

stopped here long enough to show Miss Ely the tent and my embryo kitchen and then went on with them to St. Aignan to say goodbye to the chief. I hate to have him go; he's a very fine man but he's going up to the front and I'm thankful enough to know we're going to have at least one really good executive there. All these stories of Y people trying to make money at the Front make me very sore. Not half are true, but some must be founded on fact for we've had an awful lot of poor stuff in this organization. Its getting better all the time though.

Now for my own special excitement. As we passed here this afternoon we met the Major and he casually remarked that he'd probably move out- the whole crowd- some time next week. I suppose more troops will come. I don't know, but what the Major wants is to pack up the Y too - the tent and me- and take us along. Can you imagine anything more interesting than being adopted by a particular regiment in that way and traveling with them!!! Oh, if I only could! But Miss Ely promptly squelched that excitement by saying that Y wouldn't allow it, it would interfere with the general organization.

During the afternoon Miss Ely asked me if the time came for me to choose, whether I'd rather go to the Front or stay behind. I told her I'd come over to do what the Y wanted and I'd accept anything that they told me to do. She put it pretty strongly to me that I was needed back here- everyone wants to move up and they need good people to stay behind. (Of course that sounds as though I thought I was a "good" person. I fall very far short of what I might be, but you ought to see some of the pills we've got! Anyone would be good in comparison) So I rather settled it in my mind that here I'd sit for the winter. I'm happy here, but naturally I would like to see something of the war. However, I accepted the situation placidly enough. Then came the Major's proposition. Even though its impossible it did excite me. And when I got to St. Aignan Mr. Ames told me that Mr. Randall has written to Paris asking for me and though it wasn't yet decided I might get the chance to choose whether I'd go or not. I don't just know where Mr. Randall is, but its much nearer the fighting region. Besides its the same Division where Mr. Ames is going. Gosh! The chance to work under the two men I most like and respect over here, and at the same time to get up into the scene of action!!! Nothing doing though. I spoke to Miss Ely about it and there was no hesitation in her attitude. She wants me to stay here. Indeed she says she thinks it wont even come to me to choose because they're making a rule in Paris that you have to serve six months back of the line before you can go up. She rather gave me to understand that she'd see to it that it didn't come to me. I didn't say much. I'm crazy to go for lots of reasons. I guess I let her see that. But being crazy to go doesn't agree very well with my declaration of a few hours earlier that I'd gladly do anything the Y wanted. I'm a little ashamed that I didn't say at once- "I wont even think of it" I didn't. I left it open, if the chance should come. You see I figure it that if the Paris office lets me choose it means that they are willing that I should go, and their authority is higher than Miss Ely's. I spoke to Mr. Ames about it. He said he thought I'd be good up there and he said also he thought I could handle a little more responsibility than I have now. I don't agree with him there, but I liked hearing him say it. However, he said he thought my strong suit was in making friends and that was more possible back here than it would be there.

Oh its a hectic world! All this Bulgarian business and two impossible chances for the Front- all in the same day.

One of the Y men brought me back home, after supper, in a side car with my brain whirling. I got to the tent just in time for the chocolate line and as I served it and jollied with the men I got pretty well calmed down. After all, there's nothing I know really better than just what I'm doing. I guess I can keep contented here. I'll have to go to St. Aignan tomorrow, maybe, and I'll tell Miss Ely I'll stay put here. Only-- if I were sure the need was greatest here I wouldn't think of it again- Oh well, I'll sleep on it. Its late. I've got to go to bed. I'll add a few lines tomorrow to tell you my conclusions. Of course all that temper in a scapet may prove to be entirely unimportant. I may not get the notice after all. But it is exciting.