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Oct. 6th 1918.

Base Hospital No. 785.

Wherever that is - I know it took a hell-uv-er long time to get here - If I wasn't sure that I was still "Somewhere in France", I would say that it was in the vacinity of Madrid.

Dear Chas.,

My right hand is now allowed a little liberty, thus accounting for the improvement in my hand writing, the posture however is rather cramped and necessarily my letter will be likewise.

Just want you to know that I am quite comfortable, improving rapidly and feeling fine.

By the way, do you remember my friend Burgo Percell? He is here in the same ward with me. It's a joy to see him. We are both well enough to pay one another an occasional visit. His wound is identical with mine except that his didn't go through his shoulder blade.

So long Chas. old Top.

Affectionately

Pen.

Censored by.

P. V. Stout. 1st Lt.

A.S. U.S.A.