

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 ~~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 real truth we learn

(2)

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 our 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

(3)

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 hopped on a ~~red~~ "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 won't see yours

(4.)

truly lockstepping around with a guard behind him carrying a good healthy auto-loading 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.

(5.)

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 rough-necks. You don't 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 ~~it~~ likes to split wood, ^{now} mow the officers' golf course, hoe the corn,

(6)

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
black 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

(7)

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
got to get out my "housewife"
which is a bit of needles,
threads, 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 when ever ~~it~~ he wants

(8.)

me to practice semaphore
I am always writing.
This is a pretty long
letter for me. I bet
you can't read it though.
I say listen, don't
ever ask me to excuse
your writing.

I hope this will
find you in Beloit. OK.
Don't forget that picture.

Yours
Forrest.



LEAVENWORTH,

AUG. 23-17

11-30 PM

KANS.



Miss Ava Marie Shaw
389 Highland Ave.
Beloit, Wis.

If not delivered in Ten days return to

Forrest W. Bassett

Co. A-6th F. B. S. C.

Ft. Leavenworth,

Kansas.

ARMY AND NAVY DEPARTMENT
THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE OF
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS
(IN THE FIELD)

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