LETTERS AND STORIES FROM THE MEN IN SERVICE

Jap, Barred From Army, May Write Wilson.

Joe Tominaga, Graduate of University of Oregon, Tells Story of Disappointment to Friend in Portland.

EUGENE, Or., Jan. 5.—(Special.)—Joe Tominaga, a Japanese subject who was graduated from the school of architecture of the University of Oregon in 1916 and who has since been employed by the firm of McKim, Meade & White, of New York City, is broken-hearted because his efforts to enlist in the United States Army have failed. He contemplates an appeal to President Wilson that he may not be barred from serving the country which, he says, he has learned to love.

Tominaga, in a letter to Mrs. J. T. Abbett, of Portland, asks her to join with him in prayer, that his efforts shall not be in vain.

Tominaga tells how he went to a recruiting office and was rejected because he had not taken out his first papers in the process of becoming a citizen of the United States and how he later applied for citizenship, only to be informed that a Japanese could not be admitted. His letter follows:

"My Dear Mrs. Abbett: Received your welcome letter this morning with unusual pleasure and appreciation.

"For the past few months I have been in ill-famed condition, if not totally wrecked. Of course this made me feel timid to scratch a paper even to dear friends. However, I regret very much my negligence.

"Last Summer, right after my vacation trip to Boston and neighboring towns, I made up my mind to take a more actual step toward one's duty.

"Notwithstanding the grand parades that Army men performed during three-odd months in New York City stirred my sense of obligation, it is rather that when I saw a few of my comrades in the office give up their position and volunteered in various branches of the military organization and I cowardly drawing salary while my friends sealing even their lives for the country. If I hate this country probably I wouldn't feel this way, but I can't deny the fact that I like it.

"One day I went up to one of the Army recruiting offices in the city and applied my service. Then they were recruiting men in Signal Corps. Of course I thought my previous training in engineering would be of great service. After the due process of inquiring, I was rejected because of alienship. They need men, but can't receive them unless they have at least first paper.

"So following day I went down to the County Court without knowing any difficulties on my way.

"What do you think I got for an answer? It was really beyond my comprehension and ultimately hurt my youthful pride of being a man. Clerk told me that I can't have first paper because I am neither white nor black. I asked how the courts would judge Armenians or Jewish people. If shade of skin is a prime importance and main requirements for the admittance of aliens into citizenship, I question so much the true meaning of the United States Constitution upon which the noble principle of democracy rests and for which many loyal bloods were dedicated and are still dedicating before her altar.

"I couldn't simply understand that statement, though good clerk showed me a few instances how the sacred courts of the United States justified that. I can't pass it with a mere laugh, because I've been too deep in the subject that I feel I must face it squarely to determine whether I am really right or am so-called one of undesirables that has been talken so much in previous years.

"When I heard this news my love to the people as well as the country of my residence begin to be shaken and I begin to feel as though I am not a free person in this country, as upon the same doctrine this Government had drawn the sword, and I was almost at the verge of co-operation with it, and I nothing but conditioned foreigner.

"You can't do anything conscientiously when you feel yourself of foreign attitude. But, on the other hand, when you feel at home, regardless of present occupation, then you can render the service of any value. It was my philosophy to be true and serviceable, so I wouldn't be disappointed to perform the duty as being a man. But, question? How do you expect me to do proper thing, if I am not free person?

"There are certain treaties between the Government of this country and my own. But, as being a free person, do I have a right and privilege to volunteer my service especially when the Nation needs? If I like this country well enough to offer life before her altar, then, is it not sufficient to grant a proper privilege?

"There are persons who wish to become citizens for wholly love of prosperity and money. Those persons as Provost-Marshal Wood made remark, that they decline to exert their service in return for their prosperity given by this country when the latter calls—for their chief object is to receive a selfish pleasure.

"I always trusted and am still trying to trust that true Americans are not so one-sided and give me fair chance as well as given to others.

