

BOYS OVER HERE—OVER THERE

Interesting Facts About Oregon City Boys In The U. S. Service

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Michels, of 1801 Division Street, are in receipt of an interesting letter from their son, Sergeant J. P. Michels, of the Second Battalion of 29th Engineers, in France.

France, November 12, 1918. "Dear Dad and Mother: "Yesterday at 11 A. M. hostilities ceased. It sure seems strange and silent around these parts now. It was the same as being in a boiler factory when the 12 o'clock whistle blows. Everything stopped at once.

"So far I have come through without a scratch. "I expect to come rolling up the hill just as sound and healthy as when I left.

"I have been in the army now a year and a half; a year of this time in France and over eight months of this year at the front.

"You sure can get that fatted calf out for meat July 7th. I'll sure be home.

"Winter is just about ready to set in here, and you may be sure yours truly is glad to know there will be no freezing this winter.

"We can have all the smokes we want now, and no shells will be coming our way. We personally were well fixed here. My detachment is located in a woods and could have a fire when we wanted to but some of the other posts were not as fortunate.

"I am over-due for another leave, but will never get another, I am afraid. Our next leave will be across the border somewhere I guess.

"I don't suppose Nick has his furlough yet. Well he will get a long one before long. It is kind of tough on him too not being able to come across, as he was so anxious to come across.

"I'll close for now, as I haven't a lot to say. After a fellow has spent a year over here he forgets how to write a letter.

"I am as ever, "Your loving son, SERGEANT J. P. MICHELS, "Second Battalion 29th Engineers, "American Exped. Forces, A. P. O. "France."

In a telegram received by Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Michels, of this city, from their son, N. L. Michels, who is for the present stationed with his company at Camp Maritan, N. J., he says:

"Received letter from 'Mike' today, dated November 29, saying he was in the fight right up to the finish, pulling through without a scratch, and is in the best of health. Don't think I will be home until first of the year.

"N. L. MICHELS. "The young man knowing his parents were anxious about their son in France, sent the telegram to relieve them from their worries of the safety of their son.

Harvey Boylan, who was the youngest boy of Portland enlisting in the army, and who is well known here, formerly residing in Oregon City, who was injured a number of weeks ago, and his name appearing in the casualty list as severely wounded, was heard from this week by his mother, Mrs. Leona Cole. The young man, who was 15 years of age when entering the service, but who appears to be several years older, has been injured twice since entering the army. In one of the big battles he had two fingers shot off, and the last injury has caused him to be confined in the hospital, and at the time of writing to his mother said that he had expected to be out soon.

Young Boylan is a born patriot. His father, Charles Boylan, was one of the Oregon during the Spanish-American war. He was bound to go to war and has made one of the best soldiers of his company. His letter stated that he was afraid that he would not be able to return home by Christmas. Boylan is a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. George Boylan of Gladstone, and Mr. Hill, of Willamette, one of the well known patriots of that place. He is a nephew of Mrs. George Badford, of Willamette, and of Mrs. W. C. Green of this city. He has a number of relatives in France, who have also been fighting for their country.

Boylan will celebrate his 17th birthday anniversary February 17.

A strange coincidence occurred on the battlefield of France shortly before the signing of the armistice, when two former Oregon City young men, twin brothers, sons of Mrs. Ella Spooner, of Jennings Lodge, met under a most unusual circumstance. It was on the 24th birthday anniversary and Langdon Spooner, determined to find his brother, Lloyd, dead or alive, on that day, decided to visit the headquarters of a certain station. Lloyd was a member of the famous 91st Battalion that lost so many men in battle. The former seeing a young American soldier stooping over and preparing a bed of old German overcoats, walked over towards him and inquired 'could you please tell me where the headquarters are?' The soldier raised his body and looked toward the inquiring man, and behold! there stood his brother for whom he was searching. The meeting was most affecting, and was on the anniversary of their birth. In writing to his mother, Mrs. Ella Spooner, Private Langdon Spooner tells of his brother, Lloyd looking thin and sickly and was ragged and besmeared with mud. He had been fighting for ten days and nights and was worn and weary. He had come over the top many times. His comrades had been blown to atoms all around him, and he had luckily escaped.

