

JUNE 20, 1918.

Honorable Swede:—

Just a few lines to let you know I still exist, and am feeling fine, so everything is lovely.

This is Sunday so we have a day to ourselves which doesn't happen very often in the Marine Corps as they sure put a man through his paces here. We get up at five every morning and hit the straw at 9:45 at night so I guess we put in full time. We drill about six hours every day and the rest of the time its physical exercise, school and washing clothes. Believe me the last mentioned item is the darnest job I ever struck. We have a scrub brush and soap, lay our clothes out on a board and then go to it. If they aren't clean when the officer inspects them, he throws them in the sand and steps on them, so mine are always clean as I don't believe in washing twice. If there is anyone that want to take lessons in washing clothes after I get back, tell them to call on me.

Notice the Binford base ball club is playing some ball this year. Wish I could cover that old third bag again but nothing doing until next summer but sure then, as we are bound to have the Huns licked by that time. You notice what the Marines are doing over there, some scrappers I think. The way they are coming on to this island would give old Kaiser Bill a night mare if he only knew. There must be 15,000 men or more on this island now and more coming every day and they are certainly a fine looking bunch.

Well Irish, I must cut this letter kind of short as I have quite a number of others to write. Ta Ta old boy and don't forget to send The Times if my credit is good, as a soldier is always broke.

Sincerely yours,

Pvt. O. A. Alm,

126th Company,

Paris Island, S. C.