

WITH THE COLORS

The following excerpts from a letter written by Harley Richardson to friends in La Grande describe graphically and entertainingly his trip in a flying machine at an elevation of 4200 feet.

"You do not know how much the war is going to mean to us all. The experience that I have received already is worth much to me. I do not mean by this, the experience along the lines of drugs and medicines, although it is good, but the general knowledge; the association with men from all over our country, and last, but not least, I have learned to concentrate my efforts in one line. I am now able to see many of my faults of the past. I have had time to think.

"Men in the army must find duty first—their work must be finished each day, and done with exactness. We are learning the lesson of system, of work before play; of seeing each day finished before we leave the task.

"Do you see what that is going to mean to America, and to her men in every line of work? I can see and realize what it is going to mean to business, and the business man; what it will mean to the laborer; and to every form of human endeavor. It will mean the finished product, the completed task, no matter how small and trivial, and the best results due to the training and the exacting influences of the army life.

"Then we will have learned to have lived within our means; to live more simply. In the future it will not require so much to entertain us, for we will get more enjoyment out of our work. Here men are made to do their best, day in and day out until it becomes a habit with them. They eat regularly, sleep regularly, and all is system. The fine part of it is that the schooling is not handed out to those who desire it, or to those who don't, but to every man who enters the service, and I feel that a large part of the man power will have to enter. Then, again, men get the schooling rapidly because they have to. It is not what they want, but what they get, 'for you are in the army now,' as the boys say. There is no gently breaking away from the old life and easy sliding into the new, but just a matter of a day between. One day you are a civilian and the next a soldier, and the more adaptable a man is, the better he gets along, and the easier becomes the compliance with the cast iron rules of system.

Raymond Blystone received his commission as a second lieutenant and was immediately shipped out. He is now a solo flyer. I did not get to have the ride that he promised me, but was lucky in getting the Colonel to sign a request for me, and so got to go up with Lieutenant Wells, at Kelly 3. Was up 37 minutes and went to a height of 4,250 feet. He gave me all of the stunts with the exception of the 'loop' and the 'tail spin.' We left the hangar about 11 o'clock in the morning, scooted across the field and made a circle of the camp. At one end of the first turn around the camp we were a little better than 2,100 feet and steadily climbing. The sensation was very much, at this point, as though you were standing on the edge of a very high cliff and looking out over the country below, for the machine did not seem to move at such a distance from the ground, as long as we pulled in a straight line. At the end of the second round we were a trifle over 4,200 feet. At this altitude the barracks looked like a little group of doll houses, and the fields like a green checker board with a little silver thread running through it, which marked the river. Had it not been for the roar of the engine and the rush of air by me, I might have thought that we were hung up on a star, for the machine was riding as smoothly as a Pullman car, and every bit as steady. There was no perceptible motion, although we were going better than 80 miles an hour. I was just congratulating myself that I did not feel the least bit nauseated when the Lieutenant went into a spiral bank. The right wing of the machine descended until it pointed directly toward the ground, and I found myself lying on my side and partly hanging in my belt. I looked up and saw the other wing pointing toward the clouds, and around we went in a circle a couple of times, then he straightened his rudder and elevator and we came out of it and began to climb. Then I had a sensation that beat anything that I had ever experienced in all my life. I had to swallow fast and furious to keep from bringing up my toes. The Lieutenant looked back at me and laughed and I nodded my head to assure him that I was alright, so we went for several more of them. He started out across the fields south of camp, and at a height of 4,250 feet he shut off his engine, jammed his elevator down, and we went for a 450 foot nose dive, as straight for Mother Earth as a man ever fell out of bed. The machine weighs over 200 pounds and with nothing to stop them they fall much faster than a man would if he fell out, so I found myself being dragged down out of the clouds at a hundred miles an hour, and looking the earth right in the face. You have one of those kind of pains that you simply can't diagnose. It simply hurts all over. Then he straightened his elevator

and we shot up into the air. Here he started his engine and we started back for camp. About 2,000 feet from the ground he turned off the engine and gave me a side slip, then a tall slip, a spiral and we were back nearly to earth. He turned on the engine about 200 feet above the field and slid on it so easy that I could hardly realize that I was down. When we got out he told me the 'vertical bank' made them all sick at first, and then it was merely a case of getting used to it. He said some never got used to it.

"I have experienced all kinds of sensations in my life, and have travelled some on a motorcycle, but there are no words to express the aerial game. It simply has the world beaten for thrills.

The following letter was recently received from G. L. Clark, formerly pastor of the Presbyterian church here, but now Regional Religious Work Director in the Y. M. C. A. in France.