"Within a few days I am thinking to write a letter of my plea to your good President Wilson. If I am, in some measure granted to be as I wish, probably you would hear me from some of military camp before very long, or even from over the sea. I am praying for the day that when I feel I am conscientiously free.

"Will you not join me for prayer so that my desire might be realized? I am more or less upset now-adays, though I am working day after day in the office where once I had a great pleasure as well as pride.

"This morning, right after I read your letter, I wrote a letter to your son for an appointment of seeing him. So I shall see him before very long. I am looking forward for that day with immense pleasure and enjoyment.

"Again I thank you very much for your remembrance of me. Some day, when the cloud of life disappears from my vision, I am sure I can kneel before the high altar with you for the thanksgiving of his mercy.

"Until then I'll try to be as sincere and true as ever. I go to Methodist Episcopal church with pleasure as usual, though life seems gone away from me.

"I regret very much to make you feel my untimely disfavor, but forgive me.

"As ever, sincerely yours,

"J. TOMINAGA."

BEAVERTON BOY WHO IS NOW IN THE NAVY.

Carl R. Hickethier.

Carl R. Hickethier, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hickethier, of Beaverton, Or., has enlisted in the Navy as a radio operator. At present he is stationed at Mare Island, Cal.

Lieutenant Roberts Finds France Interesting.

Former Portland Boy, Now Officer in 116th Engineers, Writes of Trip "Over There."

MR. and Mrs. James H. Roberts, of 171 King street, have received a letter from their son, Lieutenant Mason H. Roberts, telling of his safe arrival in France. Mr. Roberts is 29 years old and is a First Lieutenant with the 116th Engineers. Before entering the service he was assistant roadmaster for the O.-W. R. & N. He is a graduate of Portland High School and of the University of Oregon.

"You can see by the heading that we arrived in France safely," he wrote. "We had a good trip, although we had a few stormy days at sea. The trip was very uneventful and a trifle monotonous, but it was quite an experience, too, for a landlubber. Believe me, I was glad when it was over. That is all that I can tell you about it, so you will have to wait until I get back before I can tell you all of the details. The censorship is very strict and I know now why it has to be so.

"France is a very beautiful place in many ways—that is as much as we have seen. The people and the houses are very quaint and are very interesting to us. It is not very cold here, not nearly as cold as it was at Camp Mills."

PORTLAND MAN GETS AVIATION COMMISSION.

Lieutenant Thomas E. Burns.

Mrs. Mary Burns, of 254 Yamhill street, has received word that her son, Thomas E. Burns, has been graduated and has received a commission as Second Lieutenant in the nonflying section of the Aviation Corps from the second officers' training camp at the Presidio. He is now stationed at Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C.

Lieutenant Burns was formerly employed in the tax and right-of-way department of the O.-W. R. & N. Company. He came to Portland seven years ago from Stillwater, Minn., where he was born 22 years ago.

Soldier at Front Rebukes Slacker Strikers.

H. Ellis McGraw Writes of Pleasure That Letters From Home Bring to Fighting Man in Europe.

"IT makes the heart of a soldier hurt to think that the slackers and others at home go on strikes for higher wages," says H. Ellis McGraw, of Company E, 18th U. S. Engineers, Railway, writing to his parents in this city from somewhere in France.

"They are not doing their bit," continues the letter, referring to the strikers. "The soldier is working for $33 per month under the most adverse circumstances. He is working harder than ever before, and getting only the necessities of life. We are all glad we are here, and wouldn't trade our O. D.'s for any swell dress suit—until the war is over."

Some idea of what a mail-day means to the fighting man is also given by this soldier-engineer, when he says: "Yesterday and today were gala days for us. We received mail. I drew 18 letters, a card, and two packages. I am surely thankful for my good friends who write to me. Mail is the greatest enjoyment we can have."

Bureau Finds Work for Many.

