SOLDIER BOYS AND CIVILIANS CONTRIBUTE TO LETTER PAGE

Monterey Is Busy Camp for Medical Corps.

Portland Boy Says Course Is Most Thorough, With Exception of Having Real Wounded Men With Whom to Deal in Training Work.

A RECENT letter from a Portland boy at the Presidio of Monterey, Cal., says:

"I reached Frisco on the 10th, as you know I had to by my furlough, and was there only four days when I received orders to go to Monterey for duty, where I am now.

"Here I found we had 293 medical corps men in training, just completing their second week of progressive instruction. They were housed in three barracks, each about 175 feet long.

"This week practically ends the course of instruction, making the sixth week the men have been at it. Reveille here is at 5 o'clock, breakfast at 6, drill starts at 7 and continues until 12. Dinner at 12. Then instruction again at 1, which lasts until 4:30. Supper at 5 and retreat at 6 o'clock, which completes the day's work for the private. The officers and non-commissioned officers have been having a class on office paper work from 7 to 9, so as to get us used to Army methods of handling office work.

"The course for the men has been most thorough, and by having a new schedule every week everything that a sanitary corps man must know in the field has been covered here, with the exception of having real wounded men with which to deal.

"They have been taught how to construct various field appliances that make for sanitation. They have learned several methods of building incinerators for the disposal of garbage, how company kitchens can be prevented from being contaminated, the various diseases that have to be guarded against in the field, and several methods of sterilizing water.

"Last week the men received their field pouches that they will wear in the field. It is a compact little canvas case, containing bandages, iodine, stimulants and everything necessary for first aid in the field. The week has been spent in using the kits in applying bandages, the use of splints, how to set dislocations and stop hemorrhages. Likewise they have learned the use of diagnoses tags, which are fastened to the patient as soon as he is treated, and are the means of telling the doctor what has been done for the man by the first-aid men in the field.

"Litter drill forms another part of the work that occupies considerable time. Since the men have learned to drill with open and closed litters they have been taken on several hikes, carrying the litters with them, these hikes lasting all afternoon, and giving the men some appetite for supper.

"But the men don't mind the work. They enter into it with a good spirit and the hikes, while hard for men not accustomed to it, are enjoyed, for it varies the monotony of camp life.

"All the men, even including the non-commissioned officers, are given their turn in the post hospital here, so that all may become familiar with ward management, the operating-room, the X-ray-room and the dispensary. So much for the medical corps.

"There are in the post, besides us, two battalions of signal corps men, the Eighth telegraph and the Eighth field battalion. Those men have completed their course of training and have received their equipment of motorcycles with side cars and trucks, and are expecting to go most any time. These are the only men here, as this is only a small post, and one of the oldest ones on this Coast."

PUBLIC MARKET IS CRITICISED

Correspondent Wants Householder to Derive Some Benefit.

PORTLAND, Oct. 20. — (To the Editor.)—Public discussion about prices in the public market seems to have ended in smoke, as have many other such discussions. It should be renewed and should continue until the public market has become what it pretends to be and what its name implies. As it is, it sails under false colors and is a fraud.

When the public market was established we heard much of the saving made by the housewife at Indianapolis and Des Moines through being able to buy direct from the farmer and of the profit to the farmer through escaping the extortion of the commission man and through selling much produce which would otherwise be gone to waste. As the Portland public market is run the only gainer is the farmer.

The main idea of a public market is to bring producer and consumer together and thus to save the profit and expenses of the middlemen, namely, the commission man and the retailer. It was expected that this saving would be divided between the two, so that the farmer would sell dearer and the consumer buy cheaper than when middlemen intervene. A bargain between each individual buyer and seller was to decide the division.

In fact, prices in the public market are almost invariably the same as those charged by the grocer, so that the farmer takes all of the saving. This practice receives official sanction through the fixing of maximum prices by the market master, and prices rarely fall below the maximum. There is evidently an understanding among the dealers to maintain these prices, though that is a violation of the common law principle which forbids such combinations. We have no state anti-trust law and the city ordinance against trusts has been a dead letter from the day of its passage. It was a piece of rank demagogy, never intended to be enforced.

There is abundant reason why prices in the market should be materially lower than those charged by grocers. The grocer pays rent and taxes, gives credit and delivers his goods. The market dealer pays a nominal rent for his stall, but he pays no city taxes and he sells for cash and makes no deliveries. His only extra expense as compared with dealing with commission men is his rent and the additional time employed in selling by retail as against selling by wholesale. The grocer must add a percentage to his prices for bad debts and for the cost of delivery. The farmer's prices should be as much lower than the grocer's as would cover these percentages and also his generally lower cost of doing business. The maximum price should be abolished and the maintenance of uniform prices should be taken as proof of unlawful combination. If market prices should not be reduced in accordance with conditions, the market should be abolished, but an honest effort should first be made to bring about this reduction. It can be done on this Coast, for Seattle has a public market where prices are below those charged at the stores. Portland can do what Seattle can do, if our people set about it with determination.

