

It will be my last flight for some time, as it is growing exceedingly difficult to get passes.

A funny thing happened the other night. Late, just before closing time, two soldiers came into the tent, one about half-seas over and the other pretty zigzag. The half over one leaned over the counter and said "This is the only Y.M.C.A. in France I stand for". My instinct was to ask what was the matter with all the others, but he was too far gone to get him started on negatives so I asked instead "Why do you like this one?" "Its because of the respect" he said. I was a little puzzled but said "Why, of course, there's respect, its a fine crowd of boys". "No," he insisted "its this Y, its the respect". Just then the zig-zag one stopped doing a little pas-seul and joined us at the counter. He didn't say a word, but very gravely shook hands with me and then both turned and walked out. I hate them to get drunk, but sometimes they are so funny.

9th Nov. The excitement of the last few days has made a wet rag of yours truly, but its worth it. Night before last we got a telephone message saying the German armistice was signed. I rushed to Headquarters and found that though not official, the authority was so good that everyone believed it. The tent was jammed. I got up on the counter and told the boys just how it was - not official, but probable. You ought to have heard them yell! Then I told them that in honor of the occasion we'd give chocolate and sandwiches free. They made almost as much noise over that, and my word! what a push we had! For over two hours we passed out chocolate just as fast as I could ladle it. Well. The rumor wasn't true even though it was confirmed next day by pretty high authority. I don't care though - it will be soon. Of course I couldn't give away all that stuff on the Y without authority so I'd planned to pay for it myself. Afterward it occurred to me that it would give the school children a lot of pleasure to use some of their money that way, so I took it out of that.

As it turned out, of course I ought not to have done it, but I'm glad I did. It just so happened that there were a lot of new men in town that night who hadn't been paid for some time. It was the first chocolate they'd had for ages and they appreciated it a lot. I was awfully excited that night, and if I'd needed anything to make me happier I got it, for one of the men took that occasion (he was sober) to tell me that the boys were getting a lot out of our Y. They'd been getting a bit sore at the Y in general on account of a rather unfortunate time they'd been having at their last place, but a lot of them are swinging around now and taking stock again in the Association. Wouldn't that make you happy? I've heard the same thing from a good many of them.

But talk about your wet rags. I haven't got over it yet, though I'm not nearly as tired today as I was yesterday. The news we've received today is that Foch has given the Germans 72 hours in which to sign the armistice. That means Monday, doesn't it? Then I suppose we'll know - but I simply can't conceive of Germany so deliberately committing suicide as a refusal would be. Some strain!

I wish you people could see the spots where I write snatches of this. Just now I'm sitting on a bench in the street outside the St. Aignan Sales Commissary, waiting for a Y car to turn up to carry home some stuff I've bought. The chances are about even as to its arrival. In the meantime I'm shivering in spite of a heavy sweater and big coat and my feet are curled up to keep out of the mud. There's a constantly passing stream of soldiers, army cars and French street boys. Also a few other interesting but censorable things.

I had lots of fun the other day when I'd come in to St. Aignan. One of the women hurried into the Y to get Meccas. She said "There is a train load of Tommies at the station, don't you want to help give out cigarettes?" Did I? We gave out the cigarettes as long as they held out, then just gasped. The boys hadn't heard any news for ten days and I tried to condense all the various notes for them before the train started. They were on their way home and were awfully pleased when I said