

MY OREGON BOYS WRITE OF SERVICE ON LAND AND SEA.

Letters Received From Those Helping Win War for World Democracy

Tale of Voyage on Ocean Reads Like Movie Comedy.

Oregon Bay, Corporal With 11th Engineers, Describes to Mother, Mrs. H. G. Calderre, of Dallas, Or., Trip Across to Good Old France.

LIFE on the ocean wave, in the middle of winter, with submarines lurking about, would not appeal to everyone, but the boys in our draft seem to have a way of enjoying themselves in almost any situation. Corporal Elmer W. Calderre, of the 11th Engineers, in a recent letter to his mother, Mrs. R. G. Calderre, of Dallas, Or., describes the voyage across the Atlantic so that it reads like a movie comedy. He says in part:

"Dear Mother: I guess the mail will be collected tomorrow or a day or so later, so I will write this letter now and have it finished in time. I am still perpendicular to the earth, and am pretty well, though the colds I contracted three weeks ago are still with me."

"We had a fairly good trip across, as the sea was calm all the time. There was not so much seasickness as I expected. I was not really seasick at all, and only felt a bit queer at two or three different times."

"I nearly laughed myself sick several times during the mess in the messroom when the ship was rolling. The soldiers would pass by with their mess kits and get the food and then pass into the messroom to the tables, some of which had benches on which to sit. Maybe they would be in the middle of the room, and the ship would roll and they would start sliding. Those who didn't lose their dinner along the floor seemed very lucky. I have seen them slide when about 15 fellows started down in the wild slide and were about six tables before they could stop. The ship would lurch to one side, and over to that side they would go. Tables, soldiers, mess kits and soldiers all mixed up."

"Another time I saw a boy standing by the big tub we washed our mess kit in, washing his kit, when the ship lurched to the port side. To prevent falling, he grabbed the tub and pulled it over on himself and was soaked with dirty dish water. Then he and the tub and water started racing back and forth as the ship rolled. He knocked three others down in his wild slide and they joined in. We would nearly be laughing at such sights as these, but sometimes we felt so mean we could hardly eat."

"I have seen many German prisoners who are working for the French. I think they are glad to be captured."

(Section of letter deleted by censor.)

"The French are very short of different foods, and wood is especially scarce here. We have not had any wood yet for fires, except a very little for the cook with the 'stove.'"

"We have a large Y. M. C. A. building here in which is a large reading and writing-room, piano, and a basketball court. There are also some tobacco, a few cats, etc. The Y. M. C. A. is certainly doing great work in this war. There are three women here in the canteen with the 'stove.'"

"I have had my money changed into French coins, and have learned to count my francs, centimes, etc. Five dollars in real money is worth \$5.60 in French."

"I wish you would send two or three pairs of woollen socks. If they are mailed in a box, they will get a little way above the shoe tops, for the leggings keep my legs warm, and it is only my feet that suffer. I would so like to have a small compass and a match box."

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The other letter was dated December 16 and said in part:

"Today was my first Sunday spent in France since I left home. I had communion at 8 A. M. and at 10:30 services conducted by Rev. Mr. Tabbot. It seemed just like home to hear his voice again. At 4 o'clock this afternoon the company was called together and we were told that we would be divided the next day, so 142 of them leave tomorrow for someplace else. The rest of us (about 60) remain here with the Captain, Carpenter, and the other boys. Moore and Nunn will be sent to us."

Both letters bore the O. K. of Chaplain Tabbot, whose quarters are about 180 yards from those occupied by the engineers.

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Little Gifts Please Boys in Far-Away France.

Lieutenant G. H. Rash, Now in London, Suggests Articles Most Acceptable to the Soldiers.

MISS BEATRICE LASH, of Holladay Park Addition, recently received a letter from her cousin, Lieutenant G. H. Rash, who is in London. He is the nephew of Mrs. J. F. Lash. It will be useful when sending packages to the soldiers.

He writes: "To begin with, I will answer questions. You ask me what to send. Cigarettes are always welcome, especially in France. Reading matter is always welcome. Papers like Life, comic supplements, sporting stories, anything that will take our minds away from war for a few minutes is always snapped up. Sentimental stories are not liked very much, while good old blood-and-thunder yarns and detective stories are sought after by all."

"When you send gifts to France I would suggest a few things. Cigarettes, pipe tobacco, few packages of chewing gum, some milk chocolate with a few nuts in it, a few figs, a tube of tooth paste, a box of Keating's or some other vermin powder, a cake of soap, such as Pears, which sells rather in cold water, and a stick of shaving soap. Find out whether he uses a safety razor or not and send a few spare blades. Then send a small mirror, pocket searchlight with a spare battery, so that it can be hung to the neck of a bottle or around a bayonet. Homemade candy is always enjoyed. Cigarettes are always welcome, especially in France. Reading matter is always welcome. Papers like Life, comic supplements, sporting stories, anything that will take our minds away from war for a few minutes is always snapped up. Sentimental stories are not liked very much, while good old blood-and-thunder yarns and detective stories are sought after by all."

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