

Letters from The Boys Who Have Gone to Make the World Safe for Democracy

This letter is written from the front by William Campbell, former Beaverton boy, to his mother, Mrs. Flora Campbell, now of 870 East Ash Street, Portland:

Somewhere in France, on the Front, May 12, 1918.—Dearest Mother: This is Mother's Day. There is an order that every man in the service write to his mother. This is my regular day to write anyway, but this letter should reach you quicker than any other letter, as the Postal Department, War Department, and Y. M. C. A. are all going to work together to rush all mother's letters across "the Pond."

Well mother I suppose you are having fine weather over there. We have a couple of days of sunshine and then a lot of cold rain. It is cold and rainy today. We had an electric storm last night, and it sounded funny to hear the thunder above and the noise of the guns below—there sure was some noise.

I am well and feeling fine, though the work is pretty heavy sometimes. I am glad you are getting stronger and I do hope Edith is getting better by this time. There is lots of excitement here at times, especially when the Germans start shooting gas shells. I have not been in any of it yet, and hope I will never have to wear my gas mask. Some of the boys in the Batteries near us have been killed by it (or "gassed" as we say). I wish you folks could see this country, it is surely "shot up" in places, and there are graves all around between the barb wire entanglements. One Frenchman's grave happened to be in the way of a German shell, and it was all torn to pieces. Some of the holes the shells make, come in handy as they make dandy places to wash in.

Every clear day the German Aeroplanes come over early in the morning, and our guns start shooting at them, and sometimes the empty shells fall close to our camp.

There was a German aeroplane over our position yesterday and there was some excitement. There are several Batteries of anti-aircraft guns around here and they all get to shooting at the plane. You can see every shell burst in the air all around it, and then a lot of machine guns are firing at the same time. When this German plane came over our line yesterday, we all took cover for awhile, as they try to take pictures of the different places to try and locate our Batteries and if they are successful we generally hear from them with shells. There was an American officer killed on the road near here the other day, and we got the range of the battery that fired the shot, and our batteries opened fire on it, and they say it was blown to pieces. I think if they would let the Americans run this war it would be over sooner. The French seem slower, and we are

fighting their way. I hope to see it all finished soon. We are camped in a pretty woods something like Hawkin's grove, only much larger, and I like it better than being in one of the towns, they are so dirty and the food is a great deal better. We also have a dry place to sleep. There was a Y. M. C. A. man here a few minutes ago and he gave us each an apple from the Pacific coast, and it sure did taste fine.

I think I told you I am with the Rainbow division, they are a fine bunch of fellows. I am just getting acquainted with them and like them fine, they are nearly all from Indiana.

I see by the Beaverton paper you sent me, that they have a service flag at the school, and one of the stars in it is for me. That is fine to be remembered by the people at home, and I would like to thank them for the remembrance. If you see Mr. Cady or Mr. Davis tell them, I will try to thank them all in person when I get home. Was sure glad to get the snap shots you sent, and will send some when I can get some taken. You tell Earl Fisher I want to hear from him. Remember me to friends. With lots of love to you and the rest of the family, from your loving son, WILLIAM CAMPBELL.
Battery F. 150 F. A.
American, E. F., France.

WHIN THE WAR IS OVER, LADDIE.

The following poem was sent to Joseph Fitzpatrick by a friend of his, cashier of the First National Bank of Hydro, Okla., his old home. Mr. Fitzpatrick appreciated the sentiment of the poem and thinks that any other Irishman in this vicinity will be glad to read it:

Whin the war is over, Laddie,
just take a tip from me,
There will be no German submarines
a-drivin' through the sea;
And the fatherland of Kaiser
Bill, the guy we're goin' to lick,
Will have a bran' new Kaiser,
and the same will be a Mick.—

We'll change their song, "Die
Wacht am Rhein" into an
Irish reel;
And we'll make the Dutchmen
dance it, if 'tis so inclined we
feel;
In Berlin the whole police force
will be Micks from County
Clare,
Whin we put an "Irish Kaiser"
in the palace over there.

Sure in every German parkway,
you will find a sweet colleen;
And the fields of wavin' sauer
kraut will be an emerald green;
No limburger or sausage whin
the German drinks his suds,
He'll get corned beef and cab-
bage, and good old Irish spuds.

The Deutscher bums an' gas
bombs, with them we'll do
away,

(Continued on page 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHS

That Please and Last!

A photograph, to be of value to you, must possess at least these two characteristics: it must please you when made, and it must be permanent. You will get pleasing portraits that are permanent at

D. PERRY EVANS, Rose Studio
Fourth and Washington Streets,
PORTLAND OREGON

Scholls Telephone Co.

Free service over Washington County. Connections with Bell System and Home Telephone Company.

RATES—Residence, \$1.25; Business, \$1.50; Business, private, within city limits, \$2.50.

A fee of \$1.50 and 3 months rent in advance is collected for installation.

For further information, inquire at Beaverton Exchange.

Home Office, SCHOLLS, OREGON. J. W. RAYNARD, Sec'y.

C. B. Buchanan & Co., Inc.

Beaverton - Hillsboro - North Plains - Cornelius

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Grain, Hay, Feed and Grain Bags

Car Lot Shippers of
POTATOES and ONIONS

Beaverton Warehouse

J. STROUD, AGENT

Scholls Telephone Co.

Beaverton, Oregon.

BEAVERTON BAKERY

Confections and Cigars
Light Lunches Served

W. E. EVANS, PROPRIETOR

Stipe's Garage

Chevrolet Sales and Service

REPAIRING ON ALL MAKES
OF MACHINES.

Tires Vulcanized.

ACETYLENE WELDING.

Tires And Accessories