In a letter recently received by one of Lloyd's cousins in Portland to a relative Sergeant Campbell, Jr., says: "I met Lloyd Spooner after the big

battle. He came through O. K. and won praise for bravery in killing two German officers. He also captured a German machine gun nest killing four Hunns and taking three alive.

D. S. Young and N. W. Young, sons of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Young, of Wilsonville, are safe in France, according to the last letters received by the anxious parents. There will be one of the greatest home-coming events at the Young home when these boys arrive from over-seas. The Young family own one of the finest farms in Clackamas county, and many plans are being made for the return of the soldier sons.

In a letter to Everett Richardson, of this city, Private Henry Wilson, an Oregon City boy in Ramsay, England, says:

"Dear Friend: "Just a few lines to let you know that I believe that we will be home in the States in a short time, but I don't know how long it will be. We will have a high old time when we all get back again. I bet old Oregon City will look good to us when we do get back.

"I have not heard from my brother, Joe, for a long time, but I think he is in France yet.

"Bully said he saw Hoffman's brother come through this country, but I did not get to see him.

"The other day I received three letters, two from Oregon City, and one from a girl in South Dakota, who formerly resided in Oregon City, having moved within the last year.

"I don't know where I will be when you receive this letter, but I have a good hunch by the way things look.

"Well, Evarett, the good old work is over, and I will be glad when the day will come when they say they don't want me any more. I think the day is near now.

"The American Red Cross is building a hospital and the Y. M. C. A. building canteens, etc., all through this country over here. I think they are doing splendid work.

"We are having dances and entertainments very often, and the most of the people are very kind and friendly to us Yanks, but at that it is not like the good old U. S. A.

"I guess you have seen some familiar names about the boys over here by this time.

"Well, Evarett, I guess I will close for this time, and wishing you the best of luck, I remain your "Old time friend,

"PRIVATE HENRY WILSON, "United States Army, A. E. F."

The following is a letter received by the Patriotic Edition of the Morning Enterprise from Clyde Green, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Green, of this city, who is in France, and extending the committee in charge his thanks for the letter and dollar greenback sent him:

Somewhere in France, November 13, 1918. "Our Patriots, "Staff of Patriotic Edition of Morning Enterprise, Oregon City, Or. "Dear Friends: "Your fine letter and gift was gratefully received by me. If you could see what a good time I had on the money you could be satisfied that your gift was a success; also the idea that I could know that you were so good in remembering we fellows over here made me happy.

"Each cent in the bill will mean one more spent toward the goal for which we are all looking forward to—Peace.

"Just 'keep the home fires burning', and we will all be home one of these days to celebrate.

"We are all well and kicking along the same as usual. Hoping this finds you all well, and thanking you again for the kind remembrances, I am "Gratefully yours, "CLYDE GREEN, "329 Aero Squadron, A. P. O. 724, "American Exped. Forces, France."

In a letter to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Wilson, of Gladstone, Percy Wilson, who has been in the service for the past four years, tells of some of his experiences he has had while stationed at the Philippine Islands. The letter was received this week, and among the contents appears the following:

Cavite, P. I., November 4, 1918. "Dear Father and Mother: "Have received all your letters and papers during the last few weeks. Have been so busy with the library and other work that I have been unable to find time to write very often.

"We have been having some experiences that I will long remember with the storms here. It was during one of these big storms that three ships were wrecked and two blown up the coast of Guam by a typhoon. The strong winds stirred up all kinds of sickness.

"I have been suffering from a severe cold, and have been very lucky in recovering from the same.

"The American people of Manila are patterning after the people of the States in entertaining the soldiers and sailors here. Dances and other forms of entertainment are given for their pleasure. Some six weeks ago I went to a dance on a roof garden of the Manila hotel, and had a fine time. There was a large crowd in attendance.

"All the dance halls are closed by the government, but the boys are entertained by churches and the people so that it gives pleasure for the boys without these. I recently attended a social given at the Union church, and a very interesting program was given, this consisted of songs recitations and speeches. Cake and punch were

served during the evening. These events help to break the monotony.

"On October 12, I went over to the Liberty Loan rally and helped with the rally. We got our allotment in the Island, and raised some twenty-four million 'tason', (which is a large sum of money here), for the Philippine Island Liberty Loan.

