

# OREGON BOYS ON LAND AND SEA MAKE WAR MORE VIVID

## Portland Youth Writes of Trip "Over There."

Best in Canal Zone Said to Be Almost Unbearable.

JOHN CARLY HESLIN, for 10 years Oregonian agent at Fairview, has written his mother of his safe arrival in France. The trip "over there" was by way of the Panama Canal, and Mr. Heslin sends a very interesting description of his trip. He is a member of the 4th Regiment, Coast Artillery Corps, and left Port Stevens on February 28. Extracts from his letter follow:

"We didn't get a chance to see much of San Francisco. Only had a couple of hours' leave and that in the middle of the day. Alcatraz Prison is just short distance from our pier, and it certainly is a grim looking place. It is on an island and only one man ever escaped, and he died soon after reaching land. Those who attempted to accompany him were drowned in the bay. It is a military prison.

"When we left Frisco I felt the roll of the ocean for the first time of my life. After the first two nights out, I took my blankets on deck and slept in the open. It was not very terrible. We had to work stripped to the waist, and even then we nearly sweated. The cats have been pretty good, a great deal better than in camp. It took six hours to make the trip through the Canal. Everything is clean and sanitary, but very hot. The vegetation has been cut off the surrounding hills, in order to do away with diseases. On the Atlantic side the ocean is carpeted with sea moss and was pretty rough. We reached New York about 5 A. M. and while waiting in saw the Statue of Liberty, Brooklyn Bridge, Woolworth and Singer buildings and the famous Bowling Green and the city.

"New York certainly has a wonderful harbor. There are types of boats there that have never been seen in Pacific Coast waters. We were here about 17 days and sure were glad when we reached land."

## French People Do Part in Entertaining Yankees.

Nephew of Portland Woman in Charge of Construction Camp.

THE following letter to Mrs. Alice E. Cornell, of 413 East Eighth street, north, is from her nephew, W. E. Conklin, First Lieutenant, Aero Squadron Signal Corps, 468 Aero Squadron, A. E. F., France:

"My dear Aunt Alice: Spring already has a fast start in France and those green shores coming into the harbor with the quaint houses and walls and all the color, were as pretty a sight as one could wish after weeks at sea. If we could only have stepped off and talked to real, sure and pretty American girls, we would all have been satisfied. I never realized how lonesome it can be without women. From there we took a train, and after traveling 200 miles we landed in a place that, next to Paris, is the most interesting in all France. To think that after planning and "ambitioning" and scrambling to get to France, I am here and seeing it all on my Uncle.

"I spent a week there waiting orders and a couple of French families, both of whom were very nice to us. Lieutenant Lance Suckert and myself—we have been together all through Kelly Field, Ellington Field, Fort Rucker, New York. We asked the direction to an old cathedral we wished to see and a young man not only took us there but to a great many other interesting places. He had gotten his degree of Bachelor of Letters at the University of Paris last New Year's and was not old enough to join the colors. Of course they brought out wine and did everything they could to entertain us and finally Lance played the piano. They were tickled to death with our soldier songs. Oh, I wandered all over the place. I had a good time. Zip, Zip, Zip, "K-K-K-Katzy," "Keep Your Head Down Allemand," and the others. They invited us back that evening to a party. We were in a museum which contained a whole lot of interesting stuff—fine old plates, rare editions of the eighteenth century, and even a painting of a man who was transcribed in 1533; an original study sketch of Millet, some eleventh century wood statues taken from a convent during the time of the Reformation, and a collection of coins from the Roman to the modern and a whole lot of other stuff, some of it junk and some very interesting.

"The neighboring girl was there again and had her mother with her so we, Lance and myself, had to sing some more. They were tickled to death with our part of the show. When I tried to talk with the girl and found out she could speak a little English, better than my French, so I had a big time and got along famously. When we finally had to go she labored through a long sentence: 'Tomorrow my father, he will be at my home. You must come to see him. He is very nice. Of course they asked for "Zibibib," as they called it, and all the others. So we went through our whole repertoire and had a grand time. They helped a whole lot during our stay in that place. If I could have talked French to that girl a little while every day, I'd soon have been speaking it like a native.

