

Sunday--Not such help in decision by sleeping on it. I guess I'll go up to headquarters and telephone to St.A. The wood problem is still unsolved. I think we made out by stealing last night. We had the fire and I didn't inquire too closely into how it came. I bought wood at Contres yesterday, but can't get it transported.

If Miss Ely is in when I telephone I'll tell her I'll be good and stay put. I suppose that's what I ought to do. I can't quite get over the feeling though that if headquarters O.K.'s Mr. Randall's request its higher authority than Miss Ely's. Oh, dear, I seem to spend all my time here missing chances to get to the front. First the French Foyer because I don't speak well enough, then the Major's idea, then Mr. Randall's. Oh well----!

Now I've got to go out and get some wood. I suppose it would be possible to serve the chocolate cold tonight, but the nights are cold now and apt to be rainy and a hot drink means an awful lot to the boys. The condensed milk gave out yesterday but we've several cans of malted milk and enough sugar so we made up some pretty good stuff even without it.

I wish I were really efficient instead of just bluffing. Some women would get the goods anyway and I'm always afraid of fussing Dear love to everyone. So much to Father that I don't see how there's any left over for anyone else- but there is, plenty.

Mildred --who's stuck in the same place indefinitely!