

Rather more I think.

Dearest love to everyone, especially Father.

Mildred.

P.S. There's one thing I forgot to tell you that's rather amusing. Somewhere near Contres there must be a nation of yellow jackets because every house complains of them. I wish you could see our kitchen when we take anything sweet. They especially love condensed milk and cluster so thickly around that they actually sear on the knife while we're opening it and get caught in the stream while we're pouring it out. And just then we make "honeymoons" I stand over Marie with a fan to keep them off and even then its all we can do not to bake them in every cake. I grind pineapples sometimes with one hand and we've the other wildly to keep them off. They aren't apt to sting unless you put your hand down on one. Marie has been stung a lot but they don't hurt her much. So far I've been stung only twice but both bothered me for a long time. Talk about carrying on under bombardment! I rather think we deserve a few medals ourselves, Marie and I, yellow jackets aren't always a joke. It's fun to see her afraid of them the soldiers are, but we're getting so used to them we don't mind them much. It's only when you're in a hurry and forget to look out for them, that they sting. My right hand is a little bumped up just now between a sting and a little strained wrist. That's one reason this writing is so poor. The other is that its poor anyway!

More love - all you want!

Mildred

Another P.S. - 11 P.M.

We've had a party tonight. Mme. Brunet, M. Anne. Fountains, the two children, two French friends, 3 American soldiers and I. We played cards then all the rest had champagne and I stuck to lemonade. Its against 7 rules to drink in uniform and I'd explained to Mme. earlier in the day.

It was a very gay party although the soldiers don't speak French nor the French people English except little Mlle. Ann Marie who is pretty as two pictures just 16. She and I had the best time I guess for we were the only two who were in all conversations.

It was another "picture". Fager excited French people and great big strong American soldiers all laughing together. They proposed the first toast to America, then I gave them France! and after that we all rose and drank standing to "Victory!" Mme. Brunet the old lady - said to me, "Say to your Father that we are with him in heart" and drank it as a toast. I thought it was sweet of her and promised I would write tonight before I went to bed. Mr. Randall brought me two letters from Father - yes! that's the 4th in 8 days! Luck like that can't last. Mr. R. joined us and I was glad I'd stuck to lemonade. He shared it with me. It's late now. I'll try to stop. Nope, I don't get started again!

More love, Still Mildred.