

LIFE AT HOT SPRINGS INTERNMENT STATION FOR GERMAN SAILORS

1,565 Seamen Are Located In Mountain Park Hotel and Nearby Barracks — Leaven of Democracy Affects Relations Between Officers and Men — No Evidence of Extravagance and Waste

By STAFF CORRESPONDENT.

When General Wade Hampton shortly after the war between the states built Hampton cottage at Hot Springs, N. C., he doubtless did not imagine in his most fanciful dreams that some 50 years later his summer home would become a hospital for German sailors. But this is what happened in the summer of 1917 after the United States declared war against Germany and several thousand seamen of the German merchant marine were interned in the United States. A new hospital, however, has now been built.

Fifteen hundred and sixty-five sailors, including 241 officers, are living at Hot Springs internment station as contentedly as men can when deprived of their liberty; more comfortably than many men who have today lost their liberty through the fortunes of war, yet in little of the luxury that is sometimes attributed to the surroundings at Hot Springs. Under the administration of Thomas V. Kirk, a Tar Heel and a native of St. Louis county, the establishment is running like a well-oiled piece of machinery.

When a TIMES representative got off a train at Hot Springs one afternoon recently he saw men who might have made world names for themselves as commanders of sea raiders like the Emden or the Moewe playing tennis on the level grounds inside the limits set by Uncle Sam as the boundaries of their freedom; others were striding up and down in the November sunshine with the firm swinging stride that spoke of the fine physical development that might be expected of those who had Teuton military training in their youth and who are now potentially auxiliaries of the Imperial German navy. At one end of the wide valley included in the domain of the camp teams could be seen pitted against each other in a kind of

football, which is not football to an American, that the Germans play. On the veranda where J. E. Rumbough used to entertain his summer guests at Mountain Park hotel were still officers playing cards, chess or reading newspapers and magazines. Everybody seemed to be smoking. It was hard to realize that one had not come to Mountain park in the midst of the Indian summer season. But as the reporter strolled toward one entrance he was halted by one of the 54 guards stationed at the camp and a few minutes later Inspector Kirk was looking over his letter from the United States marshal.

No Extravagance Found.

The supper hour was not far off when with Mr. Kirk as guide a tour of the station was begun. Many stories current of extravagant and un-Hoover feeding and waste at the internment station gave additional interest to an inspection of kitchens, dining rooms and bakeries. The principal dish that night for the officers, who occupy the hotel, appeared to be rice and curry. There were also apples stewed and baked, rye and wheat bread, butter, tea and coffee. The mess hall and kitchen were clean from much scrubbing. In the bakery of the hotel quarters were stacks of rye bread, or black bread, famous in Germany, as well as the whiter loaf that is more familiar in this part of the world.

Mr. Kirk explained that the entire camp is being provided with food at approximately (last month) 45 cents a day for each man. The reporter noticed that the loaves of bread were placed on the table to be cut as needed and he wondered as he pondered what 45 cents how there could be the waste of food that people from time to time report as something shameful to permit in these meatless and wheatless days. There were no signs of waste and the reporter's impressions in this respect were con-

firmed by a conversation that night with one of the citizens of Hot Springs, a man who has had some opportunities of knowing how affairs are managed inside the internment station.

The officers alone are quartered at the hotel, three to five in a room. The crews of men who cook and serve the meals are also in the officers' camp. The majority of the seamen are in the second division of the camp, housed in long barrack rooms with double-deck bunks. There are seven of these barrack buildings, the last one about completed.

Going through the barracks one finds the same cleanliness that marks the entire camp. These quarters also heated by stoves while the hotel is steam-heated. There appears to be some difference in the food served to officers and men, but the difference is slight.

A German Village.

Leaving the hotel, Inspector Kirk led the way through the "German village." Coming up the walk from his cottage was a tall, powerfully built man, Captain Pollack, former commander of the Kronprinzessin Cecilie, one of the finest merchant ships afloat. Captain Pollack is the tallest man in the camp, and he certainly looks as if he would be more at home on the bridge of a liner or a warship than in the small cottage he has built as part of the make-believe German village.