YAKIMA, Wash., Jan. 5.—(Special.)—Applicants directed to places of employment during 1917 by the Yakima Federal employment office numbered 11,599, and 10,772 of them were employed. In both cases the figures were more than 2000 greater than the figures for 1916.

Red Cross Auxiliary Formed.

CENTRALIA, Wash., Jan. 5.—(Special.)—An auxiliary to the local Red Cross chapter was formed Wednesday on Ford's Prairie. The following officers were elected: Mrs. Clarence Ives, chairman; Mrs. Henry Loomis, secretary-treasurer, and Mrs. L. Witherel, supervisor.

France Damp and Cold, Says Portland Young Man.

Norman B. Armstrong Tells of His Experiences With Marines.

NORMAN B. ARMSTRONG, former Lincoln High School student and The Oregonian carrier, is now with the U. S. Marines "somewhere in France." In letters to his uncle and aunt, Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Searles, formerly of this city, but now residents in Mokena, Ill., he tells of some of his experiences. Excerpts from his letters follow:

"This is a very damp and cold country; at least it feels cold because of the dampness. I have not seen the sun for a dickens of a time. France is a pretty country, all right. Would like to be free over here to run around some and see the villages and towns. This, of course, is unlikely. We are not expecting overmuch liberty.

"We have made quite a jump since I wrote last. These French railroads are funny things. The cars are such that by letting down the sides a boxcar may turned into a cattle car. Each has painted on the side, 'Hommes 40, chevaux 8,' which means, in English, that it holds 40 men or eight horses. The cars have but four wheels, and are about the size of the old cabooses of the American roads. They are fine to ride in, 'nit.' One lad, who was something of a hobo in the United States, said he understands now why there are no tramps in France.

"I was on a detail that was looking after baggage. We were separated from the rest of the company for five days. We were a happy bunch or we sure would have been miserable. We did not get our clothes off in that time, and I could have combed my beard. We slept on the deck of an open shed one night and the next two on boxes of a damp, cold warehouse, and the others in a cattle car.

"We are pretty well fixed where we are. There are no floors or stoves, but it is a big improvement over anything we have seen the last month."

Seth R. Axley Describes First Aerial Flight.

Salem Boy Writes Father That Ride Did Not Contain Kick He Thought It Ought to Have.

AN interesting description of an aerial flight from a novice's point of view is given in a letter from Seth R. Axley, now at San Diego, to his father, J. F. Axley, of Salem. Mr. Axley is a graduate of the University of California and trained at Berkeley before being transferred to Rockwell Field at San Diego. The letter follows:

"I went up for my first ride this morning, the first day after we arrived. That was lucky, but, frankly, I'm disappointed in that first ride. "Don't understand me to say that there's nothing to the game, or that anybody can do it easily. It's just about the busiest business I ever got mixed up in, and one can never learn everything about it—about every kind of ship in every kind of weather. But that maiden voyage of mine wasn't half as dramatic as I had figured it would be. We didn't go half fast enough, half high enough, and the instructor didn't cut up at all to scare me, as I sort of hoped he would. But then there was a stunt or two.

"They strap you in and bundle you up, in goggles, leather coat and helmet, till you can't stretch. My instructor was a young exhibition pilot. He didn't say a word to me except, 'Did you ever do any flying?'

"The morning was perfect, no wind at all on the ground, and the sky was clear. There were about 35 other ships playing around, so we had to wait a few minutes for a clear space to take off in. The pilot told me he'd just show me the country around and said I needn't try the controls at all. Well, I didn't tell him, but I said very decidedly to myself that he needn't fear that I'd bother him. Besides, it was quite a stretch for my feet to reach the rudder bar. (The instructor sits in front, but both seats are equipped with the same apparatus.)

"Pretty soon he opened up, and we started to taxi over the ground, into the easy breeze, at a merry clip. That was sport, for when you are on the ground you can recognize speed. Then without knowing just when it happened we began to go up, and the ground fell away.

