

Mrs. Vance returned to Casselton Wednesday.

A. Michaelson left for Hastings Wednesday.

Henry Curtis and family visited in Valley City Sunday.

J. D. Feiber was a business caller in Hannaford Wednesday.

J. J. Hogness and J. D. Feiber transacted business in Cooperstown Tuesday.

Adams & Aldrich have been shipping flax straw to the Twin Cities the past week.

A. Magnussen and H. Carlson transacted business in Cooperstown Tuesday evening.

Christ Olson is here to take up his duties as manager for the Crane-Johnson Lumber Co.

Miss Florence Peterson is in the Valley City hospital. We are glad to hear she is improving.

W. H. Mattson was here visiting friends before leaving for Camp Grant. He has enlisted in the railroad service.

A new building is being erected in Karnak by the Crane-Johnson Co. to be used as the residence and office of their new manager, Mr. Olson.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross, little daughter Verna, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Peterson and A. Michaelson of Karnak were business callers in Cooperstown on Tuesday.

Mrs. C. E. Kallandar returned from Fargo Wednesday. She has been in the hospital the past week. We are glad to hear she is greatly improved and hope to see her out again soon.

J. D. Peterson left for Cooperstown Thursday to accept a position as clerk in the N. P. offices. Mrs. Peterson will remain in Karnak a few days. Their many friends in this vicinity wish them success in their new location, but regret to lose them.

Rev. and Mrs. Doty arrived in Karnak last Friday morning and visited friends till Monday afternoon, and also held services in Karnak Hall on Easter Sunday. Both morning and evening services were well attended by all. We regret they cannot be with us every Sunday. They promised to return in April.

## Letter from Texas

(Concluded from page one)

most wonder "is there nothing impossible."

The instructor goes up with each pupil. He sits in the front seat, the pupil behind. They both have steering apparatus, so the pupil is not left to depend on himself until thoroughly trained. As you know, these airmen have to pass the most rigid examinations and are almost physically perfect before accepted. I asked one of them what the real sensation of "going up" the first time was like. He smiled and said "scared." "The first thing I realized, the earth and I were parting company, it seemed to fall away from under me. I felt a strong air current rush by, as when speeding in a high powered car, and we were going a great deal faster than any car. By that time I began to scrutinize the wires and frame of the ship, and decided they looked pretty fragile, for a big fellow like me, but I noticed they held out pretty well, so I forgot that. The instructor then began to 'bank' the ship, which means tipping it about 40 degrees to one side. I thought here is where I will drop out, and scrambled to the opposite side of my seat, hanging on by might and main, but I did not drop after all. Soon we came to some "holes" in the air, and our ship would bob up ten or fifteen feet and take an equally sudden drop again. This is caused by a peculiar atmospheric pressure. In places the air will be denser than others and with varying currents. These "holes" in the air are quite a difficult problem for the amateur pilots. Finally we landed, and I felt the good old earth under foot again. I thought I had had enough of the air business, but the next day I was anxious to go up,

and I never have a bit of fear in going. I feel as much at home up in the air as on the ground."

And so it must be for the cadets stand anxiously waiting their turn to go up. A number of French fliers are here instructing; men who have had the experience of real war. I wish you could see them in their bright blue uniforms. They are splendid in their military perfection, and on their faces is the seriousness of it all. The aviators are a brave bunch of men who deserve our honor for their work is extremely hazardous, not only "over there" but here at home many lives are sacrificed while learning, while we know what the odds are over there. Out on the fields stand the Red Cross ambulances always in readiness when needed.

I wish I could tell you about these large camps where Uncle Sammy's boys are at home, when away from home. There is system, like a machine in perfect operation. The camps are cities in themselves and regulated on the same principle. When you are around camp, you feel like Uncle Sam has his sleeves rolled up for business. The boys have to work, but as a rule they are all cheerful. The Y. M. C. A. and other good organizations are in full force around these camps, giving the boys all amusement or recreation in their power. And, believe me, it is appreciated, too.

So many of the soldiers, this means the drafted men also, have their families with them, privates as well as officers. It is surprising how bravely and cheerfully wives with children, have followed from long distances to be near their dear ones. And if the soldier husband cannot get off to be with them, they go to see them at the camps, often several times a week, where they can be together for a few hours at the Y. M. C. A. or "Hostess House" and visit. I know this means a great deal to the soldier, when it can be arranged to have his family in some nearby town. A few minor discomforts are easily put up with these days just to be with each other. And oh, to see the hundreds flock in on Sunday to see their "soldier boys." They are not sweethearts, wives and mothers alone but a great number of tiny folks also. And the baskets of good things they bring; you see it is quite "in vogue" to eat picnic dinner on Sunday at the camps, and I am sorry for the boy without "folks" that day. Most often some motherly soul has put in extra pumpkin pie or something and the lonesome boy gets in very often on the picnic spread.

Oh, friends back home, if you could only see what all our fine men and women also are doing in preparing to lay down their lives-if need be for the sake of Democracy, that our country shall not be crushed by the heel of German militarism; shall not be laid open to such outrages as have been committed upon bleeding Belgium and France. They are fighting our battles, you who remain at home, and the least you can do is to help in a material way. That is the smallest sacrifice. They are such splendid well trained men both mentally and physically who are sent, and who stand ready to go. The hardest thing with most of them is not to face the "Hun" but to leave their dear ones behind. When you witness some of these "good-byes" you can see the true sacrifice in war. They are brave though and when it comes to sacrifice, the American women will not stand back. One little wife said to me the evening after bidding her husband "good-bye," as he started "over here": "I smiled when he left, it was pretty hard, but I wanted him to remember me smiling." I call that real American nerve, for I knew what it cost her to smile. Our boys will all need to remember "smiles" over there.

My letter has grown so long there are so many things I liked to write about, and simply could not stop. I close with a hearty greeting to you all from Lieutenant Weeks and myself.

—Dorces Thoreson Weeks

Wild geese are going north, flying high, as becomes an edible bird in a season of food scarcity.