

American and English money into French on the fly, taking odd francs or centimes out in passing. I'm sure I cheat a dozen people an hour, but I try awfully hard not to. There's a Belgian woman here who has been in charge right along. She's awfully capable and bright, speaks English, and keeps accounts well. She's a treasure and I'm sorry to lose her but I move to the tent tomorrow and she'll be needed where she is.

The tent is really more important than the cafe; it's only a five minute walk away but its on the outskirts of the town and of course our point is to try to make it sufficiently attractive to keep the men from dropping into the cafes in town. The big tent on the edge of a grove of big trees. It isn't woodey one bit, its rather like a playground with some trees on it, but its pleasant and cooler than the town. There is plenty of room for the men to have ball games, etc. and there's a band stand at the other end of the grove. They have a service there Sunday afternoons, it's very pleasant and we ought to be able to make it into a pretty good thing. Mr. Fleming is in charge up there so I shall work more directly under him, though Mr. Randal is the responsible party. I'm glad Mr. Randal is High Boss, I like him very much.

The tent has been open right along but without any canteen. Mr. Randal is awfully anxious to get it going as an extra attraction away from town, so we are planning to open it tomorrow for the 4th and to keep it open after that.

There's to be a grand hurrah, boys, tomorrow (the 4th) and we'll have lots of people there. We've got to try to get the canteen in sufficiently attractive shape to make them think they want to come back later. At present (10:30 the night before) the canteen consists of any army range with no stovepipe, which sits in the open field at the back of the tent, with no door into the tent, no water, no drainage, not nothing. Nothing except the range and a lot of dry supplies which arrived this afternoon from Headquarters. Oh, well, there is my 33 gallons of juice, but that will be served in the grove during the afternoon, not in the tent. Of course, it wont be finished - indeed it will hardly be begun by tomorrow- but I have hired a nice French woman to help me and I've made friends with a sergeant who can get me details of stray soldiers when I need them (he's a dear- calls me Madam and Girlie quite indiscriminately) and I feel confident, though rushed.

Oh dear! I've so much still to tell you, and I've got to go to bed, Goodness knows when I'll get another such chance to write! Well I just must. Goodnight, Father dear.

July 5th--I'm getting it sooner than I'd expected after all. I've nearly an hour from now. Yesterday was hectic but passed off all right. We got the canteen open and served 210 quarts of bottled lemonade during the afternoon, not counting the two big barrels full we served free in the grove. It all gave out however, before evening and we had to end up with a dry canteen, that is, tobacco crackers, etc. but no drinks. I've had lots of different