

carriage. It was full of officers and we all talked and they were awfully interesting. It was the first time I've been in a train for 6 months and I loved even the rattle and jar. It was queer; landing alone in Tours after dark; but I found an old man with a push cart to take my suit case (no cabs) and I followed him through the dim silent streets to the Y.W.C.A. hotel where a room was reserved for me. There was some dinner left too - it certainly did seem strange though to go into the dining room and find it full of American girls. All sorts and kinds - all in uniform, or just out of it. All sorts of uniforms too, the Y.W. far and away the best looking, the regular army girls next, the Y.M. far down the list. I'm so used to crowds of men that a crowd of girls scared me a bit at first. (Doesn't that sound funny - from me)

The girl who runs the hotel turned out to be a Barnard Kappa so we had an awfully good time together. Elizabeth Fox (remember Rufus) awfully attractive. She's going home about the same time I am so we're planning to sail on the same steamer if we can. She's playing a lone hand, just as I am, and I think was just as glad to hear her own language as I was. We had dinner together the last night there, at the hotel where Father and I stayed about 15 years ago. It was fine to see people and to have a change out la guerre has changed the hotel so that it wasn't much better than our regular mess. (That doesn't mean, though, that it wasn't good - we have very good food all the time)

My stay in Tours was hectic, but it did me lots of good. It supplied just the mental rest I needed, I'd been a little homesick before, but haven't had a touch of it since. The first night there was time for nothing but a rather soiled meal and a few scribbled lines of my play and bed. Next morning I sallied forth, notebook in hand, to buy toys. I had the names and ages of all the children in my book but I'd made a briefer outline by dividing boys and girls and gathering ages into groups. It took hours to collect the toys even though I was lucky enough to find a sort of cazy baby's where I could get them all. Its no use having anything sent here, so I had them all done up in two huge packages and carried them myself. Luckily I hadn't gone far before two soldiers came up and took them for me - it was some load! That afternoon I put in hunting for various commissions different people had given me. A clarinet souzpiece nearly stumped me, but at last, after such wandering, I found it in the quaintest little music shop I've ever seen. Gillette razor blades were nearly as bad, and silk flags were next door to impossible, but I finally found where they could be made.

In the course of my wanderings I found myself in the big covered market place. It was a delight to see the piles of color - fruits and vegetables I'd almost forgotten. And flowers! Not very plentiful nor very fresh but still reminiscent of sunshine and the spring. I stopped and chatted with one woman and she told me the flowers were sent up from Nice! I couldn't resist a measy spray of mimosa and a few star clusters of narcissus even though they were pretty droopy. There were some lovely caryanthemes, but it was spring, not Fall, I needed.

That night I spread out all my toys and fitted each child's age and sex to a suitable one. I also got a few valuable suggestions as to lighting and music for my play from a California girl who is up on such things.

Next day poured rain, but we're so used to that now that it doesn't really matter. I finished up the toys and had a shampoo, but those were just incidents; I spent nearly the whole day costume and curtain hunting. I just could not see the costumes, and you really can't go ahead until you do. I had very little trouble with my angel and Mary - lovely white cotton crepe did for both, with a blue veil for Mary - but I finally gave up the rest as a bad job. I knew I could find something in St. Aignan. The curtain was frightfully important. I don't mean the front curtain, but the lining of the stage - the background. I dreamt of a soft greenish grayish deep blue, and once or twice I lighted upon something that might do, but on my! the prices! I picked up a little French lady who went around with me to several shops, but our combined efforts couldn't find anything both cheap and good. Finally I took a sample from an upholstery shop and let it go at that. You see the play wasn't finished, it was 5 days before it must be produced and I didn't feel sure enough of being able to put it over to feel justified in spending nearly 200 francs of the Y money