

**SOCIÉTÉ D'EXPORTATION & IMPORTATION A.R.L.**  
EXPORTATION AND IMPORTATION COMP. LTD - IZVOZNA IN UVOZNA DRUZBA ZO. Z.  
LJUBLJANA - (Yougoslavie)

ING. PAUL DE PAVLINOVITCH  
REPRÉSENTANT

**PARIS,**  
34, BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS  
TÉL. PROVENCE 09-74

Nov. 3

Dear Pop, etc.

*Aren't you impressed by the izvozna in uvozna Druzba Zo. Z.? Engineer Pavlinovitch was the previous occupant of our jernt which he seems to have used as an office, too.*

*There is really nothing to communicate, since I just finished a long airmail letter to you, but tonight at supper James-boy brought home a nice, sad letter from papa written just before the time he must have gotten a letter from me. He sounds so sweet and daddy-like in his method of scolding that I'm horribly contrite about the long silence. As for the \$50 business when I asked the consul not to collect, I thought I'd be back within a few days to explain that I had miscalculated when I sent for it, thinking the U.S. liner would be more expensive (as indeed they were for the unlucky ones) Then I came to Paris & you know what happened. The problem of the refunds of the 2 lines, with many other problems of equal & minor weight then drove the idea of the \$50 out of my head & I forgot to explain it to you for some time.*

*I told mother or you in my first letter to send the things to the Embassy, didn't I, or did I just think I did? Either there or the American Express has been diligently inquired into ever since. Jimmie & all the boys have all their mail sent to the U.P. now, because it is a permanent address & houses may not be in wartime.*

*The domestic duties are still enchanting me. I enjoy cooking things up. Jimmie came home right after I finished the part of my last letter telling about my frustrated feeling at being so happy & hen-like and how it made me feel so darned silly. He said he felt "conspicuous" too, so that cheered me up. We both evidenced an odd sensation of lostness in the apartment, because we are both accustomed to living in one room places of one sort or another. It's manifested in an urge to sit in one place & just stare at al lthat lovely room, and wonder what to do about it. We keep wondering when the person who really lives here is going to pop in & claim it.*

*The police are still with us. More regulations appear suddenly around corners and every one of them entails fines if they are omitted & a lot do even if they aren't, on general principles. Now that I'm married the carte d'identité I bought for 700 francs is no longer good, I'll have to buy a new one for 400 more francs. That is infinite wealth. If you don't have your papers in order they put you in jail, men & women together, no food if you can't pay for it, wooden benches in the 18<sup>th</sup> century dungeons to sleep on at night. I know 2 people, British, who spent 3 days apiece there recently, so Jimmie & I have decided to keep our papers in order cost what it may!*

*We're having Tom Esten to dinner tomorrow night. You'd like him. He's one of those boy-scout people, and also he's amusing.*

*I was amazed to learn Helen didn't win the sweepstakes. Well, next time, what ho!?*

*Heavens, Binkie in high school! It makes me feel so decrepit.*

*I'm glad I married Jimmie, but I don't tell anyone because they'd only laugh & say "Ha, you're just prejudiced because you love him!"*

*I should like to get a letter from Don & Doña, but don't really expect one until I write to them. With the fact that I have to do all my own correspondence (which Allah knows is huge & all prospective at this point) as well as write to Jimmie's parents for him, influence J. & D. to write to me anyway?*

*The airmail will not be used much anymore, it's to[o] expensive.*

*I love you people dearly.*

*LPC J\**

*\*Isn't it amazing?*



F-17

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