11

49 November 30, 1918.

Mother precious,

It makes me sad to think of all the unnecessary anxiety you have experienced. Wounded is such a fearsome word and generally implies a condition much more serious than my scratch and I know in your uncertainty how you have worried. But you must not do it. You must take my word for it that I am as comfortable as can be and I am progressing well. In fact the doctor told me today that my wound was healing so rapidly that he thought it would be unnecessary to sew it up and that if

my progress continued as rapid as it has I will be allowed to go to a convelescent hospital in four or five days. Which news is very welcomed as I believe a change of scene would do me as much good as anything else. Most of my old friends have left now and I should like to join them. There were four of us who took frequent walks together and had lots of congenial parties. There was Lt. Stockton, a classmate of Charlie's, a splendid fellow whose home is in Princeton, a Captain Simms of the Tank Corps whose home is in Washington and who I believe is is a second, great, grand nephew, once removed of the old admirals, and best of all Burgo Purcell who left only two days ago.

It is singular how many fellows I have met here who know people I know. There is a chap named Walfalk here from Columbus, Ga., kin to the Wolfolks of Montgy and to Jamie Wilcocks. There is the brother of one of Walker Reynold's old flames and so on.

I received a few days ago quite a lot of mail. It was a great surprise and was never more welcomed. There were three from you the latest being ~~Aug~~ Sept. 3, and oh! they were delightful. I enjoyed so hearing about the Shamons. Please give Mr. Shamon my very best regards when next you see him. I have frequently thought of our dinner in Tuly. with

Cousin Joe and I should like to know him better.

And now let me in all haste correct the rumor that I have suffered another jilt. The young Roper and his winning ways has caused me no sleepless nights or pangs of regret - First - The Mlle. Germaine of my acquaintance is, I gather from ~~my~~ her recent letters, unengaged - Second - If she were not it would not make a tremendous difference in my young life for although I am quite fond of her and she is a pretty, interesting little girl, I am whole heart and fancy free - My only sweetheart is Helen Garrett - to whom, by the way,

will you give my love and a kiss.

About a week ago I had a most delightful surprise. Margie's friend Gertrude Orr came down from Paris to see me. She had received a cable from that incomparable Margie which read "Penrose wounded; send cigarettes, books, food, love." How Gertie ever found which hospital I was at and how she ever came way down here alone is a story in itself. I was delighted to see her. It was as good as a tonic to have a day with that charming, bright little girl and she brought candy and books and cigarettes galore and todays

mail brought more of each from her. I shall never forget her kindness. It sort of spoiled things for her to find me so well. It would have been so much more appropriate if she had found me in bed and to have soothed my feavered brow. Instead we enjoyed a long walk and dinner at a quaint café in a nearby village.

And yesterday my friend Stanley came down from Paris to see me - it's a blessing to have such friends.

And yesterday came a package of cigarettes from England I don't know from whom - probably the ones which Cousin Joe asked David Coker to send.

Also a much delayed package from Elizabeth Hawkins with more cigarettes, some maple sugar, ~~and~~ a pair of socks which Cousin Inez had evidently knit and a beautiful pair that that dear little girl knit herself. Her first pair and a charming note tucked inside.

I haven't written about Jack's wonderful fortune because I thought that he would probably want to surprise you. I know that Becky is the happiest girl in America. Wasn't it all wonderful - the Croix de Guerre, the captaincy, the orders to go home and the recommendation for the D.S.C. and the

Legion d'Honor. Well the best part of it all is that he deserves all that and more - The squadron will loose its best man, but there isn't a man in it who isn't supremely happy over his fortune, and I believe I am almost as glad for him to go home as he is to go. I am wondering where he will be posted to instruct - probably in Montijy - wouldn't that be great for Becky and Grandmother? I shall miss him like fury when I go back.

Good night my precious a heart full of love for you and Cousin Joe.

Pearce.

Censored by
P. V. Stout, 1st Lt
AS USA.