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DERNIER CONFORT

ADRESSE TÉLÉGRAPH.  
OTÉOPÉRA - PARIS

TÉLÉPHONIE  
PROVENCE 83-91

R.C. SEINE 531.966

HOTEL DE L'OPÉRA

16. RUE DU HELDER

Paris

J. RAYMOND PROP<sup>RE</sup>

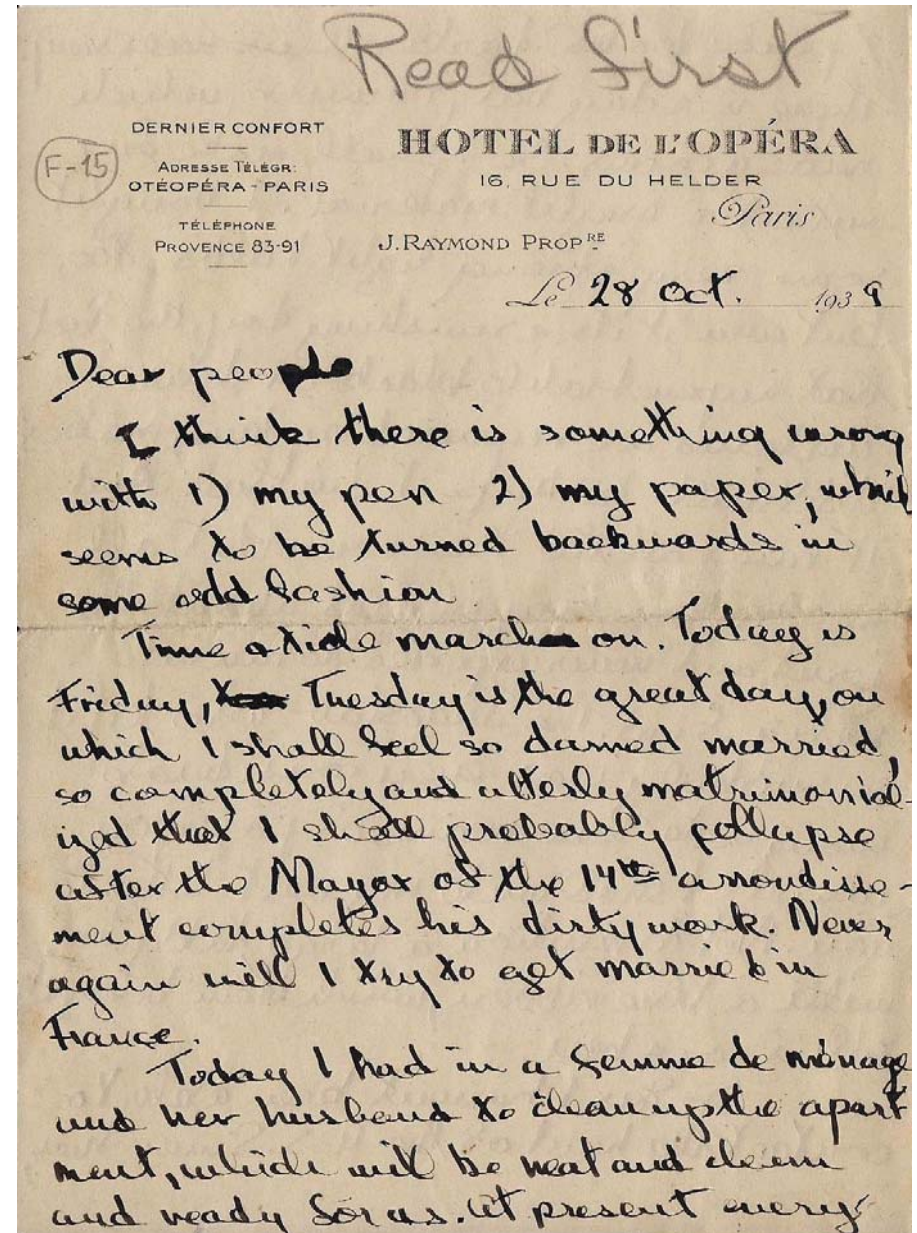
Le 28 Oct, 1939

Dear people

I think there is something wrong with 1) my pen 2) my paper,  
which seems to be turned backward in some odd fashion.

