

4th but this one will stand out as the most interesting, though as a matter of fact I did not get time to see any of the celebrations was too busy on my own job. I spent this day taking an inventory of supplies, storing them away, mixing the fruit drink, breaking in my new woman, arranging my kitchen, which now consists of a stove, a huge hole for waste water, an upside down box with a dish pan on it for washing dishes and a canopy to shade the "Sink" clearing up generally, and finally opening the canteen and selling things as hard as I could from 8 to 10 P.M. with an hour off for dinner. Miss Neff helped me in the evening and I had various soldiers helping all through the day. Miss Neff and Miss Worcester are the two new Y.M.C.A.s who have arrived, and it will lighten things considerably to have them. Miss Worcester is to have charge of the little cafe where I started, Miss Neff is to be responsible for the officers' club and I'm to have the tent. The tent is ever so much the most interesting job of the three, much the most difficult too, for the others serve only bottled lemonade and dry things, while it's up to me to serve everything I can lay hands on or make.

My hours aren't quite as long as the others, though, Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursday and Fridays I sell only from 6:30 to about 10 P.M. Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays (especially Sundays) we're open most of the day for the soldiers get 1/2 holidays. Of course that doesn't mean I can twiddle my thumbs those free days, it simply means I can arrange and prepare things as I think best- cook up my chocolate and punch and anything else I can and fix up generally I have to boil all the water we use for punch, which is quite a problem. I have hopes of a stove pipe this afternoon which will help considerably.

Luckily, nothing begins very early in the morning. I don't have to get up until 8 or even 9, at a pinch. You see it's almost entirely evening work. I mean the selling part. So I'm thankful it doesn't begin early too. I've a very comfy bed but the pillow is rather French and I'm grateful enough for Anne's pillow and the cover Eleanor discovered.

It has been difficult to find a place to eat. I tried boarding (meal- ing) with a little French woman, but it wasn't awfully satisfactory. I got out of it and now am getting meals at a little hotel; neither very good nor very plentiful but nothing to grumble about and really enough.

I've just asked Mr. Randal and he says I may tell you where I am. The town is Contres- look on your map for a little town quite near Blois. If it's too small for any map you have you'll see Blois anyway. St. Aignan is the nearest real town and is our railroad station. Father will know this kind of country we're in. It's hot as blazes now but lovely just the same. You can see, too, how far we are from the Front. Lots of the girls wanted awfully to be sent to the Front but I must be a bit of a coward I guess for I'm much better pleased to feel so safe. Of course I would have gone anywhere they wanted me to go, without question, but- well I'm satisfied. I would like awfully to have been under fire - the air raid in Paris didn't count, but I am not crazy about "being "