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I HEARD the news of armistice
At Barracks Soixante-six,
Headquarters of the S. O. S.,
Tours, Indre-et-Loire. Yes,
I was an American girl
In France.

I saw
A khaki snake-dance,
A merry-go-round French dance,
Torches glowing,
Champagne flowing,
Flags flying,
Old women crying,
Little children laughing,
And kissing, kissing!
And joy in sorrow—la belle France.

I heard
“Fini la guerre!”
“Hail, hail, the gang’s all here!”
“Madelon! Madelon! Madelon!”
“Marchons, marchons!”
French voices singing,
Cathedral bells ringing,
And martial music flinging
The triumph cry of France,

I saw! I heard! I was there!
I did not doubt
The “fini” of “la guerre.”

—E. C. W., formerly of Q.M.C.,
A. E. F.

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