

BOYS OVER HERE—OVER THERE

Interesting Facts About Oregon City Boys In Service

Mrs. J. W. Armstrong, of West Linn, is in receipt of a letter from her son, Fred, who is in France, where he accompanied the 162 Infantry. Quotations from the letter follow: Somewhere in England, "Dear Mother and All: "Your letter received, and was glad to hear from you. It seems a long time for the mail to come, but this is war time, and you can not expect any different, but you can bet that every letter received by the boys here are welcome. "I am feeling fine, but not as fleshy as I have been. "Well, we have been a busy bunch here, and busy as bees for the last two weeks, working day and night. Uncle Sam is certainly putting his men over here, and Germany will have all she is looking for, and I don't think that will be long, at least I hope not. "I hope that the next time you hear from me that Old Glory will be flying over Berlin. "Tell everybody home hello for me "Your loving son, "FRED."

Mrs. C. W. Richardson, who is spending the summer at Monroe, Oregon, and a former resident of Oregon City, sends one of her letters from her son, Charles, to the Enterprise for publication in the columns of "Our Boys Here and Over There." Somewhere in France, June 20, 1918. "My Dear Mother: "As I have a few spare moments I will write you a few lines to let you know that I am well. Hope this finds you the same. "I arrived at this place after a long, dusty ride. I was dirt from head to foot. Saw 'Red' Nelson the other day, but didn't get a chance to speak to him. "I received a letter from Mrs. Gallinger yesterday. I have not had a letter from you for two weeks, but as the mail tags us all over, it takes some time quite awhile to find us. "Give Mrs. Fryear and the boys my best regards, also Mrs. White and Mrs. Payne. "Tell Mrs. Gallinger that Corporal Hill is here where I am. "Well, mother, dear, I must close now, as there isn't any more news to write. Hoping to hear from you soon. I am. "Your devoted son, "PRIVATE CHAS. RICHARDSON, "Headquarters Troop Third Army Corps, P. O. 754, American Expeditionary Forces.

Soldier Longs for Cherry Pie Mrs. J. W. Lewis, of Canemah, is in receipt of two letters Tuesday from her son, Private C. O. Rickabaugh, of the Forty-third Aero Squadron, stationed in England. Lewis is a well known Canemah boy. The letter follows: London, England. "Dear Mother: "Received your dear letter, and was glad to hear from you and that all were well. Glad you have heard from Lawrence, as I have not. "How is the war going on? Does it look like we were winning? "I sent Edna a ring, and someone had the 'nerve' to steal it out of the package, as I have found she did not get it on her birthday anniversary. Some of these days I am going to send you folks a souvenir of some kind from here. "I expect to go on leave one of these days. You know we get seven days every four months we are here. "Say, Mother, I wish you would write and get my service stripes and send them to me. I saw by the Stars and Stripes that I have them coming to me from service on the border. "Hope Al is O. K. by this time, and is catching lots of salmon. I would like a little troling myself. Don't know whether they ever saw such a thing here or not. "Don't worry about sending me anything for I have everything I need now, as we have an American Y. M. C. A. here. "Would like to be home for cherry time, and I do hope that you will enjoy them, and make a cherry pie and think of me when you are partaking of it. Perhaps it will do some good. Ha! Ha! "Well, Mother dear, and the rest, I suppose I will have to say bye, bye, for this time with love to all. "As ever your son, "C. O. RICKABAUGH." Edna referred to in the letter of Mr. Rickabaugh, is his wife, a young woman of Dayton, Ohio, whom he met and married while on his way to France, and is a most charming young woman.

James Henry Allen Dies in France Mr. and Mrs. R. Allen, of Goldendale, Wash., but formerly of Oregon City, received a telegram Monday, telling of the death of their son, James Henry Allen. James Henry Allen was with the American forces in France, and had been there for quite awhile. His death was due to diphtheria. The young man is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, two brothers, who are both in the service; Chester, who is at San Diego, Calif.; Valdie, who is in France. Two sisters also survive, Zelma and Civilla, both of Goldendale. Henry will be greatly missed, as he was a general favorite with everyone. He, with his father, sisters and brothers, formed the Allen orchestra, and played on many occasions. The young man was a magician, and assisted in amusing the young men in camp with his sleight-of-hand performances. In company with Edward Meyrick, of Heald, gave several magic entertainments.

Thomas Alldredge, son of Mrs. D. A. Dillman, of this city, is stationed at Camp Kearney, California. He is with Company C Medical Department and with the Hospital Corps. Alldredge says he does not care for California as he does for Oregon. He enlisted in Montana, but was born and reared here. When first taking up his duties in the army radio work was selected by the young man. Lieutenant Cecil Koffman, who was formerly connected with the Enterprise, as cashier and book-keeper, is now with Company K, 118th Infantry, and in France. Joseph Alldredge, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alldredge, of this city, is at Princeton, New Jersey, where he is taking training at one of the U. S. training camps. He has been at Washington, D. C., holding a government position for over a year, and is one of those anxious to "go over." He may probably visit his parents and other relatives here before embarking. Private Harlan Donovan, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Donovan, of this city, is one of the well known boys of Oregon City, who is with the

gon City Moose lodge to die in service. He was one of the popular members of that lodge. Louis Baron Arrives in England Mrs. Louis Baron, of this city, has just received word from her husband, Louis Baron, telling of his safe arrival in England. Baron is with the Canadian army, although he had endeavored several times to get into the American army, but was rejected. Baron in France, where he has many relatives fighting for their country. Baron was determined to also fight for his country. His wife and two little children are making their home here during his absence. Mrs. Baron was formerly Miss Beth Cooper. Mr. Baron says, "It was a great relief to arrive in port, and I was very tired after the long trip and seasick nearly all the way. It seems strange to be on land again. We were escorted by other boats, and there was no danger of submarines. The Germans did not have much of a show with us with their submarines."

