

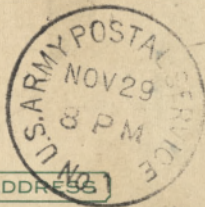
THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

EARL REED SILVERS

ALUMNI HOUSE

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

Morris B. Jackson '19 is
private U. S. A. - with base
hospital # 8 (originally called # 8 -
then changed to # 6 + number now
referred to as # 8) Amer Exped Force
via N. Y. C. You W. W. Jackson
50 Beckman St. NYC



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

1917

E. D. B. LOUGHRAN

RUTGERS COLLEGE

NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY.

1st LIEUT. M. O. R. C. U. S. A

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR



Nov. 24, 1917

Dear Silvers,

Stork,

Rumyon, Maier, Vookrees,
and myself are all at the
following address. Base Hosp. #8
A.E.F. Stork is 1st class private

the rest of us are "Bucks"
any news from college is always
good news. We have not received
any issues of the Targum but
are pining away for a look at
it.

Merry Christmas + Happy New Year.
and hope for a successful year.

Robt. M. B. Jackson.

OFD AEDV BOK

December 17th. 1917.

Private M. B. Jackson,

Base Hospital No 8.

American Expeditionary Forces,

Dear Jackson:-

Thank you for your postal of November 24th,
and for the information regarding the Rutgers men. We
appreciate word from our Rutgers men in France and we hope
that you all will write us occasionally whenever you can
find the time.

Good luck to you and best wishes,

Very sincerely yours,

W BOND

Jackson M.B.
Dear Folks,

July 2nd., 1918.

It is now permissible to address your mail Pvt. M. B. Jackson, Base Hospital #8, P.O. 32 701, Savanay, Loire Inferiore, France. In that way it will receive a speedier delivery.

The bathing suit, cake, guns, blades, and chocolate came in good shape but next time put the cake in a tin box and seal it with paraffine. In that way the cake can stand a month or briny deep better.

You will also find another order which I hope the censor will be good enough to sign - socks, Black Cross razorblades, chocolate and blankets.

I don't know how we'll ever get used to real American weather again. Over here you get up shivering after sleeping rolled up in three blankets. By seven o'clock you've begun to shed sweat and clothing. By ten o'clock you have stopped thinking of Lofts and wonder how Perry could ever have left the north pole. By three o'clock you are well acclimated and then when five o'clock blows, you will walk back to the house carrying your shirt and thanking the Frenchman who forgot to tap the shade trees on the road. When the sun sets, which is at nine thirty, you are glad to wrap those three blankets around you and shiver when the wind blows. But, mother, the sleeping sure is good.

Tell George that he's working the same hours I am; and with a slight difference in pay. We are having our own fresh peas for dinner today and the pods are full and good size. Papa wrote of bundling rye. If he were here now, he'd think I'd been playing with the cat. Not so; it's rye. And we bundle it naked to the waist not because the government doesn't supply gloves and fatigue suits but because it is so hot.

From the top of our hill which is the highest around, you can see St. Nazaire. On all sides, oats, wheat, and rye make checker boards out of the flat rolling country. The houses, red roofed, with white colored, clean in the distance and dirty in reality make good substitutes for chess men. Every now and then about five people get together and build a million dollar church and started a town. Every town has a church that they'd think twice about the cost of building back home, along with it at least nine buvettes and maybe a few people living in the town.

On One side of the farm is a dam which has made the A. E. F. engineers famous, truly a masterpiece of concrete; on another the railroad ~~and~~ runs just under the hill and all day along big trains of freight drawn by Baldwin locomotives, every car carrying a U.S.A. on the side, tear by carrying supplies to somewhere. On still another side is the main highway where train after train of trucks pass by with men, supplies and accessories for other somewheres that the railroad don't reach. And still on the other side of the hill is an American Quarry where American engineers are making big ones into little ones while the U.S. mules ha-haw at the dump wagons. So you see we are rather well Americanized.

Jimmy Williams has left for the front. It's too bad I didn't get a chance to see him before his company left. He was quite near too. He's a corporal.

Poor Don Sterck and Maff Run you feel pretty bad. They were picked with four other men to take charge of a number of psychopathic cases which are going back to the States. The boys of course, expected to get a bit of time at home but when the major saw the list he said Sterck and Runyon are too valuable around here so they don't get to go.

We expect to entertain the patients who have worked here on the farm on the Fourth of July. The nurses will provide sandwiches and cokes for them and a "delightful time" etc. Do you remember "Arabella" and they danced as they danced and they said as they danced "Hurrah for the Fourth of July."

I don't feel like writing much so went.

Love, Jill.