It may be objected that injury would be done to the business of grocers and thereby to the owners of property they occupy, who would be obliged to reduce rents, and then to the city and state, which would be called upon to reduce taxes. There is a measure of truth in this objection, but it is the duty of the Government, both state and city, to set the rights and interest of all the people above those of any part of the people. No government is justified in continuing an unjust system for the purpose of collecting part of the proceeds. That means taking a dollar from a man that the city may get 50 cents.

But the injury to the grocer's business would not be as great as may seem. He can approach the market man's prices by giving a discount on cash purchases and by giving another discount to those who carry their purchases home. The present practice is unjust, for the cash customer pays part of the cost of giving credit to others and Mrs. Jones pays part of the cost of delivery to Mrs. Smith. The discount system would make each one pay for the service he gets.

Many a woman buying goods from the neighborhood grocer would rather pay a little more for fruit and vegetables at the same place than spend time and carfare in going down town to the public market.

If the discount system which I have suggested were generally adopted by retailers it would automatically stop most of the waste arising from the credit and delivery systems. If a person knows he must pay for credit he will pay cash when he can and will be careful not to buy more than he needs or can afford. If he knows he must pay for delivery he will carry home any parcels which are easily portable. War economy can be enforced by an appeal to selfishness, which, after all, is the dominant trait.

But, whatever the retail storekeepers do, the city should set about remedying the abuses of the public market, for I repeat that, as now operated, it is a fraud. T. W. PATTERSON.

Member of Marines Praises Work of Y. M. C. A.

Station Operated for Use of Men in Service at Mare Island Described as Single Bright Spot.

KLAMATH FALLS, Or., Oct. 17. — (Special.)—A fine recommendation of the work being done for the enlisted men of the Army and Navy by the Y. M. C. A. has been received here from Virgil De Lap, a Klamath Falls boy now with the Marines at San Diego, Cal. He writes as follows, in part:

"While I was at Mare Island I visited the naval 'Y' nearly every time I went to Vallejo, and I think that all the sailors and marines will agree with me that it is one of the very few bright spots in that town for the enlisted men. I have also received many accommodations from the Navy 'Y' on the exposition grounds in San Diego and the Army and Navy 'Y' at North Island, which is serving aviators, infantry and marines. I find the same spirit in all these places and believe that the primary interest of the management is for the comfort of the boys. I certainly do believe that with the exception of the home, the Y. M. C. A. holds first place as an inducement to clean living among the boys at the front and those who will soon be there."

"FOREGO GIFTS" IS SUGGESTION

"Receive No Christmas Presents; Give All to Soldiers," Urged.

GARDEN HOME, Or., Oct. 18.—(To the Editor.)—Let this be a soldiers' Christmas! Cannot all of us who are left behind forego gift-receiving? Why not make this a time of out-pouring of hearts, presents, kindnesses and all good wishes on our soldier boys—the million of 'em under arms today beneath American skies and in foreign lands? Remember that many of the skies will be clouded not only with cold and wet on the Noel morning, but with gas shells, with liquid fire, with all the terribleness that means Attila Wilhelm's unbelievable warfare. And what of home? What? Place a Christmas gift of cheery goodly things in each boy's arms. Let each homesick American boy in far lands on Christmas Eve, or morning, hold fast a package from home. Many households left behind, a wage-earner gone to war, have little money to spare for present-giving even to their own. They sent their heart-blood, their first-born, their best-loved, and it is hard to scrape together enough to supply him with an added comfort, or pleasure, or an occasional luxury. The home folks don't want him to send back much of his savings from his $33 a month pay—he must keep that for the time when he may be wounded and will need something the the Government, with all its generosity, cannot give him. Oh, yes, he must save against that time, the money he says so far-away, intent look in her eyes, which unaccountably have grown larger and deeper and a little nearer tear-land since her brave boy went away.

Think of it—it is the poor who give most freely of their sons, give generously their all with throbbing hearts, and, yes, count full the cost of every drop of precious blood as it shall drip from wounds on the battle-field. The rich, the able, those in proportion who have profited most by the abundance of our great country's newness and prodigality of resources, are more often the laggards, the slackers of soul in sacrifice. It is easy to cite examples in our own city, in every city and state, of well-known families who have one, two and even three or more sons between the ages of 20 and 31, and have not offered one to the greatest cause ever fought for. Is one son better loved by his parents than is the son of others? The world knows he is not, but it is impossible for the selfish to comprehend this.

