the street. Of course, they complain, but of what use? Their status is the same as that of a person in America who purchases a railroad ticket from a scalper."

"The piece de resistance is the selection of

the queen of the models for the ensuing year. Each model disrobes and stands for a moment on a pedestal. It means a great deal to be chosen queen, for the winner is assured of more work than she can undertake until a new queen is chosen. After the contest the girls mingle with the throng, leaving their clothes hanging on hooks along the wall the rest of the night—I have never observed a single instance of ungallantry."

But if, on the surface, everything is gay and carefree, just as it always was, a member of the art colony is in the least deceived and the American Aid society can tell quite a different story—of hundreds of art students starving and penniless, who have to be shipped back to America on half-rate steamer fares. Many have been working hard and happily on, perhaps, \$5 a week from home.

Five dollars a week, American money, isn't enough any more. Even storage eggs, with an average of eight had in every dozen, cost 40 cents, according to Sibby; tiny melons are 75 cents apiece, peaches that California would throw away cost 75 cents a dozen. There is a puny banana from Africa at 60 cents a dozen and sugar is about 18 cents a pound. Canned milk is 19 cents.

"Now why all this self-deprivation, all this self-sacrifice in Paris just for art's sake?" Mr. Sibby was asked. "Why not New York or Hollywood or America?"

"Ah," he said, "Paris is inspirational. You see, it is the art center of the world. It has always been. The artists do not mind to struggle. They have long been so accustomed to poverty that money has lost its value; success is not measured in the terms of bank balances."

I Was Shanghaied

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was built of steel and as such was looked on with grave suspicion by all old sailors. They said it wasn't just natural that a ship should be built of anything but wood."

We in the first boat came alongside the vessel and they let down a ladder for us. We climbed aboard and one of the mates welcomed us. I forgot to say that Mr. Smith stayed in the rowboat. The mate showed us around the deck and explained how the anchor winch worked, told us the names of the different masts and kept us very interested. I happened to look toward shore and noticed that the other rowboats which had started for the Oakes at the same time we did had turned around and were going back toward shore. I thought this was sort of queer, and then I noticed that Mr. Smith was rowing toward shore, too, in the boat we had come out in. When we saw that all of us began to wonder what the matter was, but not for long.

Just about then four large men who were dressed in policemen's uniforms came out one of the cabin doors. They all carried a 45 revolver in each hand. One of them told us to be good and we wouldn't get hurt. Almost at the same time the captain of the Oakes, two



"It is for artists only . . ."

mates and the bos'n came out the other cabin door. The mates and the bos'n carried big steel handcuffs with them.

"Now, young men," the captain told us, "you are sailors on the T. F. Oakes and you are going to Le Havre, France. Just to make sure you are going I'm going to sort of tie you together for a little while."

We started to protest. We hadn't signed to ship on the Oakes, we told the captain. "Oh, yes, you did," the skipper said. "I've got all your names signed to ship's articles right here in my pocket. You signed them before you left the Irlanda. So we learned all about Mr. Smith's passenger list."

Then the captain, whose name was Reed, told us that we had signed on as A. B.s, or able seamen, and that if we qualified we would receive \$30 a month. If we didn't qualify we would be carried as ordinary seamen and pay would be \$15. The skipper gave us quite a lecture on the glories of sailing before the mast. He said that all young men should go to sea for a voyage or so if they ever wanted to amount to anything. An able seaman, he told us, was one of God's finest creatures.

I never did understand why the skipper went to all this trouble telling us how fortunate we were to go to sea, and especially fortunate to go to sea on such a fine ship as the T. F. Oakes. He had us completely in his power, but here he was talking like a recruiting officer for the navy. He even formally introduced us to the mates and bos'n by name. The first mate, I remember, was an ugly-looking fellow who went by the name of Black Johnson. And he was black in more ways than one.

The mates and the bos'n handcuffed us to

gether, two by two, and then they herded us below decks. I remember the sun was just sinking into the Pacific ocean when we went below. They took us into a small stow room just forward of the lazarette, or captain's stowroom, which could only be reached by a narrow companionway from the skipper's cabin to the lazarette. There they secured us by putting a leg iron on each of us. The leg irons were fastened to a sort of steel stanchion. The mates and bos'n made sure we were all tied up right, and then they went out, leaving us no light. It was as dark as pitch.

Of course, all of us were excited and pretty scared, too. We talked in whispers about what would happen to us and how we had been tricked into signing the ship's articles on the Irlanda. We had heard lots of talk about men being shanghaied in Astoria and Portland and now we were finding out first hand.

Very soon we could hear quite a commotion on the main deck. First, the noise of the steam winch heaving up the anchor and then shouted orders which we couldn't understand and a lot of other noises which told us we were going to sea right away. It wasn't long before we could feel the swell of the ocean on the ship and we knew we were crossing the Columbia river bar. I remember I sort of dozed now and then, but the manacles were a little too tight and they got to hurting so that I couldn't really sleep. There was no air in the place and we almost suffocated. That's the way the ten of us shanghaied lubbers went out to sea.

To be continued next week in the magazine section of The Sunday Oregonian.

NAPOLÉON

By Clifford McBride

