

Next we had a string eating contest. Six pieces of heavy thread with a piece of chocolate on each end of each. The man who got to his chocolate first got the rest of the bar as prize.

By that time everyone was in the best of humors, so I got up on the stage again and called for volunteers - for songs or anything - Not a soul moved. It just couldn't fall flat so I said "Boys I'll call your bluff, I'm just as scared as you are but I'm going to speak a piece" and I gave them Browning's "Incident of the French Camp". Then I said "Is there anyone now who'll do something". A voice from the back lines said "Here's one who will" and a boy climbed up on the stage and apouted. He was a dear; he got stuck several times but he didn't get rattled and was a grand success. He gave us "The Cremation of Sam McGee" and "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" and another endless one about a train wreck and a dying baby! Then another man came forward and said he'd sing. He was fine. He just sat on the edge of the platform and sang funny songs. Once a "damn" came in and he left it blank and turned to look at me - you ought to have heard the boys shout. After a few songs he began "K-K-K-Katy" and everyone came in on the chorus. There was a funny fann fat man from the "Y" H.Q. here that night and he has a voice as big as himself. He bellowed above them all, then came forward and sang some other things and told funny stories.

Right in the middle of the festivities the call to quarters blew! I'd no idea it was so late. It was better though to snap it off in a whirl than to have it peter out. It was a good show. We're going to have another soon.

Mr. Prentiss - the secretary for religious work - wants me to get up a Bible Class. I've promised to consider it, but I feel pretty shy about it. The Educational Man was out here the other day too, but there are limits!

It troubles me a little that I'm not behind the counter oftener, but after all I guess it's all right. I suppose (as long as the canteen is there, going all right without you) that you can fulfill your job by jollying men in the street and in the tent as well as by doing it over the counter. As I interpret the job it's to be friendly and try to give them a good time. But my word! what a lottery it is! The kind of job you get, I mean. So many of the women over here are spending every ounce of their energy and second of their time just in cooking, over-seeing a kitchen, and selling, without a change for a personal word with any of the men. That's what I escaped when I didn't have to go to the St. Aigman hut that time. Just think how much more interesting my kind of job is! And yet it must sound so egotistical and insignificant to your people, who can get so much excitement from the daily papers. Do remember I can't write of military affairs but because I don't write of them doesn't mean I'm not just as on edge with them as you are. My letters have to be of little personal affairs - please don't think my interest is bounded by them.

It's taken five days to write this - if any of you are wondering why I don't write to you it's just because there's not time in the day. I keep thinking of people I want awfully to write to. Please, everybody, take these general letters as personal ones too. And take my love with them.

Mildred.

11th Oct. Just one word more. If any of you can possibly beg, borrow, or steal a kodak wont you please get someone to take a few snapshots of you and send them to me. You can't get any Christmas packages to me, there's nothing I need anyway, but I do long for letters and pictures. I've just received the afternoon, the pictures Father had taken for my birthday, and well I haven't words for my gladness in getting them. Please dear people, every one of you, please.

Mildred

12 Oct. I've been too busy to see about giving this to the censor, so I'll add another day. I was awfully pleased this morning. It seems there are a couple of other women who want this job. The chief, Mr. Helms, came out this morning, and looked around a bit. Of course, when I heard it I said I was willing to move if he

October 10th.