The families of little or no wealth then supply most of the sons to build the mammoth engine that the President plans to project into the enemy's lines with purpose to free the world. Let us cheer each of these fighting boys with a Christmas gift. Let each household send one package at least, let most send many more, a good many can well afford time and work and money to give 25; a few could pour out a generous gift of 50, and a handful can do even better than that. All this in the homes; outside the work is executed gloriously by associations of women, and men, too, notably the Red Cross, and in many other clubs, auxiliaries and charitable units; and give not in charity—God pity such ignoble tribute!—but with gifts of great gratitude to the stalwart young men who guard your and my threshold.

Who has imagination so dull he does not realize that the boy will be comforted to open the package from "back home in the states," his heart throbbing with love and pride that somebody remembered for whom he was fighting—what soldier fights for himself? With mind returned to the beautiful land of his birth and his dear ones there, he will sample the candy, eat the delicious fruit cake, look over his book, his puzzle or game, try the new pipe, ripple out a low tune on the mouth-organ, extract the playing cards from their case, stuff a package or two of chewing gum in his pockets, begin a letter home to try the new stationery, and re-read still again the note found tucked under the bright bow of Christmas ribbon, the note written by some American girl he never saw. And next morning, at dawn, when he goes over the top, who does not understand that he will fight better, harder, with bolder spirit, and if need be die more bravely because in the pocket over his heart is the letter from the girl he never saw, who wishes him well with all her loyal soul, and because in his billet, or dug-out, or bit of trench where is his bed, there is the precious package of goodies and little luxuries from loved America. ELIZABETH LAMBERT WOOD.

Life in Training Camp Is Described in Verse.

"Ted" Crouch's Poem Indicates Little Desire to Spend Rest of Years Among Rattlesnakes and Centipedes in Texas.

E. O. (TED) CROUCH, Portland boy now with the 112th Aero Supply Squadron, stationed at South San Antonio, Texas, describes in the following poem the surrounding country in which he is training.

Mr. Crouch is a graduate of the Kerns School and was a student of the Washington High School, Portland, prior to his enlistment. He is the son of Mrs. Ella M. Crouch, 15 East Twenty-sixth street:

Hell in Texas.

I'm sitting here thinking of the things
I left behind,
And I hate to put on paper what is
running through my mind;
We've dug a million trenches and
cleared ten miles of ground,
And a meaner place this side of hell I
know is still unfound.
But there is still one consolation—
gather closely while I tell:
When we die we're bound for heaven,
for we've done our hitch in hell.

We've built a hundred kitchens, for
the cooks to stew our beans;
We've stood a hundred guard mounts,
and then cleaned the camp latrines;
We've washed a million mess kits and
peeled a million spuds;
We've rolled a million blanket rolls
and washed a million duds;
The number of parades we've made
would be hard to tell,
But we'll not parade in heaven, for
we've done our hitch in hell.

We've killed a million rattlesnakes that
tried to take our cots,
And shook a million centipedes from
out our Army socks;
We've marched a hundred thousand
miles and made a thousand
camps,
And pulled a million cactus thorns from
out our Army pants;
And when our work on earth is done
our friends behind will tell:
"When they died they went to heaven,
for they did their hitch in hell."

When final taps are sounded and we
lay aside life's cares,
And we do our last parade up the shining golden stairs,
And the angels bid us welcome, and
the harps begin to play,
And we draw a million canteen checks
and spend them in a day,
It is then we'll hear St. Peter tell us
loudly with a yell:
"Take a front seat, soldiers, for you've
done your hitch in hell."

Y. M. C. A. IS BIG BOON TO SAILORS

Real Recreation Offered Recruits at Bremerton Navy Yard.

BREMERTON, Wash., Oct. 11.—(To the Editor.)—Being a life resident of Portland and of a home where the Oregonian has been a daily visitor for many years, I am taking this opportunity of informing you first hand of some of the work the Y. M. C. A. is doing to make the life of the sailor a little more pleasant, and hope you will find opportunity to use the information in your work of informing the parents of Portland the real conditions under which their boys are serving their country.

The Y. M. C. A. has had a permanent building at this place for many years, but on account of the greater number of boys here now has erected two large tents within the Navy-yard until such time as proper space can be found for the erection of the standard building as found in all Army and Navy Posts. At this permanent building there are four large pool tables, which are seldom out of use, a reading room and library containing all the latest magazines, and papers and a small but good collection of books.

Reading is one of the sailor's main resorts to take his mind from the routine of the day's work. Four checker tables are continuously in use and many are the hours of enjoyment spent in the game that is always popular. A large fireplace, with large, rockers surrounding it, forms a splendid place for an hour of relaxation. Writing tables can be found around the room, and paper and envelopes can be had for the asking. As no personal effects, such as kodaks, can be taken into the yard, it became necessary for the sailors to find some place for the temporary disposition of these, to which emergency the Y. M. C. A. installed a large checking system, where such articles can be left for a nominal charge.

Following that until Y. M. C. A. practice, non-sectarian religious services are held every Sunday afternoon, to which good speakers are invited to speak, and the attendance at these services speaks well for the enlisted personnel of the Navy. A mid-week Bible class is also held for those who wish to further continue the studies along scriptural lines.

