

JAMES CRANE WRITES

The following good letter was sent Supt. Hall by James Crane, who is now receiving training at Camp Grant, Illinois. The letter follows:

Your letter finally caught up with me. We left Camp Lewis on the 18th of September. There were about 200 of us young fellows picked for non-commissioned officers. I happened to be one of the 200 men picked from 40,000 drafted men to be sent to Camp Grant for training.

At first I did not like the location or the weather, but it seems I am getting used to the surroundings. I am the only Indian in the company and they surely treat me first-class. I feel right at home. We are considered the best company at Camp Grant. The beauty of the thing is that we are all from the west—Oregon, California, Washington, Idaho, Nevada and Montana. We certainly had a nice trip and the cordial receptions which we received at the various stations on our journey proved it is an honor to be a soldier of the United States.

In the East and Middle West a plague known as the Spanish Influenza has started and many cases are located here and nearby. Some are meeting their "Waterloo" from the sickness.

I think a soldier's life is all right and yet sometimes I feel pretty sick. Then I brace up and meet the new day with the same old fight. I know that I never played fair at school, but a person in the army has got to come up to the rules and has to be on the job every minute.

So we are having a team at Chemawa! Wish them luck. Who is coaching the team this year?

Thank you for the Chemawa American. It makes me feel at home—recollections of school days are great. So you have a larger number of pupils this fall than you had a year ago. Are there any Pendleton children there?

I think this war is going to end before I get across the pond. Wish I could get across before it ends. It is the ambition of every soldier to get across and put away a few of the "huns." They are planning on a Christmas dinner at Berlin—hope so!

We are under strict quarantine and no-one can leave the camp or barracks. I am enjoying life greatly and my health is O. K., but I am losing weight. We drill from 7:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. These are special hours for us as we are working for non-commissions. And say, it's work, work, work, from morning until night. I often wish I was with mother, but I stick and keep on playing the game.

I am trying for the camp team and am playing quarterback for my company. I am weighing only 165 pounds now, while at Chemawa a year ago I weighed 185 pounds.

Is Mr. Bent still at Chemawa?

I am the company barber.

There are a lot of Indians here, but all are strangers to me. This is a great camp, but I hope to see Chemawa again some day:

PRUNES

Under the direction of Mr. Westley and Mr. McLean the big juicy Italians and the sugary petites have been made ready for the winter's use. The prunes were received from the orchard in boxes. From the box they were poured into a wire basket which is then dipped into a scalding solution of lye, to prevent mold, and then the fruit is spread only one-deep on the drying tray. When a number of these trays are ready they are placed in the big hot dryer where they remain at a steady high temperature for about twenty-four hours. In the process of drying the prunes lose about two-thirds in weight. When taken out they are inspected and placed in the big bins ready for use.

The prune crop is unusually good this year and we expect to have about 16 tons—twice the amount needed for home consumption. As the price is good we hope to make our prunes help us doubly in meeting the H.C.L.

LOCAL

The seniors had a meeting the first day of school and chose temporary officers to serve until the entire class is in. They put up their pennant, decorated their new members with the blue and gold and closed with a class song, thus showing that the spirit of the class of 1919 survived the summer in good form.

Principal Devol took for the subject of his Monday assembly talk recently "The Spanish Influenza; How to Avoid It." He said the symptoms were very much like those of la grippe—chills followed by high temperature and intense aching. "The best way to cure it is not to get it, and the best way not to get it is to keep cheerful—don't think yourself sick," said Mr. Devol. "Keep well," he said, "by getting plenty of fresh air, eating plenty of wholesome food, well chewed, keep the person and clothing clean and avoid unnecessary crowds."

THE HUNTED HUN

There was a little Hun,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were all dum-dum, dum-dum:
He shinned up a tree
To snipe what he could see,
But now he is in kingdom come-come-come!
—R.M. Eassie, "Odes and Trifles."