

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE

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BOYS OVER HERE—OVER THERE



James Say, son of Mr. and Mrs. Say of Wilsonville, and the third son of this family to enter the service, was at Camp Taylor when the armistice was signed...

Mitchell Story, Jack Richards and Joseph Miller, all of this city, are on the receiving ship at New York, and expect to sail soon for France.

In a letter to Mr. and Mrs. George Rissberger of 1108 John Adams street, their son, Private John M. Rissberger of Company B, 315 Field Signal Battalion, writes that he is stationed at La Ferté, Bernard, France.

The training goes on just the same whether the war is over or not. Tomorrow there is to be a division review at Nogent Rot, France.

The death of Walter Kelly, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Kelly, who died at Camp Meade, Maryland, Friday, due to pneumonia, has cast a gloom over many of the camps where the young men's friends are stationed.

Just a few lines to Mary—I hope she passes into the next grade at school this February, and trust she is getting along nicely with her music.

Mrs. C. W. Richardson has received the following brief letter from Private Henry Wilson, an Oregon City boy, who is with the United States Army, stationed at Liverpool, England:

"I am dropping you a line to let you know I am now in Liverpool, where I have been for five weeks. I like this city fine, and it is as large as St. Louis or San Francisco, and is very lively."

"On December 30 we were Honor Guard for President Wilson at Manchester, England, but didn't take part in the parade the next day. I received my Christmas box from Mrs. Beck today."

In a letter from Charles Richardson to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Richardson, the following comes from Neuwed, Germany, as the young man is with the Army of Occupation:

"Dear Mother and Dad: 'Just a few lines to let you know that I am O. K. I am certainly tired of this town, as there is nothing to do, but will try to break the monotony this evening by taking in a show. Mother, Darling, I don't think we will be here much longer. I have the 'hunch'."

"We are still having lots of rain, and I guess that all it does in Germany is rain. So far I have not received my Christmas box, but I suppose some of them have to go astray."

"Sergeant Kent Moody received some Oregon City Enterprises today. We sat right down and read them, too, believe me. Mother, dear, don't worry about me. I will be back with you soon."

"Our company now is split up. Clarence (his brother) and I are with the 12th, 13th and 62d Infantry regiments of the Eighth Division over here. The 12th, 13th and 62d Infantry regiments of the Eighth Division were turned back three days at sea just a day or two behind us. You know there are four infantry regiments to a division."

are stationed about 40 miles from the headquarters, and are helping to finish up some work. I don't know just how much longer we will have to remain here, but probably about two months. Some say we will leave about the first of February. We are wondering when we can leave for the best country on earth. Believe me, it surely is the best country without a doubt, for there isn't another country that can come within a long way of the U. S. A."

"We see no wooden buildings in France. All are built of stone with tile roofs. Some of the houses have the date when they were built. I remember one house in Castels with the date of 1753 on it. It didn't look any different than the rest of the buildings around it."

"I don't see many horses in this part of the country. Most of the work is done by mules or bullock teams. We see a good many little donkeys, too."

"A short time ago I saw a Frenchman with all of his belongings on a sort of a house affair on wheels, with a donkey and a dog pulling it. I would have given almost anything to have secured a picture of it, but I was away from camp and could not get my kodak."

"I hear the supper call, so must close."

The body of the late Lowell Kent, who was drowned in New York harbor a few weeks ago, has not yet been found. He was a very popular young man and his many friends and relatives here are anxiously awaiting the recovery of the body, and upon its recovery it will be shipped to Oregon City for interment."

"I am as ever your son, 'MECHANIC OLIVER FERUGSON, 25th Battalion, First Anti-Aircraft Sector, A. E. F. France.'"

The Auxiliary of Company F, 18th Engineers, Railway company, sent the young men of the engineer company a gift for Christmas of a purse that was greatly appreciated by the young men. The following letter was sent to the auxiliary by Private Alfred Bigger, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bigger of this city:

"Dear Friends: 'Your envelope containing a Christmas card and money order for \$3.00 came into my possession yesterday. My thankful feeling is beyond my English vocabulary to express myself in a manner that the occasion requires. Well, we will put it this way—commonly—thanks and thanks many times. The people are so kind at home trying to do something in kindness for their lads over here. It is hard to think of any way that we might repay for their grateful deeds. Well, you know that we accomplished what we were required to do. Furthermore, we offered ourselves to the county willingly, but the ones at home had a bigger task than we had. If it wasn't for those at home, who kept us supplied, we could never have faced the task, so the fighters did not do it all. Well, hoping to return one of these days, I am going to thank you once and with cheery wishes, I remain, 'Sincerely, 'PRIVATE ALFRED BIGGER.'"