Much the same programme is followed out in the tent buildings with the addition of instruction in French, to which many are availing themselves, looking forward to the possible service on foreign soil. The Government is also furnishing moving-picture films and a machine with which shows are given four nights of the week. The physical exercise of the men is well attended to by setting aside of at least one night a week for the wrestling and boxing matches of the men, and tossing of the medicine ball. Volley ball nets can be found at convenient places, and schedules are arranged for matched games between different teams of the yard in football. Basketball is played out of doors each evening until darkness makes it impossible to see the ball.

As many Portland people have contributed to the maintenance of this work and in the neighborhood of 100 Portland boys are in the service at this point, I hope you will be able to give publicity to at least some of this information. LEE N. BEACH.

Portland address, 731 East Ash street.

OFFICERS OF 6 ARMIES COMPARED

World-Wandering Sammy Says Portland Resembles Stuttgart.

VANCOUVER BARRACKS, Oct. 19.—(To the Editor.)—My home town—the old one—lies on the northernmost point of Denmark. I wrote already several days ago to that town and its daily paper and told them about all the good the Young Men's Christian Association is doing here.

But I have another home town—Portland—and another home paper—The Oregonian. Although I have walked the sidewalks of most of the principal cities of the Northern Hemisphere, here and in Europe, I have seen but one city which in beauty could be compared with Portland, and that city is Stuttgart, Wurtemberg. In fact, the two cities are so much alike that I have often happened to substitute the name of Portland for that of Stuttgart. But in Stuttgart I did not find an Oregonian, nor any substitute for our champion spokesman of the Northwest. Therefore, when I write a letter to my new home town, Portland, I do this in the spirit of writing to the most beautiful town in the world, and when I write to my home paper, The Oregonian, I have, as a Sammy, the confident feeling of a Sammy sending a communication to the most patriotic and powerful "Sammy-backer" in the United States.

I feel confident that The Oregonian, as well as other Portland papers, will receive a large number of letters from Sammies, praising the activities of the Y. M. C. A., and I will, for this reason, confine myself to indorse everything good said about this organization, adding the fact that if it wasn't for the free paper which always lies very handy and inviting, and the conveniences in the Y. M. C. A. building, many an old mother would walk sorrowful and disappointed from the mail box back to the house, without that letter from the boy.

We had a speaker here the other night, one of the Y. M. C. A., who, among other things, urged us strongly not to forget the newspaper day, and not only tell about the Y. M. C. A. but also about life in camp, and especially how we like our officers.

This last question would, I presume, be a delicate one for the majority of the soldiers to answer; for me, however, the matter is easy. I have seen the Danish, the Swedish and the Norwegian officers drill their recruits until they dropped, one after another, on the drilling grounds, and if they were unable to recover in a few minutes they would receive a kick in the back from the officers. I have heard French and English commanders give their soldiers names which an American tramp would be ashamed to repeat. I have seen the German officers spit the soldiers in the face and hit them over their back with the saber, and more than one of my best friends have been driven to suicide when they were unable any longer to stand the atrocities of their officers. When the question is asked me: How do you like your officer?" then I have but one answer:

Picture in your mind those officers whom I have described and compare them with our cool-headed, dignified officers, whose every movement of body express the highest degree of nobleness and self-control, and whose words and actions are only designed to promote the great work of building up an efficient Army, for the success of which they alone are responsible.

SAMMY.

PEOPLE THOUGHT IN TORPOR

Correspondent Says Audience at Theaters Fail to Show Loyalty.

PORTLAND, Oct. 20.—(To the Editor.)—In reference to the letter by a soldier in the Oregonian, in which he calls attention to disregard of the National anthem, I would add a word on the same subject.

I was in the Majestic yesterday and saw the pictures of the American Field Service and the Somme pictures. I wondered if I was in a nest of Germans or if they in the audience were merely dull or indifferent.

Our American boys were shown serving the wounded; General Joffre, who stood between the Huns and civilization; English boys who are today saving our lives at the expense of their own—even a group of those heroic French about whom I cannot even think without a gasp of pride and reverence—and in all that theater there was not a hand clap. A regiment of Irish were shown and received applause, but none of these others.

What is the answer?

We call upon the laborers in the shipbuilding plants to show patriotism by sacrificing what they consider their interests, when the comfortable people can't come out of their torpor long enough to salute their saviors.

A comfortable woman in my neighborhood told me the other day that the war was the least of her troubles—she "never gave it a thought."

Another one, whom I asked if she was going to register, replied that she could not pledge even an hour a week, because she felt her place was at home with her children, and in the same breath said goodbye, and was off to a matinee.

How can we expect people who are ever near the bread line, who have neither nice homes nor safe investments between them and suffering, to be moved by self-sacrifice and patriotism when from these comfortable homes come such sentiments?