(Morris B. Jackson)

Alumni
for Society

EDWIN A. JACKSON & BRO.
INCORPORATED
FIREPLACES AND BUILDING SPECIALTIES
50 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK

Mr. Earl Reed Silvers
Assoc. of the Alumni of Rutgers College
Office of Editor, New Brunswick, N.J.

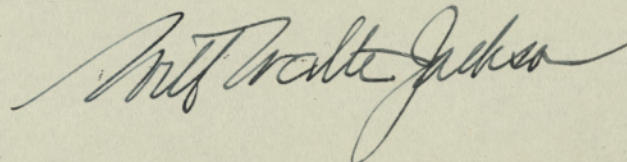
7/11/18

Dear Sir:

Your letter of May 18th. came while I was out of town and was neglected by me on my return so I have sent you none of the letters received from my son Morris B. Jackson.

I judge that it is now too late to send you any of these. If still wanted, I will forward at once and regret that I did not do so sooner.

Yours truly,



July 12,
1918.

Mr. W. Walter Jackson,
50 Beekman St.,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Jackson:

I thank you for your letter of July 11 and for the enclosed letter from your son. It is just what we wanted and will be used in our October number. If you have any other letters which you think would be of especial interest to Rutgers men, I would appreciate your sending me them. I am sending you under separate cover a copy of the April issue of the Quarterly containing one of the letters from Morris.

Very sincerely yours,

ERS/W

Jackson, Morris

EDWIN A. JACKSON & BRO.
INCORPORATED
FIREPLACES AND BUILDING SPECIALTIES
50 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK

My dear Mr. Silver

July 15. 1918

Greeting to you of the 12th
I will send you from time to
time anything of interest in
letters of Morris B Jackson
(No acknowledgements needed) Yrs W A Jackson

My dear Mrs. Jackson :

Bavenay, Nov. 12th., 1918.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

I have just heard of Morris' death, and cannot forbear writing you a line, even at the risk of intruding upon your great grief. I don't know when I have met a finer boy, and I had learned how to love him almost as a son. I shall never visit the Farm again, where he was stationed latterly, without a feeling of acute pain. I used to go there occasionally to take supper with the boys, and the chief pleasure to me was sitting afterwards in the doorway or on the flagging and talking with him. It seems to me now as if I could never bear taking supper there again.

I had a postal card from him written on his arrival at Newport News in which he said he wished he had not left here, he had seen too much of the world since leaving. I knew he referred to the nursing and horror of the wounded, and I am afraid often degraded beings whom he had to care for on his way over. I can imagine the shock it must have been to his sensitive nature.

I remember the beautiful spirit in which he took so unjust criticism levelled at the conduct of the Farm in which he took so useful a part. The other men there were justly angry and did not conceal it. Morris never *ceased smiling* and was moderate in all his comment, it seemed sufficient to him that he had done his full duty and it did not too much concern him if there happened to be somebody who could not recognize it.

I often had occasion to recognize in him a higher spirit and one more genuinely interested in serious things than in most of the other men about. Perhaps that was the result of a different and better home training, but it was surprising in a boy so fitted for every sort of outdoor delight to find him discriminating in what he read and instinctively averse to the trash that the average fellow cares for.

I have seldom seen a handsomer fellow- what a joy to find a beautiful spirit, a lovely nature, behind the outward beauty! Perhaps, my dear Mrs. Jackson, you can come to feel intimate, if not just at present, that he is now irrevocably and for all time, what you would wish him to be, pure, dignified of change or taint, secure in purity and serenity of his youthful manhood. His memory will also remain an inspiration to me. The world is the sweeter for his sojourning among us.

If you have a photograph of his, that you can spare, I should deeply appreciate having it.

After what I have written, I do not need to tell you how largely I share in the grief of his father and yourself, you have my deepest sympathy.

Sincerely yours,

J. K. Paulding,

A.M.C. Representative, Base Hosp. #8,
Bavenay, France.

EDWIN A. JACKSON & BRO.

INCORPORATED

FIREPLACES AND BUILDING SPECIALTIES

50 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK

Managing Editor
Rutgers Alumni Quarterly
New Brunswick, N.J.

11/26/18

Dear Sir:

I have to report to you the death of my son, Morris B. Jackson, and give you the following items, some of which you may wish to use in your publication.

Morris Bacon Jackson, born Brooklyn, N.Y., May 27th., 1898. Graduated Friends Seminary, Brooklyn, 1915. Entered Rutgers College class of 1919, course in Agriculture. Member Delta Upsilon Fraternity, Substitute football team. Editor Targumdrop Column, Enlisted U. S. Army April, 1917, embarked transport Saratoga, July, 1917 which steamer was rammed by Steamer Panama, New York Harbor. Sailed transport Finland which was flag ship of Convoy. Encountered submarines off coast of France of which guns of Finland sunk two.

