

**Letters From Our
Soldier Boys**

Mrs. Henry Smith received the following letter from her son, William H. Smith, who is stationed at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming:

Fort D. A. Russell,
Aug. 11, 1918.

Dear Folks:—

Well, I am the same old kid, doing the same old thing over and over again every day, and that is slinging hash in the dining room. It is not a hard job, so I would just as soon do that as anything.

Five of our bunch leave for Camp Lewis tomorrow, but I was unlucky and did not get to go. But I think I will get a chance about the middle of this month.

There was another bunch came from Fort Lawton the other day in which there was Wallace, Norwood Eskew, and Mr. Creek, so we have four representing our dear old Stayton at Fort Russell, next to the largest fort in the U. S. They are still in isolation, but they will get out soon. When they get out we will paint the town red, or at least that is what they say.

Cheyenne is some town. They have two street cars, which run from the fort to town. I mean the city.

We have almost two hundred medical corps men here now and hardly have room for them. There is a bunch of us sleeping in one of the wards now, on some real beds, but we have to work to keep it looking right. You can almost see yourself on the floor the way they shine.

The only way I can compare this fort with Fort Lawton is a house and a barn, so you can see there would be some difference, not saying anything against Fort Lawton tho, because I thought that was a pretty nice place when I was there.

We sure have some thunder storms here. The other day the wind blew so hard that it broke three double windows out of the Hospital.

If they lower the draft age limit to eighteen it will catch quite a bunch from around here, will it not? I would never wait to be drafted, just from what I heard the fellows say from around here. You ought to have heard what the bunch had to say when they heard they had to go to Camp Lewis.

We had ice cream and cake for dinner and after dinner we kids in the kitchen ate ice cream all afternoon. We are sure getting lots to eat. I am getting as big as a mountain.

Well this is just about the end of my capacity, only that I wish I was on the way to France.

Give my regards to all of my friends, and to some whether they are my friends or not. Tell them I am feeling fine, and that I am going to help get the kaiser.

Yours,

William H. Smith
Med. Corps, Post Hospital, Fort
D. A. Russell, Wyoming.

The following is a letter received from Frank Van Nuys to his mother. The boys enlisted in June in the Benson Polytechnic Training Detachment school at Portland, Oreg. Frank studied for an electrician, and Earl has taken up sheet metal work. The boys speak highly of the Benson school. Earl has been a student in the high school at Stayton for the past two years. Frank had a position with the S. P. Co. in the roadmaster's office at Albany.

Portland, Oreg., Aug. 13, 1918.

Dear Mother:—

By the time this reaches you Earl will be on his way to Camp Johnson, Florida, that is just a few miles from Jacksonville, and I will be in Camp Lewis. Will write you and send my new address as soon as I can.

Love,
Frank.

Base Hospital, Camp Bowie,
Aug. 5, 1918.

Dear Folks:—

I suppose you think I have forgotten you, but nix on that stuff. I am now a patient myself. They suspect me of having the typhoid fever, but I don't think so, altho I feel sort of queer. I have been in here about ten days and don't know when I'll get out but I don't think it will be long.

One of the Butte, Mont. boys died a few days ago from typhoid. He came here in the same crowd with me.

How is everything up there? Have you threshed yet, and how is the grain.

Do you like the way we are going to the Huns? It sure is great. They have got it coming and I guess they are getting it now.

It is so darn hot down here that I will be glad when I can get away from Texas.

Gee, but I eat lots of water melons. They raise some fine ones here.

I believe I wrote that I wanted that covered book I got from Clyde and I have not got it yet.

I heard that Clyde has gone to a training camp. I suppose nearly all of the boys have gone or will be in a short time. Has Alva had to register yet, and do you think he will have to go? I hope not, as it sure will be hard on him and you.

I do not know what to write, as it is the same old thing every day, so I think I had better quit. Now, do not wait so long, as I have, because I want to hear from you. I will write again in a few days to keep you posted on how I am getting along, so good bye. I am your son and brother,

W. H. Myers.

Camp Bowie, Aug. 12, 1918.
Dear Sis and Folks:—

I received your most welcome letter a few days ago and was sure glad to hear from you. I hope you are all well. I am out and around again, but I am pretty weak. I was very sick for a while but I had good care, which accounts for my being out now. My lady friend was out to see me nearly every day, and, believe me, that helped some, because I couldn't get out, and it was so darn hot.

There were nineteen nurses that left here yesterday for France. One of them took care of me while I was sick. Gee, I did hate to see her go and wanted to go along, but God knows when they will send me away from here. I sure would hate to put in next winter here, but the girl says she is not going to let me leave without taking her along. What do you think about that? Tell Alva he can have her. She is a dandy girl, only a little bashful. She makes me think of Thelma C., but is not so dark, etc.

We were out to Lake Worth last night and had some time, believe me. The water is muddy and dirty, but I shouldn't complain, for this is Texas and we are lucky to have any water at all. The drinking water is simply a fright. It smells like the swamp up there in the summer. I drink milk most of the time, but I will have to quit it if I get much fatter.

I may get about a twenty day pass in Oct., if everything goes right. I don't know if I had better try and come home or not. It will cost me between \$30 and \$40 each way, and that is lots of money to me now. It keeps me scratching to make it from one pay day till the next.

I suppose Alva feels like a real soldier now. This is my fifth month and it seems like I have been in a year, altho I do not re-

gret it, as I have seen lots of country and met many people.

The Southern people amuse me. They speak with a slow drawl and are very sleepy looking. When they walk you would think they couldn't get one leg before the other. I am getting that way myself. I feel tired all the time and I don't rest good at nights. When you get up mornings you feel like you had been on a big jag.

I have been out and got some ice water for one of the patients.

I am working at the same old place, still taking care of the dining room and working in the ward. I like it fine, only I am getting tired of being inside all the time. I tried to get a job outside, but they said "nothing doing." I expect to go on night duty soon. I won't like that because I can't go out nights.

Tell Goldie I said hello and would like very well to see her, but I will be home some day, which will be soon, if the good work keeps up over there. I expect it will be 6 months or more after peace is declared before I will get away because we are the last to get away, as we have to take care of the sick and wounded.

I was off yesterday afternoon. I get two afternoons a week to go to town and out to the house. Believe me, I do not stay around camp. May be you think I wouldn't like to be up there and get some good drinking water. I believe I would drink until I burst. You folks do not realize how lucky you are when you have good water. Its over three-fourths of life.

I suppose you are tired of reading my complaints, so I think I will close with love to you all and hope to hear from you real soon.

I am your son and brother,
W. H. Myers.

Continued on page three

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