"As we rose higher and higher I got more and more disgusted. We simply stood still. Of course the engine pounded a terrific racket (everything sounded muffled for 15 minutes after we came down) and if you stuck your head out it blew your breath right back into your stomach. But you didn't get any satisfaction out of your speed; you doudn't feel it. I'd keep looking dowp at our shadow in the bay and the thing just dragged along.

"I could see down into the mountains back of San Diego. All was gloriously peaceful and sleepy apd I was admiring the rosy garden of Coronado, when suddenly the old ship started to upset. I looked ahead and saw the racetrack—we were nosing almost straight down for it. Then our right wing began to lift, it seemed to me almost straight up. We started to spiral, nose down, and it seemed that we were spinning on our left wing. There was ground in every direction—I couldn't find any sky. I was completely lost. Then suddenly I felt myself resting hard against my seat and I looked ahead and found we were climbing hard.

"It was a real stunt—a spiral nose dive. But it really didn't have the kick that I thought it ought to have. It felt too confounded safe. I am beginning to understand how these finished youngsters can get so hard-boiled."

Private William Smyth, Former Oregonian Reporter, Who Is in Service With Ambulance Company.

Active Service Is Dream of Portland Youth.

J. W. Shea Goes to Marine Barracks in Virginia — Hard Work May Bring Promotion.

ON THE eve of leaving for active service in the Marine barracks at Quantico, Va., J. W. Shea, a Portland boy, writes from San Francisco to his "dear folks" here to send a merry Christmas.

"The long, tiresome period of waiting," says the letter, "is over, and at last I am going to see a little of what I came for—active service. I leave Thursday morning in charge of a bunch of men for duty in the Marine barracks at Quantico, Va. We are henceforth attached to the Marine Corps and go with them wherever they go.

"On our arrival at the East Coast we are given a complete Marine uniform, and when we hit the trenches we wear the steel hats, gas masks and everything. We remain on the East Coast only a short time, and I have no doubt that a month or two more will find me over there.

"Dr. Rossiter, the chief, gave me a mighty fine recommend on my service record, and told me there was no reason that he could see why promotion should not come fast for me over there. I have really worked very hard here since I came, but did not think that anyone took any special notice of it. But I find the Navy seems to keep an eye on us all.

"I have had some mighty good times since I came, too, and would not wear a civilian suit now for anything. I shall try to write you as often as possible, but we never know now whether letters reach home or not.

"This certainly is a far cry from peddling bacon, prunes, etc., at 401 Hassalo street. I have plenty of good warm clothes and am getting great gobs of good grub, so I should worry now. When you think of me, which, I hope, will be often, just think of me as feeling perfectly at home and having a good time wherever the place and whatever the conditions."

J. W. Shea, Portland Boy With Marines, Who Writes Just Before Sailing.

School Children of Eugene Thanked for Gifts.

Colonel Hammond Writes Letter to Young Pupils Expressing Appreciation of His Men for Christmas Remembrance.

EUGENE, Jan. 5.—(Special.)—The boys and girls of the Washington grade school in Eugene feel that their efforts to help make Christmas merry for the members of the Oregon Coast Artillery were not in vain. When school convened Wednesday, a letter from Colonel Creed C. Hammond, commander of the artillery, awaited them. It expressed appreciation of the presents which they had provided and which represented weeks of work by some of the little folks. Colonel Hammond's letter was written from Fort Stevens before his departure for another post. It is in part as follows:

"In behalf of our own Oregon Coast Artillery boys, we thank you.

"The Christian spirit and American loyalty of the Washington pupils is extremely pleasing to us all. Theirs is the devotion and sacrifice worthy of the school's name.

"The presents were prepared into small units and distributed at general Christmas tree exercises, so that your presents went a long way and helped to cheer many a lonely soldier boy, far from home and loved ones.

