

August 11, '39

Dear People,

A lovely rainy afternoon. At least it's lovely when you're reclining cozily on your bed, wrapped in a comforter, and gazing out at the wet courtyard.

Nothing much to report. Same things going on as the last time I wrote, which was a very short time ago. Last night, we had two guests for dinner in Jean's little room at number 9, Rue de la Campagne-Première. A British brother and sister who are the salt of the earth, and who we had thought we had said goodbye to about a week ago, in a bang-up party. They are over here on vacation, and were leaving for Brittany the last time they left. However, they both

August 11, '39

Dear People,

A lovely rainy afternoon. At least it's lovely when you're reclining cozily on your bed, wrapped in a comforter, and gazing out at the wet courtyard.

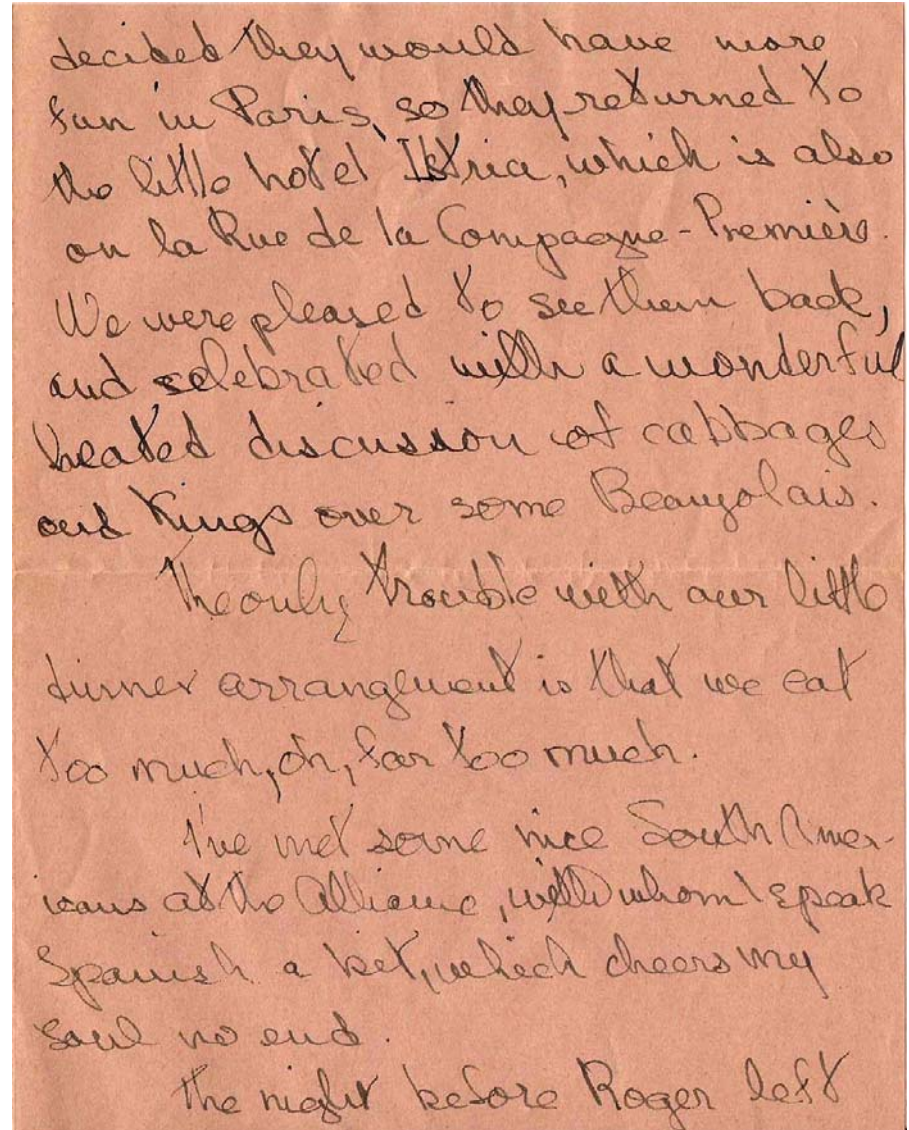
Nothing much to report. Same things going on as the last time I wrote, which was a very short time ago. Last night, we had two guests for dinner in Jean's little room at no. 9, Rue de la Campagne-Première. A British brother and sister who are the salt of the earth, and whom we had thought we had said goodbye to about a week ago, in a bang-up party. They are over here on vacation and were leaving for Brittany the last time they left. However, they both

*decided they would have more fun in Paris, so they returned to the little hotel Istria, which is also on the Rue de la Campagne-Première. We were pleased to see them back, and celebrated with a wonderful heated discussion of cabbages and Kings over some Beaujolais.*

*The only trouble with our little dinner arrangement is that we eat too much, oh, far too much.*

*I've met some nice South Americans at the Alliance, with whom I speak Spanish a bit, which cheers my soul no end.*

