

Ninth Letter

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the things he tells me I'd make faster progress than I do. Oh, I get on pretty well though. I've not had any lessons for the boys lately. I must see if anyone wants one tonight. Its difficult to find an hour when they are free and I'm not too busy.

The little chap who hangs over the counter and tells me I remind him of his school-teacher, brought me a present the other day - a blue silk handkerchief embroidered with pink roses and edged with imitation lace. I tell you, I appreciated that! He's hard up too, I happen to know. He buys cookies sometimes and then offers me some, very shyly. Last night he brought me a bottle of lemon flavoring extract asking if I could use it. He's so simple that he's almost "simple", quite the littlest boy in karki I've met. I can't bear to think of him going to the front. Nice straight boy too.

Mr. Randall tells me he occasionally overhears one of the men tell another of the cookies he got at the "Y" tent - which is so exactly what we're aiming at that I was awfully pleased. You see we have all the entertainments in the grove, near the tent, and now that the rye is in we are to have that field for baseball, and we've a tennis court (all sand) and a basketball ground and a bandstand there. We're trying to provide entertainment sufficiently far from the cafes to keep the men out of them. We get crowds, but oh dear, the crowds we can't touch! The men are pretty straight though, there's very little drunkenness, and what there is is quickly suppressed for we've a fine band of military police.

I can't help feeling apologetic for my letters. Your newspapers are thrilling - ours are sufficiently so at present, and you think of me as living in the midst of battle, murder, and sudden death, and all I have to write about is silk handkerchiefs and jam turnovers. As a matter of fact it is about all I have to write about, the life here is as calm as at home. No, not quite, its different, of course, but at least there are no thrilling events at all going on here - and if there were I couldn't write of them. So you'll have to put up with trivialities. I'm sorry. Some of our girls went up much nearer the front and I suppose they'll be interesting. You might just as well expect excitement from New Preston as from Contres. Never mind, I love you all just the same!

Mildred.