

the minute I finished. I laughed and told them there wouldn't be any chocolate unless they let me through. That got me through like a hot knife through butter.

The rest of the evening went to serving chocolate and jollyng various boys. One especially, comes and hangs over the counter and gets in everybody's way and tells endless pointless anecdotes but he's homesick and half sick besides, and I'm growing really to have an affection for him. In spite of that I find various important errands into the kitchen-just to rest.

Of course now they've stopped sending our boys out, so night after night the same faces turn up - its awfully friendly. And my word! They're good, these boys. The way they try to please me and make things easy for me is stirring. I always have so many K.P.s they fall all over themselves in my tiny kitchen, and out in front they squeeze themselves into a single line and fish in their pockets for change until I am really touched. They keep their money in such queer places. One man took a little Testament out of his breast pocket tonight and took a carefully folded 5 franc note from its pages. And they say such pretty things. One of the very nicest I may have told you already "I'm going to write to my mother that there's an American woman over here who makes me think of home every time I look at her." Could you possibly by any stretch of the imagination - think of anything as nice as that! That happened ten days ago and I'm still glowing. That, and our Adjutant's remark when I took some chocolate and sandwiches over to the boys who have evening office work - "That's what I call service" They're so grateful for such little things.

29th November I thought I'd have time to tell you about Thanksgiving - but I haven't. I will soon.

Dearest love.

Mildred.

2:30 She's come.