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American C. F., France.
May 1, 1918.

My own precious Mother,

Someday I shall probably be accounted for among the missing and you will be notified in the regular military manner. I write this in order to comfort you and that you may be strengthened to bear your sorrow. And I want you, dearest of Mothers to know that when the end does come I shall be thinking of you.

Life has been very sweet and I should like to complete it with the people whom I love but if I do meet my fate over here I want you to know that I gave it cheerfully - a most willing sacrifice - in fact an honor to die for a cause so exhaulted, so noble. A cause which compares in its moral aspect with the Crusades. It is religious in the ideals it embraces.

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I am writing this while my training is still incomplete and I don't know just when or where I shall fight, but I am going to fight hard wherever it is and if I fight well - you should feel proud. You have given me a strong healthy body, a good mind and you have taught me to respect and fight for things that are good, noble and clean. These are blessings for which it would be feeble for

me to attempt to express my gratitude.

I have made lots of mistakes, have caused you lots of care and worry, but on these I shall not dwell for your mother's heart has long since forgiven them. And this, mother dear, know - that of all earthly blessings I found your love, deep and unfailing, the most precious - a safe anchorage - a noble inspiration. It has guided me from wrong. it has lifted me from despondency - it has guided my path in humanity.

And be cheerful, dearest little lady, for remember this is not the end it is infact the beginning of that glorious eternal life that through our faith in Jesus Christ is our inheritance, and until we meet there my precious,

Good-bye,

Penrose Vass Stout.