Do you think a race can evolve very much higher than the women from whom it springs?

These people may be more loyal than they sound. The Majestic audience may be—but who is to know it if they don't show it. Their seeming indifference may not detract from their own loyalty, but it does from those who are half-hearted or on the fence. As long as we seem indifferent we are giving aid and comfort to the Kaiser—we are fostering dissension—we are supporting German propaganda. When the German people once find out that all America, down to its last woman and child, has risen against them, their freedom will be brought instantly nearer. MRS. M. A. N.

MUSEUMS ARE A NECESSITY

A. W. Miller Remarks on Educational Influence Exerted.

PORTLAND, Oct. 20.—(To the Editor.)—As our city's free museum is about to be installed in its new home in the Auditorium, as one being interested in that class of work I will ask the use of your columns to make a few suggestions.

For at this age museums have become a necessity in every civilized community, as an extension of their educational system, for we are living in a world that is moving onward more rapidly than ever before, and the conditions of modern life demand that we acquaint ourselves with the most recent results of investigation along all lines of human progress so as to be abreast with modern ideas in the quest after new knowledge, as present-day civilization depends far more upon the development of intelligence than upon brute force.

That our city should have a museum worthy of its dignity is self-evident, and with the unlimited natural resources lying at our door to draw upon we should be able to build up an educational natural science museum second to none on the continent. And in order to make any museum valuable three important ideas must be kept in view: First, record; second, research; the third and most important being its educational features.

The primary object of all public museums is to collect and preserve such objects as are passing away, that best illustrate nature and the works of man, by classifying and proper labeling as well as safely guarding all material confided to its care, so as to facilitate their study. Museums do their teaching practically from objects drawn from nature's rich storehouse, illustrating every phase of natural history, by specimens accompanied with descriptive labels adapted to the popular mind. A visitor to a properly arranged museum may travel around the world and not go outside of its walls, for there we come in direct contact with the planet we inherit, learn its ancient conditions and life history of its former inhabitants, the forms of animal and vegetable life existing in the past, when, where and how they lived; also learn of what our earth is made and what can be made of it. With such a museum in our city, visitors would receive a favorable and lasting impression, while those from abroad would naturally base their judgment as to the nature and degree of the intelligence and civilization of our people and upon the nature of our educational facilities, as centers of scientific and industrial activity and the manner by which they are maintained.

A. W. MILLER.

Oregon Soldiers Satisfied With New Camp.

Lincoln W. Wheeler, Former O. A. C. Man, Tells Charlotte Reporter What Oregonians Think of Town.

LINCOLN W. WHEELER, former O. A. C. man, now a sergeant with Company C, Oregon Engineers, at Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., expresses himself in the Charlotte Observer of recent date as being pleased with the situation there. He says the Oregon men are satisfied with it and have found it a splendid place to stay.

He is quoted as follows:

"The Oregon engineers, the red and white hat band boys, are products of the Northwest. The crack Company C is made up of a personnel representative of some of the best and most influential families of the Beaver state.

"Captain Stanley Borleske is a capable engineer, as well as a nathlete of National reputation. The company's large roster of athletes is accounted for by the great percentage of college men in its ranks.

"Every man felt Camp Lewis, Washington, where the boys were stationed before leaving for the south, was a perfect cantonment, but now all that can be heard is 'Camp Greene,' 'Camp Greene.' The tent life here appeals to the boys much more than did the barracks life at their former camp.

"Five things appear most prominent among various opinions expressed by the boys relative to Charlotte:

"The up-to-dateness of the city, its cleanliness, splendid civic buildings, beautiful churches and homes.

"Progressiveness is the keynote of the West and yet when it comes to civic buildings and churches the boys admit Charlotte their strongest rival. The atmosphere of the towns seems wholesome and friendly. The boys feel themselves capable judges, as they came more or less in touch with many towns in their trip across the continent.

"It is the old homes around Charlotte that especially appeal to the boys; the big trees in the yards, the flowers so bright in the Carolina sun and the true, real comfortable look of these homes is interesting to them.

"One of the boys expressed the sentiments of all when he said: 'We will stay at Camp Greene, but we will live at Charlotte.' One fellow was heard rambling through a song of his own offhand composition, in which ran the sentiment:

Thanks to the man who sent us here.
The South to us is full of cheer.

"The boys were enthusiastic in their belief that the citizens of Charlotte were going to be their friends, in fact they said they knew they would, yes, they said: 'We have already been shown the proverbial Southern hospitality, yet until now we have not really understood just how much that terms means.'

"In some sections of the country soldiers have made themselves distrusted because of the acts of a few of them.

"The boys of Company C feel themselves worthy of your confidence."

TOBACCO RAISING HERE EASY.

Lorane Man Writes of Advantages of Oregon Climate for Crop.