"Like the great Washington, our Oregon soldier boys have offered their all, even lives if necessary, that our great America would always be a home for the free and the brave, to protect our homes, mothers and the little children. We are doing this now for your future, that you may enjoy all the liberties and blessings that Washington and our forebears fought for and left to us as a priceless heritage to cherish and protect, and now we are willing to fight or suffer any dangers or hardships for you.

"So, to the Washington school, let your faith and trust in America be so strong that you will dare to do right, to fight, if need be, for the sake of country and her freedom. Study the life diligently of the great father, Washington, and follow it.

"Be truthful, kind and always obedient. Always trust your teacher and mother and obey them, for they know what is right and best and will always help you. To do this will make you better Americans and will help us win the war."

Woman, Nearly Blind, Knits Sweater

COTTAGE GROVE, Or., Jan. 5.—(Special.)—Mrs. E. B. Porter, mother of Mrs. C. A. Bartell, who is well along in years and suffers with an affliction which has rendered her nearly blind, has set an example that many of younger years and with good eyesight might well emulate. She has knit a complete sweater for the soldier boys and the work is perfectly done.

Liquidation Sale of the Greensburg Music House

OF KANSAS—PIANOS SHIPPED HERE

Purchased by the Schwan Piano Co. Go on Sale Here Tomorrow, January 7

The Greensburg Music House liquidated recently. We acquired the stock of fine Pianos and Player-Pianos at greatly reduced prices. However, the stock, not being a very large one, we have merged this liquidation stock with our annual Inventory Sale Stock with the following

Great Price Reductions—100 Pianos

Covering all our best quality, as well as lower-priced Pianos.

This $750 Home Grand, $325 $25 Cash, $10 Monthly

This $375 Upright, $245 $12 Cash, $6 Monthly

This $650 Player, $395 $20 Cash, $10 Monthly

	Originally.	Now.
PARLOR ORGANS		
Loring & Blake	$100	$18
Beatty Co	95	25
Farrendt & Votey	145	35
Estey & Co	165	48
SQUARE PIANOS		
Curtiss	350	35
Steinway	500	55
Angelus Player	250	25
UPRIGHTS		
Boudoir, Small	275	45
Bailey & Co	350	95
Hallet & Davis	375	135
Sohmer & Co	550	165
Smith & Barnes	425	165
Kroeger	500	195
Decker & Sons	550	195
Thompson	350	215
Kneisel	350	215
Thompson	375	245
Davis & Sons	375	245
Thompson	375	245
Thompson	395	265
Kneisel	350	262
Kneisel	350	262
Kneisel	350	262
Davis & Sons	375	265
Mendenhall	425	265
Davis & Sons	375	265
Thompson	395	265
Davis & Sons	375	265
Thompson	395	265
Thompson	395	265
Mendenhall	395	265
Thompson	395	265
Mendenhall	375	280
Thompson	375	280
Thompson	395	290
Mendenhall	425	290
Thompson	425	290
Singer	475	290
Singer	475	290
Singer	475	290
Thompson	395	296
Thompson	395	296
Singer	475	345
Singer	475	345
Singer	475	345
Singer	525	356
Singer	525	356
Singer	525	356
Singer	525	356
Reed & Sons	550	365

	Grade.	Now.
Reed & Sons	550	395
Reed & Sons	550	395
Reed & Sons	550	395
Reed & Sons	550	395
Reed & Sons	550	395
Steger & Sons	550	395
Steger & Sons	550	395
Steger & Sons	550	395
Steger & Sons	600	395
Steger & Sons	650	395
Steger & Sons	650	468
Steger & Sons	625	468
Steger & Sons	625	468
Steger & Sons	650	487
Steger & Sons	650	487
PLAYER PIANOS		
Heine & Co	550	290
Singer	750	365
Thompson	650	395
Thompson	650	395
Mendenhall	600	395
Thompson	650	395
Singer	750	435
Thompson	750	435
Thompson	750	468
Thompson	650	468
Thompson	650	487
Thompson	650	487
Thompson	650	487
Thompson	650	487
Singer	750	562
Singer	750	562
Singer	750	562
Reed & Sons	750	562
Reed & Sons	750	562
Steger & Sons	950	562
Steger & Sons	950	562
Steger & Sons	1050	562
Steger & Sons	1050	797
Steger & Sons	1050	797
Steger & Sons	1150	862
GRAND PIANOS		
New York Pianoforte	$1050	$165
Bennett Baby Grand	750	325
Steger & Sons	1150	495
Steinway & Sons	1100	495
Steger & Sons	1050	797
Steger & Sons	1050	797
Steger & Sons	1150	862
Steger & Sons	1150	862
ELECTRIC PIANOS		
Steger & Sons	1050	797
Orchestra	1750	495

