

to leave us for the Front. It was oppressive. Besides I was very near at the game and felt as though I were riding a wobbly bicycle. Now the war is over, the boys are leaving us for home-going steamers, I can ride without my hands, and I'm going home in a month. No wonder there's more sunlight! I'd catch Marie watching me as I'd whistle with the boys, evenings, or jolly and laugh with them. She evidently approved, but found it hard to get used to. I asked her in more or less alarm if she thought me undignified. She said no, but that the boys used to be a little afraid of me while now they weren't, but that she couldn't see that they didn't respect me just as much. So I was reassured. Its just riding without your hands.

There's another hooray just now too. Of course you can't be sure of anything over here until it actually happens, but it looks as though I were going to see Priscilla in a couple of days. She's at Mantee now - only about six hours away. As soon as the new men come in and the tent gets going again there's no earthly reason why I shouldn't run down there for over Sunday. Of course there's this Y investigation which holds everybody in this Division, but I saw the head of it - Colonel Mathews - the other day and he said my name wasn't on his list so there was no reason why I shouldn't go (which also releases me when my time is up - thank heavens). There's a new Y rule that all applications for leaves must pass through the Paris office. That means a delay of nearly a month, and I want to go this Thursday! There's one loophole though, sick-leaves may be granted immediately if you can get a doctor's certificate. So Miss Shepherd, Miss Colvin and I marched over to the District Surgeon's office on Saturday to get certificates. They looked the part, they're really pretty much all in, but my word! I guess I was the healthiest applicant for a sick leave that ever entered the office! I didn't even try to bluff it. I said I thought it was all right to ask for it because I'd worked for 8 months without a day off and it was the only way in which I could get one. The Colonel wasn't there himself. A Lieutenant talked with us. He just took our names and the times and places we wanted to go - and we live in hope. I'm going in today to see if it went through. If it did, its me for Mantee and a five day leave and Priscilla! My! how I want to see her. Do you realize I haven't seen a single soul I really care about for nearly 9 months. Thats going some - for me.

I could go on endlessly, but there isn't time. Goodby everybody. Its pretty exciting to realize that there probably wont be time for you to answer this letter, isn't it. I hope to start home about the end of March. But you never can tell - it may be April.

Did I tell you I'd had a personal note from Mrs. Head asking me to go to Germany? Oh why couldn't it have come months ago! I've refused. You can't go to a new Division now for less than 4 months and --its home, dearie, home, it is home I fain would be. So---

Dearest love,

Mildred.