Time & tide march on. Today is Friday, Tuesday is the great day,  
on which I shall be so darned married, so completely and utterly  
matrimonialized that I shall probably collapse after the Mayor of the 14<sup>th</sup>  
Arrondissement completes his dirty work. Never again will I try to get  
married in France.

Today I had a femme de ménage and her husband to clean up the  
apartment, which will be neat and clean and ready for us. At present  
every-



thing is there except clean sheets & enough blankets, and there is a lacuna in the supply of kitchen utensils such as knives, forks, spoons.

What I shall enjoy most is the John, which is possessed of a real live bathtub for which hot water can be obtained in 2 minutes. A Bath a day!

Whee! I'm sure I'm beginning to be too dirty for words, because at present all I have is one a week.

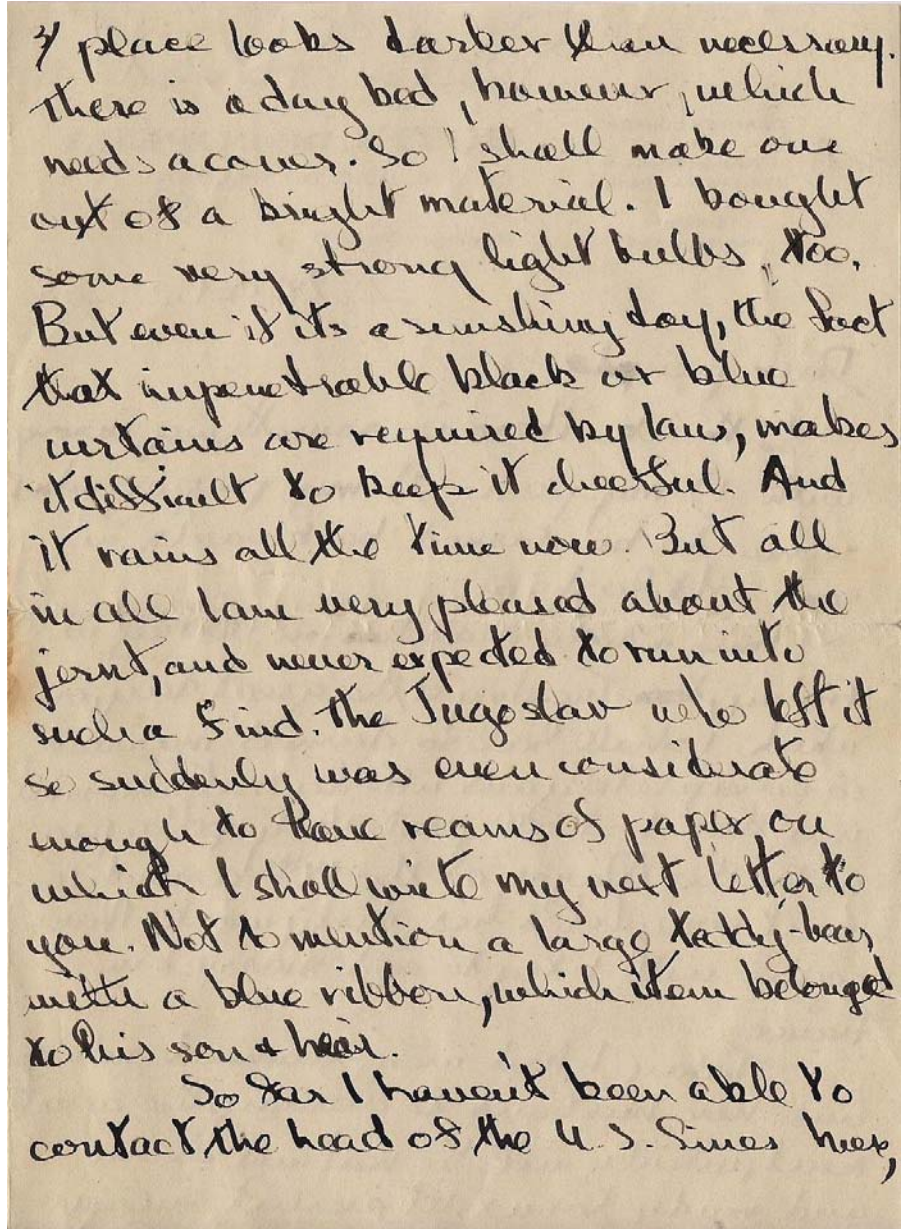
It's fun to whip up this apt. of ours, I only wish we were in a position to buy a few decorations for it. But 1) why buy things for a place you may not stay in for more than 2½ months, 2) what would you do with them afterwards 3) they cost, and the price is naturally augmented by such imperious needs as glasses and spoons. The furniture & rugs are nice, but such a very neutral color that the

