

Kelly Field,
June 18th, 1918.

Chief B. F. Dowell,

Dear Friend.

I received your regular letter tonight and read it through twice to be sure that I hadn't missed anything. One of the boys said in the post-script that I hadn't been writing much since I've been married, which is a fact but never the less Portland is home and I am always tickled to death to hear from there. I suppose you want to know what I am doing? I am still in the same Squadron although the number has been changed to the 144th Service Squadron.

We were rated as a Supply Squadron, but our new rating allows for more Non-com's. Oh yes! Pat O'Brian, Lieut. the author of *Outwitting the Huns* gave a lecture here the other day and while performing some stunts, looping the loop, etc., fell but with his customary luck got out with only a broken nose. I was speaking of Portland the other day and a new man in the outfit wanted to know if I was from Portland, and come to find out his name was Laidlaw, Son of the former British Consul of Portland. Say why didn't you tell me Jim Baldwins address when you wrote. Do you suppose he is still in Kelly Field? Captain Slaughterback says he has a new pumper for me to run when I get back.

I dont know how long I will be first sergeant of this organization as I am thinking of attending the Enlisted Mechanics School of Military Aeronautics. It is a three months course and is absolutely the best in the country and the knowledge I would get on moters would be mighty valuable when I get back on the job. If I finished the course and then took a course in Aerial Machine Gunnery it would mean a Commission. I put in for a transfer to the Suicide Club not long ago but the wife put put such a holler I had to withdraw my name. It makes me a little sick when I think that I've put in over 14 months in Kelly Field and am no nearer to France than I was the first month I enlisted.

I see the two platoon was defeated by a very small margin, also that the boys were granted an increase in pay. The Squadron has been giving a ball every two weeks on the roof garden of the Elks Club, but will probably discontinue it for the time being as it is so very hot just now.

Oh yes! Before I forget of course I am happily married to the finest girl in the country even if I did find her in Texas, but if I thought you wouldnt tell the new Stenographer Madge that I was married I would write her a perfectly proper letter and see if I couldnt get an answer. I havent been able to find any curios or anything for your collection, but am still looking around.

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We went fishing a couple of times lately, that is I took the Squadron out once and went out once with the family. The trip with the Squadron called for six trucks and out of the 125 men there wasn't a fish caught, but they killed a few rattle snakes and got bit up in good shape with red bugs, chiggers and well covered with wood ticks, but we had a good time at that.

Well I think I must close for now so give all the Chiefs and the boys my sincerest regards and try to find time to write a letter in between times yourself so hoping everything is in good shape. I remain,

Your friend,

Jess W Evans

1st Sergeant, 144th Aero Squadron,
Kelly Field, So. San Antonio, Texas.

P.S. I am enclosing a little doggerel written by one of the boys who in civilian life writes such stuff for a living.

J

getting a job as a ribbon salesman after this war.
 *****Now we will bring on the poetry.*****

A regular poem.

A regular squadron, a regular crowd,
 A place where there's only regulars allowed,
 Our Squadron Commander's a regular guy,
 On Sundays -- well sometimes -- we've regular pie,
 A regular Mess Sergeant -- Regular Cooks,
 We'll soon have a Libr'y with regular books,
 And Jess Evans our Top -- He's one of the best,
 But when he wakes us he turns to a pest,
 That's part of his regular duties you see,
 So we regulars just take that good naturedly,
 If there's any regulars we haven't met,
 To pay us a visit would be their best bet,
 Our name is the six thirty second and we, - *now 144th*
 Are the fellows from Headquarters -- in Barracks "A" Three.