

I'd been in England. There were a lot of taxis and one real kilt, and everybody had an accent that delighted my soul. Regular station work must be lots of fun. Its much more the kind of thing you read about and see pictures of than my everyday little tent- but, on the whole, I wouldn't swap. One Tommy threw a Bulgarian coin into my cigarette box "for a souvenir" and another teased me the sprig of heather he was wearing. As their train pulled out, another one drew in full of French people and I was with a crowd of Americans and (this would be omitted by the censor so I'll have to tell you when I get home)

Well, I've confessed to the Chief about giving away all that stuff, and of course he told me I ought not to do it - but his eyes had a nice twinkle behind them so I didn't take my reprimand much to heart. I suppose I've got to curb my give-away instinct though. It really isn't fair to the huts where they can't do it. We're to be allowed quite a splurge on Christmas Day, I believe, which is a comfort.

This is a scrappy letter - I can't help it, its been written at all sorts of odd times and places. These days are too hectic for much consecutive writing. Oh dear, there are so many little things to tell you, and I simply can't. I'm writing today hard, trying to forget the significance of tomorrow. I suppose we shant know the decision until Tuesday, but when you consider what the continuance of the war means for every single day, and of the endless days since 1914, and the gravity of the decisions being reached today why its worse than all Christmas Eves (when you're little) and Election Days (when you're big) rolled into one and looked at through a magnifying glass! Twice now the armistice has seemed so near - and hasn't arrived. But tomorrow-----Oh well, if its not tomorrow it will soon be "tomorrow" - only I ----well, it will just mean a bracing up of all muscles - spiritual as well as physical for the last pull if its not to be tomorrow.

Just think, people dear, when you read this it will be nearly a month later, and you'll know. These ups and downs are difficult. As I watched the boys the other night, and one after another familiar face came to the counter I just felt "Oh I'm so thankful you haven't got to go to the front" And yet now perhaps they will after all.

How the desire for one thing blots out all the others! A month ago the small items which crowd the papers now would have been scare headlines, and made us shout for joy, and now the one supreme piece of news seems so almost within reach that free Dardenelles, victorious Italy, collapsed Austria, beaten Turkey - they take your breath, but you catch it again and almost forget them in your eagerness for the top of the ladder. Oh well, as I've said before -- Oh well! Dearest love, anyway.

Mild-ed.