"I have written to you every three or four days and am glad you are getting them all now. I can't help but believe we will leave for the U. S. A. in ten days or two weeks, as we have done our bit here and have been in this camp long enough. Guess you have read about this camp (Pononaz-en). Some have the idea that we are going to escort the President back as we received him when he came here. We have been very highly complimented on everything we have done since we have been here, even by Gen. Pershing. It makes me awful homesick to think of Charles being home, but I think I'll be there by March 1, and I am fortunate if I get back by then for some of them will have to stay here for several months, but I hope that I am not among them. The Eighty and the 219th Engineers are the only parts of the Eighth Division over here. The 12th, 13th and 62d Infantry regiments of the Eighth Division were turned back three days at sea just a day or two behind us. You know there are four infantry regiments to a division."

"Well, I have written about all I know, but will write again soon. Hoping to hear from soon, I am, 'Your loving son, 'ROBERT H. RICHARDS, Co. B, 8th Inf., A. P. O., 716, A. E. F.'"

Company 21, stationed at Fort Bliss, Texas, a brother of Private Albert I. Todd of Company H, 110 Infantry, A. E. F. France, is slowly recovering from an operation for appendicitis. The operation was performed January 1. Corporal S. E. Todd has been in the service two and one-half years, graduating about a year ago from a mechanical school at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. He is the second son of Mrs. Vertie M. Todd of West Linn. Private Albert I. Todd is the eldest son. The latter was one of the Oregon City boys who left for Camp Lewis, June 24, and later went to Camp Kearney, California. From there he went to New York and then to France arriving in France about August 6.

L. Ferguson has received several letters recently from his son, Mechanic Oliver Ferguson of Battery D, First Aircraft Battalion. Among those written was one dated November 22, 1918, when he says:

"Just a line or two to let you know that I am alive and well. I am not quite so busy as I have been for the past month, but still have quite a bit to do. My hand is all O. F. again, but I have a bum neck, and this is doing fine now. I had a chunk of steel removed from my left eye this morning, and am O. K."

"It is almost as bad as war times here today—blowing up mines and ammunition by tons; makes the earth fairly tremble. No machine guns or rifles popping off though. Seems funny not to be on the alert for Hun planes all the time. 'I do not know if we will ever get home or not, but we all have hopes of it anyway.'"

"The second letter is as follows: 'Dear Dad: 'Just a line to say hello, and to thank you many, many times for the Christmas presents. Everything came through in fine shape. 'Say, dad, by the way, we are excited over the fact that we are moving in a few days. Of course, we don't know if its to Germany or America, but God knows, I hope it is America. 'I am not going to tell you any news in this letter, as I have great hopes of seeing you before very long. 'This has been a hell of a war, dad, but I have heard but very few American boys are complaining, and I have never heard a murmur out of an enlisted man. Of course, we 'guys' that are classed as 'only the regulars', don't expect much of a sendoff when we come home, but that's all right, we have done all we could for good old U. S. A., and we will do it over again if it is asked of us. 'Well, dad, old pal, don't forget to write, and give my regards to all my friends and enemies, and don't forget to tell John Velockis hello for me. 'I am as ever your son, 'MECHANIC OLIVER FERUGSON, 25th Battalion, First Anti-Aircraft Sector, A. E. F. France.'"

