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3d Aviation Instruction Center
A.E.F., France.
April 4th, 1918.

Dear Charlie,

When I left the 2d Aviation Inst. Ctr. I heard that it was very probable that you would be located there shortly. If that is true I am almost sorry that I finished as early ~~as I did~~ for it does me a lot of good to see you once in a while. Even now it doesn't seem to be an impossibility. We are allowed twenty-three hour passes over week end and until recently it was possible to make T. but a ban has recently been put on the larger towns and I believe that regulation applies to practically all Americans in France. However this does not prevent you coming over here - How about it? You could requisition a car and you and Capt. Dolier could motor over through this interesting part of the country in about an hour and a half, I should think. I believe you would find a great deal here to interest you particularly if you have never seen a large school of advanced aeronautics. I can promise you a blamed good mess and you can motor back in the afternoon.

I was delighted a few days ago when Jack Hoover, my new brother, put in his appearance. He and about

fifty other men who have had their training in the states under the auspices of the R.F.C. have been sent here for work on fast machines before being sent to the front. His work has been considerably more advanced than mine, having already had his acrobatics, formation flying, gunnery etc. and he will be out of the school before I am well started, so there is no possibility of our going to the front together as I had hoped. He is a very fine fellow and a peach of a flyer I understand. Come on over, Chas. and look him over, I know you will like him - not at all like Jess.

I have had very little news from Cross Nest recently - a letter from Cousin Kate written from Aiken being the last. In this she reported all well and flourishing. By the way I received a peach of a box from Margie and one from Cousin Mary and a letter from Cousin Mary. This latter I appreciate most highly for you know how seldom she writes and how thoroughly she dislikes it.

I received a very amusing letter from Mother not long ago. She had very thoughtlessly allowed one of my letters to be published in some jerk water S.C. newspaper and she enclose a clipping from the paper which spoke of my letter and referred to me as "this gallant young Southern hero". Great balls of mud! I think of it! This life is about as far removed from anything heroic as you can imagine - Positively soft. I wrote to Mother

toots de suite that my letters were for family (internal) use only and I disillusioned her about the hero stuff -

Chas. old top, let me hear from you and if you can, come on over. In about a month ~~or so~~ I will be taking my finishing touches in another school and then to the front.

Yours,

Pen.

Censored, OK.
P. V. Stout, 1st Lt. A.S.S.C. U.S.R.

At Last.

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