

# LETTERS FROM SOLDIER BOYS

G. W. Swenson Writes From France  
and Oscar Alm From Paris  
Island, S. C.

Somewhere in Sunny France,  
June 6, 1918.

Dear Irish:—

Bon-soir! old top. How is everybody? Fine I hope. The same here. Never felt better. Just got thru speaking to some English soldiers who came over from a French hospital and they sure told us some great experiences which they had at the front. It was fun to listen to them.

We were to have an entertainment of some kind tonight but the parties didn't come. We have movies twice a week and entertainments every once in a while.

I am night nurse in the Surgical Ward and like it fine so far. We are kept busy all the time. Everthing has to be in tip top shape by 9 o'clock in the morning as we have inspection at that time. Everything is nice and green. There are lots of beautiful flowers some of the prettiest trees, with leaves as long as eight inches, and they keep them trimmed, so they have the prettiest shape. Four of us took a walk the other day and took a look at the country. It sure looked fine. They are up about eight inches high.

Received the fags, and thanks ever so much. Everybody wanted a Camel.

The weather is fine, and haven't had any rain for a quiet a while, but when it does start it does not let up with a shower. It keeps on for days and may be a week before it lets up.

Well how is everybody in the old town? All fine I hope. Give them all my best regards, will you? How would you like to lie in bed and here the boom of the big guns Irish? We hear them every night.

One more hour and the night force eat their midnight supper which consists of eggs, toast, coffee etc. When finished we parly-you for awhile and then beat it back for our wards, and if everthing is O. K. we either read or write. Everthing goes along smoothly as everybody takes an interest in the work. We have not received the trucks yet and we don't know when they will be here.

Tomorrow evening we play ball, for practise. Our team plays every Sunday. Have games arranged un-

til August so far. Don't suppose Binford has a team this year have they. Well there isn't much news at present so will close hoping to hear from you again.

With best regards to the family and all the rest of the Binford friends, (Bonne-nuit) from your friend,

Pvt. Gustav W. Swenson,  
162nd Field Hospital,  
A. E. F., France, A. P. O. 708.

Paris Island, S. C.,  
June 23, 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 trill 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.

All kinds of Paris Green at 75c a pound.—Hammer-Thingels tad Co.