"I marched in a parade of ten miles in length, my company in the lead. I marched three miles, but I could not get a good view of the parade on account of being near the front. There were lots of beautiful floats, and many pictures for the movies were taken, so perhaps you may have a chance to see this. It was a great event. The pictures were taken after passing the reviewing stand. After the parade we rested in the shade, and went to the Y. M. C. A. where an entertainment was given and then supper was served us in the evening. We certainly had a swell dinner, which was served in courses and we certainly appreciated the change to silver and white table cloths. Following the dinner we went to the Columbia park, where a smoker was given, and we enjoyed smoking and vaudeville entertainment and a number of boxing bouts, but had to leave before it was over, but what I saw was very good.

"Last week the business men of Manila opened up a club for enlisted men. This place, where the rooms are located was once known as the German Club and used by the Germans of Manila. The 'Defenders' Club' is the name given to this now, and is the swellest in the entire city. This is something that has been needed for some time here, as we have no place to spend the evenings when we are at liberty. There is a big opening of the club, and I am going to try an attend.

"I suppose everyone at home is still holding on and making sacrifices to 'back up' their soldiers, for they sure need their help.

"I did not get the boat in October, but expect to leave November 15 for home, and will arrive there about Christmas.

"I am glad that father is improving from his long illness.

(Percy Wilson has been stationed at Manila for the past 11 months and at Guam for 27 months. During the four years' service he has had no furlough to visit his home and when leaving to enlist was the first time the young man had been away from his home. The family is planning to have one of the most enjoyable Christmas celebrations. There is a new nephew the young man had not seen and a new brother-in-law, who are also to be at the Christmas family reunion.)

"There was no dinner on the train, and we stopped twenty minutes for meals. We stopped at Florence, South Carolina, for breakfast, and certainly had a better meal than many of us have had for weeks, and was all set out waiting for us. The menu consisted of scrambled eggs, potatoes, fish, dessert, etc. We were only charged 75 cents. The fellows were talking of that breakfast all day.

"We arrived in Richmond about on time. Here I got hold of an Ohio table. We were due in Washington at 11:50 P. M., and at 12:49 a train left for Cleveland. I would get to Cleveland Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

"Something went wrong, so that we were over three hours late into Washington. The sleeper laid over here, so I stayed in it until morning. The first morning train was 9 o'clock, and that would get to Cleveland about midnight. The best thing was to wait until evening, which will get me to Cleveland Monday morning.

"Fink is staying over here. He got a room in the Raleigh. I took a bath here and feeling fine.

"Now that I am out of Camp Hancock, I might tell you how glad I am to imagine ten life in a climate similar to Oregon. Colds were numerous and the 'flu' along with scarlet fever made things serious. In the second company about 500 men in strength five deaths occurred in as many consecutive days. Our company lost one man, but that is past.

"Better get my civilian clothes and see what they look like. Will be home soon to do them.

"With love, "EVERETT"

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Rayl, of 1215 Street, are in receipt of the following letter from their son, John W. Rayl, with Battery B, 65th C. A. C., "My dear Mother, Father and little Sister, Betsy:

"Not having a great deal of time I can not write a great deal, so please don't think that I am such a bad boy, for we are now really on the firing line. I can send cards saying I am well and will write the first opportunity I have, but I want to get my three short letters off each week to you.

"I had a funny experience the other day. A chap walked up to me and asked me if I ever said such and such a thing and I said 'no, I never did and never would.' He then said that he had offered to bet anyone 50 francs that they never would. The thing he asked me was 'whether I ever took my Lord's name in vain, so I have a little record started. Another thing happened the other day. Some shells dropped within a hundred yards and one within 50 yards of us. The first time it came was whiz! bang!!! I didn't know what had happened. I saw the rest of the boys drop. Well, I dropped too after that when they dropped. I was the first to drop. Regular old foot ball practice came in handy, and pieces of shells and rocks sure did fall over one's head. It is sure a funny sensation. I don't care for any more. Of course it is just the law of getting down quick. Well, I did. You see if one gets down he is not liable to get hit, for if a man is on the ground when one blows up, the shrapnel does not skim the ground, it goes in the air, so in truth there is not so much danger if a man gets to the ground as quick as a cat. Well, I've got weak legs, and say dropping to the ground always was in my line. I can beat 'scat' any time.

