

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

Letters from J. O. Emmons:

Nov. 15, 1918. Dear Mother, Well Mother, finally we have come to the end of this long and terrible struggle. It all seems a dream. We can hardly realize the truth and fail to show the enthusiasm that we should feel. We are lying a few miles behind the old line and only a few miles from one of the most historic battlefields that the world has ever boasted of. The bloody gates of V—are only a few miles distant where we launched our last great offensive and saw the close of the great struggle.

We are happy, although the grind has been strenuous at times, no one ever minded and now that it is over, we are looking forward to our early return home, as we were among the first fighting units to arrive over here.

I have been feeling a little bit off lately, but just was out and heard our captain read a citation. Of course, we will get credit for the wonderful work our officers and men have done now.

I am sorry to hear of the case vs. the S. P. turning out as it did, but it might have been worse. I believe another trial will bring results.

The wind is cold and blows a hurricane here now; reminds me a year ago on Long Island.

So the "flu" has got a grip on everything out there, has it? I hope none of the family gets it.

Oh, yes, while I think of it, I sent the slip to Edna. There wasn't much to be sent and I thought that you could send what you pleased, but really it isn't worth while now. You can keep it for my birthday and give it to me.

Well, "folkses" take good care of yourselves and I will drop in one of these days. Had to turn this over to finish the letter.

Love to all, JIM.

Nov. 6, 1918. Dear Folks.—Well, here it is nearly Thanksgiving time and the war goes on, or nearly so at least. Victory is ours and nothing can avert our success and then Peace! My, what a wonderful thing it will be! We are all in hopes that it will come soon, but we do not allow ourselves to believe that the war is over, for disappointment is a very bitter thing, you know.

We do expect peace though, by spring. I expect to eat Dad's birthday dinner with the family. How does that sound? I will be disappointed if I cannot.

We have endured some very bitter hardships this fall. The mud has been awful and the offense has been bitter.

There is one thing I want to do and that is eat. Gee, I lie and think of the meals we used to eat at home and I almost lose my nut. I am sending fifty dollars home for dad's and mother's Xmas present. Would like to get some things but it is pretty hard. I haven't had a chance to

go to the rear for so long, but I am living in hopes that I can get back soon.

I weigh 128 pounds now. Can you beat it? Not much like I did when I came from Cal., is it?

We expect to take a short "rappo" soon, for the Boche are now out of range and we have lost half of our horses and can hardly follow the rapid advance in our present state, so it seems certain that we will get a few days' rest at least. I certainly hope so, for we are in need of it. Nearly six months under constant fire pretty near wears a man out.

Well, I must close for I have work to do. Love to all and a prayer that asks God to set all right soon. Son, brother and uncle, JIM.

Letter from Private George P. Baker, Co. M. 364th Inf., Base Hospital 19. A. P. O. 781. Am. Ex., France, to Mrs. Henry McFarland of Tacoma, who spent the holidays with her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hughson:

Vichy, France, Nov. 24, 1918.

Dear Pearl—I am still in France, but I expect to leave for the good old U. S. A. in a few days. The sick and wounded are to be sent home as soon as possible. I, for one, do not dread the idea of being back in America once more.

The weather has been cold for

clear and the thermometer has been down close to the freezing point. Last night it warmed up a bit and has been raining a little this morning.

I haven't heard from you for over seven weeks but I guess it isn't your fault. I haven't received any mail since I have been in the hospital, but I know there is mail stacked up for me somewhere, probably in the central P. O. I am beginning to think I won't get any more mail in

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Now that the rules of censorship have been changed, I can tell you something of where I have been.

(Continued on Page 4.)

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