"Then we got our orders to report to this new camp, to assist in the construction of a great many camps of a Chinese labor company. Not one of them can speak English and neither can the French Sergeants, who have only a smattering of Chinese. We had a great time. I have to tell them in bum French anything I want and they have to convey it to the Chinese in a good way. Today I had a cat when I got out of this country. I don't know whether I'll be able to talk English or not but I sure will be able to talk with my hands. That's always some English woman outside scrubbing the doorstep."



John Carly Heslin, Former Oregonian Agent, Now in France.

## Cordial Welcome Given to Yankees by British.

Sergeant William E. Cox Says Every Effort is Made to Please.

SERGEANT WILLIAM E. COX is in England with the 478th Aerial Squadron. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Cox, of Multnomah Station.

Parts of a letter which he wrote his mother recently are as follows:

"We are at a permanent camp near a small English town, but it is not our permanent camp. There is a Y. M. C. A. near here where there is a piano and give entertainments which we enjoy very much. I like the people, and the country around is pretty, with very good roads. The houses are large and old-fashioned and the people are old-fashioned, too, but they talk and chat with us and try to make it as homelike as possible. The English people are very thrifty and the English Tommies are fine fellows, and in every respect are gentlemen. When they speak of the German they always call him the Hun, and, like we fellows, are over here to smash him. I guess the United States is sending over lots of soldiers, and it will not be long before Uncle Sam will be over here in full force to smash the Kaiser. I hope this will win the Hun for good.

"On Sundays we go to church in a little town here, and all along the way the people greet us. The women keep their houses real clean, and we can always see some English woman outside scrubbing the doorstep."

## World is Small, Declares Hood River Boy.

Fred Bell Needs Fred Lockley, Portland Man, in France.

HOOD RIVER, Or., March 26.—(Special.)—"I was made to feel how small the world really is," states Fred H. Bell, member of a field artillery regiment now in France, in a letter received by his father, Charles A. Bell, pioneer Hood River Hotel man, "the other night when I sat listening to Lockley, Portland newspaper man, whom I have greeted on visits to Hood River. He made a fine talk, and we enjoyed it very much."

In the same mail Mr. Bell received a check from the War Department for \$20. He son has applied for military insurance and the check covered the allowance from his pay for the months of January and February.

"I was never prouder of anything in my life," said the father, "and I am going to take it immediately and invest in war savings certificates."

## Ireland Land of Beauty, Writes Celilo Boy.

Tuscania Survivor Lauds Work of American Y. M. C. A.

LEE F. JACKSON, of Company F, Forestry Engineers, has written to his mother, Mrs. L. Jackson, of Celilo, Or., telling of the torpedoing of the Tuscania.

"Speaking of the treatment of the refugees after they landed in Ireland, he says: "We were met by an Irish boy who took us to a camp about a mile away, then headquarters for the Y. M. C. A. There we were given warm beds and tea. We saw a country more beautiful than Ireland. The farm houses are white, with green hedges around them. Some of them have thatched roofs made of straw."

"We left there on the funniest narrow train. The passenger coaches were divided into three compartments, one for men, one for women and one for children for eight people in each one."

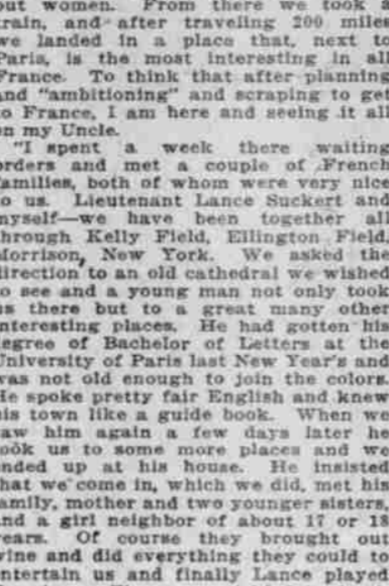
In other parts of his letter he gives descriptions of the country and paints a very interesting word picture.

## United States Good Enough for Portland Soldier.

Harry Keeney Expects War Job to Last All Summers.

MRS. B. Y. KEENEY, of 16 E. Ninth street North, received a letter from her son, Private Harry Keeney recently, who is in France with Company C of the 20th Engineers.

He writes that he is enjoying the best of health and that he expects to have a job in the States when he returns to his country, but the U. S. A. is the only place for him.



Wayne Houston, Former Jefferson High School Student, Who is in France.

## Portland Marine Tells of Trip to French Port.

John Brault Reaches Home on Thirty Days' Sick Leave.

