



"WITH THE COLORS"



Jan. 27, 1918.

Dear Marie,

Stock has gone to K. City so I came down to the dear "Y." to write. I sure was glad to get your letter. Yesterday I tried to bribe the Cpl in charge of quarters to bring a letter from Beloit with the mail, but even a big slice of Blanché's cake was not enough.

I am still going to the motor class at the Service School. Have you a picture of the latter?

Tuesday afternoon we took the horses out for exercise. Nearly three



"WITH THE COLORS"



(2)

weeks of loafing around in the corral made them feel pretty funny. We had quite an exciting time rounding up our own horses. I got "Ten" out before the stampede but had a gay time "snagging" a mule to lead. "Ten" had fattened a little since I saw him last, and when I saddled him, had to let out the cincha (which is the strap around the belly) about two inches more than usual. I am showing the effects of Army starvation of Ten in the same way.



"WITH THE COLORS"



(3.)

The mule I caught was a new one but he performed alright except that he kept a good stiff pull on the rope most of the time. Neither the Captain nor the Lieutenants were with us and when we got into the woods we kicked a few slats loose. We hooted and yelled like a bunch of birds on the last day of school. The horses and mules had the same spirit and about every two minutes one would get loose (accidentally



"WITH THE COLORS"



(4.)

on purpose on the part of the rider) and we would have some more fun catching them. Ten sure is one wise horse and is "on" to everything going, whether it's heading off loose mules or jumping up a slippery hill. Gee, but but you can't imagine what great fun it is to ride a good, easily guided horse. When I think of the good times we used to have canoing, and in the water, and shooting, it makes me wish we could be



"WITH THE COLORS"



(5.)

together on horses. We have fine saddles and the Company looks great mounted, every man in same uniform and every one in line with his "lead" horse to the right of the horse he is riding.

We rode again Thursday but we didn't have much fun as it was too slippery to let the horses go faster than a walk.

Tuesday night and Wednesday the Co. A-6 went on guard. I had it pretty soft, as I only had 6:30-8:30 P.M.



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(6.)

12:30 - 2:30 A:M and  
from 6:30 - 8:30 A:M on  
actual guard duty.  
The night was not very  
cold and was clear  
and moonlight. All  
I did Wednesday after  
8:30 A:M was to take  
one of the prisoners from  
the guardhouse to his  
Company mess house  
for dinner. This fellow  
had a couple pretty  
serious charges against  
him. One was  
impersonating an officer  
and the other was  
being absent without  
leave. He belonged



"WITH THE COLORS"



(7) to the same Co. that the other Bassett is in. The latter is in the same class with me at the Service School. His home was in Rockford, Ill. and he worked for awhile as telegraph operator at the N.W. R.R. depot in Beloit. When he enlisted he was in San Francisco. This makes me think about addressing my letters. It is unnecessary to write out my middle name. (but always my first)

Here is the address:



"WITH THE COLORS"



(P.)

Forrest W. Bassett  
Co. A-6th Fld. B'n. Signal Corps  
Ft. Leavenworth, Kans.

Write Signal Corps in full  
as you have been  
doing but abbreviate the  
Fld. B'n.

Well I am in hopes  
that there will be a  
letter from A.M.S. on  
my bunk when I  
come in tomorrow  
noon.

Please.

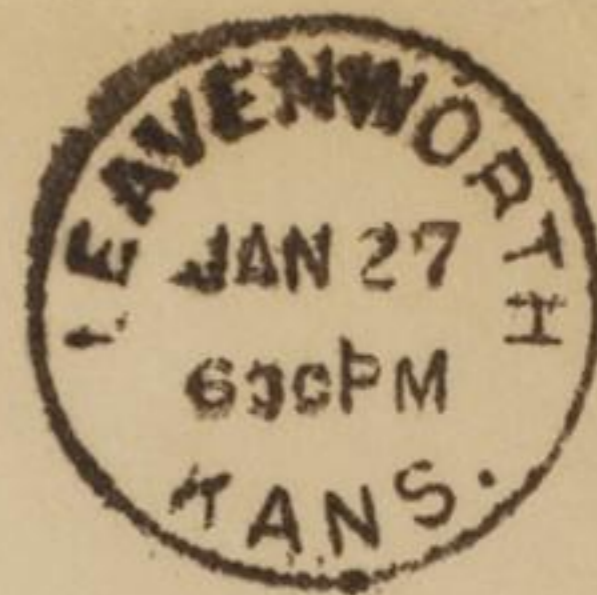
With love,

Forrest





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Miss Ava Marie Shaw

389 Highland Ave.

Beloit, Wis.