Arthur Mattley Celebrates Fourth in France Mrs. J. H. Mattley is in receipt of an interesting letter from her son, Arthur Mattley, who is with the United States Naval Forces, Europe. The letter is dated July 4, and appears below: "Dear Mamma: "I have a few minutes, so I will start a letter. I go on duty at 1 o'clock. "There is to be a celebration here today for the Americans stationed here. It will last all day I am told. There will be a ball game this morning between the American teams and at noon a banquet for all Americans in these parts. "We do not leave until afternoon for town, but are going to have quite a feed aboard. "I have been ashore several times since I have been here. Cannot say that I like it here very well, but guess it will take some time to get used to the people. There are amusement places open and eating places. Most of the stores are open. The people here are only allowed to buy so much at a time. Food it quite high, but at the Y. M. C. A. one can get a very good meal very reasonable. "We have been eating the first war bread that we have gotten the last few days, and it tastes good for a change. I expect from now on that we will not get as much sugar or wheat bread as we have been getting, but we have been getting as much as one wanted to each meal."

July 5, 1918. "I will complete this now, as I did not have time yesterday. July 4th was certainly a quiet day. There was the entertainment put on for the benefit of the Americans here, but I did not take in any of them. I took a skate at the roller rink with a number of the boys from the ship. This reminded me of going to the Oaks. "It is very warm here at the present time. Suppose you and the girls will soon be going to the coast. "Will close for this time. "Lovingly, "ART."

P. S. Finncane was one of the happiest men of Oregon City during the past week, when he heard from his son, Dan, who is in France. This is the first letter the father has received for some time from his son. The letter contained several handsome handkerchiefs, but from the appearance of the envelope, it is a wonder they ever reached their destination. The envelope, from traveling, was tattered and torn, and with the handkerchiefs hanging out. Dan says that he had just received a letter from his relatives in this city, and how glad he was to hear from home. He is in the best of health, and the weather was grand where he was stationed, with flowers blooming and the sun shining, and it reminds him of his home in Oregon. He says, "Father, war is hell, but we are to fight this war for a cause, for democracy and for freedom of the world, and we boys are never to regret that we have come here to fight for our country. We are proud of the Stars and Stripes, and that's what we are fighting for. How I would like to be home and enjoy the fruit and vegetables from our home place. I want to have you give my regards to my friends, and tell them hello. I have been transferred to Company L, Ninth Infantry."

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Delta O. Critser, of Battery A, 147th Field Artillery, is on the firing line. He fired the first shot on the evening of June 10, at 10:15 o'clock; made several good hits. Del says he is feeling fine, and don't worry; also that it is pretty noisy part of the time "over there." He is having the "time of his life," and has seen a good many air fights. He says "Tell everybody hello!" Del is a Clackamas county boy. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. Newt Critser, who live at New Era.

James L. Vierhus, son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Vierhus, of this city, is in France, and has been there for some time. He is a member of Company A, 29th Engineers, and added to his address is A. P. O. 714, France, American Expeditionary Forces. In his letter to his mother, written June 25, he says in part: Somewhere in France, June 25, 1918. "Dear Mother: "The last letter from you came June 7, this being dated May 15. This is the last mail I have received, except one from Al and a paper from Mrs. M., so I am looking for more soon. "I have been away again, but this time not to the front, but to a seaport town again. Not the same one I was in before but entirely a different direction. It was a great trip, and a passed through some beautiful country, and the best I have seen since arriving in France. There were large fields, farm houses and much more prosperous villages. The wheat fields made me long for Eastern Washington once more. The wheat here has headed out and is in blossom, as I 'magine it would be there too this time of the year. We also passed through the most wonderful city of France, stopping there for two nights, and surely had a fine time. It is the largest city I was even in. I rode on the subway for the first time in my life but let me tell you about the meal we had there at the Y. M. C. A. We had real loaf, peas, rice, custard, strawberries, chocolate cake and ice cream. The first ice cream I have had since being in France. You can imagine how good it tasted, and a real Bohemian girl waited on the table. Such luck as this does not happen to us often. "The Huns pulled off an air raid the night I was in that city, but did not do much damage. We stayed out in the street until the French policemen chased us down in the subway, but 'safety first' is the best, I guess. "Of course the time we had there was much too short for us but we surely took advantage of it, and what else we could while coming back, so at present my 'shells' are very low. We get plenty to eat and are well clothed, so we boys can go without money, if we don't have it at times. "Al is much more settled and satisfied now. He writes me that he has passed another examination for his flying school, which is fine. "I have not heard from Rev. Milliken yet, but I want you to tell him hello for me. I know that he is helping us out with his cheerful smile. "I am mighty glad you like the color I sent you. "Your loving son, "JAMES L. VIERHUS, "Company A, 29th Engineers A. P. O. 714, France, A. E. F."

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