

of the change as I. She's working pretty hard and has had to put up with far more roughing it than I have. However I've never seen her look better in her life and she's very happy. Just now she's lodged in luxury in a real house (instead of barracks) with electric lights, a gas range, an open fire (not much wood though) and - luxury of luxuries - running water! I haven't turned a tap since June and can hardly believe such comforts exist.

Since I've been here we've cooked our meals ourselves, its no trouble at all and we do enjoy it. We have sardines, rice, pease, scrambled eggs on toast with a layer of delicious pate between-coffee or chocolate, and the first dry little French cakes which are just beginning to creep back into the shops.

Its interesting to see the old things beginning again. They served butter at the hotel the other day, not such, just a couple of weensy shells each, but real butter just the same. And I got bread at a restaurant once without a bread ticket. Its all war bread still - that is, its still dark and uninteresting, no rolls or anything like that - but its pretty good just the same.

The hospital is about 10 minutes by trolley from town. Its awfully nice for Pris for she finishes work at about 4:30 and can dash in for dinner or the opera whenever she likes. She works from 8 to 13 and again from 1:00 to 4:30 and has Sundays off. Thats pretty good. We started yesterday (Sunday) luxuriously in bed for breakfast and lazed until nearly lunch time. Then we dressed in a hurry and had lunch in a fascinating French restaurant with iron tables and a sanded floor and rum in the after-dinner coffee. We came back here after that and joined two friends of Priscilla's and picked primroses! After supper we lit the fire and sat on the floor before it and I read poetry aloud, and we hashed people and things and had a heavenly time. Pretty nice?

I've meant every day so far to go to town while Pris is busy and shop and have a shampoo, but somehow when you haven't got to do anything its wonderful not to do it. I've just lounged around and read poetry and written this and enjoyed myself. But I've only a seven day leave and I must get busy, soon.

Fifteen pages - and nothing in them! Its time I stopped. I never write letters nowadays without realizing how stupid they are, but if you few friends and family of mine will just forget they're war letters and take them simply as personal letters to you perhaps you wont mind.

Dear love to all

Mildred