

pleased because I wanted an excuse to get to St. Aignan. Mrs. Mead, the one who took me into the Y back in New York, is over here now, she's traveling around and had dropped in for half an hour the evening before. It was so awfully good to get a glimpse of a person from home, even one I don't know very well, that I wanted ever so much to see her again. So I seized the candle excuse and started off. I stopped to play ball for five minutes with some of the men and also to ask to have my expected detail put off until 2:30. Then I climbed the hill and started through the lovely woods between here and St. Aignan. It's a beautiful road, real forest for three quarters of the distance so I don't mind walking it a bit, only I've never had to, all the way (it's about 2 miles). This time I'd just about reached the woods when I got picked up by a huge army truck and carried in. Wanted to stop at the Y first because I knew Mrs. Mead was leaving sometime during the day, but it's another mile from the Y to the town and I hadn't the time to spare to risk the loss of such a good hitch. I was rewarded all right by being able to get all the candles I wanted - 80 pounds-- at the Commissary and then had more luck in getting another hitch back to the Y in some sort of army camionette. I've ridden in every sort of conveyance now from a truck to a side car.

I missed Mrs. Mead though. She'd just left. I'd a rainbow in my soul about the candles, but I was awfully sorry not to see her again. However, I found a letter from Anne and a birthday card from Antella so I was happy. Lunch was nice too for I sat next Miss Shepherd, who is a teacher at Smith, and she was full of excitement over the news of her brother's marriage and just had to blow off, so we had a decidedly genial meal. After lunch I saw our new chief, Mr. Helms about the detail question, and had interviews with the secretaries in charge of entertainments and religious work. Then I went to the warehouse and got the promise of a delivery before dark of my candles; I saw the transportation man and the special driver too, just to make sure. I started home on foot and walked nearly all the way before a truck came along. It was a most heavenly day though so I didn't mind jollied various guards as I passed, one called out "It's easy to tell where you came from" I said "Where" and "how do you know?" "New York" he said "By yer smile" I read Anne's letter going up the long hill and stopped and read bits of it to a homesick boy on the way. Bits about saving gasoline and the Emergency Canteen. You seldom walk a hundred yards over here without stopping to talk, it's lots of fun.

I got back to find everything all right although there was nothing doing, of course, Marie was selling papers-nothing else was open. I came over to my room and started this letter. In about twenty minutes Marie came to tell me that the detail had arrived, so I flew over and greeted them like long lost brothers. They looked around and asked how long the work would last. I was a bit taken aback for I wanted steadies, not just an afternoon's detail. They said they'd help me out for a few minutes but that they did not want the job. I told them I didn't want them for even a few minutes - there wasn't any heat about it - you couldn't blame them, but I was pretty disappointed. I dashed up to the office they'd been sent from and put in a hurry call for two more. A nice sergeant took me to Headquarters office where I told my tale of woe and in about half an hour got two really good men. In the meantime I got back to the tent to find that two men, who'd heard me say the night before that I needed help, had quietly taken charge of the kitchen. They were heating and carrying water and scrubbing up everything until we were cleaner than we've been since I came. I was awfully grateful to them. They split wood and boiled the water and fixed us up splendidly and then in the evening came back and washed cups and helped with the chocolate. In the meanwhile the two new men for a detail arrived and got busy with the stock, so we were able to open at about five o'clock. Supper now is at 5:30 P.M. eating with one of the companies and it's loads of fun. I take my mess kit and get just the same food the men do- good stuff too. The only difference is that there's a plank table for the officers and me inside the great open barn which is the company kitchen. I wonder if I'll have any manners when I get home. I'm so used, now, to one plate and one fork for everything I shan't expect anything else, and I've not seen a napkin for six weeks.

After supper the truck with the candles and a lot of other stuff arrived, then I mixed the chocolate and put it on sale. A musical show turned up and ran from 7:00 to 8:40. Good too, first and