

so much important work to do that I simply couldn't leave it to F.T. alone. I wish I didn't need it at all!

13 January Everything remains in status quo. The troops haven't gone and I haven't decided anything about my vacation, except that I'd like to get along without it. It looks now as if our boys might get away by about the 18th, that would mean the last of February before I could think of leaving here. After that there'll be only two more months - it hardly seems worth while. Besides I've made a deal with F.T. now which eases up the work all along the line. She works the tent through the day and I run it evenings. That really means that she is responsible for supplies and cleanliness while I keep the general responsibility and am on the spot for all emergencies, or questions to be settled. From 6 to 10 P.M. are our busy hours. I take those and she goes to bed, whereas I don't get up in the morning until 10 or later, so I get well rested each day. It's a good plan and works well. It saves the bother and loss of time of a vacation.

I'm not a bit reconciled yet to not moving, but it begins to seem possible to stay. For a while it didn't. I'm trying to get everything mended and repaired and sewn up while I still have my beloved Headquarters Company full of men I can trust and a Captain who will detail me anyone I want at any time I want him. I hope to get everything in absolute order this week, then when the new troops move in there won't be half so big a problem to solve.

Speaking of problems, supplies just now are a huge one. You see the boys are thinking of their long trip home and wanting to "stock up". That, combined with the usual failure of the Y transportation, has kept both F.T. and me on the jump for the last ten days. We beg, borrow or steal any transportation we can get and so far have kept going, although I had to send a hurry call to a company kitchen last night for sugar. Twice I've simply taken the heaviest load I could pretend to carry from the Y warehouse and gone and sat by the roadside until some passing car took me up. Our weekly receipts have jumped about 3000 francs.

Perhaps you'll be interested in knowing our average business well - we take in an average of 18,000 francs a month. We are one of the smallest but there is; the whole business must be tremendous. I was interested the other day when one of the entertainers told me I was the first woman he'd met as hut secretary. There must be lots of them. It's really a woman's job, though I do wish for a man sometimes just to keep the accounts. I have to keep a daily, weekly and monthly record of every bill or coin or cheque or post order or exchange of any sort. I despise that part of the job - though it is interesting.

This is an awfully stupid letter I know, don't bore outsiders with it, but I do want my intimate friends to know why I'm staying put - and I can't write to all.

There's one other thing that's interesting I think. When the 41st moves out our Y division is to shrink, I believe it is to come from 41 or 42 huts down to 7 or 8. Some shrinkage!

We are to keep only those along the railroad. St. Remain is only 3 miles out so ---Of course you never can tell for sure. I don't believe even the General knows anything positive and permanent so cheer up! My next letter may be headed "Berlin".

Oh dear!

Never mind, - I send just as much love.

Wildred