

Randall is to move, too. He is to be made Divisional Secretary somewhere else; and he says if he finds a good opening he'll try to get me sent on to him. He may do it - he may not. If I've got to go to St. Aignan, I'd like to make good there before I move on.

I'll probably live with Eleanor Doty, which would be pleasant, but not all sugar, for she lives about 2 miles from the hut. Bicycles, I suppose.

I'm afraid it will mean shorter letters home. There will be much more work, and they don't have days off there as we do here. I suppose there is a bright side to it, but I don't find it very shiny tonight. I don't ~~want~~ to go.

I'm a little afraid, too. They are asking me because they think I've plenty of "pep" and initiative. As a matter of fact, I haven't the initiative - I'm just good at thinking up things - all the best things here were other peoples' suggestions. I can see a good point when it's made, but I can't see it for myself; and while I know I've plenty of "pep" when I'm feeling fine, I'm not sure of its staying quality when I get tired. I'm afraid they'll be disappointed in me - and again my pride suffers at the thought. Oh well -

Goodnight, my dear home people - at least it will add to the things I can tell you about when I get back. Love to you all, most especially father.

Mildred.

P.S. My hand is nearly well now. It looked rather, day before yesterday, as if I might be in for another bad time such as I had last year; but last night it cleared up, the swelling went down and now it's well on the way to normal. I've been using it all day, and the Dr. says the poison is all out, and it needs only cold cream to heal it completely. It's been a bother for two days only and has brought out so much kindness from every one that I've enjoyed it a lot. The whole family here have sat up for my return these last two nights, in order to find out how the hand was before they went to bed! And soldiers, shopkeepers, small boys - every one - in the streets have stopped me to ask about it, because I had it bandaged. I pitched in a baseball game to-day we had after lunch, so you see it's all over now but the shouting.

More love,

Mildred.

OK
Chaplain 162 Inf.

OK
Chaplain Gilbert
162 Inf.
Your daughter is sure some
ball-player! Should have been
a boy! Terribly in love with
her dad.