But these villages (the seamen have started one also) are well worth a trip to the station. Constructed mostly out of scraps of lumber, driftwood, or limbs of trees, they are monuments to the ingenuity and skill of the German as a workman. They are built for places to rest, drink coffee, or to smoke and play games. They are heated by little brick stoves or furnaces built by the Germans themselves and they are finished with the utmost care in carpentry and decoration, with an eye to attractive effects with simple materials for their attainment. In the center of the village stands a little church. There are also many plots for next summer's flower beds.

The cottages are mostly of only one small room. They are really little club houses. Needless to say, no beer is enjoyed in the village, though the odor of coffee is there often.

The old ballroom of the hotel is also a reading room and a place for general meeting and entertainment, as is the pool room which was part of the hotel leased to the government by Mr. Rumbough. At one end of the ballroom is a stage where amateur theatricals are given occasionally. In addition to the piano rented from Mr. Rumbough with the building the Germans have an excellent orchestra.

At the end of this pleasant village

the visitors found Captain Schlimbach, the architect who drew the plans for the village. Here also the reporter met Captain Nisse, chairman of the general committee to which all the interns report any complaints which they may have, real or imagined. This committee passes on complaints and requests from officers or men, and those that the committee cannot settle are turned over to Inspector Kirk and his assistants.

Men and Officers.

There have been reports going the rounds to the effect that the seamen have rebelled against the authority of their officers, but that is not exactly what is taking place for the very good reason that the officers now have no authority over the men. As has been stated, the officers and ordinary seamen have separate camps and they do not come in contact with each other in the old relations which obtained on board the ships which they no longer man. Officer and man are both for the time being in custody of the United States government; the men are responsible only to the government officers in charge of the camp. This latter fact undoubtedly has had its effect, and added to that may be noted the psychological influence of living from day to day in an environment very different, of course, from that in Germany either now or before the war.

Perhaps the men have noticed the relations of the American representatives and their subordinates at the camp; perhaps more freedom is in the very air than in any they have ever breathed before. At any rate, the results are evident. The discipline possible on board ship is out of question now; the men are not under the necessity of punctilious respect or even obsequiousness that perhaps they may have been obliged to practice in former days. From all that is seen and heard one doubts that even Commodore Ruser, former commander of the Vaterland, now receives from the interned seamen the respect due to a superior officer according to German custom. It is probably true that most of the officers, when opportunity offers, are overbearing to the men, judged by American standards, and the men naturally welcome their present chance to escape such treatment.

When the war is over, the lessons the interned Germans in the United States have learned may furnish an interesting contribution to the readjustments that are bound to come in Germany, no matter how the final issue of the war may be decided. Autocracy's wings are clipped at the Hot Springs internment station.

It would be strange if the seamen, relieved of the grip of naval routine and discipline, should not feel free of their superiors and should not show their feelings. Occasionally a seaman refers to the officers as "that kid glove crowd," according to stories heard in the town outside the camp.

Perhaps this opportunity to be free also accounts for the fact that a small number, both among officers and men, are known to express friendly sentiments toward the United States. But such sentiments toward Uncle Sam do not necessarily mean disloyalty to the Kaiser, and where one man is out of sympathy with the German government, and rumor says that some are, there are ten who still believe as they were taught from early days to believe of their ruler and his system of government. It would be a marvel if most of these men were not loyal to Germany in the war, and so far as known most of them are.

If the interned Germans take deep interest in the war they discuss it seldom except among themselves. They read the news of the day; what they think is largely unknown. In the hospital one man was seen pouring over a war map; another was reading his Bible. One or two staunch supporters of the German government have expressed the vehement opinion that the U-boat campaign is by no means over and that before all the American troops are across the Atlantic the United States will learn of her sorrow that the present hull in submarine warfare is ominous of preparations for relentless activity against the boys en route to France.

Cakes and Coffee.

The canteen at Hot Springs internment station does a thriving business. Here the men, who receive small pensions from the steamship companies for which they sailed the seas, buy cakes, jam, honey, tobacco and other luxuries. In the cottages of the villages they have built one can see little parties eating cakes and drinking coffee, of which drink they consume vast quantities. The sweets they also carry to the dining hall to add the additional supply that their sweet tooth calls for.