"Just home from a long and most interesting tour over my field which is approximately 75 miles one way and 55 the other, and you may know I have some job when I remind you that the number of my sheep reaches almost half the number of people in the state where you live. I have the use of half of a Ford, that is, two of us go together in the same machine, over the field, looking after another phase of regional work and I after the religious fences. I passed thru the grandest country, Oregon over and over, rivers swift and trout fed, where the ripples glisten and gush on the M. Trees of pine, fir, tamarack and mountain ash, red berried and rich, putting splendor into the deep green of the mountain slope and grand chateaus. A series of lakes like the Wallowa, peacefully sleep and throw the images of trees and shore buildings in perfect picture from the deep below. On the lakes the canoes with two or four pleasure-seeking young folks gently slide 'when the day is done.' Safely out from the shore, pairs of ducks satisfy their heart-yearnings by boating together in the sunset, and incidentally they fanned the fierce fire of the hunting spirit of one who watched and recalled days on Morgan Lake or out in the Grande Ronde valley. This particular lake by which I stood at eventide is about a mile long and half as wide and much like the lakes of Oregon. Rocks rough and moss covered mark the shoreline. I stood there and looked and reflected and sighed a bit for the 'home land' so beautifully pictured there. The valley is narrow and so green—although the crops are in, yet the grass is as green as in June. Many houses dot the sides of the valley towns between the hill slopes linked by the finest roads I have ever seen, winding in and out among and through the trees and quarried hill sides of stone. Really, I never saw such a reproduction of home. The only difference is the finished touch here, which is not seen in the west. This due to the many centuries, of course, of use.

"My work takes me through this region right along. Of course, I am near the front at times, as I was within 20 minutes ride from the line at one time. But the work takes me in and out. The trip finished last night, was not far from 150 miles in length, in a Ford that ran fine. I have about 15 directors that I visit with and counsel and they in turn touch the men, who in turn touch the soldiers. I will visit the huts, too, as I have the time and opportunity. I find the finest fellows in the Y. work of all vocations and professions. The experiences of the men would certainly make a fine book. For instance, our business manager for this big field was, for five years before getting into Y work, a Wyoming 'cow puncher,' while the property man is a University professor and lawyer, and was born in Italy, a son of sculptors, though an American by blood—widely travelled, and most interesting. He is going to teach me French since he is a professor of Romance languages, speaking four well and one not so well."

Color of Copper. Absolutely pure copper may have a light gray color like that of most other metals, since it is found that copper which has been ten times distilled in vacuo has only a pale rose color, while the yellow color of gold becomes much lighter under similar treatment.

Special Prices on all our lovely J. C. C. and College Girl Corsets, at the Walling Millinery. 9-18tf

Coming: Fighting Bill Duncan. 9-18-4t

Mason Jar Rubbers

We have but a few dozen left, and while they last you may have them at the low price of 3 dozen for 25¢

Furniture Exchange

Black 1241 E. J. DONOHUE Fir and Jefferson Best Prices Paid for Used Furniture, or will Exchange for New.

BRITISH GUN WITH CATERPILLAR WHEELS



This British official photograph shows British soldiers making preparations to go up to the front with a battery. Note the caterpillar wheels of the big gun.

Social and Personal

B. L. Isbell of Los Angeles is in Joseph today as a prospective buyer of property there.

R. A. Hug, of Elgin, returned to his home at Elgin this morning from a brief business stay here.

Mrs. Preston Cobb returned to her home near Imbler this morning after a business visit of two days in La Grande.

A marriage license was issued yesterday afternoon to Roger E. Reed and Leona S. Ford, both of La Grande.

Max Simmons, brother of Mrs. Sam Harris, leaves this evening for Eugene, where he will enter the state university.

Ed. Johnson was sentenced to 60 days in jail and \$300 fine yesterday in Circuit Court on the charge of illegally having liquors in his possession.

Mrs. W. L. Roberts of Haines, passed through town this morning en route to Joseph, where she will visit with her daughter, Mrs. T. Florence for some time.

Mrs. G. L. Mays and two daughters, Evelyn and Wilma, left for Elgin this morning and will be the guests of relatives there until Sunday.

Miss J. H. Court, of Portland, passed through town this morning en route to Joseph, where she will be the guest of friends for about a month.

Miss Lulu Walker, of Portland, who has been visiting with her sister, Miss Nina Walker, of La Grande, for the past two weeks, returned home this morning.

Title to S.W. ¼ of N.W. ¼ of Section 11, Township 1, S. Range 38, E. of W.M., was transferred today from James P. Gillespie and wife to W. L. Starr and wife. The piece contains 40 acres.

A deed was filed at the Clerk's office today by Thos. Lee McHatten and wife, transferring title to the N.W. ¼ of N.E. ¼, Section 9, Township 1, S. Range 38, to I. P. Fisher. The plot contains 40 acres.

E. H. Horner, state deputy labor commissioner and factory inspector, is in La Grande today on his first official tour of this section. Mr. Horner succeeded H. M. Allen in the eastern Oregon deputyship. His headquarters are in Baker.

R. M. Rahe, of Pendleton, who is shipping cattle from this section for Frye & Co., of Seattle, was in town this morning. He made a shipment of 19 carloads, containing 520 head of stock from Joseph and Enterprise last Saturday and plans on another this week.

A deed was filed in the Clerk's office today, transferring title to east half of Lots 7 and 8, block 12 of Roulk's addition to La Grande from Laura P. Bartholomew and Ray E. Bartholomew to Frances C. White and Beattie M. White (sisters of Mrs. Bartholomew).

