

16th. (Perhaps 15th, I've lost count.)  
The last told about the afternoons and finish of  
the day here.)

Coutres,  
4 September.

Dearest Father:

Its hard to believe its really September. I shall send my next letter to the office I think because I am so uncertain of the date it will arrive; and after that I suppose it will be 47 again. Why, it seems like last week that I left New York- and here's a whole summer slipped in between. Its next door to impossible to realize that you're getting ready to leave Washington already. And the next time you go up I'll be with you! I've really been surprised myself to find how I've missed Washington this year. I keep seeing bits of road- Nettleton Hollow, and the River Road, bits of the New Milford road, the Dark Valley, and the big beech tree behind the knoll- there's nothing as lovely over here! I dont suppose you want a letter from over here about home scenery, but you have to have it, a little, if you want to keep track of the things I'm thinking.

Nothing new here. Where's a holdup in the mail somewhere and I've had only one letter in nearly two weeks. That was from Anne though, and she gives me more news of Father than I get in any other way, so next to one from Father himself it was pretty satisfactory. I get pretty jumpy and inclined to thinking I've too many small children around when there comes a long stretch without mail, and yet I'm infinitely better off than some of the men. You see they move about so, their letters go astray. I say, I've not had word from home for ~~ages~~! and some one will say I've not heard for three months." Then I think of my ten days old letter and feel small. Lots of the boys are pretty homesick. Some admit it; some dont; but homesick or not they're in splendid "morale". I grow prouder daily of being an American woman.

We're having a gasoline shortage here for the time being; we dont expect it to be permanent but it ties up things considerably. We get all our supplies from St. Agnan by motor truck and when they dont arrive we're put to it for stock. I can keep on with "Honey-moons" as long as I can get flour, for they dont require sugar, but I've had to shut down on other kinds of cake lately because of a shortage in sugar too. You see I use an awful lot. We sold over 31 gallons of chocolate the other day in the tent and even though I make it with sweetened condensed milk that means lots of sugar.

All French things are looking up. The exchange of money is 5.25 now. It was 5.70 when I arrived! The bread is beginning to brighten too. It used to be pretty coarse and dark, now its mulatto. Of course we're all feeling pretty happy over the newspapers. The men say "The French wont leave us anything to do", but the French say, "Its all owing to the Americans". I verge upon censorable comments. I'd better steer clear of military affairs entirely.

I said I'd tell you about evenings in the tent. I've been gossiping about all these other things hoping to put off the moment of starting on that for I simply cant do it justice. You'd have to be here to get the feel of it.

Well-here goes! When I get to the tent at about 6:30 I find a few men already there. They want cigarettes and I help them with one hand while I take out the stock from under the counter arrange it on the shelves and let down the big door of the counter with the other. When there are plenty of soldiers here there isn't a minute after that; if everything isn't ready for them beforehand there's an awful tie-up and it takes patience on the part of the men and speed on ours to straighten them out. However, that doesn't happen very often, usually I find Marie on the job when I arrive, mixing chocolate, washing bowls, and seeing to it that everything is ready, so the "wet canteen" is open as soon as the "dry" and as those first cigarette men leave the counter I get into a big apron (sometimes) and am ready for the boys already clustering around my end of the counter for "Got any chocolate tonight?" "Gimme ten of them cookies" Fleming - the detailed soldier- comes in just then, and takes over the dry end of the counter, often Mr. Parmele turns up and helps him; they keep busy but their end is not a patch on mine. We kept the accounts separate one night and I ran over two thirds of the money taken in. Its not that the boys actually need food and drink, they're exceedingly well fed, its just that its