

*Dere Mable:*

Here I am ritin you at the govermint's expense for the last time. Were in the same place where we first rested almost a year ago. It hasnt changed much except theyve gotten in more mud an tents since then an there aint so many boats to unpack.

Weve turned in our Soizant Canses to some monument factory. Weve said good by to our horses for ever. The last thing one of them did was to try an kick me as I went past. Thats there idea of gratitude. Now we got less to do than the doboys cause we havnt even got rifles to clean. This is the last letter youll ever get from me in France. If I have my say about it its the last letter youll ever get from me anywhere. I never want to get out of telephone range agen. Our boat is all ready. This will probably travel over on the same boat with me. I wanted to rite you from the A.E.F. for the last time. An by the way, Mable, that dont mean Am Expectin Flowers but Am Extremely Fortunate.

There aint much to say just like there aint much to do. I feel awful funny. I cant exactly explain it. Of course I want to go home. Thats all Ive wanted to do since November. At the same time I feel kind of sad like you do when your comin back to work from your summer vacashun. We been in the old army so long, an weve done the same things an cussed at them so many times, that