

measured for lumber. I caught a hitch into St. Aignan and sat heavily until they gave me lumber - not what we needed but what they had - then I went to St. Aignan (the town) and bought nails and screws and hinges, etc. Ingham (the carpenter) got busy at once and now the kitchen is almost finished.

My job this afternoon has been to fix up a map. The first problem is where to put a big map when you've nothing but saggy tent sides. That wasn't hard. I made a bulletin board out of a big chocolate box and set it on long legs so that it leans up against the side at just about the right height. Then I cut bits of lathing and nailed one on each side--at an angle so as to be straight, and fastened a candle on the end of each. That lights it up pretty well, like a piano. It took me nearly the whole afternoon to trace out the lines I wanted. I've put in the line of Sept. 1917 in red ink and the farthest German advance in black, and the present front with pins and black darning cotton out of my beautiful work bag. I may keep it up to date myself, but I rather think I'll ask the funny little French interpreter to do it.

Heating the tent is a serious problem. There's one small stove in the middle which is all they had last year. I'm having the edges of the tent all banked with earth - that ought to help - and I've an idea I may roll up the back of the tent like a drop curtain, take down the back partition of the kitchen, and throw the kitchen heat into the tent. That would equalize the heat. At first it was bad going from the warm tent into the cold night air, now it's equally bad going from the overheated kitchen into the cool tent. There'll be a space over head to be caulked, but tarpaper and Ingham can do a lot! I'll have to put up some sort of a curtain too-- I don't want all kitchen operations to be seen from the tent, but that would be simple.

In the meantime there's some hope of getting a hut put up. Not much, but some. Perhaps we'll just get all this in running order and then move it all out! That's the way things usually happen over here. Well, I'd be so glad to get the hut, I wouldn't mind.

We haven't had much luck with shows lately. One scheduled for last Tuesday broke down and never turned up. Another was due Thursday-I made quite an effort to advertise that for we've only a few men just now and I wanted a full tent. Shows usually arrive at about 6:30, but 6:30 passed, so did 6:45, 7 o'clock. I said "The show begins at 7:15 no matter what happens- or doesn't" 7:15 - no show. Then I got busy. I had the boys rip up a couple of the floor partitions and lay them on benches for a stage. Then I got up on it and called for volunteers. These aren't the same boys who saw the last cracker-eating relay race, so we began with that. Well! It was like pulling teeth to get volunteers. The boys were all tired, they'd just come in from a ten mile hike and they wanted to be amused, not to work for it. Finally, though I got four of them and then it went well - the rest of the boys just shouted over it. After that we did a stunt or two, but it was hard to get volunteers. I'm going to go in for professional auctioneering when I get back home- it would be easier. I did wish I could sing or play for them, they needed amusement, but I couldn't do anything but try to persuade them to amuse themselves. A man doesn't like to do stunts in the evening after doing them all day. I didn't realize how nearly my stock in hand was like the regular work. I think the boys who did volunteer did it out of sheer good nature. It lasted about half an hour - it was like what the Germans say of the war; it wasn't a success, but then neither was it a failure. Then an automobile clattered up and the St. Aignan show, only an hour late, appeared. My, I was glad to see them. Talk about psychic moments!

26th Oct. Another "show" which is much on my mind is my Bible class. Don't laugh - I had to start one. You see the Chaplain here isn't any good (as a Chaplain) and there isn't any opportunity for any expression of religion except a Catholic church. Over half the men here now are Catholics so that's all right, but I felt there ought to be something for the others if they wanted it. I wouldn't force anything like that on anyone, but I felt it was at least up to me to provide the means for anyone who might want it. I thought it wouldn't matter if no one came, whereas if only one man wanted it and didn't get it it would be