LORANE, Or., Oct. 18.—(To the Editor.)—I have read always with great interest in the Sunday Oregonian Frank G. Carpenter's articles about the Sunny South. He has talked about several grand objects: Rice, cotton, tobacco, etc., but what has become of the celebrated Southern moonshine—whisky? Is it a forbidden theme to write about? By reading over carefully his last contribution about tobacco I found some sentences which make me almost believe that Mr. Carpenter—before he wrote that article—had come across some old-fashioned North Carolina mountain jug and "helped himself," because he writes: "We smoke 900,000 cigars every hour. I believe that all right, but he says further: We smoke 15,000 cigars a minute, and over 250 a second." What a grand performance! We beat the Dutch. They can't smoke a single cigar in twice that time!

But I didn't start out to criticise Mr. Carpenter—and I hope he will excuse my gentle dab at him—the purpose of this letter is to draw the reader's attention to the fact that we can raise some nice tobacco here in Western Oregon, too.

For the last 25 years I raised my own tobacco. "Connecticut leaf" is the best growing kind for our climate. The trouble with us is the cold weather in the Spring. So long as I have planted tobacco, it took the seed always from 30 to 40 days to sprout and I never could get my plants big enough to set out before the middle of June. But in raising tobacco here, we have one big advantage over the South and East; we are never bothered by the horn, or tobacco worm. No kind of insects ever molested my plants, and I raise just as big leaves as tobacco anywhere will grow—29 inches long and 14 inches broad some of the biggest. It doesn't take much work to grow a small patch of 50 to 100 plants; the suckers must be taken off regularly every five days during the month of September. I generally only let 10 or 12 leaves grow on a stalk and break the rest off. To cure tobacco is no trick. I never cut the whole plant off, but take the leaves as they get ripe. This way, I have raised some Falls a second crop. Then with help of a darning needle and cotton twine, I put 50 to 60 leaves on a string and hang them up in the house or barn, on two nails, between the rafters. If the leaves hang close together on the string, it will give them a beautiful brown color. In January, on some rainy day, when the stem is perfectly dried, I put the tobacco in a box and put a heavy weight on top to press it down. The tobacco has to sweat now for four to six weeks. It has to be examined once in a while, that it doesn't heat up too much. After the sweating process, the weed is taken out and hung up to the rafters as before. It is now ready for use, but it is almost too strong yet for the average smoker. Time will make it milder. It will take from one to five years before it gets first-class—just as good tobacco as one gets in a 5-cent cigar. Of course, this method of curing tobacco wouldn't do if a man would raise much of it. I have no tobacco for sale, but anybody who calls on me is welcome to a pipe.

HENRY SCHMEISSER.

LOW RENTALS ARE CONDEMNED

Property Owner Entitled to Fair Return, One of Them Says.

PORTLAND, Oct. 20.—(To the Editor.)—In a letter in The Oregonian appears this sentence: "In Portland one can rent a modern six-room house for $9 or $10." Now, in the name of all that is unjust and infamous, who pays the rest? Anyone with the most ordinary power of calculation knows that it is a financial impossibility for anything like that amount to pay insurance, upkeep and Portland taxes on a six-room modern house, to say nothing of interest on the investment, which is just as necessary as interest on any other investment. Imagine a man borrowing money from a bank and then to expect the bank to help pay his utility bills because, forsooth, he is paying interest on the money which he is using. Yet that is a fair simile.

Why, many of these modern houses which are renting for such boastedly low prices are not even paid for, as they had to be mortgaged in the beginning to pay the high wages demanded by the union and to the taxes and upkeep of property must be added the interest on that. Then these same mechanics will turn around and demand that they shall use these houses absolutely free, inasmuch as the rent allowed does not pay one cent on the investment. Be it understood I do not mean any reflection on other than those who do this thing. It used to be a popular idea that a landlord—any landlord—was a rich man, with ill-gotten gains that he somehow owed the public. I have in my mind not one but many elderly people—also widows—whose entire substance was invested in rentable property and they not being in demand for work, have absolutely no other income. And now to the increased cost of living, already high taxes and donations solicited on all sides for war necessities, must be added contributions to the support of the tenants, many of whom are high-salaried and quite efficient in themselves. Others, like "birds of passage," flit from roost to roost, staying in one house only until they can persuade some other householder to distractingly consent to a trifle lower rent. If by any chance they require permanency (which in many cases means only a year), a commission is demanded for that, in form of even lower rent.

We used to hear occasionally of a Portland Realty Board. If still in existence, why are its members not on the job protecting their former clients from not only seven meatless days a week, but a prospect of the same number of breadless ones in the near future if taxes are raised again without a similar advance in rents? Really the foundation of the support of public schools, utilities, civilization and the Government itself is based on the proceeds of the taxpayer and that much-abused person should at least be upheld in the demand that tenants pay for what they get. Badly as fuel and food supervision is needed, yet without homes, these would hardly suffice to sustain life in the comfort that modern man demands.

