

Shave and a hair cut! Bay Rum!

I spent nearly three months doling out Fatimas and now we're strong on Camels- so I felt as though I were meeting old friends in that line. He tried teaching them the words of the Marseillaise but it was too long for them. We ended with the Star Spangled Banner, and my word! now it did ring out!

Every day I try to get some improvement going in the tent. I've bought and hung up about 10 candle lanterns now so that we have no black caverns in the ends of the tent. It isn't really bright but it is cheerful and light enough- with the table candles- to read by. I enlarged the kitchen to-day by the simple expedient of moving a little fence. Its about 10 x 20 now, really room to move around in. Its mostly just dirt, no roof or sides or floor, but we've a table and two stoves-both bad! I've put in a requisition at St. Aignan to get it roofed over, and if possible walled in. I hope there'll be some chance of getting it done before the really bad weather comes. It is difficult to mix up things and wash cups in the rain even now. Last Wednesday I solved the cup problem by raking each boy bring his own- that is, for an extra run of chocolate during the afternoon. You see we're supposed to sterilize each cup every time its washed-that means hot water-that means fire- that means wood- and wood is the most difficult problem I've struck yet. You can't even buy it in this little town, and we don't use up enough supplies to have wood enough from the cases. How we've had enough so far is a miracle and when its coming from tomorrow I haven't an idea- only its got to come.

Saturday 28th September. My word! isn't the war news grand! Our papers arrive at about 8:30 P.M. and you ought to have seen the rush for them tonight. Between the chocolate line and the newspaper mob we had some job for a while! The boys are all in the highest spirits and even my general pessimism about when the war will ever end gets shaken and I thrill over every line. "We've got them on the run, boys" is the general attitude and even the cold rain can't dampen our excitement. Everyone speculates as to when the war will end, and ideas run between three months and two years. The majority put it within a year. Of course we know nothing whatever about it-probably much less than you do- but its the object of our lives over here. Well military affairs are censurable so I'd better stop.

I've had a pretty exciting day today so I'm breaking the rule I made (last night) and sitting up to write for a while after work and before bed.

Our regional secretary for women's work turned up today, making her rounds of this division. She passed here in an automobile this morning and picked me up for a trip around a few of the towns. We had lunch at a splendid Y hut which is being so well run by two Chicago women that I felt utterly insignificant in comparison. Well- they have all sorts of things to begin with - a real kitchen with running water and electric light! They deserve it though, they're doing magnificent work. We had lunch together, five of us, the first gathering of all women I've been at since I left Paris, and afterward Miss Ely (the R.S. of W.W.) talked a lot. She gave lots of suggestions and was very inspiring but oh dear how small it does make you feel to hear of all that might be done, and realize that that's exactly what you don't do! It seemed to me I qualified for everything she spoke against, and failed in everything she praised. I got quite depressed as well as inspired- but cheered up a bit when we went on to Contres and I found my dear tent in beautiful running order. Marie is wonderful. She's continuing everything, even the baking- just as if I were there. I was so glad to see her! Fleming tells me she's treating the boys exactly as we used to and can't do enough for them. She was glad to see me too- she said she kept thinking of how I'd do this or that, but as a matter of fact she's full of ideas of her own. She's taking to making chocolate oatmeal cookies and chocolate sponge cake! We found her and Mme Morin hard at it in our old kitchen, and Miss Ely was awfully pleased. Marie wanted to come back with me and I longed to take her, but she's too valuable where she is to make it right to move her.

Our Divisional Secretary, Mr. Ames, whom I like so much, is going to be promoted to a higher up job and leaves tonight, so I just