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Lobster Hunting In Canal Zone Is Described.

Ensign Varde Stieglitz, of Aberdeen, Writes Interestingly of Jaunt Which Resulted In Bagging Four Sea Urchins.

ABERDEEN, Wash., Jan. 5.—(Special.)—Hunting lobsters with lanterns and spears is a sport interestingly described by Ensign Varde Stieglitz, of this city, now in naval service in the Canal Zone.

"We went forth with the avowed purpose of hunting down enough lobsters to furnish mess of the entire flotilla. The scene of the massacre was set for Naranjoo Bay, a couple of coral islands.

"The weather was perfect, not a cloud, and a fresh breeze from seaward. The islands may be likened to 'gems in a saphire sea.' They are dotted with mango trees, banana palms and matted underbrush, with land crabs scuttling through the roots.

"Before starting for the beach we set the wardroom cook to mixing up a huge bowl of mayonnaise, so immediately upon our return we might satisfy a never-before satiated appetite for boiled lobster.

"Since lobster hunting, according to the best authorities, is at its height at night, we went ashore in the afternoon in bathing suits and straw hats. It is easy to understand the lure of the tropics when one lies on the beach, back to a palm and feet in the water, gorging bananas and cocoanut milk.

The drive for lobsters started at 9 o'clock in the evening. The theory is that the lobster is dazzled by the bright rays of the lantern, and while thus temporarily outwitted he is speared and picked up. Notwithstanding the thrill of the conqueror, it was after wading over sharp coral and various species of sea-urchins that the crew had the field to themselves. We then stopped from active participation, leaving behind all thoughts of glory as lobster hunters.

"At 11:30 the bag totaled five, one of which should have had the protection of the game laws. Our friends who had so enthusiastically extolled the virtues of the hunting ground laid our failure to exterminate the wily tribe to the moon and tide. Perhaps so, but they must both be right before we boast of our prowess before the bag is counted. It might be well to observe that the mayonnaise was served on asparagus. It was excellent.

"Such an outing comes but once every two or three months and is rather an epoch in the monotony of the patrol. In the past month we have laid up at the dock only three night, which shows our duty continuous, if not exciting."

PORTLAND OFFICER ORDERED TO SAN DIEGO.

First Lieutenant Alexander Fleming, a graduate of the training camp at the Presidio, left recently for San Diego, where he will assume duty as First Lieutenant of Infantry.

Lieutenant Fleming was a resident of Portland for eight years, coming here from Pittsburg. He was cashier of the Globe Grain & Milling Company from his arrival in Portland until his departure for military service.

GRAYS HARBOR GIVES 1645

One in Every 30 Inhabitants Is Serving His Country.

ABERDEEN, Wash., Jan. 5.—(Special.)—Grays Harbor County opened 1918 with 1645 of her sons in the Army and Navy, or one out of every 30 of the county's 50,000 inhabitants. Eighty-three enlistments in December brought the number of Army volunteers here since June 1 to about 500, for which this district probably will receive credit when the next draft call is made.

Of the 1645 Grays Harbor boys in the service 1260 are volunteers and 395 drafted men. The main services into which the volunteers have gone are: 603 into the regular Army, 120 in Company G, formerly of the Second Washington; 240 into the Naval Militia; 100 into the Marines; 80 into the sub chaser service, and 62 into Northwest hospital and ambulance units.