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place looks darker than necessary. There is a day bed, however, which needs a cover. So I shall make one out of bright material. I bought some very strong light bulbs, too. But even if it's a sunny day, the fact that impenetrable black or blue curtains are required by law, makes it difficult to keep it cheerful. And it rains all the time now. But all in all I'm very pleased about the joint, and never expected to run into such a find. The Yugoslav who left it so suddenly was even considerate enough to leave reams of paper on which I shall write my next letter to you. Not to mention a large teddy-bear with a blue ribbon, which item belonged to his son & heir.

So far I haven't been able to contact the head of the U.S. Lines here,



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but when I last spake to his Sec'y she didn't seem to pooh-pooh the idea of letting Pop collect in New York. So at least you may get all the \$170 or thereabouts from that source.

I am anxiously awaiting arrival of fur coat, and am so anxious, too, about whether or not you omitted the Covermark for some reason or other. Heaven forbid. Please, please send it!! In tan medium, you know.

As our witnesses for the wedding we are having: our "old" friend Tom Esten, of Boston, a young married artist who used to come to dinner at Jean Brewster's place in Montparnasse, and who is a nice, slow-speaking boy; also Mrs. Edwards, from London, whom we have also known quite a time. She is the mother of a girl-friend of ours and has always been very sweet to me. The minister of the church we go to

