

noticed much in the way of flocks myself. It's rather the opposite there are such crowds of soldiers, and you can reach so very few. You long to give them all some fun and you touch just the edges. We have pretty good entertainments - music mostly - and the grove is a splendid place for them, but such lots of men never get to them. I suppose one ought to be contented to reach a few men and make things a little happier for them - but - As a matter of fact our soldiers are well fed, well clothed, and well paid so I suppose it's all right. It's only that they need fun and home things, and we can do so very little.

One thing I miss a good deal and that is news. We get some papers every day of course but they're printed over here and I have the feeling that they suppress all undesirable news. I'd give a lot to know more of what is going on. ----- (censored) which cheered my soul greatly. I think myself that the Balkans will decide the war. One boy here asked Mr. Fleming if he thought we were going to win. Mr. Fleming said emphatically "Of course" "Well" said the boy "I'd just as lief die over here in France if we're going to win, but I don't want to die and get beaten" that "just as lief" means more over here, for you have a little more realization, I think, of what it means.

Both last Sunday and Sunday before we've had a revivalist preacher here in the evenings. He talked under the trees the first time and in our tent last night. He doesn't get a large crowd, but he does get a pretty earnest one and it's awfully interesting to see the boys get really interested. He's good too. When I said "revivalist" it's just because he gets a little dramatic and makes them raise their hands if they want to be prayed for, etc. But aside from that I think he's fine for he tells the truth straight from the shoulder and there isn't a sentimental note in it. His language is extremely colloquial - he's a kind of Billy Sunday I guess with the slang and advertising left out. "You fellers" is his phrase for the men, and yesterday he prayed for the "fellers and the women of the Y.M.C.A." and since I was the only woman in the tent I felt very well included. Glad to be too, he is sincere and rings true. There's nothing "soft" about him. In Paris I heard a man say that the soldiers needn't worry about their souls, they'd saved them forever just because they'd enlisted. Mr. Gross does not stand for that or anything like it. He tells them it's no use praying for help just to save your skin unless you mean to live a decent life, and things like that. He gets the men too. Last night it was a scene I shant soon forget. The tent filled with kark; the preacher striding down the middle; a crowd of curious French people peering in all the windows and at the door, not in the least comprehending that it was a religious service that was going on; stray children staring - one little fellow of about two with his hands clasped behind him who wouldn't be persuaded to stand anywhere but well inside the tent; outside a lot of French and some soldiers laughing and jelling - one small boy climbing the basket ball support, another with a tin whistle, and across the street a racket from a wine shop where some dancing was going on and some soldiers getting drunk. Mr. Randall and I kept the crowd around the tent comparatively quiet but of course we'd no right to interfere with the general playground. After the service there was, of course,