

In a letter, dated, Sept. 9, to his parents, Walter Thoreson stated that he had been confined to a U. S. military hospital in England for the past three weeks and was still too weak to leave the hospital for some time. He was taken sick on the ship going over. An abscess formed in his side underneath his left arm pit—called by the doctor an axillary abscess. He was taken to the hospital where he was treated for two weeks to allow the abscess to localize; then he was operated on, and has since been rapidly gaining in strength.

The following are paragraphs taken from letters from Carl W. Michaelson to his folks at home:

Somewhere in France, Sept. 2

Dear Folks:

Will drop you a few lines to let you know I am well and getting along fine. Am settled down at last for a while, I hope. We have traveled about a good deal since I got into the army, and I have seen a great deal of country.

We are at present in a village, stationed in different houses, so we have it quite good. The one I am in has three floors, and I am on the second floor. I like the climate fine here—a good deal like North Dakota. The people are thrashing here. I was out to a rig the other day, and watched them awhile. Some outfit! It was a steam outfit mounted on wagon wheels; had only sixteen flues and the separator has no blower and the straw falls out behind from where it is picked up and tied with straw and then stacked—no twine is used on any of the bundles here. The wheat was of fine quality, oats average.

I have been out picking blackberries, they are quite plentiful out in the country, but many of them are green yet.

The French seems to be very nice people, and think a great deal of the Americans.

Saturday was market day and the people brought in all kinds of stuff to sell.

We had a little competition in the

manual of arms yesterday. There were quite a few over a hundred privates including myself. Two others and I had not gone down when the assembly blew.

CARL W. MICHAELSON

Somewhere in France, Sept. 8

Dear Folks:

It is only a short time ago since I wrote you, but this is Sunday and I am doing some writing, so will drop you a few lines. If the letters are as welcome out there as they are here, you will no doubt be very glad to receive it. There is an order in the army that a person must write home at least once in two weeks. I don't think I will be liable to break that order.

Was out picking blackberries this forenoon with two other fellows and must have picked about twelve quarts, some for ourselves and some for the kitchen. They said if we would pick enough berries they would make pie for supper, and no doubt we brought in a great plenty.

Saw a three-horse outfit plowing yesterday. All the horses were strung out which seems to be the favorite way of driving horses out here on most any kind of an outfit.

Yesterday there was a military funeral here, and one sergeant and eight men were chosen from my company to act as escort, also firing squad. The eight, of which I was one also fired three shots each over the grave, the band played very nice and altogether it was a very impressive scene. We had quite a ways to go so rode up in one of the big U. S. trucks, left about 8:00 a. m. and got back at 6:45 p. m.

A Y. M. C. A. has started here now, and I am writing in their building and I can say the Y. M. C. A. is sure the soldier's friend, and is truly worthy of support.

Might mention that the soil here is a good deal like our Montana homesteads; land fairly level, dotted with trees and hedges, many grapes grow out here.

Pvt. Carl W. Michaelson,
Co. B, 159 Inf.

A. E. F., France