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WEEKLY SOLDIER LETTER

Miss Alice Moore is in receipt of the following letter from her brother, Lieutenant Carl Moore, with the 167th Field Artillery, in Germany. The letter was dated December 23, 1918, and is as follows:

"My dear Alice: 'Received your letter today that was written November 15, and as usual am glad to hear from you. My mail seems to meet with disaster some way. Have written plenty of letters home to let you know I was still in the game. Have received very few. 'Well, we are at our destination and somewhat contented to stay for while in the place. It is a resort—one of the famous watering places. The well-known Apollinaris Mineral water comes from this particular spot, but we haven't bothered drinking it much. Just bathe in it every day and drink the good old Rhine wine by the quart. This is healthier than the water here. 'It's pretty tough to go through for six months of the kind of stuff we did, then hike 150 miles and then when we felt worse to suddenly put us into a big hotel with all these ceremonies (long since forgotten). Somehow I feel like I was on a vacation and that I will be going back to dourouts, cello, pup tents, old shacks, barns, cotties, hard tack, etc. 'Well, it's a great and fitting ending. This is a place that people spend thousands of dollars to come to stay a few weeks, and it is all ours. All the hotels of the towns, and there are many, are taken over by the Americans. 'We hear plenty of rumors as to when we shall go home, but there is nothing official as yet. Rather doubtful if we start before peace is signed at the earliest. Being so well located and comfortable, I believe I would prefer waiting right here for a couple of months for this moving in the winter time is fierce. Will be quite contented to be back by spring or early summer. Now that everything is over, am getting anxious to get back to work again. It will mean about five years out of our lives, but it was well spent. 'I had some close calls, especially on the Chateau-Thierry front last July and early August. I was with the artillery then, and know what real war is. In one place I lived in a little hole in the ground just big enough to lie in, and about a foot deep. We dug them under shell fire, and squirrels or badgers never had anything on us. It all seemed like a big game. There was more fun in it than one could imagine. One fellow close to me was sitting on the edge of his fox hole, as they are called, when he heard a shell coming they are very pleasant about announcing their arrival by a few seconds), made a dive for his hole in the ground, but the shell was a little too fast for him, and exploded nearby, and sent a big piece of dirt his way, catching him just as he was getting ready to dive and turned him completely over, but did not hurt him in the least. Such things seem very funny at the time, especially when we see the sheepish look on the victim's face. 'I was in a farm house with my aid station and for five days and nights shells and gas shells broke constantly in a circle around me, and only one hit the building, which was a big one, and of course it didn't happen to be my room. 'I'll write more later. 'Hoping your Christmas was a merry one. 'With love, 'CARL.'"

The following letter has been received by Mr. and Mrs. W. Clyde Green from their son, Private W. Clyde Green, who is in France with the 359 Aero Squadron:

"Dear Mother and Dad: 'I am writing this from the Hotel La Providence in Dinard. I am on my seven days' leave now, and surely have enjoyed it much so far. I left camp December 30, and went to Paris, where I put in 24 hours, and certainly got to see a lot of it in the time I was there. 'Our leave center is situated up on the northern coast of France, and it surely is a very beautiful spot. We just came in yesterday, and have been on the go continually since then. 'The Y. M. C. A. and the government is surely giving us lots of entertainments during our stay. We are housed in a very nice hotel, and the eats are very good also. We expect to take quite a number of trips around the coast. 'Well, I have just returned from the Y. M. C. A., where we were delightfully entertained by four American girls (The Liberty Four) and thought I would drop you a few lines before crawling into my bottomless French bed. 'You can't imagine how the fellows went wild at the appearance of a real Yankee girl tonight. I tell you there is no comparison with them. The French girl may be very attractive and all that, but give me Miss American every time. 'Well, I am feeling fine and dandy, but hate to think that in a day or two we will leave for our army camp. 'We were unable to secure tickets for the large Y. M. C. A. sightseeing bus so we hired a taxi to follow it wherever it went, and thus got in on the trip. We first went to the Palais of Justice, where we saw the Saint Chappelle, an old chapel connecting with the Palais. This was very ancient and had some very beautiful works of art in it. Then the Palais of Justice, where all the courts of France were, was extraordinarily beautiful, having rooms costing immense fortunes. I saw where the spies were tried and sentenced to be shot in this war, and the supreme court room was wonderfully beautiful. I then rode to the... (The dollar referred to in the above letter was from the Staff of the Women's Patriotic Edition of the Morning Enterprise. Private Todd was No. 65 on the list of young men to whom the dollar and the letter were sent, and it is hoped by the staff that the letter will reach him before he sails.)"

"I returned to my company January 1. 'With love from your son, 'ALBERT I. TODD, Co. H, 110 Inf., A. E. F., France.'"

