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all together. It's difficult to know sometimes if you're doing the things they most want. Sometimes it seems as though you worked as hard as you could, but entirely uselessly, as if you couldn't hit upon the thing they wanted at all. I guess often that's true, but then sometimes you get "I'm coming around here every night for my drinks" or "That tastes good" and you feel you're pleasing some of them anyway. And it's awfully interesting to pass the boys in the street. Lots look surprised when I speak to them, but the surprise is almost always followed by a grin and a salute. Lots look so expectant and the grin comes so readily that I know they must be the boys I've jollied with before. I do have such difficulties remembering faces. I don't even attempt names. The trouble is that the same boys don't stay here long. New ones are always coming in and old ones leaving. When they march out I stand and watch them and get almost my only realization of war. I want to cry over them, I feel like a representative somehow of all their miseries; of course I don't cry, I grin instead, and they wave to me or smile. One boy who had been to one of my funny French classes called out "Je voudrais des pommes de terre" as he passed. The other day one installment left and I got hardly a smile. I looked around and saw that I was standing near a group of officers. I hurried down the road a bit and then I got the grins I wanted.

The boys always go out laughing or singing- they're grand!

I'm beginning to get the swing of the work now. At first it was much the same sensation that I used to have the first few years at the Brearley. I felt as though it were like learning to ride a bicycle, I knew it would be done, but I couldn't catch the trick. It's more rythmical now. We're getting down to regular hours. Mine are very morning and every evening and all afternoon three times a week. No, not every morning and evening, for I'm supposed to have Mondays off and if Marie pans out as well as she promises I'll be able to hold to that. I've engaged another woman to help Marie Monday mornings and we're to have a detail to help behind the counter in the evenings. (It's Monday morning now, that's how I'm able to write such a long letter.) If it all works out as planned we ought to run pretty smoothly soon. And not too tiresomely either. I don't mean tiresome, it never could be that, I mean without too much strain.

Of course I don't really get those other three afternoons off, there's always something to be done, but I often get about an hour to rest. And often, even while I'm on the job it isn't very strenuous. You never can tell though. Yesterday, for instance, Mr. Fleming was very tired and wanted the afternoon off, I said Sunday afternoons weren't busy and I had Marie so he'd better go. He did--and I took in 127 francs during the afternoon. When you consider that most of the stuff we sell goes for 25 or 50 centimes you can gather it was a busy day. Mr. Ames came in on a tour of inspection while I was frosting my cake with one hand and selling tobacco with the other. Well! he couldn't think I was slacking anyway even if it wasn't good cake nor a very quick sale. Mr. Ames is our Divisional Secretary and a very fine man. I'm awfully in luck to work under him and Mr. Randall. I like them both a lot. I had another inspector last week but he was just an old sentimentalist who talks of the "happy face" and "soldiers flocking eagerly about a good woman" etc. I haven't