American Aviation Acceptance Park.
Orly, Seine.
June 26, 1918.

29

Beekie darling,

This is only a temporary address it is 35 minute motor ride from Paris where we were recently sent to await assignments to squadrons at the front. Some are sent out with American Squadrons already at the front in some cases new squadrons are formed and sent out and then a good many are sent out to join French squadrons, two or three Americans to the squadron. This latter arrangement is only a tempory one and it is the one which appeals to me the strongest. You are equipped with better machines and you fly with men of experience and I believe that it is the best way of learning the game. Then join an American squadron later.

I arrived here about two weeks ago and I've had some very interesting experiences. While waiting for one assignment we do "ferry" work - fly all types of machines to the airdromes of the front and to the various schools in France. I expect this afternoon to get a trip down to see Charlie. I haven't ferried up to the front yet but hope to soon and maybe I shall get to see Jack (I haven't heard from him since he left. I

think he must have heard that I got his socks.)

June 28, 1918.

I was interrupted at this point by a trip to Issoudun in a biplace machine. An infantry lieutenant requested to ride down with me. The day was beautiful. There were a good many clouds at about 1200 meters - large white ones and the air was very bumpy just beneath them and that was where I was driving. The bumps made driving a little more interesting and besides I had an uninterrupted view of the ground. But it wasn't very interesting for the lieutenants first ride for very soon I saw his head sink, his shoulders sag and he ~~no~~ seemed no longer interested in life. I thought "The poor fellow looks sick. I wonder if he is. I shall find out" So I worked the stick commie ca and he seemed to melt into a heap of miserable humanity. I took pity upon him and climbed above the clouds where it was very smooth and presently he took on a bit of life and began to look around again. My motive in going up where it was smooth was not entirely an unselfish one, because I was driving from the rear seat. When we finally landed he almost had to be helped from the machine. I had about two hours in camp and had a chance to visit my friend Stanley who is getting along fine from the effects

of his smash. He is very cheerful over the prospects of being up and "at-um" again soon. As soon as he recovers I shall try to persuade him to go into the technical or experimental end of aviation. His father was one of our great physicists and invented a number of things which helped make Westinghouse famous and Stan had inherited some of his father's genius. A couple of months ago he worked out a corking bombing sight - a much simpler and much more accurate apparatus than is being used now. I drew up the designs for it and we sent it in to headquarters and the officer in charge was rather enthusiastic - And there is lots of opportunity for good work along these lines in a science so new as aeronautics.

But I am diverging — I saw lots of my old friends there and had a very nice time and came back on the train with Jerry Stivers who has joined us here. We had dinner in Paris went to a show which was pretty bum so we left before it was over and went around to the Opera to wait for the truck. We had just arrived there when wowwooowwoowo (40) the syrens cut loose all over town - My what a frightful noise - It fairly makes your hair stand on end

It cries like a living thing - It warns - It appeals - It sounds as though the whole city was sending up a cry of horror at the approach of the terrible demons - the Gothas - A few people scampered past along the dark streets and taxis and automobiles with dimmed lights honked their horns as they hurried somewhere. Presently the sirens ceased - There was a lull - and then off in the East we could see little bright flashes in the sky and a distant rumble as the anti aircraft guns opened up. And long searchlight beams began to sweep the sky. As the Gothas came nearer they were followed by the barrage and we could hear the roar of the guns ~~nearby~~ nearer by and the explosion of the shrapnell was much louder - The sound wasn't sharp as I expected it would be. It was a muffled sound blummmmp! Do you get it - something like opening an opera hat. They came nearer until we could hear the deep roar of the engines. And once in a while we could hear the violent explosion of a bomb - One dropped in the street of a certain square about ~~three~~ two or three blocks away - We could see the flair of the explosion and its violence fairly shook the sidewalk All the glass on that square was shattered but by ten oclock this morning I imagine they

had repaired the slight damage done to the pavement. We were looking at the shrapnell bursting over head and I remarked to Jerry that all that iron had to come down so look sharp Jerry put his handkerchief in his hat and continued to look sharp (nut) When just then a piece hit with a crack! and a spark on the sidewalk about twenty feet away.

