

Nov. 10, 1947

These are definitely some facets of French life that confuse me. Here are two that tie up the post office, which is of course also telephone & telegraph company. When News absent-mindedly left precious razor & accoutrements & one week end I very efficiently checked them into a little box and then right over to the post office that ~~was~~ very next morning, early. I thought I'd take insure the package. If you want to send it registered, I had the clerk, shocked. No, I think it will be enough to insure. There was a conference in the rich room, & he came back. "Is it valuable?" he asked. "Oh, no," replied soothingly, "not more than dollars (\$1.50) worth." He looked at a package that was valuable & unbelievable - unable to understand a package that was valuable & unbelievable but that didn't try about enough to want it & offered. He shook his head, & took today, I stopped by to send News & ice that I am actually going & arrive Wednesday, as he suggested in the telegram (same clerk) & my \$4 fr. for the five word message & just as I turned away asked, "Will it go out tonight?" "Oh, yes, there's still a train tonight." "Will it be delivered right away?" "In Paris they are delivered"

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said we could stay till they did." Once again they had caught me out on a technicality. Two and Mrs. Rogeaux was still busy with the group. I got them out of home, where they suddenly discovered they were terribly hungry, and was there a second helping of that wonderful that delicious, chocolate pudding. There wasn't, so Cile finished up the bowl of cucumber salad. "See that was a good dinner," she said. "Specially that pudding. I could eat it for breakfast, lunch, & supper, and never get full of it." Dorothy, undressing in front of the electric heater said - "Mummy, you aren't even fussy and nice. It's awfully nice." My heart swelled, and I said "I feel better nowadays. I don't like to be fussy. Specially not with such nice children as mine." And we all looked at each other beamingly, happy to be together - so much so that a few minutes later when Dorothy demanded "Who made that smell?" and in all honesty I must say "I did. I'm sorry." She answered quickly "Oh, that's all right, Mummy, and came and kissed me." And last night, when, not scolding, I helped Annette remake the palette she had wet the night before, just her and I there because the others were undressing in the other room, she looked at me with her

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I am thrown very much on my own resources - without time to develop them. The children, even, need more of my time than I can give them. I should help them with their school work every afternoon, since they do not know what they read when they read French. It will be I must cook their supper since the needs of their bodies are of far all more immediate than the needs of their minds. I must find some sort of solution for this one.

immediately. Plenty of stations there." I thanked him and walked out. As I got outside, I suddenly realized all that he had said.

The telegram would leave here by train. Would it go all the way to Paris by train? And be delivered with the morning mail, maybe? Is that possible? Or will it go by train to Chalon, say, and then be wired to Paris? I walked all the way home ~~with my head full of~~ with the infinite and ~~various~~ fascinating variations that might attend the sending of a telegram.

This has been one of the night when Mother to my brood is a very nice thing to be. After it began to grow dark ~~the other women~~ ~~came~~ ~~to~~ ~~one~~ after the other they came hurrying back to get their knitting to take over to Marie Therese's house across the street. I cautioned Dorothy the last, that supper was almost ready, & they mustn't stay long. Oh, we won't, she promised their supper is almost ready, too. You must come, I said, as soon as they start to set the table. Two hours later, just before bedtime, I went across the street, after all, to get them. I definitely had to work to get leave them to their own discretion. When I walked in, Dorothy looked up with a roughish grin - "They didn't start to set the table yet, and so"

eyes full of love and said "I'm glad I've got you, Mary" And I answered "And I'm glad I've got you." We didn't hug each other, we just smiled at each other ^{and it was a very nice moment.}