Thursday Aug. 23, '17

Dear Marie,

You sure are mighty good to me to keep on writing. I guess you know how I feel. Be sure to write from Rockford too. Did you get the letter to Beloit? You must have had a great time in Chicago. That fortune telling gets my goat right. Or I mean it would if I let it. I suppose you are too young to go with boys. What Lauretta said gives me one good healthy pain. A girl is never too young to know herself. Lauretta may be a wise one but there is an awful lot she don't "know about war". All the <u>real</u> truth we learn

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at any age never will hurt any. Let the grandmothers and old maids argue to the contrary.

We are having about the same stuff every day now. You should see your big "slickers." We just got them Tuesday as we have been having some rainy weather. It sure is some hot there when it's clear. We get about 2 hours with the radio sets in the field every day now. This afternoon five of us run a buzzer telegraph line out in the hills. We crossed a road and hooked the wire up on a couple trees. It slacked up some way and hung down so that when one of the captains drove by in an

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auto, it knocked his hat off. He didn't get very peeved about it but I guess our Sergeant expected some hard words.

When we got in from the field, the Company went over to the corral and groomed our horses. Yesterday one Sergeant hoodwinked a "green" horse and was next "among those present" in the hospital. Most of the horses are in pretty good shape now. We had good luck in getting our pack mules, too. I wish you could see this place. There are herds of sheep and cattle, and a lot of garden truck is raised for the table. I guess the military prisoners do most of the work. Believe me, you wont see yours

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truly lockstepping around with a guard behind him carrying a good healthy autoloading shotgun. The guards here carry these buckshot cannons instead of rifles. The engineers have the hardest work ~~and~~ of any branch of service in the army. The camp here is building a line of trenches and tunnels out in the field. There used to be quite a few sham battles but I haven't heard any for over a week. Some of the officers reserve in training here, left a few days ago. You should have seen the handshaking among those fellows as they left for different places.

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A fellow certainly makes some good close friends in a camp of this kind.

The Signal Corps is about the highest branch of service in the Army and there is none of the "wop" class that you find in the Infantry. At Jefferson Barracks about half of the 23rd Recruit Company were hardboiled Chicago roughnecks. You dont see any dice or cards here. Just now they posted a notice that any gambling would mean three months, with a cute little shotgun tickling the victim in the ribs.

Any one that ~~lk~~ likes to split wood, mow the officers' golf course, hoe the corn,

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or break rock for the new roads have my permission to start a little game of Sixty-Six. If you even hit a horse with a brush, or anything else except the open hand, you can be tried and given three months in the lock house with the barred windows. The regular army is strong for discipline, which is a good thing, and one has to be on the watch all the time. The officers are all very strict, but are all a pretty decent bunch. When anyone gets within 30 feet of a commissioned officer he has to salute. I have been jumped on twice for forgetting

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this, but havent had any worse luck yet. I sure am glad that I enlisted but I wont be sorry when the time comes to gallop home. This is a great place here. I guess we dont go to Fort Omaha after all. Well, I must go down and wash a pair of pants. Then I gotto get out my "housewife" which is a lot of needles, thread, pins, scissors, etc., and stab a button on my shirt. Its a gay life. The first thing I'll do will be to execute a flank movement over to my pal's bunk and hook a piece of fudge that his girl sent him. George says that whenever he wants

(8.)

me to practice semaphore
I am always writing.
This is a pretty long
letter for me. I bet
you cant read it though.
Say listen, dont
ever ask me to excuse
your writing.
I hope this will
find you in Beloit. OK.
Dont forget that picture.

Yours
Forrest.