

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

Letter received by Mrs. W. D. Jackson from a French soldier now in this country who knew Lieutenant Jackson in France.

Dear Mrs. Jackson: This is to introduce myself to you; I'm the "Marechal-des-Tegis" who was on duty in France for two months and a half, with "A" Battery, of the 147th Regiment F. A. U. S. A., so I was acquainted with Lieutenant W. D. Jackson, I knew him as a comrade and a friend. Before I left France, Lieutenant Jackson wanted me to drop you a line in order that you know what has become of him, since he went over. "A" Battery was in Laumer, a big town of the province called "Touraine" or "the Garden of France" because it is such a beautiful country. We were training the men for the American F. A. school of instruction, and the batteries were to move in a few days to a new camp in the west of France. This is to say they won't reach the front line before 4 months, at least. So, dear Mrs. Jackson, you don't want to worry about your husband, as he is still very far from the front, enjoying the best of health and keeping quite well.

When we parted, Lieutenant Jackson wrote down on my writing Album—"Good luck go with you, my friend. May you enjoy my country, the good old U. S. A. as much as I do your beloved, hospitable France." This is only to tell you Lieutenant Jackson and all the boys are just great, and enjoy their stay "over there" as far as they'll be from the firing line.

I feel very sorry, dear Mrs. Jackson, not to have been sent to Oregon, as I would have liked to tell you the good time your husband and I had in Laumer, when the work was over. Anyhow, you'll guess it through that letter, and chiefly you'll know your husband is very safe until now, and won't reach the front before 4 months.

With best wishes for yourself and babies, and kindest regards, I am, dear Mrs. Jackson,

Yours very respectfully,

MAURICE MAYETY.

Letter from Lancelot Kennedy, the first Beaverton boy to enlist, and the first of the local recruits to cross the water, who is now in the debarkation office, division of mails at Liverpool, England, to his father, A. M. Kennedy, the genial and rotund carrier on Rural Route 1.

Liverpool, England.
July 5, 1918.

Dear Father:

It has been quite a long time since I have heard anything from you so will just drop a few lines tonight while I have the time. I am well at present and hope you are all the same at home. We had quite a nice time here yesterday, a lot better than I ever expected in this country

anyway but old England is not so bad after all.

I am doing nothing but night work now and sleep most all day so I do not get around to see what is going on very much. You would not know me now if you bumped into me on Broadway, I have gained about steen pounds and Eber says that I am beginning to look as though I was going to be something besides skin and bones after all.

How is everything getting along especially the old fivver? I have been driving all sorts of cars over here, started with an old tin Lizzie and then a Studebaker and once in a while a big Lexington "Six." If any one thinks I can't get over the ground now they are crazy. I am mostly on night driving and as we are not allowed to display any lights except side and tail and after a certain hour they turn out all the street lights so it is sure fun trying to find one's way around a city of over three million population about three o'clock in the morning. The people over here think the "bloomin' Yanks" do so some, the average speed here is about eight miles an hour and that is what the people are used to so eventually there are a few that didn't wake up until they were underneath the machines but with good luck I have not damaged any one as yet.

I am expecting a little furlough in a short while now and have been trying to think of the best place to go, there are so many different summer resorts and the like scattered around the Islands that it is hard to decide but the Isle of Man strikes me pretty favorably. I can travel anywhere in the British Empire for half fare by showing my pass.

We are all comfortably located in different hotels and some of us are in private houses, this is certainly better than I ever expected when we pulled out of New York last winter, I had visions of a good old trench—but I must have had the left hind leg of a jack rabbit hid around somewhere.

Guess I will have to close for this time so good bye and love to all. Your son, LANCIE.

70 Grove St., Liverpool,
England.

Letter received by Mrs. G. W. Baker from her son, Jesse, who was in training at the Presidio:

Co. G, 63rd Inf., The Presidio, San Francisco, Calif., July 27, 1918. Dear Mother,—I will try and drop you a letter to let you know how I am feeling. I am feeling fairly well, except that I have quite a cough and my throat is a little sore. I hope this finds you both well as usual.

I didn't get that letter and those postals at all. I just got the last letter that you wrote to me. There is sure a lot of mail that I do not get. Aunt Jenny

wrote me several cards that I didn't get at all and one of the Dayton girls wrote to me and I did not get it either.

Army life is a very busy life. It takes the biggest part of a fellow's time. It surely is a big job to keep the guns clean as they

want them. The whole gun has to be gone over in fine shape. A man in civilian life doesn't know how to take care of his gun like the fellow in the army does.

Please don't write to me until further notified. I think we will (Continued on page 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHS

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