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"This place is up in the mountains, and there is snow on the hills around here, and the weather is pretty cold. 'The Y. M. C. A. is putting on all the amusements for the men who are on leave. Besides having shows, many other amusements are allowed soldiers. 'Our expenses are all paid by the United States while we are here. We have a good room, good beds, with one man to the bed. We get three meals a day, and there is a good bath house here, where we can enjoy mineral baths. This place is up in the Alps mountains, and the scenery around here is most wonderful. 'The city is the place where Harry Thaw lost a fortune in gambling, but there is no gambling here now. 'Well, mother, this trip is one of a life time. We get to see places that people of America spend thousands of dollars to see, and it doesn't cost us a cent. Well, we earned it, when we were chasing the Huns out of France, so I am not ashamed to take it free. I am sorry you are not here to see it, so I am going to do the next best thing I know, and that is to bring home post cards of all the places where I have been and explain them to you. 'The French people have gone mad over President Wilson. They are street here in Aix-les-Bains after him today. 'I don't know how much longer we will be over here, but it looks as if we won't leave before March or April. 'The experience I have had since naming all the streets and large buildings, bridges, and in fact, there is something in every town named after our president. They named the main June 29, 1917, is worth thousands of dollars to me. 'Dear mother, I must close now. I am going to send this letter through the French mail. It will be the first letter I have sent that way and I do hope it reaches you O. K. 'All the love in the world to you, dear mother. 'Your loving son, 'FRED.'"

A letter has been received by J. D. Ritter, prominent resident of Aurora, Rite 2, from his son, Corporal Frank Ritter, with the Fourth Engineers, in the Army of Occupation in Germany. The young man is well known in the southern part of Clackamas county, and in other sections of the county. He was born and reared in this county, attended the Canby high school and volunteered his services in the United States Army in April, 1917. After training in Vancouver, Wash., and in North Carolina, he crossed over to France in May, 1918. He was at the front in the big drive July 18, where so many of our brave boys fell, and he was one who went over the top, and was again on his way to the front when the armistice was signed. He then started on the long march along the Rhine into Germany. The following is the letter: Ediger, Germany, January 1, 1919. 'Dear Dad: 'I was very glad to receive your welcome letter this afternoon, and that everyone is feeling well and getting along alright. 'As it is New Year's day and no work, I will answer your letter right away. 'Our work has been the main road three or four hours a day until after the holidays. 'This is about the best place we have struck in Germany. We have two fairly comfortable rooms. There are six boys and myself together. 'As you probably already know this town is on the banks of the Moselle river. The hills, which slope abruptly down to the stream, are covered with vineyards. We think that raising grapes here is rather a hard life, as all the work is done by hand, and at this time of year, we see the people packing fertilizer up these hills in big baskets on their backs. 'The people in the small villages seem to have plenty to eat. Of course some things are scarce, such as fats, and cereals. The one thing they have plenty of is beer and wine here. There are several stores here selling a few things that haven't been used during the war. 'Some of the people here say that the people on the other side of the Rhine are having trouble themselves. The election for a new form of government will start the ninth of this month. Peace ought to be signed, and we on our way home before spring or summer if things go all right, but if the rioting doesn't stop, we might have to go to Berlin. 'The country of Germany is somewhat similar to France, and is rather artificially preserved. All the forests are planted in rows. There is quite a bit of spruce and oak, also a bit of beach and pine, but there is very little fir. It can be noticed that everything has been planted and built from a military base. Although rather thickly populated there is quite a bit of wild game in these parts. There are small red deer, wild goats and a few pheasants or game birds. Some of the boys in our company got one or two of the former with a rifle. I have seen several deer when on the road. 'You may know that I got a small promotion a few months ago. My pay is now \$40, and after my insurance and allotment is taken out I receive \$14.00 per month. We will draw our pay for this month soon, as the money is here, but as money isn't much use here, we are not in a hurry. 'I am feeling fine. The work is not hard; the chow is good, and our quarters are always fair and above all things the war is won and over, making the time shorter for our home coming. 'Will close, hoping this finds every one feeling fine and getting along all right, will close with love to all. 'Your affectionate son, 'FRANK.'"

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