RED CROSS DRUG STORE

The Kodak Store

NON-ESSENTIAL INDUSTRIES ARE LISTED.

(Continued From Page 1.)

should be borne in mind, however, that the government has the power to declare other industries non-essential, as the merits of some particular case appeal.

The listed industries are:

1. Automobile industry accessories.
2. Drivers of pleasure cars and those engaged in cleaning, repairing and delivering cars.
3. Sightseeing cars.
4. Autotrucks, not engaged in delivering fuel, or in war work.
5. Teaming, not engaged in essential war work.
6. Bath houses and barber shop attendants.
7. Bowling alleys, billiard and pool rooms.
8. Bottlers and bottling supplies.
9. Candy manufacturers, cigars and tobacco.
10. Cleaners and dyers.
11. Confectionery and delicatessen stores.
12. Contractors and builders, not engaged in war work.
13. Dancing academies.
14. Mercantile stores.
15. Fruit stands.
16. Junk dealers.
17. Livery and sales stables.
18. Pawn brokers.
19. Peanut vendors and establishments.
20. Shoe shine shops.
21. Window cleaners.
22. Soft drink establishments.
23. Soda fountain supplies.
24. Other industries, subject to subsequent determination.

All the new fall styles in Millinery are represented at the Walling Millinery, at close cash prices. 9-18tf

Cheerful Observer. When the man above endeavors to discredit you, be of good cheer, for it is probable that you are getting near enough to crowd him.—Dayton News.

Coming: Fighting Bill Duncan. 9-18-4t

SHERRY THEATRE

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY.

NELL SHIPMAN and ALFRED WHITMAN

—In—

"A GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT,"

—and—

Lawrence Semon, in Comedy. Last Showing Today.

TOMORROW—"TREASURE ISLAND."

"ECONOMY"

It is truly astonishing what we do with an old suit, by Cleaning and Mending—produce in appearance the original suit; how little it costs. Try it. We also have the best lines of Tailored Suits.

Zwiefel Tailoring, A. B. Rogers
Foley Hotel Building, Adams Avenue.

STORE CLOSED TOMORROW

GOLDEN RULE CO.

COUNTY W. C. T. U. MEETS

Program For Convention to Be Held in La Grande Tomorrow.

The county convention of the W. C. T. U. will meet in the Methodist church tomorrow (Thursday). The following program has been arranged:

- 10:00 a. m.—Devotionals, led by Mrs. Wallis, of Alcega.
- 10:20—Meeting called to order; appointment of various committees.
- 10:30—"What the W. C. T. U. is doing for the Soldiers," Mrs. Wright.
- 10:50—Special music.
- 11:00—"Present Task of W. C. T. U.," Mrs. Purcell, of Union.
- 10:20—"Medical Temperance," Dr. Dora Underwood.
- 11:40—"Temperance Outlook," Rev. Aldrich.
- 12:00—Noontide prayer; adjournment for lunch.
- 1:30—Devotionals, by Mrs. Parker, of Union.
- 1:45—"Who Killed Hancock?" Mrs. Sawyer.
- 2:10—"Local Problems," Mrs. McMillan, of Union.
- 2:30—Special music.
- 2:45—"Temperance and War," Rev. Smith.
- 3:15—Reports; business; election of officers; adjournment.

NEW TODAY

FOR SALE—100-acre farm, improved, a mile and a half from Union; a bargain, if taken at once. Write P. O. Box 798, Union, Ore. 9-18-3t

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FOR SALE—Small U. C. Cream Separator; double set of medium weight harness; good hack. W. T. Patten, Fruitdale. 9-18-2t, 3d

A WANT AD will do it.

Foresight.

An irascible and not very judicial person had been listening to a lengthy argument on whether Ireland should or should not have home rule. Finally he could contain himself no longer and burst out: "I wish they'd give 'em home rule and then give me the motion picture rights."—Outlook.

Has a High Opinion of Chamberlain's Tablets.

"I have a high opinion of Chamberlain's Tablets for biliousness and as a laxative," writes Mrs. G. A. Barnes, Charleston, Ill. "I have never found anything so mild and pleasant to use. My brother has also used these tablets with satisfactory results."—Adv.

Thrived Without Wheat.

American Indians thrived and grew tall and muscular without wheat; but we can't tell whether that is what made them red.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Kodak business is moving right along at Silverthorn's. By the way, have you had them do some enlarging for you? If not, you will be more than pleased with their work. And it is at a very reasonable price and promptly done. Try them and see.

Silverthorn's
FAMILY DRUG STORE
LA GRANDE, OREGON.
Daily 9-11 ft

SHINOLA

AMERICA'S HOME SHOE POLISH

We have complied with the Government's request to be satisfied with a reasonable profit and to keep the quality up to standard.



The Same Quality

The Same Size Box

The Same Price—Ten Cents

Our increased volume of sales, foresight in buying and rigid economy in manufacture, enable you to buy

SHINOLA At The Same Price As Always—Ten Cents

50 Good Shines to the Box

Good for Leather

Makes Shoes wear longer and look better

Black-Tan-White-Red-Brown