Wed. Aug. 8, 1917

Dear Little Girl,

Every time I read your letters you seem so close that I want to reach out and hug you tight. I wish you were that near, but your letters are a great deal of comfort to me, and I hope you wont let even a day slip by. I don't feel homesick any more, among these fellows, but just that longing for you. It may be a long time before we see eachother again, but dont ever forget how much I love you, and dont ever doubt it, whatever may turn up.

(Over)

(2.)

Everything seems to point out that we go to the East coast headquarters about Sept. 15th. We are working hard — tonight we seven drilled after supper during a rain. This morning we had telegraph one hour, wig-wag one hour, and two hours of drill at erecting and operating a field wireless station. The latter is carried on two pack mules. An efficient company can unpack and set up a fifty foot mast and get the set in order in a very few minutes. Every man must be on the alert and be there with the team-work. It is the same with everything and it sure is interesting work. We also had an hour of

(3.)

squad drill this morning. Our drill after supper was in forming a company square. In this, the company forms a four sided guard about its officers in the center. In case of attack, like a riot, the men face out and protect their leaders. There are many different marching commands that a soldier has to learn to execute in the proper way and at the right instant. In walking locksteps, the soldier's forward foot has to step ahead of the ~~rear~~ next man's rear foot. In order to do this, one has to walk like Nana. Can you imagine how awkward it is for me? As I said

(4)

before, we a a good decent lunch of officers, and that helps a lot. We have finished with our shelter tent drills, and the tents are shipped — East, I guess. This afternoon we learned how to pack a field wireless set on the mules. The latter are the real Missouri article and have to be fitted with blinders while being packed. We were just issued some fancy dress gloves of soft olive drab leather. We have to be very particular about our personal appearance. — no watch fobs or tips of a handkerchief are allowed to show, and everything must be kept scrubbed, clean. Our

(5.)

beds must be made just so and our lockers fixed in a certain way. This all sounds old maidish, but it is simply meant to have everything look the same.

Each of us has to take our turn at serving in the kitchen. I haven't yet, but have served my day as orderly. Of course we all have our fun "housework" to do before first drill call at seven o'clock. A bachelor's life may be a gay one but give me a good home with a little girl in it. We all the "Lights Out" bugle has just blown so I will have to quit.

(6.)

Thurs. P.M.

Biting your fingernails —
I sure am glad that you have rooted out this little weed of weakness. Isn't it a "grand and glorious feeling" when one's better (or plus) self wins one of these little scraps with your "minus" self. It takes a long time before you really realize how important these little victories are.

I got a fine letter from your Mother yesterday. Yours letter from Field's came today. Did you get mine? I hope you will have the best of good times in Chicago. I can't help but feel glad that you are just the least bit lonesome.

(7.)

My folks sure will have a new cousin to be proud of if I have my way about it.

I know I can't ask you to always like me, but I do ask you to promise to tell me when you feel the least change.

Please dont show my letters to anyone, especially Lauretta. She is one mighty fine girl but her heart stopped growing long before yours did. (If it has.) She would laugh and say "O Slush," like you do.

But I think you will understand that I am trying to make you feel how much I do care for you.

Yours. Forrest.