A TRIP from the United States to France and back to this country aboard an American cruiser without even knowing the name of the French harbor at which the ship stopped or without setting his foot upon French soil has been the experience of First Class Seaman John Brault, son of A. J. Brault, a young business man and Multnomah Club member of this city.

Mr. Brault enlisted on March 17, 1917, in the United States Navy and was sent to Goat Island, San Francisco, where he remained in training for a month and a half. He shipped aboard the U. S. S. Frederick on May 2 and was transferred on May 11 to the U. S. S. Pueblo, at Cedras Island, on the west coast of Mexico.

From there he proceeded to San Diego, Cal., where a fleet of four vessels was formed and left for Panama. The trip through the canal was made in exceedingly hot weather and proved to be of great interest to the sailors.

## Letters From Home Cheer the Soldier Heart.

Hood River Lad Advises Parents to Write to "Him" Often.

HOOD RIVER, Or., April 6.—(Special.)—"You do not know the value of good letters from home to our soldier boys," writes Alfred Thomsen, member of an engineers' regiment in France, to his father, J. P. Thomsen, prominent East Side rancher.

"The most downhearted boy I ever saw was a lad in our company who was just about driven distracted because he failed to get word from his mother. 'Why, I turned over everything I had to her before I left,' he told me, and I told him that soon I will be able to tell you I haven't had a word from her. It looks like they have forgotten me. I told him to cheer up and keep on writing home, that he would finally get a letter.

"And, sure enough, one came the other day. He was the happiest man I ever saw. He kept fondling that letter, reading it over four times in less than 20 minutes. It was old and I am sure that other letters to him are on the way."

He is billeted with an old couple, and the old gentleman has brought a mattress down from the attic for me. He will hate to leave this place, which is more nearly like home than any place I have been in since coming over."

## Wounded Americans Win Commendation.

Artilleryman Peterson Assures Parents That Wound is Not Serious.

Following is a letter received April 16, from Private Einar T. Peterson, Battalion D, 161st Field Artillery, France, to his father, Rev. W. W. Peterson, 253 Prescott street, Portland.

Dr. Peterson is pastor of Bethlehem Lutheran Church.

"Verdict: Very much improved. Doesn't that sound good? I don't know if my letter telling of the nature of the wound got through to you or not, but if not, please do not be alarmed, because it is slight. However, it was received in battle on the western front for which I received an official letter, together with several other boys, commending us for our bravery and personal sacrifice. Where all the bravery and sacrifice came in I do not see, but it is nice to have the letter from our Colonel, and if I may I'll send it to you.

"I sleep late every morning, getting my coffee early in bed, according to French custom, and then after washing and having dinner, spend the afternoon paying quarts in the sunshine and writing here at the "Y." At night when I awaken, I hear the guns up on the line and I only hope that soon I will be fit to take my place where I left it."

## French People Do Part in Entertaining Yankees.

Nephew of Portland Woman in Charge of Construction Camp.

He was allowed to go ashore at Colon and later at Bahia, Brazil, at Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Uruguay, and at Buenos Aires, Argentina. After leaving that port in the Far South the Pueblo was on scouting duty in Atlantic waters for six months, finally stopping at Norfolk, Virginia. The convoy was formed at New York City a few days later and the trip across the "pond" was made. The Pueblo gave chase to two German submarines, without any serious consequences on either side, docked at a French port and returned to Norfolk.

Upon reaching the United States again, Wayne Brault was sent to a hospital, where he underwent an operation. He remained there for 30 days. He returned to Portland on 30 days' sick leave last week.

Mr. Brault is a graduate of Ladd School and before his enlistment was a student at Lincoln High. He was born in Portland and lived here continually until a month before the United States declared war on Germany. He will leave here again on April 20.

## Labor of Auxiliaries Is Not Lost on Troops.

Boys May Fall to Write Home, but They Must Obey.

CAPTAIN KENNETH D. HAUSER, of this city, now in command of Company F, Eighteenth Engineers (railway), has written an interesting letter from France to the members of the company's auxiliary of Portland. This letter was read at the last meeting of the auxiliary by Miss Irma Austin, secretary.

Following are extracts:

Headquarters, F Company, 18th Engineers (railway), U. S. A.

To—Our Auxiliary Company F, Miss Irma Austin, secretary.