*The night before Roger left*



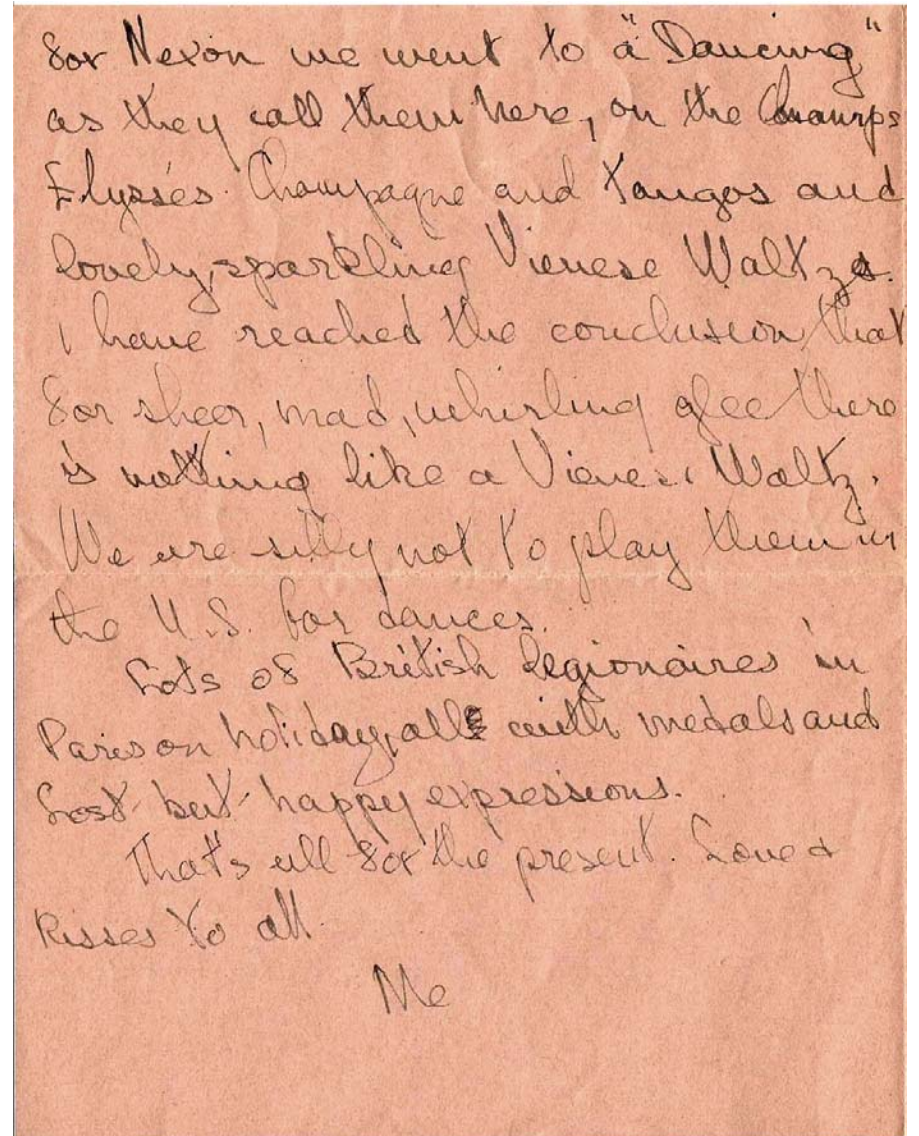
*decided they would have more fun in Paris, so they returned to the little hotel Istria, which is also on la Rue de la Campagne - Première. We were pleased to see them back, and celebrated with a wonderful heated discussion of cabbages and Kings over some Beaujolais. The only trouble with our little dinner arrangement is that we eat too much, oh, far too much. I've met some nice South Americans at the Alliance, with whom I speak Spanish a bit, which cheers my soul no end. The night before Roger left*

for Neron we went to a "Dancing" as they call them here, on the Champs Elyssés. Champagne and tangos and lovely, sparkling Viennese waltzes. I have reached the conclusion that for sheer mad whirling glee there is nothing like a Viennese waltz. We are silly not to play them in the U.S. for dances.

Lots of British legionnaires in Paris on holiday, all with medals and lost-but-happy expressions.

That's all for the present. Love and kisses to all.

Me

A photograph of a handwritten letter on aged, yellowish-brown paper. The handwriting is in cursive and matches the typed text on the left. The letter is written in several paragraphs, with some lines starting with a capital letter. The paper shows signs of age, including some creases and discoloration.

for Neron we went to a "Dancing" as they call them here, on the Champs Elyssés. Champagne and Tangos and lovely, sparkling Viennese Waltzes. I have reached the conclusion that for sheer, mad, whirling glee there is nothing like a Viennese Waltz. We are silly not to play them in the U.S. for dances.

Lots of British legionnaires in Paris on holiday, all with medals and lost-but-happy expressions.

That's all for the present. Love & Kisses to all.

Me