A Y. M. C. A. building is now in process of erection for the sailors. This building will be done by the government furnishing the lumber and other materials. For their work on the barracks the men are paid.

One of the buildings recently completed is a hospital which is well fitted up and in charge of a competent physician who is one of the interned officers.

On the day that the reporter visited the camp an intern named Friedman, formerly a purser on a German vessel, received good news from Inspector Kirk; he is to be discharged from the station. He is now 74 years old; his son in Illinois is able and anxious to take care of his father and the old man will be allowed to say good-bye to the detention camp.

A more delightful location for a hotel, or an internment station, could hardly be found even in the mountains of this region. The steep mountain ridges which hem in the French Broad river most of the way from Asheville to Hot Springs there open in sort of an amphitheater. On the mountain sides, which seem to be almost solid rock, are thick growths of pine and spruce as well as the oak and other hardwoods which are more abundant around Asheville than in the section near Hot Springs. The town and the camp are protected from the fiercer winds by these encircling hills and the sunshine seems to be radiated into the valley by the enormous masses of rock that are piled in some places perpendicularly high above the river. But, unfortunately, they may think, the German interned sailors do not have the pleasure of mountain climbing while they are unwilling but not unhappy guests of Uncle Sam.



BETWEEN friends the gift that conveys the most personal thoughtfulness—pour Photograph.

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One Way to Reduce Food Bills

Food Administrator Prescribes Mock Eatables, Seasoned With Imagination, for Movies.



These are unhappy days for flimfoam! No more late breakfasts on the "set"; no more sumptuous banquets before a camera. Saddest of all, there is an end to those four-barrel flirtations where the chief fun-maker's plunge has the terrible after-effect of making him cough up big cuts for a week.

You guessed it. The picture folk have been politely requested by Mr. Hoover to do their bit in conserving food by giving up honest-to-goodness "grub" in the eating scenes. He wants them to substitute papier-mache victuals and colored-water beverages, just to show the patriotic vein which is expected of every man these days. If the patrons who have been complaining (quietly, of course) because chops and juicy steaks are forbidden delicacies will travel to any of the motion picture studios in Southern California, they will find a great section of spirit that will make their own grouch seem like a happy dream.

"Hang it," said one Triangle Apollo the other day, "you can't drink pink water with a champagne expression. It's too much to ask of any actor."

"Your whole art consists of pretending that which you do not feel, and here is a new world of acting," rejoined a consoling companion.

"New world, bah!" he snorted. "Any person who can chew through two layers of cotton stuffed with brown paper and pretend it's a ham sandwich that's saving him from starvation, and that he likes it—well, he ought to choke!"

Judging from the expression (and the pistol) with which Louise Glaum is guarding her kegs in the upper left corner, the government ban on further manufacture of whiskey has placed a premium on the "property" stock assigned to her in a recent Triangle photo-play. It takes more than pink water to start some of those western dance-hall scraps.

But economy and food conservation are secondary considerations with a lot of actresses who, off the films, are dieting to keep their own figures in such condition that the figures on their contracts will not be diminished. The camera man caught Claire Anderson, the Triangle-Keystone beauty in the upper right hand corner, just as she was tipping the scales

at one fifteen—a full weight of vivaciousness even with one foot off the platform. "I just curl up and die every time I see a banquet scene slated," said one of her sister actresses in the big colony at Culver City. "After a week's diet of carrots and lemon juice, I manage to torture off about four pounds, then along comes a picture where every other scene has eats in it. And the director won't stand for mincing, either. When I finish the picture, I've put on eight pounds."

The men have their troubles, too. There seems to be something suspicious about the egg "Bill" Diamond has just opened in his breakfast scene above, and Charlie Gunn doesn't seem overly anxious to partake of the plaster-patis "bread" and chalk and water "milk" with which little Thelma Salter is trying to tempt him. Verily, these are hard times for the hungry actor!

