

119(a)

Sunday

March 24[?]

Dear Mother.

Relief, surprise, astonishment and uncertainty. We now know what is hitting us. It is astounding. What it will mean to our work I do not now know.

This morning at seven as I was blissfully sleeping after a night disturbed by another false alarm, the siren woke me. I hustled into some clothes, took an orange and a piece of bread, pillows and a rug and went to the first floor with Helene. We could hear an occasional explosion. After a while we ventured out and bought a paper, then we knew it was not bombs but a canon.

Everyone was temporarily relieved. For some reason no one minds shells as much as bombs. A super, super gun in the German trenches is less terrifying than a "boche" over your head with tons of explosives. We were told yesterday that they were coming one or two at a time all day, but we know no one understood what it was.

I went over to Denfert Rochereau for a while, then Miss Curtis came along and suggested going to the country for the day. I thought I might as well get a little rest while possible, as no telling it may be tomorrow.

We came to Robinson, got here about one, ate a meagre but sufficient lunch in the woods. It has been a nice, peaceful Sunday, though I suppose a minister's daughter ought to be at church under bombardment.

Please don't worry about me. I am in little danger and, c'est la guerre, it is only right I should suffer in some way to make "democracy safe".

I will write again when I know more how things are going.

A very great deal of love to all of you.

