

Well--I'm not sure yet whether I can tell you where I arrived that night. Some say we can. Some say we can't. So I'd rather be on the safe side. Anyway - I arrived and was met by a girl in our uniform and taken to the Y hut- a great big barn of a place, rough boards, no paint. I spent the night there in a room which had been intended for a greenroom behind the stage (I think I've written all this, haven't I?) I walked into Eleanor Doty at supper-time and she was awfully surprised. Pleased too, I'm glad to say, so after supper I went with her to her canteen, about 1 1/2 miles off in a fascinating little town on a hill. On the way home I stopped and chatted with an old French woman and her little grand-daughter Simone, and the old woman would have cut all the flowers in her garden for me if I'd let her. Of course I did take some.

Next morning, Mr. Ames, the Divisional Secretary, talked things over with me and sent me here---? There has been no American woman in the place for some time and it's a pretty important spot because of the quantity of soldiers. Miss Summerville (the one who met me) borrowed a Ford and ran me out --all my luggage in the back--that same morning. I found a little flat country village with sun-baked dusty streets and a little dripping fountain in the public square. The Y.M. flag hung out from a cafe on a corner and we stopped there. Mr. Randal, the secretary in charge - soon turned up and took me in tow and in a few hours I was in running order. I've had luck, even better than usual in my billet for I'm in the only really lovely spot in town. It's a chateau, not old at all, nor particularly good-looking, but it stands in a little garden - about 1/2 a city block - all green trees and shady paths and roses and ivy. There's a brook, and a weensy bridge, and a green lawn in front, with a pool - a real little pond, not a formal pool, in the center.

I'm the only one billeted here at present, though there's an extra room which may be occupied any day. My window looks out on trees mostly. I've a glimpse of the brook and of green fields beyond, but it's mostly trees. You don't know how refreshing it is to have a green spot to rest in. The town is pretty drab, and even my new canteen is dusty, although there are trees, but the thought that I can get away from it all and hear the wind and see the stars through the branches of the trees, and feel the quiet of the green paths - well, it rests me all day. The fact that there's not a hook, nor a shelf, nor a drawer in my room doesn't really detract. In fact it doesn't matter much, I haven't had time to unpack yet. I didn't even unlock my steamer trunk until the night before last when I was-so hungry I had to get some chocolate, and I've lost the key to the other, so goodness knows when I'll get into that.

The little "Y" in town, where I've worked right along so far, is a room about 15 x 25 feet with a counter in one corner with a kitchen behind, about 6 x 7. The stove doesn't work very well and there's no fuel except old boxes, but we've made gallons of hot chocolate every night, besides fruit punch during the day. We serve bottles and bottles of bottled vichy- lemonade, too- not bad stuff- and sell tobacco, chocolate, soap, crackers, etc. over the counter besides. My word! It's been so busy there some nights that I literally haven't had time to see anything but hands, the stuff and the till. We get all kinds of money too, you should see me changing