American Aviation Acceptance Park
Orly, Seine.
June 25th 1918.

Margie dearest,

For the loyalty and devotion you have

shown to your cousin; for your persistance, in the face of multitudinous abstractions, in keeping up a bombardment of magazines and cigarettes and because you are just about the bulliest cousin a fellow ever had - Woman - In the name of Joo Joo Land and with a kiss upon each cheek I bestow upon you the Croix de Guerre.

The magazines continue to come and Margie we enjoy them tremendously. And just recently I received the cigarettes which you sent via Bertie Orr. Thanks a lot - Margie dear they are delicious.

And now for the news - First in Cousin Frank's

letter I learned of Gertie's intention of coming over and I was living in hopes of seeing her, but they were rather vague hopes - as our plans are so indefinate.

Then one day I was ordered to this place to await my assignment to a squadron and this place is only 35 minutes via truck. I arrived in Paris at about 8 o'clock two weeks ago. I took a cab from the station and went directly to Hotel Petrograd for Gertie had written me the she was stopping there. I rushed up to the desk and asked for a room - "What? A room!" Why this is a hotel for American women!" Bingo! I dropped my suit case and my lower jaw. I inquired for Gertie but she had moved. So with her address in one hand and suit case in another I made for another taxi - I found Gertie at dinner - But she had just started and she said that she would finish it with me. We had very little time before all the restaurants would close - In true Gertie fashion she only stopped long enough to change her shoes, and throwing a green silk cloak over her gingham dress we taxied ourselves and were off to see the white lights and food. It was the Café de Paris and after doing that pretty thoroughly, We went to a show at the Olympia - A variety show and

not too French except occasionly and Gerthie didn't mind and I didn't mind and we had a whing of a time. And how fine it was to talk with someone who had so recently visited Brows Nest.

Since then I have seen her several times and we have had some awfully good times which included Cafe de Continental, Maxines and the Church of the Sacred Heart. Oh! how I wish you could have been along.

One day I decided to call and pay my respect to M. Mossabnan, the father of the family who were so kind and hospitable in Arcachon. I took my friend Gruthrie along with me. We were embarassed upon being invited in by the maid to find that neither of us had cards. In a few minutes M. Mossabnan came out and I started shooting my carefully thought out introduction and explanation of our visit. I had hardly gotten through the "allow me" when he started in on a line of French that would make a machine gun sound like the Sphinx. I know it was beautiful French for the accompanying gestures were very graceful. After the first outburst I held up on my introduction

speach for a while - I didn't think he could go on like that forever - I expected every minute to see him loose a cuff or his breath at any rate but on he went and every once in a while he would bow and I would bow and say "Merci, Monsieur." (Meaning it English). But on he went. I finally braced myself and tried to interrupt him - but there was nothing doing - He had an Edison diamond point and his record had evidently gotten on dead center - I gave up and leaning up against Guthrie began to listen he was asking us something - I caught it on the third time around it was an invitation to lunch on the following day - We told him that it was impossible for we had to report to camp immediately - "then dinner" then the next day and so on - Finally realizing that this would probably be a long war and that we would be in France a long time, we stopped him on "next Thursday at dinner", and we promised to phone him if we couldn't come. Thursday arrived and Guthrie left on a ferrying job. In the early afternoon I went over to the telephone exchange to call up Monsieur and deliver our regrets and I had them all carefully composed on a piece

of paper. There is an orderly in charge of the telephone who speaks fairly good French and it occurred to me that it would be an excellent idea to have him render my excuses and to just tell the gentleman that I was off on a ferrying trip too. I gave him very careful instructions and stepped outside till he could get the number. When I reentered the exchange this hard boiled orderly was saying in English - "Naw I can't come to dinner with you, I gotta fly a ship. Now I can't come tomorrow. Naw, I'm much obliged but I -." "Lord man!" says I, "to that my party you are talking to?" It was! I grabbed the receiver away from him and tried to straighten things out but just as I did I heard the phone at the other end click as the receiver was hung up.

I bawled out the orderly for being "too blamed presumptous", but he thought he was doing the right thing. Then I wrote M. M. a note of regrets and apology. But I'm afraid that my goose is cooked in the Messabrun family.

Day before yesterday I received a note from Chas. telling me that Elliott Bates was at a hospital near Paris, having recently received some very severe shrapnell wounds. So in the afternoon (Sunday) Guthrie and I went out to see him. The first person I saw in the ward was Mrs. Barrett Andrews - I was rather surprised to see her for I understood that she was out at the front. I went in and had quite a talk with Elliott and despite his wounds he is remarkably cheerful and seemed so interested in everything. I know that it does him a lot of good to feel that there are people near who take an interest in him and I promised to come back if possible and show him my sketch book.

Poor chap, he's pretty badly shot up and its impossible for him to move either arms or legs or body - He is in a most helpless state. They have operated twice already and the doctors are only waiting for him to regain a little strength before they operate again. His condition is serious but he has the best chance in the world for recovery And you may depend upon it - Mrs Andrews is

doing everything within her power to make him as comfortable as possible and is seeing to it that he gets the very best medical attention possible.

After my visit with Elliot I had a chat with Mrs. Andrews out on the terrace - She had some most interesting tales to tell about her work at the front. Too bad that Mr. Andrews was ordered back to the states and will leave her over here. Well I had asked Mrs. A. if she had met Gertrude Ors. Margies friend. No she hadn't although she had heard a lot of her and had received a letter from her recently. Just then I looked up and saw a trim little figure in a nurses garb entering the hall - It was Gertie! I introduced her to Mrs. A. and had a lot of fun. Major Hugh Bayne came while I was there to see Elliot. He had just come up from Down for the purpose. He was looking quite well - said that Chas. would have come up but it was impossible at that time.

This will have to be all for the time being - So long Margie - heaps of love for you heaps of it.

Renee.