

Oh! no! I've forgotten to tell you of my particular pet educational scheme! You know I wrote you that I was having French classes? Well, they didn't continue very long though. I tried them in various ways. I felt a little badly about it, but was relieved to hear one of the "big" men declare, at our last Division conference, that, as matters now stood, teaching was simply impossible. You see our boys change constantly in the first place, and in the second the very fact that they're free have the time for class- means that the canteen should be open and you're busy. I found out all those difficulties and felt it would take a cleverer woman than I to solve them. I haven't solved them, but just the same I'm having French lessons on and off continually now. I've made a lot of posters - not pictures- just French phrases and their translation- and I've sewed them between the windows of the tent. Its on the subway advertising idea; lots of the boys come into the tent and "just set" why not get a little French into their heads while they're setting? I've made the signs of cotton and written them in ink with the end of a rubber as Connie taught me, and I've all sorts of different signs; I've various phrases, those I think the men would be most apt to use, and I've the days of the week, etc. and I've the French weights and measures with their English (or rather American) equivalents, and now I'm fixing a money sign and planning several others. I've noticed the men looking at them a good deal, and I rather hope they may help. At any rate, its offering all the assistance I can without ramming it down their throats.

Fidis Centres. Now I'm going up to telephone Miss Summerville and will probably be told all plans have changed and I'm to remain here indefinitely! Oh well, such is life in the army!

Dearest love to you all from Father down.

Mildred.

P.S. Orders unchanged. I leave Wednesday.