Subject—Miscellaneous and general.

1. The members of this company, and especially the writer, feel very much for the boys who are in the front lines. I have written more personal letters to our auxiliary in Portland, which is doing such wonderful work, but you can believe me, we are busy. Do not mean to convey the impression that we are working hard by any means, but every minute of our time is absolutely taken up in some way or another, so that any time devoted to letter writing is simply stolen from some other period. When they gather in the huts at night it is even so much easier to sit around the stove joshing, joking, kidding, telling huge lies and being generally sociable than to drag oneself away from the comforts and settle down to writing in solitude. Even if a boy does show sufficient strength of character to detach himself from the conversation, the interruptions are many and so difficult to get away from that the end of his letter, if any of the letters of the boys to the folks at home seem to ramble and diverse into incoherent phrases, you can bank on it that some of the conversation which was floating around the hut was unconsciously written into the body of the letter.

2. Nevertheless, we are in deadly earnest in wanting you to know how thoroughly we realize and appreciate what you are doing for us. At times we feel that you are doing greater work than we are, because, while it was mighty hard for us to leave and go to a strange land and strange people so far away from the folks we love, still the flush of our activity and knowledge that we are helping to win the war keeps us from brooding over our deep-seated loneliness, while you who are left behind have nothing more than usual to help you stand the sorrow of parting, have nothing but the dull ache and sense of loss, coupled with the long period of waiting, which you know must ensue before our return.

The health of the company is perfect. John Shaver is slowly but surely recovering from spinal meningitis, and will come out of it with no permanent ill effects. Nothing else of any consideration except a few measles.

It would be very gratifying to you to see the spirit with which the boys sail into anything that comes up. We had an old jazz-time smoker last Friday night, March 1, which was originally planned exclusively for Company F, and for the purpose of getting the whole company together for a so-called time, but word was noised around that something was about to be pulled off that was up to Company F standard, with the result that we had to lock the doors and hold out the distress signal of "Standing Room Only." About 35 officers of this and other regiments in-

## American Girls Held Best by Portland Marine.

Wayne Houston Ready to Sacrifice Life for Uncle Sam.

WAYNE HOUSTON, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Houston, 358 Sixth street North, is with the Seventh Company, Fifth Regiment, of the United States Marine Corps "somewhere in France." He is a former carrier of The Oregonian and was a student at Jefferson High School. He is 19 years of age.

In a letter to his mother he says "Uncle Sammy" is taking care of the boys "over there."

"I have changed in some ways since I left home," he writes. "When I came back I will be a man, and a far better man than I ever was. I will never regret going, and even if I do not come home I am glad to do my part. I see life very differently. I know now why the Grand Army of Republic men love 'Old Glory.' You must not worry about me. There is



Wayne Houston, Former Jefferson High School Student, Who is in France.

nothing in Army life to make a man bad, for we are too busy. Up early and to bed early and we are busy all day. The soldier who spends his time around saloons and bad women probably did so before entering the Army. I never met a finer bunch of fellows than those in the Marines and I am proud to be one of them. When I come back there will be nothing, either in my habits or Army record, to make you ashamed.

The girls we meet here are pretty, but do not compare with the girls at home. It would surely be fine to get with an American girl that you could really talk to.

"We surely have a fine Y. M. C. A. here. It means everything to us."

## Yankee Soldiers Train in Abandoned Trenches.

Thunder of Heavy Guns Music to American Engineers.

CHEHALIS, Wash., April 26.—(Special.)—The following letter was received recently from J. T. McCutcheon, who is at Marselles, France, "Jack" is the son of J. W. McCutcheon, prominent rancher of this county:

"Things are moving on the American front but we have a long way to go. It would put every American in the proper state of mind to see what we are doing on the front and to realize the magnitude of the task we are going to accomplish. Our men are full of vitality and are ready for what may come. The leaders are in earnest about their work. Everyone is driving hard to be ready for the great test. Behind every front one gets the atmosphere of a big construction camp in the West. Everyone is busy and comforts are few. Heavy army motor trucks, bearing all the accoutrements of war, pass all day long and they are tearing the roads to pieces. The little French villages have been awakened to new life and are doing on the front and to realize the magnitude of the task we are going to accomplish. Our men are full of vitality and are ready for what may come. The leaders are in earnest about their work. Everyone is driving hard to be ready for the great test. 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