Olive Thomas (in the circle) claims that Mr. Hoover is a wise man. She says the eating she had to do in Triangle pictures has almost spoiled her indigestion and besides, it's making her just a tiny shade stout. Just the same it looks as if the little chick's luck might prove fatal.

The little Betsy Ross nestling down in the corner is Ruth Stonehouse—one hundred pounds of patriotism that isn't complaining a bit, even though she does admit that she has liked other edicts better. After a recent Triangle picture, in which a real blackberry pie figured largely in an appetizing kitchen "set," Miss Stonehouse was heard

to remark, "I suppose from now on I'll get cardboard pies. Do you know, I don't believe I'll relish make-believe pie at all."

The Hoover edict will be hardest, perhaps, on the directors. Reality has become a fetish with many of the craft, and it will pain their temperament to substitute artificial for real food. No matter where or whom the ruling hits, no one is questioning the wisdom of the move. It will make a difference in pictures in many ways, but scenario writers and directors are going to rack their brains for "just as good" imitations of actual eating. "One and all, they are willing to 'do their bit'."

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CAMP SEVIER BOYS TO HAVE LIBRARY

Actual Construction of the Building Will Begin In Few Days — Pittsburgh Man Will Be Librarian

By CLAUDE RAMSEY.

Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C., Nov. 10.—The war service committee of the American Library association has completed arrangements for the construction of the Camp Sevier free library at this camp and has sent Ralph P. Emerson of Pittsburgh, Pa., to act as librarian and to take charge of the establishment of the free public library system. It is expected that the actual construction of the building will begin within the next week or so.

Sub-stations, to further accommodate the soldiers, will be established in different parts of the camp, in the Y. M. C. A. buildings, Knights of Columbus headquarters and the many other places where the men gather.

Every soldier in camp is a member of the library without any formality or registration or without paying any dues that is so common among many organizations. All he will have to do when taking out a book will be to sign it slip, giving his name and location of camp. All that is asked of the soldiers is to take good care of the books so that as

many men as possible may use them. Five thousand books are expected to arrive in camp in the next day or so, the gift of the citizens of Pittsburgh, Pa., to the soldierboys of Camp Sevier, S. C. A majority of the books are well-known novels of the day. There are detective and mystery stories by Conan Doyle, Mary Robert Rhinhardt and Fanning; stories of adventure by Jack London, Joseph Conrad and Ralph Connor; books by Winston Churchill, Gene Stratton Porter, Arnold Bennett, Robert Louis Stevenson and many other favorites.

Magazines with good stories, both fiction and non-fiction, will be distributed among the men, without any obligation that they be returned. The camp librarian, Ralph P. Emerson, comes direct from Pittsburgh where he was executive secretary to the director of the Carnegie library.

He has also been connected with the New York public library and organized the public library at Lancaster, N. Y. Mr. Emerson is a graduate of the New York State Library school, class of 1916, and of Williams college, class of 1907.

congressional press galleries are at work confidently, however.

When the first suggestion was made a quarter of a century ago that mere reporter persons should be aided and encouraged in getting news of decisions promptly to the mere public, some astute judges thought revolution and chaos were near. But time works wonders and now the reporter stands a good chance of having real comfy working quarters in the Supreme court of the United States.

REV. F. W. STOUTON WILL SPEAK TO MEN TODAY

Rev. F. W. Stanton, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church, will speak at the men's meeting to be held at the Young Men's Christian association this afternoon at 4 o'clock. He will take as his subject "The Holy Spirit."

The musical program will consist of a vocal solo by Arch D. Monteath and duet by Mrs. Milton Braun and Seth J. Perkinson, with Mrs. J. H. Walker as accompanist.

Robber Disappointed.

New York, Nov. 10.—Somewhere in New York tonight a bold robber is cursing his fate. He knocked down Walter Bonus, bank messenger, beat him and escaped with his money safe. It contained \$58,000—in cancelled checks.

She Was Excused.

New York, Nov. 10.—Sarah Remanovich, 16, was excused from attending school today because she is five feet six inches tall. She said she towered above her classmates. Magistrate Doyle said the excuse was good.

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