"Hully Gee, but I feel good, peoples mine. I sure would like to have a good ace to write and just sit down and rit books to you telling you how I really appreciate my mother, father and Sister. Your letters sure are fine, and I sure do feel good after receive them. They are cheerful and help me out, and put the pep in me. Though I cannot get many chances to write I surely do enjoy your fine letters.

"I have now been in five big battles, and sure have been a busy boy. There was a time when I was sort o

WEEKLY SOLDIER LETTER

Everett Dye, released from Camp Hancock, at Augusta, Georgia, is on his way home. At Cleveland, Ohio, he will remain a few days to visit his brother, Trafton M. Dye, formerly of this city. Trafton is the junior member of a law firm there, and has bought a home at Lakewood, a Cleveland suburb. The following is the letter received from the young man by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Dye: Washington, D. C., Sunday Morning, Dec. 8, 1918.

"Dear Folks: "The Red tape finally unwound, and I am on my way.

"Friday morning we turned in our coats and blankets and cleaned the company street. The blankets were taken over to the warehouse.

"About 4 o'clock a light lunch was served. Just after lunch we were lined up and the first 50 men were given their discharges. We were then marched to the ticket office where we got our tickets. If I bought through to Cleveland I would be routed by way of Atlanta and Cincinnati, so I bought to Washington. Being in the first bunch I got a berth without any trouble.

"About 7 o'clock the trucks lined up and we were hauled to the depot.

"My original request for a ticket was to Cleveland so that my baggage was checked clear through. Got down town and as soon as everything was O. K. we went to a show.

"On our way from the depot we (Fink and I) met one of the boys who lives in Augusta. He already had his civilian clothes on and he certainly looked different.

"The ban on shows was lifted at noon, so that we could go to a show. This is the first movie for about two months.

"The train pulled out about 2:30, but a little before midnight we came back to the train and went to bed.

"There was no dinner on the train, and we stopped twenty minutes for meals. We stopped at Florence, South Carolina, for breakfast, and certainly had a better meal than many of us have had for weeks, and was all set out waiting for us. The menu consisted of scrambled eggs, potatoes, fish, dessert, etc. We were only charged 75 cents. The fellows were talking of that breakfast all day.

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"I have now been in five big battles, and sure have been a busy boy. There was a time when I was sort o

ashamed, because I had not seen any action. Well, I am happy now to state that the boys of the 60th have sure made a name for it. Holding records and credit that almost all artillery could well be envious of.

"This is sure the life. We feed fine, work hard; sleep sometimes, and in general we are a happy lot of boys.

"We've got the Dutch sauerkraut-wienersurst beaten to a frazzle, and they are headed for Berlin, and what helps is that all American people are behind us in our drive for right, for which we thank our Lord.

"Can you imagine the Dutch 'winkles' trying to spread propaganda among our boys by dropping papers from aeroplanes telling us a lot of trash? They make an awful mistake in speaking of us as 'niggers', and it sure will never get them any place. They may think they are smart, but U. S. forever.

"We have been sending over quite a lot of propaganda too, only this is in the shape of shells, and are blowing them. Well, they sure will get there all right, only I am getting polite, and don't like to use such language, but anyway there are a lot of them headed this same way that 'bull necked' Kaiser is headed.

"Well, people of mine, I've finished in a hurry, but please remember that my heart is in the right place. It has been in my throat once or twice.

"With all the love in the world, I am "Your loving son, "JOHN W. RAYL, "Battery B, 65th C. A. C., "American Exped. Forces, France."

J. E. Hedges has received the following letter from his son, Joseph Hedges, who is in France: Ord. Armament School, Ste. Jean de Monts, American Exped. Forces, France

"Dear Father: "Your letters of October 15th and 19th respectively, reached me today. The package containing the box and the films came yesterday. Both were mighty welcome.

"Since my last letter things have not changed. Rumors of course continue to circulate, but nothing official has come in as to what is going to happen to us here. Whether we will be transferred to another post for awhile or not I have no idea.