Please, Oregonian, "come over and help us." TAXPAYER.

O. B. Harriman Training at Texas Aviation School.

Former Well-Known Young Athlete of Portland Has Rapid Rise Since Leaving Oregon Naval Militia to Learn to Be an Aviator.

LOCAL amateur athletes who have been wondering what has become of O. B. Harriman, Jr., a popular Washington High School lad who was prominent in independent and interscholastic athletics, will be interested in the following letter just received from him, from the Y. M. C. A. hut of the Camp Kelly, Tex., Aviation School:

"I am now Corporal in the aviation section of the signal corps at Camp Kelly, Tex., and also hold championship of 115 pounds wrestling of Pacific Northwest for 1916, which event was held at Multnomah Club last year on March 3. Leon Fabre was my coach at that time, and I represented Washington High School.

"I have just finished serving two years in the Oregon Naval Militia, and was on the cruise to Sitka, Alaska, only last Summer. I asked for my discharge in order to get into the aviation corps, as I am interested in flying.

"I lived with my parents at 105 Floral avenue, Laurelhurst. My father is with the Douglas Fir Lumber Company.

"I have been stationed at this field for nearly two months, but first enlisted at Portland. Then I was sent to Vancouver Barracks, and finally down here. My promotion has been rapid, even though I am only 18 years of age, on account of my previous service in the militia. I have a great many friends in high school and business life that do not know I am in the Army.

"I have met a great many good wrestlers in the Army, but have been thrown only once. If you ever have any spare papers left over Sundays, our Oregon boys would be glad to get them.

"Will send you a picture of all the boys that enlisted in the aviation section from Oregon."

BRITISH AIR RAIDS APPLAUDED

C. B. Pye Believes Forebearance of Any Kind Is Lost Upon Germans.

PORTLAND, Oct. 20.—(To the Editor.)—The British people are clamoring for and Lloyd George has promised reprisals against Germany in retaliation for the persistent air raids over England.

I have said before and reiterate that Germany lowers the moral standard of the whole world by compelling those in competition with or opposed to her to resort, in self-defense, to her rotten methods, or go to the wall, whether commercially, diplomatically or in warfare.

We had thought, prior to the war, that at least ourselves and England had reached a stage of civilization where such things were impossible, and I am sure Englishmen have given much thought to this and hate to think of it going into history that they finally resorted to the barbarous methods of the foe, for if any race possess the spirit of fair play it is the English.

But the only things the Germans understand are those they themselves do, and the best way to bring the war home to them is to give them bigger doses of their own medicine, no matter how administered, and as they were the originators of poison gases, liquid fire and bombardment of open towns and civilian populations—not to mention nameless atrocities that the allies will not commit under any circumstances—they cannot complain when treateed in like manner.

Forbearance of any kind is lost upon them. C. B. PYE.

ROOSEVELT'S TERM NOT LIKED

"Bubonic Rats" Better Than "Copperheads," Says Writer.

VANCOUVER, Wash., Oct. 19.—(To the Editor.)—Mr. Roosevelt refers to pro-Germans and anti-Americans as neo-copperheads. This doesn't sound right to me.

Were he to call them bubonic rats the name would be more thoroughly descriptive and implicative. We should remember that our Civil War was a family misunderstanding. It was a purely American demonstration. It involved two elements of opposing sense—but both these elements were American. No foreign autocrat was dictating or influencing the thought, aim or motive of either. The Secessionists' viewpoint differed from that of the Unionist, but neither sense was "made in Germany."

The American of today who is in any way extending aid and comfort to the enemies of these United States is vile, loathsome and contemptible to a degree out of all comparison to the copperhead of Civil War days.

Those of our citizens who are disloyal to this Union through love of the Huns and their mangod, through hatred to Britain or things British, through desire to wear a toga or pose in our halls of Congress or through hope of pocketing a share of Von Barnyardstuff's plunks are all equally traitors to this republic, and when their names are mentioned all undiluted Americans involuntarily think of unprepared sausage eatings.

J. HAROLD.

"Every Day We Have Little War of Our Own."

R. M. Gatewood, Jr., Tells of Bayonet Drill at Fort Shafter, Hawaii—Gas Masks Vile Smelling, He Says.

THE following interesting letter from Robert M. Gatewood, Jr., son of R. M. Gatewood, a real estate dealer of this city, has been received by his father from Fort Shafter, T. H., near Honolulu, where the young man is in training:

"Your very interesting letter at hand and was very glad to learn you are all well. I feel a real sense of pleasure to know you enjoy my letters and of the interest shown in their contents. Your letters are equally as interesting and enjoyed just as thoroughly.

"Well, dad, everything is about the same here. Still undergoing an intensive training period and am getting as hard as nails. I weigh 140 stripped and am in perfect physical condition.