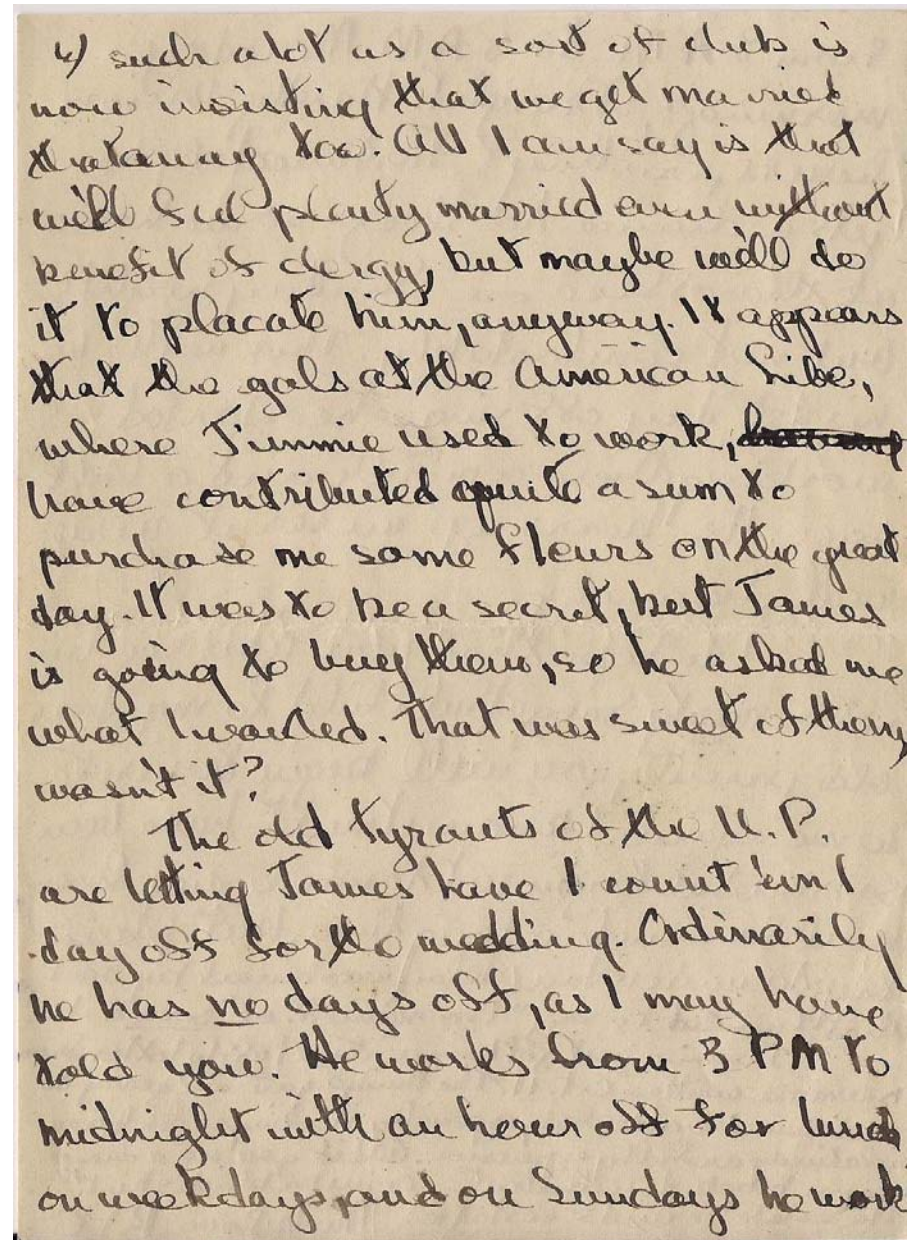
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such a lot as a sort of club is now insisting that we get married thataway too. All I can say is that we'll feel plenty married even without benefit of clergy, but maybe we'll do it to placate him, anyway. It appears that the gals at the American Libe, where Jimmy used to work, have contributed quite a sum to purchase me some fleurs on the great day. It was to be a secret, but James is going to buy them, so he asked me what I wanted.

That was sweet of them, wasn't it?

The old tyrants of the U. P. are letting James have 1 count 'em 1 day off for the wedding. Ordinarily he has no days off, as I may have told you. He works from 3 PM to midnight with an hour off for lunch on weekdays, and on Sundays he works



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from 8 AM to 8 AM Monday mornings, straight. Hardly union hours, are they? Fortunately he gets a chance to sleep some hours at the office on Sunday nights, but not comfortably. This will be his 1<sup>st</sup> day off since he started working there a month and a half ago. He bears up under it very well, however.

I do hope that now you see I am not a nasty forgetful child to my dear old parents, you will begin to write to me again. I know it must have been sorrowful to you not to receive any foreign mail for such a long time, but please try to understand the delay was caused by fact that I wanted to say "I'm married!" or "soon to be!"

Jimmy just got home with a luffly letter from Mama written Oct. 11. The things you are going to send sound wonderful, especially stockings which are relatively awfully expensive. And if you see a cheap warm black dress that's cute... Or just a black skirt! The "estate" sounds ecstatic! Much love LPC

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Dear Daddy & Mama,

Jimmy thought this letter was exclusively to his pop & mom, so this part of the letter was concerning personal matters, between them.

Therefore Mrs. Jones Sr. will have deleted it by the time this gets to you.

I love you people very much and would so like to see you! Maybe this nasty business will be over by next summer and some of you can visit us. Hopefully. When you come bring Lerner's Dress Store & the A & P and Mr. Woolworths. If you can't, don't worry, just bring yourselves, because we are qualified guides to Paris now, and we love you.

May I repeat that I love you all. I hope Doña is having an easy time and thank John for the 50 millionth time for Unknown & Astounding, God's gift to escapists. We read every word. Unknown's story Fear was excellent, tho I prefer Ast. Formers new cover is great improvement.

