

"I wan-ter go home!"

This being with Pris makes me "wan ter" even more. We went to a real opera on Saturday night- music - lights - Priscilla - its all so far removed from my tent its difficult to realize its the same world.

The opera was lots of fun- I mean, the audience. Crowds, jams, of everybody in the world. Uniforms of every description - Blue devils Red Cross, doughboys, poilus, Belgian tassels, officers in karki and in blue, one gorgeous gold-embroidered general, and one awfully nice looking American family in real clothes: father, mother, 13 year old son, 25 year old daughter, and an aunt, I think, just about my age, and the first real American non-war woman I've seen in 8 months. I simply adored her changeable blue and green silk dress and her deep purple Liberty scarf. Sitting right in front of her was an old woman with a Breton cap, and a beautiful red trousered blue officer, and in the top gallery were men without collars and children - just babies! and frowny looking women, not half as "chic" as my little country Renee. During the entracte a little boy hawked oranges and tiny sticks of chocolate, and people dropped the orange skins from the galleries and no one cared.

The orchestra was half empty but those who were there struggled valiantly. We could hardly hear the overture, but the opera itself went better. Two of the voices were really lovely and the acting was good. And oh my! what clothes! Philine was French to her finger tips, her gowns were creations, and "Filhelm" appeared in one act in a superb light gray corded silk coat with a waistcoat of silver tissue, the whole thing heavily embroidered in gold. White silk knee breeches, white stockings with gold flowered clocks, black shoes with red heels. Some suit!

I don't suppose one usually goes to "Mignon" to revel in clothes, but after so many months of O.D. they were nearly as great a pleasure as the music itself. "Mignon" was one of the lovely voices and her "C'est la" song was exquisite. I forgot all about tents and soldiers and gallons of chocolate and corned willie! Oh I'm glad I'm coming home so soon! Its an awfully satisfactory feeling to know you aren't leaving a job that needs your continued presence. I don't know why exactly, but I do feel that I've just about done all that I was to do over here. I'm ready to leave. But oh! how I shall miss it all after I get back home!

I had a funny time getting here - I wrote you, didn't I, about how I had to cut or untie miles of red tape? On account of the Y investigation I had to see a Colonel, that was O.K. he said my name wasn't on the list of witnesses so I could leave. And then in order to get a leave without a month's delay, I had to get a doctor's certificate and go on "sick leave". That seemed more difficult, for anyone healthier than I would be hard to find, but I dictated the certificate myself and Miss Colvin typed it so all the doctor had to do was to sign it. He's lazy, I know, but I calculated if it were no trouble to him my chances would be good-and they were.

Nantes is normally about 6 hours from St. Aignan. I left St. Aignan at 8:30 A.M. and reached Nantes at 10:30 P.M. I got some food at the Red Cross canteen in the station and then started for a bed. There to find one was a problem. I'd no idea where Hospital 36 was and it was getting later every minute. No one else seemed to know either so finally I hired an old hack and started on a tour of hotels "No room" I was amused, but it isn't so funny to spend the night in a cab so I shall love for life the manager of the Hotel de France who took me in. He first telephoned for me to four more hotels, and then, when they all reported no room, he put me in his only empty one - a grand apartment, evidently kept for nobility or brides. And he charged me only 12 francs at that. I told him when I left that when my father knew how kind he'd been to me he'd be very grateful-and it pleased him a lot.

After the opera Pris and I went to this same hotel and spent the night. It was lots of fun. We both felt as though we were still on that mad trip we made together in 1914. I guess Pris was as glad