

I cheer up a bit as I pass through the crowd and find lots of friendly faces left, and then I get busy at my counter and the world ~~wags~~ again, but after all it isn't a personal thing that finishes me, it isn't because I've personal friends among the marching soldiers- its just that I feel like all their mothers in one- its not as keen as that, of course, its just that I feel as though I represented all the women back home who would give everything they have to be in my boots. A representative is never the real thing, but still its is a representative.

Last night there was a movie in the Grove so the tent was pretty empty. At one time there was only one boy there, he was writing home and started talking about his home folks. He was very grateful for all the things the women back there are doing for the soldiers. "Sometimes it gets under my hide, when I think of all them women doin things for us- we can't never make up to them for all they do" Then I felt representative again and tried to give him some idea of the women's point of view? Most of the boys here are homesick and I don't know of one (or rather of only one) who wants to go home before our job is over. But then! My! it will be hard to hold the boys in hand when peace is declared. The dearest dream of us all over here is that victorious homecoming.

I believe I'm repeating myself. Haven't I said all this before? You wont mind, its much in my thoughts and Father can of course edit my letters-omit any, or anything, he does not think worth sending on.

Antella says she likes letters about what dress you have on and what you had for dinner, so I'll try for a minute to give you some idea of those things and if its too stupid- interrupted, I'll write that letter next and end this here. Oh, one thing, since I started this letter about four days ago I've been thinking about Miss Neff. She troubles me- at least I trouble myself, because I can see so exactly in her all the things I know I've got too. She goes around telling you all the nice things the boys say about her until you get so you don't believe any of them and that's just what 've been doing in my letters to you. But I think the point is that you've got to realize as I've said before, you're just a representative of American women- their own women- and when they say appreciative, pretty things (and they do) its not really personal at all. I guess its good for me to see how ugly it is when you take it all personally.

Here endeth the first lesson- but its given me food for thought.

Dearest love to all.

Mildred