

don't just know what yet. Perhaps see that she gets a little more school, 12¹/₂ is pretty young to go to work. I don't know though, exactly how to manage it. Marie needs her at home.

If a day goes by without my getting some kind of a present I feel cheated. At least I think I would, I haven't had the chance yet. All sorts of odd little things from all sorts of people, from faded rosebuds from dirty little 4 year olds to a real sampler Marie gave me the other day which Susanne made last year. Not a very elaborate one compared with our New England children and quite awful coloring, but lots of work and I loved her giving it to me. One of the soldiers hauled a much mused silk handkerchief out of his pocket the other day and spread it out for me to see the poem printed on it. Something about "I like to be with you" - "I want yer ter remember this here" he said, and then he hunted all over the hanky - "There's another writing I want yer read too", finally he found it, "Remember me" embroidered on the corner. Pretty sweet! That boy brings me a newspaper every night. Pretty thrilling just now aren't they.

Little 9 year old Pierre has something for me nearly every day, usually a flower but sometimes a piece of chewing gum or something the soldiers have given him. Pierre is a dear little chap and helps quite a lot in all sorts of ways. Sometimes he gets to fooling with things and then I send him away. The other day I had to order him off and he went slowly, at the corner I saw his head go down into his crooked elbow and that was too much for me. I ran after him and hugged him. I told him he had to go because he'd been naughty but that I hoped he'd come back in the evening. No effect, sobs continued. I kissed him then on the only clean spot I could find and told him he was the only little boy in France I'd kissed. That did the trick. He beamed right through his tears and ran off happily. Pierre is not much bigger than Christopher for all his nine years. Last evening he gave me a little knot of ribbon he'd got from school. I pinned it on, and four year old Eugene promptly offered another, which of course I accepted. A few minutes later Pierre saw Miss Wooster inside the tent and whispered to me that it might be courteous to offer her one of my decorations.

I've invented two things this week, a lantern and a cake. The cake is a joke, we have one kind of boxed cookie the soldiers won't buy - they're too dry and hard. We were afraid the cake would be a total loss. I grind the cakes into powder, mixed it up with chocolate fudge, roll it into balls, and sell it as a kind of cookie-candy. "Hand grenades" we call them, and the boys like them a lot. I'm making doughnuts now too. I've an easy receipt which is pretty good. I was a proud woman last night when a couple of camp cooks asked me for the receipt. I'm a little ashamed of my delight when I hear the boys' comments on my chocolate and cakes. I know perfectly well I ought to do my damndest and then not care for appreciation but I do just the same, and when I over hear "That's good" or when they say "Got any more of them cookies" or "Give me another franc's worth" I feel life is worth living. "This sort ought not be allowed, it finishes my cash" gave me real joy the other day.

Making them is as much fun as selling them. Sometimes all the boys are busy, but often, in fact usually, I have one or two hanging around telling me about their homes or girls or work. Did I tell you about my attempt to bake that resulted in a sticky substance so hard that one of the M.P.'s (Military police) had to lend me his club to hammer a knife through it? (Incidentally the boys ate every speck of candy - so you see that because a thing sells is no real evidence of its intrinsic worth!) One of the boys said "I ain't had nothin to write home about, but gee! I have now!"

The lantern is a great success. You see our only illumination is by candles and when the wind gets busy - even when it only thinks about getting busy - the candles flicker and get so that it's hard to see by them and the candle is wasted. I found some big glass lamp shades, the kind we use in stable lanterns, and I sawed boards into little squares, cut a cross 1/2 deep on each one to let air in under, fastened the candle in the centre and the shade over it by means of a wire ring - and there you are! A perfectly steady clear light no matter, how much wind.