

seven of them! My word! They used to be funny. It wouldn't be if it were written down, but I used to enjoy them a lot.

And then there was Petrone. A little Italian with huge eyes, a beautiful voice, a not very true ear, a truly artistic temperament and the power of throwing any amount of emotion into his singing. He'd come every evening and lean on the counter and wait for me to beg him to sing. He loved to be implored, and he loved to pretend he wouldn't, but he always did. His pronunciation was excruciating but oh my! how he did put feeling into it. He had only one "Italia" song that brought all of Italy to me every time he sang it. Moonlight nights at Venice, Neapolitan street singers - it was all there. His pet song, the one he did best was:-

"I want ter go home!
I wanta go home!
The bullets they whistle, the cannons they roam (roar)
I don wanta go to ther trenches no more.
Take me over the sea
Where the Germans can never see me,
Oh my!
I'm ter young ter die!
I want ter go home!

Some song! But you ought to hear Petrone sing it! I said if any man had sung that song in the tent during war time I'd have put him out. But it isn't war time, thank heaven, so towards the end we all used to come in one the chorus. And how he could sing "Joan of Arc" I think myself that's the best song the war has produced, but as one of the boys said "That aint the kind you want when you're going over. You want songs you don't hardly like to sing back here, there's things in 'em best left out, but they've got some go - and yer just sing 'em" Petrone's version was
Joan of Art, Joan of Art!

Don't you see the drooping fleur de lise
Don't you hear my tears of Normandy,
etc

But it didn't make any difference, the thrill was there. I think I shall never hear some songs without associating them with the particular epoch over here where I heard them first. And each time has its own song. Contres is represented by "Me'n my gal" my first group here; the 184th by "Goodmorning Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip" and "Mary Anne" and, perhaps "The Long Trail" this last group will always live for me in "I want ter go home". I wonder what the next will bring (They're due tomorrow)

One thing I had to do with the casuale, I hated. That was to close the kitchen to all except the regular detail. I hated to do it, I've always so loved to have my kitchen just draped with boys, but supplies began to disappear. Ten cans of jam walked off in one evening. So it just had to be done. I must admit the new rule kept the place tidy- but I personally prefer the mess and the boys to neither.

This changing of troops makes the detail problem a difficult one. Especially with casuale, whose officers don't know them at all so you can't be sure of getting men you can trust with the till. We were very fortunate in one of our men, a little quick Italian, Monzoro - a perfect dear. You know how fine Italians are when they are fine. Monzoro works in a saloon back home but he is a perfect gentleman and the most efficient detail we've ever had. He was just a little chap, not nearly as tall as I, but there was something so manly about the out of his jib, so brave- I don't know what it was, it was just in the poise of his head and in his motions. I just loved to watch him. He'd been a prisoner in Germany for several months but had been treated pretty well. We took on two of his friends to please him. One had been a prisoner too, the other had spent those same months in the hospital. Pretty thrilling, kind of K.P.'s weren't they? And very efficient ones, those two weeks slid by on greased wheels in all tent affairs.

We had lots of talent in the crowd. They got up that show all themselves. Not much of a show, but fine spirit. We're allowed to give away chocolate and sandwiches now on Sundays. These poor fellows were all broke so the trade wasn't as brisk on week days but my word! - we put out nearly 90 gallons last Sunday. I nearly