"Your suggestion that I grasp any opportunity that presents itself to see something of Europe before I return to the States is a mighty good one, and in fact, it is something that I have been keeping in mind myself. Anxious as I am to return, I will not throw up an opportunity of that sort should I get it.

"The rather sudden cessation of hostilities and negotiations for peace came at a rather inopportune time for me. Perhaps you remember me mentioning a trip to Tours about the middle of October. I went there to appear before an examining board subsequent to a recommendation for a commission Seven of us were recommended from these headquarters. Henry was also included. I have said nothing before about it, expecting to spring it as a surprise in case it did go through. It looks now as if we were a little too late—perhaps a week. However, the big consideration is that the war is over. We at last have the satisfaction of being recommended.

"Perhaps you have heard that Keith K. received his commission. We received a letter from him yesterday announcing that his came through alright.

"It is late and I must close. I wish you would thank the Red Cross ladies for me, and also the Patriotic Edition of the Morning Enterprise. I intend to answer the committee's letter as soon as I have time.

"Your son, "JOE"

Another letter has been received by the Patriotic Edition of the Morning Enterprise thanking the young women having charge of the edition for the dollar greenback and letter. This is from Corporal W. M. Stromeyer, of Second Battalion Headquarters 18th Engineers Railway, postoffice Number 735.

The following is the letter, and was addressed to Miss Dolly Pratt, who was assistant editor of the publication: La Rochelle, France, October 26, 1918 "Dear Dolly: "I have just received your letter dated August 16, and was glad to hear from you, as I dropped you several cards and never heard a word. When I got your letter and saw the letterhead, I said, 'it must be a bill, but when I opened it and a real American bill dropped out, it sure 'knocked me off the Christmas tree', as I was in bed with a high fever in the hospital, and it made me feel 100 per cent better when I read your letter. I certainly want to thank you, and want you to thank the rest of the staff for me. I haven't decided what I will spend it for but think I will buy a big steak as soon as I get out of the hospital, and will think of you all while I am eating it, as I will sure enjoy it after living on a light diet for two weeks.

"I am all over my fever, and feel fine again, just as good as ever, and will go back to my company tomorrow. Will sure be glad to get back too, as this is only a field hospital with tents and soldiers to wait on you, but I have no kick to make, as they treated me fine. Can't kill me.

"I suppose you have heard that I have been transferred out of Company E, and am away from the old bunch. I am at headquarters now, and never see any of the Oregon City bunch, except Folger, who is up here in a detached service.

"I had to leave my old friends in Company E, as there were a lot of fellows in it, but I am sure with a swell bunch now, and only 25 of us in the company.

"I am going on my furlough November 10 to Southern France, and expect to have a big time.

"Sincerely yours, "W. M. STROMEYER, "Second Battalion Headquarters, 18th Engineers Railway, U. S. A. P. O. 735, American Exped. Forces."

The "Smokers for Soldiers and Sailors Club" having banks at the various cigar stands and drug stores, where the smokers of this city are kind enough to remember the boys in our army will be interested to know the smokes are arriving at the hospital's:

A box is being collected by the Club and will be sent to the wounded soldiers at Camp Lewis. The size of contents of the box will depend upon the generosity of the men of Oregon City, who donate to the banks at the tobacco counters of this city. Other places of business besides are to be here for this benefit.

The following acknowledgment of receipt of box of "smokes" which were sent to the wounded soldiers returning from France at Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., which were sent in care of Private Joseph A. Miller, of this city, who is a member of the Medical Corps at the Naval Hospital, Brooklyn Naval Hospital, Dec. 12, 1918. Tuesday Evening

"Dear Friends:—"I wish to acknowledge the receipt of the lovely box of tobacco which you sent and was received a few days ago. I personally distributed every package and pipe to our wounded marines and sailors who in return express their thanks to a great extent. Some of the poor fellows have not been paid for a year, and they are so crippled that they are unable to go on liberty and purchase their tobacco, for which they almost crave. It was a great scene when I passed thru one of the wards with the precious box, in less than a minute, I was completely surrounded. A thousand 'it seemed as though there were that many 'leathernecks' and 'gobs'. After every patient was supplied I then went to the next ward, where the confusion was so great, and where my supply gave out, for which I was almost thankful.