"The training at present is conducted at Red Hill (so called as the soil is very red), which is about five miles from Fort Shafter. The entire regiment during the last month has constructed a 'No man's land' on this hill. It is an ideal location, as the terrain is rolling and similar to conditions now existing on the west front in Europe. We have constructed a complete system of dug-outs and trenches with bomb-proofs, observation stations, machine gun emplacements and many zig-zag communicating trenches laterally and to the rear. Thousands of sandbags were used in making it as realistic as possible. Also hundreds of dummy 'Fritzies' are installed in the trenches and painted to resemble the likeness of the Kaiser, Von Hindenburg, etc. Even the mustaches on them are curved at the proper angle.

"And, dad, every morning we march out there and have a little war of our own and sometimes it almost seems real as one is in the thick of it and gets heated in a charge. I will try and describe the taking of a line of trenches, a daily morning performance.

"The men line up in a trench, the starting point. The whistle shrills. We jump the parapet and run for the wire entanglements. We hold our rifles above our heads, choosing our footing in the wire. Once through, we run hard, our rifles at point. We jump a shallow ditch. We plunge our bayonets into the dummies that lie on the other side. Out comes the blades with a jerk and a twist. Slam, they go into a row of standing dummies. Two thrusts we give these, a straight point and a rising stroke, starting low and ending viciously, like a boxer's uppercut. On we go. We jump a pole and a wide ditch. We run through. We plunge our bayonets into another row of dummies. We hurdle a pole and a wide ditch. We plunge our bayonets into two more rows of dummies. With a yell we run up a steep ramp. We jump off. The drop is six feet. The last line of dummies is six feet out. We land. But not on our feet. On our rifles, our bayonets plunging through the dummies into the earth beneath. Line after line of men, wave after wave, rush down this course to the blast of the whistle.

"It is this kind of training, Dad, that develops the fighting spirit and the determination to go right through, no matter what obstacle bars the way. There is also a principle involved that we are fast absorbing, the first principle of all successful combat, which is to hit the enemy first and hit him hard.

"We practice using the gas masks, which is a very unpleasant drill. The usual gas mask is a smelly bag of flannelette that has been treated with chemicals vile enough to disintegrate chlorine. The chemicals are fixed with an oil so they do not evaporate. The bag is fitted with a pair of goggles and a mouthpiece which ends outside the mask in a flattened tube of thin rubber, the shape of a duck's bill. You throw off your cap, open the tunic, pull the bag over your head, adjust the goggles, take the mouthpiece in your teeth and button the tunic tightly over the long flaps of the helmet, which cover your neck and shoulders. It is about as pleasant on a hot day as slitting the tick of an ancient feather bed and crawling inside. You breathe in through your nose. The only air you can get comes through the chemically-treated flannelette. You breathe out through the mouthpiece. If you try to breathe in, the thin duck's bill of rubber automatically closes. It is a very simple and efficient one-way valve. A man can wear this flannelette abomination for an hour without the least harm, after a little practice.

"We also get considerable practice in throwing hand and rifle grenades. It takes considerable practice to become proficient in this work, as they are thrown while standing in the trenches and are just as dangerous to the man who throws them as to the man thrown at, because they explode immediately upon coming in contact with anything. At present we are using dummy grenades.

"Well, I guess this is about enough this time concerning the war somewhere in Oahu and will close for now. This leaves me in the best of health and hope this will find you all the same. Tell mother I received her letter and will answer in a few days. Love and best regards to all."

UNIONS NOT OPEN TO ALL

Former Member Writes of His Own Experience With Labor.

CORVALLIS, Or., Oct. 18.—(To the Editor.)—I have been following The Oregonian editorials regarding the shipbuilders' strike for closed-shop conditions with much interest. Many uninformed people have the impression that anyone may belong to the union controlling his line of work, if he so desires, providing that he pays his dues and obeys the union's laws. This is far from the truth, and I ask leave to cite my own case as an instance of proof. For taking part in the Elks' parade at Portland in 1912, I was expelled from the Musicians' Union, absolutely without trial, my first knowledge of the case being an official notification from the National secretary of the Musicians' Union at St. Louis that I had been charged with certain violations, that I had been tried and found guilty. Now, I knew nothing of the controversy between the Elks and Musicians' Union at Portland. I arrived while the parade was in process of formation, and had I been allowed to appear at my own trial I could have proved that I was given no notification whatsoever. The facts are that during my stay at Portland the previous Winter I had antagonized certain members of the inner circle of the Musicians' Union, and the frame-up was their revenge.

Although I am past the age where I could be accepted into the Army as a soldier, my father volunteered at the outbreak of the Civil War and served his country to its close. He was wounded in action and his health was broken for life.

My mother's brother was killed in action, and my services are at my country's disposal in whatever capacity it can use them, and yet, under the closed-shop rules of a self-made clique that places itself above the country and its laws, I am absolutely disbarred from working at my trade, insofar as they can make their mandates effective.

F. L. HANER,
Great Wortham Shows.