

course I was the only woman in the tent.

We started right there with "Onward Christian Soldiers" that's a favorite over here and they sang it well. Then I produced a paper I'd been lucky enough to get hold of, and read them the terms of the German armistice. You could have heard a pin drop, they were absorbed, I really believe everyone in the tent could hear. At the end I called for three cheers and--well did you hear them? Then came the moment I'd been wanting and dreading. I told the boys just how it was - we'd had all sorts of celebrations but not one chance of getting together and thank God. I wanted to give them that opportunity. Then I said it was pretty hard to realize all that peace meant, especially hard for those of us who had not had our chance to get to the Front. Oh well, I can't give you the whole speech. Its point was the reasons for thankfulness, and its outline I tried to make a progressive one - personal reasons first- life and home coming; then National ones, cessation of war, and liberation of slaves; then international ones, liberation of small nations and opening of the Barchanelles; we ended with the "League of Nations" and I tried to make it thinkable and yet keep it as a world idea. It wasn't much of a speech but I held their attention all right and found afterwards I'd spoken for twelve whole minutes. When I finished I asked them to take just one minute of absolute quiet and Thank God - each man for himself - They all rose and it was the quietest moment the tent has ever known. Then we had the Lord's Prayer and "America" My word! These boys can make some noise!

That ended it and I jumped down and made for the kitchen, pretty shaky from the experience. There I found two Captains and a Lieutenant - thank Heaven I hadn't known they were there! With all their kindness the officers scare me a little - there's so much army etiquette. At least some of them do. Those three weren't so bad. Anyway they said nice things.

I think the boys liked it. I did anyway. It satisfied a need I'd felt ever since we got the news. I wouldn't have put it on myself if there'd been anyone else to do it, but there wasn't so I did! There!

Then the band came in, and in the middle of the concert a show unexpectedly arrived from St. Aignan - they'd been scheduled for tomorrow and had mixed up the nights. I was puzzled for a while but finally decided to have them do just a few songs and things and ask them to give their real show tomorrow as scheduled. The band stopped at about 8 and the St. A. show went on. In the meantime it seemed rather hard on the fellows who wanted chocolate, to keep the canteen closed, so I announced that we'd serve chocolate just outside the kitchen door. We hurried a table outside and put on it a candle, a box of sandwiches and the cash drawer. It was a heavenly half moon starry night, not too cold, and it certainly was picturesque work, serving the long line of shadowy figures. Donald can serve chocolate faster than I can make change but the boys are pretty good about bringing the right change, so we got rid of about ten gallons in about twenty minutes. After the show was over we moved indoors and got warm again.

Some evening! But a good one. If everyday was as thrilling as today I'd soon be a wreck! But happy. In the meantime the accounts aren't done and they've got to be handed in tomorrow morning without fail. And my fire is dying down and my water is cooling. C'est apres la guerre!

Dearest love,

Mildred