

I went to Contres this morning to settle a bill over which there had been some difficulties. It isn't the same place of course, without the Chaplain nor Marie nor Madame Brunet nor Felicie, but as I walked through the square I heard "Hello 'Mae DuFois" and there were three commissary boys waving at me from a window. The bill lady was more than reasonable, we settled it with mutual satisfaction and good wishes, then I called on M^{rs}. Bras - the bewigged old hard-core woman, and on M^{rs}. Morin, my pastry cook, and I went out to our old kitchen and sat on the table and M^{rs}. Morin gave me the receipt for marzipan paste. Then they filled a bag with macaroons for me, and I waved goodbye to the rosy-cheeked maids who keep the blacksmith's shop and used to make room for my bicycle, and I stopped at the tiny hotel and said goodbye to the sharp-tongued, goodhearted old woman who used to keep me waiting so many hours for regular meals but would always serve them for me at all sorts of odd times. And I went to the drygoods shop and they all turned out and waited on me at once. And everywhere, everybody leaned upon me and wished me "bon voyage" and told me to write to them and to come back some day. I felt all warm and glory inside:

Contres was very much more French than St. Romain. I've seen so much more with the Americans here that I've not had time to make many French friends as I did at Contres. I've loved them both; St. Romain the most though for I've done harder work here, better too, and been much closer to the boys - and after all that's what I came for.

As I walked to Contres I kept feeling - Oh if I could only rix the "prep" I had then with the experience I have now I might really accomplish something. That's a whole lifetime, isn't it, in just nine months? It's been a good life, I'm thankful to have had it. I'm afraid it hasn't changed as I had hoped it would, but maybe there's still time. I know that as I compare my work with Priscilla's and the other girls I met at Nantes, I get a truer sense of proportion and of value. I think I have done as well as I could, the thing I came to do, but the thing they are accomplishing dwarfs this. Both are perhaps necessary, and I have not regrets, but this has been play to their work - a novel to "The Little Flowers of St. Francis"

Oh well! You get what you're big enough for.

Guess I'd better stop - moralizing means red time! Goodnight everybody.
Dearest Love,

Mae.