

"Boys I want you to do something for me--sing Glory Halleluiah!" Someone shouted "Will you lead?" You know my voice! but I realized no one would hear it anyway, so I said "Sure" and started. Well! I'm a little surprised that you didn't hear us all the way back home. My word! how they rang it out! It was worth coming to France to hear.

I broke "Y" rules that night and gave away free cakes (I paid for them though of course) but I confessed to the Chief afterwards and he said it was O.K. We just had to celebrate somehow.

Of course we didn't believe the war was over, but it did seem, and still does, a huge step nearer that happy day.

The next day the question arose as to how to get the papers. We don't get them Sundays, Mondays and Tuesdays until next morning. There wasn't any way except to get them myself. So I started in to St. Aignan at about 5:30 - got a hitch almost at once in an officer's car- and reached the Y hut before dark. The papers hadn't come. I had supper, then got some, only 25, but - news. Then the question arose as to how I could get back. It was pitch black outside and it's a long and lonely road home. I took my nerves in both hands and went to the Army Transportation office. Well, I found a sergeant in charge who was a perfect lamb. He found there were no trucks going our way so he calmly took an army camionette and sent me home on a special trip. We got the news that night! Another time I tried the same thing- going for the papers - but the train was so late I couldn't wait for it. By good luck I found one copy at the Y brought down by a traveler from Blois. The chief was reading it, but a little thing like that didn't matter--I copied the headlines and summarized the news, got a hitch home and posted it.

I often get up on the piano stool (a bench) and tell the whole tent-full the latest news. I'm getting used to stump speaking!

We are quieting down a little now and realizing that the war has got to go on a little longer, but we all believe it can't be much longer. We get wild rumors; I've been in the army long enough now to know what they're worth, and believe nothing not "official".

Now for tent news. There's quite a lot of it. I'm happy tonight for there's a fire in the new stove. I don't think I've told you much about the kitchen, it's been too strenuous a job getting it, to have writing time or energy. There wasn't any kitchen when I came. There was a 6 X 10 shack warehouse ruined by the rain, which drenched everything through cracks between the boards; and there was a queer little round, rusty, wobbly, un-hinged, French stove set against the stone wall behind the tent. That was all.

I think I wrote you about the first step; the broken down stove with big pieces missing which we got soon after I arrived. For a month that served us and, with a board table and the half of a tent fly stretched over the top, it constituted my only kitchen, but when I found that I would probably spend the winter here and that the town might be pretty full I decided to get busy. I've been very fortunate in having lots of help. The officers of this regiment are the most obliging and friendly group I've met yet and they meet my needs more than half way. They actually offered me a field range and fuel! If you could realize how I've worked and fought and prayed for fuel all summer you'd have some idea what that means! They've given me a couple of good carpenters too and all the men I need to get my work done.

The first thing was to clear out the warehouse. By good luck, good cigars applied judiciously, and the good services of my Irish Tammany friend, O'Rouk, we were able to rent a room in the next building the French Post Office for a storehouse and we moved everything except canteens over into it. Then a decrepit old Y carpenter came and put up a few compartments with doors under the counter. Then he broke down and some of his doors followed his example. I got tired of sitting around waiting for people who were waiting for someone else, who was waiting for something or other, so I went to Captain Grant and he sent a first class carpenter down. I explained what I wanted and he