"In conclusion, I wish to say that each and every patient to whom I presented a little token of friendship from the dear folks at home, wish to express their sincere thanks and am truly positive that your work has been greatly appreciated in this far off land.

"Most sincerely, "JOE A. MILLER, "Pt. M-3, U. S. Navy, "U. S. Naval Hospital, "Brooklyn, N. Y."

The following letter has been received by the Patriotic Edition of the Morning Enterprise from Private James L. Vierhus, son of Mr. and Mrs. Vierhus, of Oregon City, having received his letter from the committee, and the dollar greenback enclosed:

France, A. P. O. 918, November 13, 1918. "Misses Dolly Pratt, Cis B. Pratt, Kathryn Sinnott, Nan Cochran, "Patriotic Edition Staff, Morning Enterprise, "Oregon City, Oregon,

"Dear Friends: "Yes, I believe I am familiar with the above names—at one time familiar enough for you to tell me 'Hello' whenever you happen to meet me. At that time I was the erstwhile errand boy for the Wells Fargo Company in your famous city, but things have changed since then, however, I believe I would know any of you even if I met you over here, and this is the farthest I ever was away from home.

"It now looks like that not in the far distant future I'll be able to 'step well out with my right foot' there again.

"Great news, isn't it? I wonder if you people feel the same way as we do about it? Do you have this 'the war is won' spirit? Over here, of course, the situation is far too young to make much difference in our work, except the men that are on the line, however, we too, feel that the war is won.

"I don't 'punish' the weed, but it was very nice of you to send the bill, and I thank you for it. I have it yet and when I spend it I think it will be for some 'pomme de terre' and 'baftee' in a French cafe where I can put my feet under a table and eat from a China plate, not a 'mess glu'.

"I am a driver of trucks and other vehicles propelled by gasoline (except airplanes), and so I get to travel around the country to quite an extent. About six weeks ago I ran onto L. P. Mulligan and Clare Miller. These were the two first Oregon City boys I have met. We had a great visit.

"I am enclosing four cards of a Boche playing deck. I am sorry I have nothing better in the line of souvenirs to send you. Wish your letter had come a few days sooner.

"Thanking you again, "Truly yours, "JAMES L. VIERHUS, "Company A, 29th Engineers, A. P. O. 918, France, American Exped. Forces."

The following is the last letter written by Emerson Hoeye, son of Dr. and Mrs. George Hoeye, of this city, telling of his last trip from France on the transport Northern Pacific, and was written a few days before he was taken ill, his death occurring on December 9:

Hoboken, N. J., Dec. 2, 1918. "Dear Mamma and Papa: "I received two letters and two rolls of Enterprises this morning, after getting back from the longest and roughest trip we have ever had. These newspaper clippings I am sending you will tell you where we've been, and how it was on the way back.

"We slipped into Liverpool early in the morning and left at noon of the second day there. When we left all the whistles blew and the bells rang, and a big crowd was on the dock waving flags and cheering the men we had aboard. It gives one a queer feeling to

know that all that celebration is just for this ship.

"The English people are a nice lot but they get a silly idea into their heads that they are just about a jump and a half ahead of all other people. A bunch of us off the old Northern Pacific got to talking war with some English (we call them lime juice) sailors, and before we got through it became a very warm argument. Before we got through we showed these 'limies' what real American sailors can do when they have to. We led them all over Liverpool just about ten jumps ahead of them. We couldn't find the way back to the ship so we tried a little football stunt on them. We ran around a corner and stopped and when they came around they tripped all we could and what we didn't get, fell all over those we did. We then started back the way we came and retook lost territory, and also took ourselves back to the ship before they found us and 'fixed' us, so we would have to be taken back. (The English call that 'cowa'dise' but we called it 'good Yankee sense'.)

"I put in a request for discharge from active service, but I don't know if I'll get it or not. If I do it won't be until about March or April, 1919.

"There isn't much more to tell, so I'll close. With lots of love to you both, I remain as ever, "Your son, "EMERSON."

Emerson Hoeye was the youngest lad of Oregon City entering the service. As soon as Uncle Sam called for men to enter the navy, this boy immediately signed up. He was at that time a student of the Oregon City high school, and one