SERMON SERIES TO START

Rev. W. G. Eliot, Jr., Will Discuss 50 Years of Portland's Life.

Rev. W. G. Eliot, Jr., at the Church of Our Father, Broadway and Yamhill, will begin a series of sermons this morning running through the Sunday mornings of January, in which the life of Portland will be described and studied through a period of 50 years, with a reasonable forecast of the future of the city.

The annual supper and business meeting of the congregation will be held Tuesday evening, January 8. Trustees for three years will be elected and reports made for all departments of church work. The supper will be served by the Women's Alliance and Young People's Societies.

The Sunday evening Open Forum meeting at 7:45 P. M. will consider "The War-Time Work of the Churches."

COUNTY JUDGE MARRIES 84

D. B. McKnight Maintains Reputation in Linn.

ALBANY, Or., Jan. 5.—(Special.)—D. B. McKnight, County Judge of Linn County, maintained during 1917 a record he has enjoyed for several years past of officiating at more weddings during the year than any other officer or minister in the county. The judge tied 42 matrimonial knots during the year just closed.

Dr. George H. Young, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Albany, who is chairman of the Linn County chapter of the Red Cross, led all of the ministers of the county in number of ceremonies performed during the year with 27.

Cove Sunday School Elects Officers.

COVE, Or., Jan. 5.—(Special.)—Cove Methodist Episcopal Sunday school has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Superintendent, Frank Roberts; assistant, Mrs. E. M. Sweet; secretary, Miss Helen Antles; assistant, Miss Jean Stearns; treasurer, Louis Lantz; assistant, Miss Grace Pease; charister, A. A. Antles; organist, Miss Dena Lund; assistant, Mrs. J. K. Lantz; librarian, Miss Irene Pratt; assistant, Miss Lola Martin. This school is in a flourishing condition, with a studious Bible class of adults.

Red Cross Declared Best Friend of Soldiers.

Owner Akin, in Eastern Camp, Writes His Appreciation of Work Done by Organization and Praises Western Troops.

A LETTER which speaks words of highest praise for the Red Cross Society and for the Young Men's Christian Association is that which was written by Omer Akin, of the 41st division, stationed at Camp Merritt, New Jersey, to his sister, Mrs. John W. Jones. He said in speaking of the Red Cross: "It is the greatest friend that a soldier has and when the folks at home are giving a dollar or working for the Red Cross, they do not know how much good they are doing. They may think it is just a matter of form, or are just doing it—because someone else is and to keep in the swim. But it is not lost on the Red Cross for it is the greatest organization in the world.

"I am not saying this because you and almost everyone else belong to it, for I am one of the boys and know what I am talking about, and we hope that the work goes on."

"Talk about the big men you saw on the train. There are no better men in the United States than those who come from the West. I have seen men from all parts of the country and there is not one division that can come up with the 41st for good, strong, big, healthy men, and all ready to go. The men of the South and East are not to be compared with the men of the West."

PORTLAND BOY WHO IS NOW FLYING FOR UNCLE SAM.

A. F. Clauss, Jr.

A. F. Clauss, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Clauss, of Portland, a graduate of Lincoln High School, 1915, is making progress in the Aviation Corps of the United States Army.

He enlisted in April, 1917, and was sent to Fort Sam Houston, Texas, transferred to the Wilbur Wright branch at Dayton, O., where he was in the headquarters department, and now has been sent to the University of Illinois, at Champagne, to study military aeronautics. He expects to graduate in about six weeks. Mr. Clauss has been up half a dozen times to a height of 5000 feet. He expects to prepare himself to have charge of one of the Army planes.

Mr. Clauss visited in Portland with his parents, 564 Couch street, over the holidays. He was formerly a member of the Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club and was with the Buick Automobile Company.