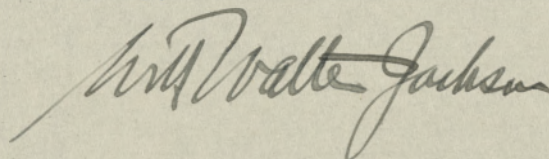
Became part of U.S. Base Hospital #8, Savenay, Loire Inferior, France driving motor truck and ambulance during winter of 1917-18.

Placed in charge of 20 acre truck garden which was part of 120 acre farm used for the benefit of hospital. Here each day convalescent patients, particularly those who had been gassed, worked under direction of Jackson, with the result that the men were benefited, and vegetables were raised for the hospital.

Detailed as attendant of eight shell shocked officers who were returned to Plattsburg, N.Y.

While on fifteen day furlough, before return to France, contracted influenza, and died at home of parents, Brooklyn, Oct. 27th., 1918.

Yours truly,



The Hoover Campaign is to Avoid Waste and to Conserve Health

Our fireplace grates save fuel, and also promote health by perfect ventilation.
Our fireless cookers save fuel and time, and also make the food more wholesome.
Our garbage containers reduce waste and forbid disease-spreading flies and dogs.

December 3, 1918.

Mr. Wm. Walter Jackson,
Edwin A. Jackson & Bro.,
50 Beekman Street,
New York, N.Y.

My dear Mr. Jackson;-

Thank you very much for your letter of November 26th, containing picture of your son Morris. The facts given, together with the photograph, are just what we wish for publication in the January issue of the Rutgers Alumni Quarterly. If you will advise me of the number of copies you may be able to use, I shall be pleased to send them to you.

Morris' death was a big shock to us here at the college. He always seemed to me so vitally alive, so full of a youthful zest in the pure joy of living, that it is hard to realize that he has crossed the border. Words in a time like this are always futile, but I hope that you will accept my sincere sympathy. It must give you a good deal of satisfaction to know that your son's life was clean and wholesome and that his death came while he was in the service of the nation.

Very sincerely yours,

Jackson, N.B.

55 Pineapple St

Brook 12/9/18

My dear Mr. Silvers

Mrs Jackson & I are
grateful for your
message of sympathy.

Rutgers College meant
a great deal to me

(2)

son Morris - He not
only was very happy
there - but was very
proud of the College &
of his friends there.

So the word from
you means more
than from some others

You speak of his always
being happy in his work
& the "joy of living" - So
I venture to enclose a
copy of letter from a
K&C representative that

speaks of this same trait.

Do not bother to answer
this - no to return Envelope.
I know you have many letters
to write - and many that call
for sympathy. = Thank you -
We would like 3 copies of *My Father's*
to W. W. Jackson me in appreciation

December 10, 1918.

Mr. W. W. Jackson,
55 Pineapple Street,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

My dear Mr. Jackson:-

Thank you very much for your letter of December 9th with its interesting enclosure. I shall most certainly send you three copies of the January number of the Alumni Quarterly as soon as it is issued.

Very sincerely yours,

(This is my

Second notice. Please answer at once.

reply.)

My dear Mr. Silvers

19

Will you please cross the
name of Morris B Jackson
from this list. You will
find I wrote you calling
attention to the death of my
son Morris B Jackson Oct 27. 1918

WAR RECORD OF

..... Name and class.

..... Rank and branch of service.

and that I had the correct
war record in the Alumni
Quarterly & in the printed
program of the Memorial
Service. *for Bill Walter Johnson*

EDWIN A. JACKSON & BRO, Inc.
MANTELS & FIREPLACES
FIFTY BEEKMAN STREET
NEW YORK

Feb. 13th., 1919.

My dear Dr. Demarest:

Thank you for your letter of the 11th. advising me of the Memorial Service which is to be held Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Jackson and I will be there and we appreciate your kindness in sending us this special notice.

Sincerely yours,

Edwin A. Jackson

Dr. W.D.S. Demarest
Rutgers College
New Brunswick, N.J.

*May I add what I have had in
my heart for two years or more -
my son Morris B. Jackson
loved Rutgers College - and
was proud to represent her -
(over)*

in this Country - before he joined
the army - and in France
when in the U.S. Service.

With Morris I originally
chose Rutgers as a College
which was backed by a
large Church - a College
where students came from
good families - a
College where a boy
of moderate circumstances

could get the best kind of an
Education. May I say that my
son and his parents have
always believed our choice was
the best that could be made

Cordially
Wm Walter Jackson