

died before it was all over for it was an awful push. Every time I stopped mixing or testing long enough to look up the tent was jammed and the line endless. Things began to give out - we mixed fresh chocolate and opened fresh cans of milk, that was easy, but the water question came hard. Twice I had to send to the spring for more, and I couldn't avoid a wait of nearly 3/4 of an hour in the middle of the evening. It was rather funny. We'd expected Chaplain Ireland early in the evening but he didn't show up, but at just that psychic moment, he arrived, very apologetic and not at all sure he'd have any service since it was so late. Not at all, I told him we were all ready for him, then I told the boys in front we'd have to wait for the water to heat anyway - we'd have the service in the interval. I'm afraid it sounded a little off! He talked for just about the right length of time about Roosevelt. He didn't say anything but he said it very pleasantly and the boys liked him.

That was all very well, but the result of the interval was that after it was over everyone in the tent --- I think everyone in town --- was ready for a second (or fourth) cup of cocoa. Well, we put it through - they got it, but I never was so glad to hear Taps.

That night was almost too hectic to be fun, but the following Thursday, the night before they went out, was lots of fun. Three of the boys had volunteered to make doughnuts for us that day - they made a huge packing case and two dixies full, and Marien and I (yes, my Marie, I'll tell you about that in a minute) had spent the afternoon making Honey Moons, just for auld lang syne. Mrs. Van Ingen had sent me some money to use for the boys' Christmas, it came too late for that so I thought I couldn't use it better than to give my poor casualties a treat. So I took her money to pay for the materials we used and gave all the cakes away free. My word! how those cakes did fly! It was a grand success. At first I was afraid the might give out so I gave only one each time, but after the rush was over and the chocolate line broken there were lots left. I called out "More doughnuts. Any one want them?" Every man in the tent leaped to his feet and fell into line. The line wasn't a line at all, it was a circle! They kept going round and round. I gave with both hands, it was just like the crawl swimming stroke. We all got laughing over it. Once I stopped and told them not to come if they were doing it just for the fun of it, but that if they really wanted the doughnuts to eat they were welcome 26 times. Not a man fell out, and the whirligig recommenced. I've seldom enjoyed anything more. And even so, we had a dixie full to give away before the troops started out in the morning.

I said I'd tell you about Marie. Well, about two weeks ago I had a letter from her saying she wanted to see me again before I left and was coming to visit me! On Tuesday morning I was awakened (at about 9 o'clock) by a knock at the door, and there she was, as large as life and twice as natural! I was awfully glad to see her, and she just beamed at me. She stayed until Saturday and we gossiped every moment. It was awfully good for my French, which is getting rusty from disuse. Incidentally it was even better to see her again. She tells me things are pretty bad in her little Northern village. Its almost entirely in ruins, food is nearly prohibitive in price, and all work in the mines has been ruined. She says the people are unhappy - discontented. They'd expected that peace would cure all ills at once and can't see why it hasn't.

I sat up in bed while she talked and she unpacked her string bag and tin box and scattered souvenirs all over the bed. Some are really interesting. I've a German bayonet and some empty shells and things like that. Wasn't she a dear to lug them all the way for me! And talk about being spoiled! I couldn't lift my hand to do anything. Marie made my fire mornings while I dozed, and cooked a delicious rice pudding for us, and was her old capable, devoted self. I exclaimed once over her long journey, and she said quite simply "It had to be, you see I love you". I hated to see her leave. I do so hope she got all she wanted from her trip. I think she did, she seemed very happy. She says I've changed. I'm not as good looking(!) but gayer. "Sunlight has come into your eyes" she says. As a matter of fact, going home is so near now that I've had fits of the sillies nearly every day. Only three and a half weeks more of work - then I suppose a bit of dilly - then home! You see the war was still on when Marie and I worked together, and the boys used