

in front of the counter, so of course all commerce shuts down for the evening. We stack the tables up against the sides of the tent and bring in more benches from the Grove. The village children adore the "cinema" and fill every spare crack in the audience. The littlest sit on the floor in front. Last Monday, Marie, Suzanne, and I sat together on one overturned case, with Antoinette and Pierrot in our laps and a crowd of children at our feet. I explained Rip in French to Marie as we went along. Antoinette, who has just learned to walk, toddled right out almost into the picture in her excitement, but Pierrot was just too tired even for the movies and fell sound asleep, with his head in his mother's lap, his body in Suzanne's and his feet in mine. Five year old Eugene succumbed too and was carried out sound asleep, and Jean toppled over and slept on the floor. The older children adored it all. The soldiers were a bit bored, it was a dull show, but they enlivened the evening by whistling. A whistling chorus is fine and I loved it because I could join in.

Another evening we had a Lieutenant who spouted "The face on the Bar-Room Floor" (Remember Happy, Anne?) and hypnotized a half dozen of the men afterwards. I enjoyed the spouting and the stories he told of the Front but I hated the Hypnotism. His stories were good and after them he answered any questions. The men had, most of them, not been to the Front yet and they were eager to ask all sorts of things. That was interesting.

Of course there are evenings-- last night for instance-- when there's so little doing (so few soldiers in town) that you've time to gossip a bit with almost everyone who comes in. I'm not sure, after all, that I don't like those evenings best, although they don't give one a sense of much accomplished. They are sociable, though, and friendly.

I've not told you about our mess but I will some other time. How I do run on!

Dearest love to all. That sounds impossible, I know, but from this distance you are not only very dear individuals but also an entity-- my home people. So my love comes both individually and to the whole group as a unit.

Lovingly,
Mildred.