

Monday Aug. 3, 1917.

Dear Marie,

I guess you don't really know me after all. When you were in my arms, couldn't you see in my eyes how much I care? How can I tell you in my letters that I will always love you and make you feel that I am honest and sincere? I have had lots of time for good sober thoughts here, and I know it is your high character

and big, warm heart that
has won me so completely.
There is not another girl
on the map that would
make me look twice after
knowing you so well.

Little girls, even if you
go through High School
and find out that
you can't really love me,
the influence you have had
on me will have done its
work and I will never be
able to pay the debt I
owe. Don't believe all the
good things that sister
says of me. You know
how it is. I didn't have
any idea Blanche did not
know how much we
are to each other.

(31)

Marie, even if I can't
have you, I will always
think of you as a big
warm hearted girl that
understood, and trusted
me so I couldn't do
very wrong. I hope

I can have your
pictures soon. Here is
a post card of the
Sixth Field Battalion
on muster day. I am
in the front rank with
the arrow at my feet.

I am wearing leather
leggings and the men on
each side have on

(4.)
white leggins. How can
you find me? All the
men in the picture are in
the 10th F. Bn, S.C. Some
are telegraph men, some
are telephone, but Co. A
is all radio. We had
quite an interesting period
of radio practice this
afternoon. Within fifty
feet of our station there
was a class of artillery
officers with a big gun
and range finding
instruments. Last
week we saw the engineers
build a pontoon bridge
across a small lake at
the foot of our hill.

I wish I could write
to you often. Sunday

(5)

I worked all day from
6 o'clock A.M. till 6:45
P.M. and after I
had scrubbed my leggings
and taken a shower,
I felt so tired that
I hit the hay.

We sure will hold
together if you really
like it, and I hope
you will. We had an
inexperienced drillmaster
this morning and he
bunched up everything.
He would give his
command of execution
on the wrong count

(6.) and then get sore
because we got our
feet all tangled up.
Our regular sergeant
was talking a special
examination for officers.

Last Saturday at
retreat roll call he
asked if any one in the
ranks knew anything
about the theory of
gas engines. This
stuff happens to be
my specialty so I had
the privilege of
explaining how gasoline
is converted into power
in 2 and 4-cycle motors.

It was deep stuff
but I got away with it O.K.
You see our wagon set

(7.)

generator for the
field wireless is
run by a four-cylinder
gas engine, and that
was part of his exam.

When you go back
to school, will you
write to me about your
work and let me
help you? Well

there goes
tattoo, which means
"lights out."

Yours,
Forest.

See I am a month
behind in my date.