(1) Permanent Address.
Cadet Penrose V. Stout.
U.S. ~~American~~ Air Service
A.E.F. ~~American Expeditionary Force~~.
Via New York, France.

(13)

My precious Mother,

This will be only a short note of you very own and the general news will be in a separate one so that you may forward it to Bronx Rest. They, for instance, won't be interested so much in knowing that I have thought of you on the rolling sea, on the land, and in the air - and thousands of times - but you will I know for I know how often you have thought of me. The value of you love increases, it seems, as the space which separates us widens and I have been genuinely homesick for you several times. When a fellow is all wet and cold and covered with mud and things don't seem to be breaking just right he begins to compare his state with past comforts, and my ideal of comfort is being where you are. Of course the life here is not all cold or wet or muddy - quite to the contrary, but that is part of the game.

As a matter of fact the days of real hardship are over now and I am most comfortable and happy. My material wellfare was greatly relieved by the receipt of the money (845 francs) which you sent me. That was certainly a life saver and I'm holding on to it like grim death. I had some surplus money when I left the States but it had been some time since ~~I was~~ we were paid off and most of the men started out dead broke -

when we reached Europe and real expenses presented themselves some of the men were just bang up against it and it was necessary to lend and spend until things were in a pathetic state - and although the "ghost hasn't walked yet" we are at last settled and there are few real expenses -

One week from to-day will be the 1st of December and you and Sookins are already busy on your Xmas presents and it seems less than three weeks ago that I told you good bye after your visit to Princeton - And while we are on the subject of Xmas - I don't need a thing and the mail deliveries are so blamed uncertain that I hope you won't attempt to send me anything. Of course if you knit me a pair of wristlets and Sookins a pair of 10½ or 11 grey socks with a couple of yellow stripes around the top, and put in some candy and a few cigs - the chance would be almost worth while - Tell Sooks I have plenty of handkerchiefs this year -

When does Margaret get married? How is Uncle James Coker. Has cousin Joe lost his glasses lately? Tell Jim that when I come back I'll kill more partridges with a machine gun than he can with his shot gun. There's fine shooting around here or rather lots of birds and I've thought of Jim quite often. I don't know exactly what I'll be doing Xmas but one thing is certain I'll be thinking of you and the very happy Xmas last year that I spent at Hartsville -

Devotedly, Pemose.