

I wore my big yellow oilskin coat the other day much to the amusement of everyone I passed. When the soldiers stared I just said "Uneeda Biscuit" and they laughed. I was on my bicycle so that I passed quite quickly, but I heard one Frenchman exclaim "Mon Dieu! comme c'est chic!" Its the first thing of the sort ever seen over here.

My landlady, Mme. Brunet, told me today that I was the first American woman she'd ever met. She said "You see, you uphold the flag of your country" I said "Oh Madame it is too great a responsibility - I might whistle" We both laughed for we'd joked before about whistling, but all the same it does give one a queer feeling to know that people are getting their ideas of America through you. Mme. Brunet likes me - I know, so so far the country is safe. The other day when I had my holiday I didn't get up until lunch time - I wrote to you in bed. At about twelve I heard a knock and there was Mme. Fountaine, Mme. Brunet's daughter, to see if I were ill. It was nice. Mme. Brunet says "Tell your father if you become ill you shall be cared for as a child of the house". She tells me that if there's another storm I must be sure to come down to her room. Sweet old lady. I guess its a little dull here for them all and they like to hear about my kitchen and the boys.

Were you amused at the Chaplain's note at the bottom of the last letter? He's a dear and censors only those pages I show him. He takes my word for the rest and just signs his O.K. without reading them. Of course I show him any I'm doubtful about.

On Friday afternoons he and Mr. Randall and I have parties. I get fresh vegetables but the men don't, so I buy peas or something on Fridays (market day) and cook them at the Y tent. Marie was quite excited about it when I told her, and is using her free time this afternoon to make a little tart or pie or some such thing. She'd do anything for either of them for they both helped her when she most needed it.

I've had more difficulty in getting meals than in finding a comfortable room. I tried having them cooked in a little house near by but it wasn't altogether satisfactory, so now I eat entirely at the hotel. It's a queer little affair and the food is very mediocre, but there seems to be enough of it and all the people of the hotel are very good to me. I drop in at odd hours and can almost always get something to eat. I'm afraid I'll be a hen in my next incarnation, I eat so many eggs. And they boil water for me to drink and save jam for me, and all for 6 francs a day. There's a dear little girl there - Madelaine - not quite seven, just about Reinie's age. She goes singing around the halls and I love to hear her. I bring her cakes and make my hand-elephant for her and we're great friends. There are two or three elderly Frenchmen who eat there regularly and when I happen in at the regular meal hours they jolly me and its rather amusing. One of them has constituted himself my French teacher and if only I could remember