



"WITH THE COLORS"



Dear Marie, This will be a continuation of last night's letter, as I did not have time to write all I wanted to.

I wonder what you must think after reading yesterday's letter. Anyway ~~way~~ I hope I can make you understand why I loved you more after you let me hug you in spite of what I wrote last night.

In my dealings with others I have always tried to be square and do the right thing. Wherever I have gone I have always been trusted,



"WITH THE COLORS"



(2.)

whether it was at school, in my work and especially here. Read the letter which I am sending to Mother by this mail and you will see that Mr. Rawson, who was my H.S. mathematics teacher, refers to me as one of "good character."

I am accustomed to take it for granted that my friends considered me "one of 'good character'"; and when I met you I tried to make you regard me in that way too.

Although we went together a number of times before that day, you will remember that I never made the



"WITH THE COLORS"



(3)

slightest attempt to even
put my arm around you
or anything else. When
the day did come that I
was sure you trusted me,
and cared a little for me,
and would not misunderstand,
I asked you to come to me.

When you said "No" it did
hurt but I respected you
more because I felt you weren't
quite sure.

When you finally did
yield, you didn't lose a
whit in my respect for you,
for then I thought that
you were at last sure that
I was worthy of a good
girl. And Marie you
were right, then, weren't you?



"WITH THE COLORS"



(4)

I don't believe your character suffered any from contact with me, did it?

If I had thought, when you let me hug you, that you did so without knowing or caring what kind of a boy was, you never would have made me love and respect you the way I do.

It's awfully hard to write in this way but I hope I have made you understand my viewpoint. I would have loved you very much even if you had refused but not as much as I do now.



"WITH THE COLORS"



(5.)

Now, little girlie do you
feel satisfied? I know
I could make you see
if I could only talk
to you, and if you
could only see the love
for you in my eyes instead
of the scratch of this
pen.

Sincerely,
Forrest.

FORREST W. BASSETT

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BELOIT, WIS.

LEAVENWORTH,

SEP 11-17

11-30 P M

KANS.



Miss Ava Marie Shaw

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