In our garden the radishes are all eaten,

(F-15)

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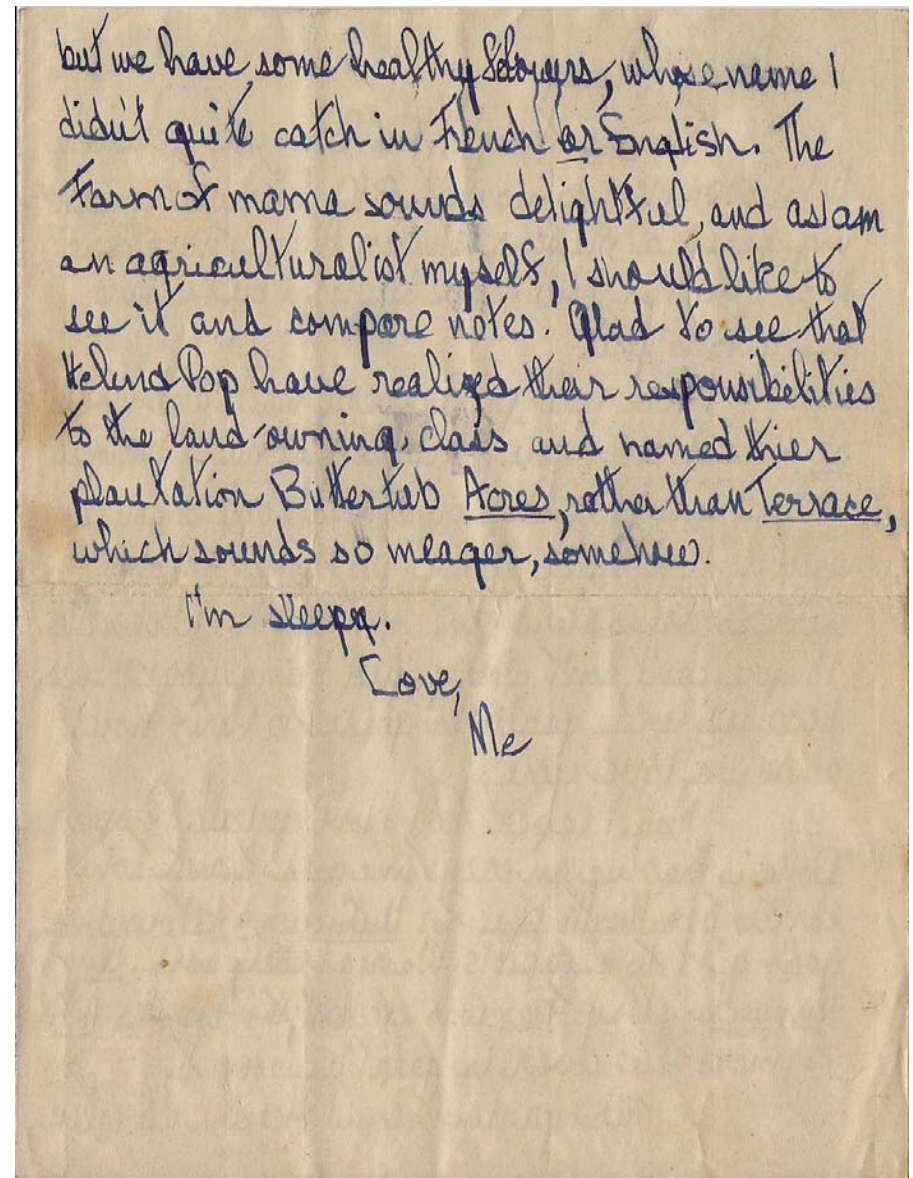
In our garden the radishes are all eaten,

but we have some healthy flowers whose name I didn't quite catch in French or English. The farm of Mama sounds delightful and as I am an agriculturalist myself, I should like to see it and compare notes. Glad to see that Helen & Pop have realized their responsibilities to the land owning class and named their plantation Buttertub Acres, rather than Terrace, which sounds so meager, somehow.

I'm sleepy.

Love,

Me

A photograph of a handwritten note on aged, yellowed paper. The text is written in cursive and matches the typed transcription on the left. The paper shows signs of wear, including creases and discoloration. The handwriting is clear but slightly slanted. The note is signed 'I'm sleepy.' followed by 'Love, Me' on two separate lines.

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