It was a peach of a raid and would have been very enjoyable besides interesting if you didnt realize that probably a number of innocent people were suffering.

Here is a true fairy tale about the Gothers which all of Paris knows. It is cartooned - put to song, and everywhere you see some evidence of it.

About ~~two~~ a month ago during an air raid there were about twenty-five or thirty people in an Abri (cellar) The lights were dim and all was quiet and no one noticed the two little children asleep in the corner - Suddenly a bomb crashed into the cellar - They were frozen with horror but to their amazement the bomb didnt explode, and no one was hurt. For the first time the two children were noticed. The little girl was crying and the little boy had his arm around her and was trying to comfort her - Some one asked

who they were and it developed that they were two little ophen refugees from the front - They had no home and finding the door to the celler open they had entered and had fallen asleep - Their names were Nanette and Rintintin - And they all vowed that Nanette and Rintintin had brought them good luck And so now in all the shop windows and ~~in~~ hanging from most everyones lapell are two little dolls one a girl the other a boy they are usually made of wool yarn and they are a charm against harm from the Gothas. I am enclosing some and if Gothas ever come your way - why just hang them from your button and you will be very safe.

Before I left Issondun I sen you a silk scarf - I don't exactly what you can do with it - If it is not a servicable thing then maybe you can cut it up make a T.B. (scuse me) out of it. And I got Germaine Massabuau to select some lace in Bordeaux and send to you. It was such a beautiful shade of blue - it was irresistable. I had to have assistance you see in its selection for I wanted to be sure it was linen. She went all the way from Arcachon to Bordeaux just to get it. It was awfully nice of her and if you like it I wish you would write her a note and tell her so - her permanent

address is 7 Rue Petrograd, Paris, and it will be forwarded from there.

I have had the good fortune of seeing Gertrude Orr several times since I have been here and we have had some wonderful times together - Did you ever meet her? I know Mother did - She is that fascinating little girl with one brown eye and one grey eye who was a bridesmaid in Margies wedding. She is doing some very interesting work in connection with the Publicity Bureau of the Red Cross - She has been over here about a month.

I have been twice to call on Elliott Bates of Brantville, Dr. Charleton's brother-in-law, and a very nice chap. About three weeks ago he was wounded at the front while driving his ambulance - Poor fellow he's shot up pretty badly. Can't move arms nor legs and is totally helpless - He will probably loose a foot but ~~there~~ although his condition is very critical there are good chances for his recovery. He is remarkably cheerful. He is fortunate in having Mrs. Barrett Andrews ~~his~~ constantly on the job and she is seeing to it that he receives the best possible medical attention. He was naturally very much pleased upon waking from his first

operation to find a Croix de Garre pinned to his pillow and to learn (ohblushes!) that the General had kissed him on both cheeks.

I received such a bully letter from Cousin Frank yesterday - Been feeling good ever since.

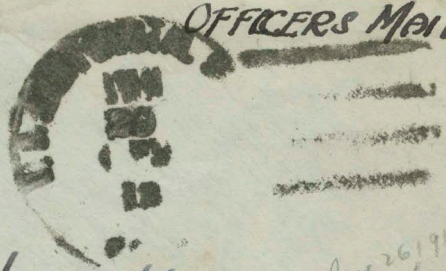
Darling little girl I think of you so often and love you oh so hard - And I'm awfully proud of what you are doing - With a hug and a kiss for you and Mother dear.

Devotedly

Penrose.

1st Lt P.V. Stout,
ASSC USR.,
American E.F.,
France.

Officers Mail.



June 26, 1918

Mrs. W. Jack Hoover,
Hartsville,
Darlington Co.,
S.C.
U.S.A.

Censored by
P.V. Stout, 1st Lt.
Assoc.