# CHEER-UP LETTERS, FROM A PRIVATE WITH PERSHING

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Cheer-up letters, from a private with pershing by Torrey Ford

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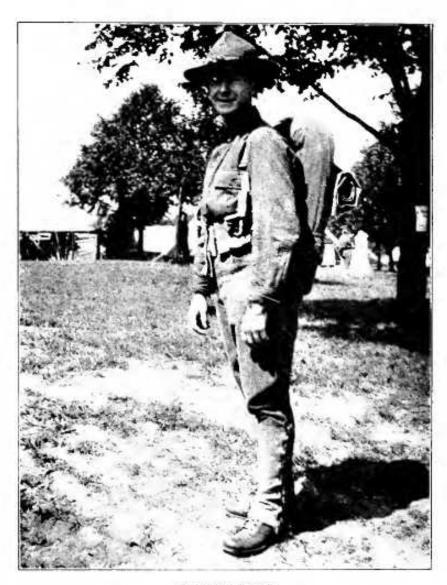
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### **TORREY FORD**

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TORREY FORD

## CHEER-UP LETTERS

FROM A PRIVATE WITH PERSHING /

TORREY FORD
U. S. ARMY AMBULANCE SERVICE



NEW YORK EDWARD J. CLODE

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#### A FEW WORDS BY HIS DAD

IF anyone read introductions to books, the writing of this one by me might be considered as rather a difficult piece of work: that is, one requiring nice discriminations of reticence and confidences, — all that sort of thing. But as the average reader has much more common sense than the publisher usually credits him with, he generally skips those first few pages impudently set up between him and the author and never bothers his head whether they're good or bad.

He is perfectly right. In most cases introductions are not worth while. At least, that has been my experience. If done by the author himself, it is often merely an excuse for him to get up on stilts, assume an exaggerated pose of modesty, and repeat something which he has said much better in

the body of the text. When the introducing is done by a third party, the result is seldom happy. If he insists enthusiastically that here is a book of great merit, he is apt to imply that unless you agree with him at once you're stupid. If he doesn't so insist—well, what is he there for, anyway?

True, once in a while, comes a book which seems to need a few words, either of apology or explanation or both. This appears to be such a volume. It is difficult for me to judge whether or no the material used in the following pages may prove sufficiently interesting to warrant publication in this form. I don't in the least mind saying that these letters, as they came to us - the "Dear Family" of the address - were read and reread with lively interest. When one showed up in the morning's mail, scribbled perhaps on a troop train or on the deck of a transport, or in a chilly tent somewhere along the French front - well, it was something of an event. Read them with interest! Why, on the mere excuse of a casual inquiry we have