

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

ING. PAUL DE PAVLINOVIČH
REPRÉSENTANT

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

Nov. 17 [1939]

Dear people,

As usual, nothing of import to say, but the urge to write a letter. Life marches on at its habitual merry pace.

Jimmie was going to say a few words on a radio program Thanksgiving night which is to be relayed to the U.S. Someone at the Church is whipping it up, at least the American part of it, and it will have Maurice Chevalier, Charles Boyer and all the lads. They are going to send free cables to the families of the Americans who talk. But being gov't-sponsored it is a lot of nasty propaganda, so James decided not to. Also it is at 3 A.M., a late hour to be out at.

The gal who owns the furniture in the apartment that Steve was going to park on us has come back & claimed it, so we won't get the radio. I'm sorry about that, but just as glad not to have the excess beds, chairs, tables, etc.

Our friend Tom Esten has joined some fancy outfit that aims to send Ambulances to the front whenever they [are needed]. They are training in a donated Chateau somewhere near Paris, and call themselves the Iroquois group. A few of our less sane friends have joined it and now sprout gorgeous uniforms at 2000 frs. per, paid for by themselves. Tom says he would wear his flannel underwear sooner than appear in that rig, and anyway he hasn't 2000 frs. His wife Barbara tried to join a female equivalent but they are so choosy they won't take girls without cars and a 1000 fr. uniform. So she retired in a huff and is knitting something for herself.

I started to write up our adventures, have written two long versions and am now ready to start working on it seriously. It is dreadfully difficult to please us. I write it & tear it to pieces, then Jimmie comes home and suggests some entirely new start, so right now I may begin it. I'm wasting a lot of Ing. Paul Pavlinovitch's paper, but if ever I succeed in turning out something and get solid dollars for same it will certainly be worth it. Oh, and speaking of dollars Jimmie says you can get 53 frs. for the \$ outside of France. Here you can only get 40-43, so if ever you send me a check or something [*arrives*] it would make us a lot of money if you cashed [*it and sent u*]s a check for francs instead.

This morning at 11 or so as we were still snoozing our friend Flip came to call. Flip is an impecunious Austraylian with a very pleasing personality and a tendency to ignore papers. He was in jail for some a few weeks ago, and somehow argued the police out of making him pay a 2 thousand franc fine for not having a cart d'identité for the past few years. He just had to pay 400 frs. for getting one. That is probably the only instance on record of someone arguing the Fr. police out of a sou¹. You can see he is something of a genius. He used to be able to live 3 months on a

¹ Sou: French slang for 5/100 of a Franc, popularly used to mean any insignificant amount of money.

1000 frs., but now he's taken up bourgeois habits and eats more often. He claims to be an artist, but since he deserted the class he used to adorn, he has been working at the Church. A remarkable boy, whom everyone likes. We three sat around this morning as we ate breakfast, then Steve came and we went to Pam Pam's bar and had lunch. Fine time.

To[*night we are*] going to some sort of a cocktail p[*arty with a*] friend of Jimmie from the Libe. Because he only has an hour off for dinner, we are going to pack down some sandwiches on the way there & spend the hour at the party.

The coat & stuff haven't come yet, but then I suppose they will take an age for the trip. I'm anxious for them, though. It has got no colder, and maybe it won't at all, but last winter they had snow & freezing weather a lot. Right now it is just right for my luffly tweed suit, warm woolly pants, & sweater².

It's funny, we are living just as we want to, and feeling no lack of money at all. Of course we have bought no clothes, which we could stand, but other than that we have everything we want, actually. The price of food is beginning to go up however, but not enormously. On the same money aux Etats-Unis³ we would be in dire penury.

I must get the laundry ready and buy food for tomorrow. Write to me more, people.

Love,

Me

² This photo, dated 1942, may show the outfit Philinda referred to in this letter (minus the "warm, woolly pants"):



³ Aux Etats-Unis: In the United States

(F-25)
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REPRÉSENTANT

PARIS,

34, BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS
TÉL. PROVENCE 09-74

Nov. 17

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Jimmy was going to say a few words on a radio program Thanksgiving night which is to be relayed to the U.S. Some one at the Church is whipping it up, at least the American part of it, and it will have Maurice Chevalier, Charles Bayer and all the lots. They are going to send free cables to the families of the Americans who fell. But being Govt. sponsored it is a lot of nasty propaganda, so James decided not to. Also it is at 3 A.M., ~~so~~ a late hour to be out at.

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Chateau somewhere near Paris, and call themselves the Broquais group. A few of our less sane friends have joined it and now sprout gorgeous wisdoms at 2000 Srs. per, paid for by themselves. Tom said he would wear his Samuel underwear sooner than appear in that rig, and anyway he hasn't 2000 Srs. His wife Barbara tried to join a Semco equivalent, but they are so choosy they won't take girls without cars and a 1000 Srs. uniform. So she retired in a huff and is knitting something for herself.

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REPRÉSENTANT

PARIS,
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802 francs instead.

This morning at 11 or so as we were still snoozing our friend Flip came to call. Flip is an impeccable Australian with a very pleasing personality and a tendency to ignore papers. He was in jail for some a few weeks ago and somehow argued the police out of making ^{him} pay a 2 thousand franc fine for not having a carte d'identité for the past few years. He just had to pay 400 frs. for getting one. That is probably the only instance on record of someone arguing the Fr. police out of a sou. You can see he is something of a genius. He used to be able to live ~~on~~ three months on a 1000 frs, but now he's taken up bourgeois habits and eats more often. He claims to be an artist, but since he deserted the class he used to adorn, he has been working at the Church. A remarkable boy, whom everyone likes. We three sat around ^{this morning} as we ate breakfast, then Steve came and we went to Pam-Pams bar and had lunch. Fine time.

Tom is going to some sort of a
cocktail party friend of Jimmie from the hike.

SOCIÉTÉ D'EXPORTATION & IMPORTATION A.R.L.
EXPORTATION AND IMPORTATION COMPANY LTD - LEVONIA IN UNGEN DRUBRA 20.2.
LJUBLJANA - (Yugoslavia)

PARIS

M. PAUL DE FAVLINOVICH

10, BOULEVARD DES FAYARDS

REPRESENTANT

LE MOULIN DE LA

Because he only has an hour off for dinner, we are going to pack down some sandwiches on the way there + spend the hour at the party.

The coat + stuff have not come yet, but then I suppose they will take an age for the trip. I'm anxious for them, though. It has got no colder, and maybe it won't at all, but last winter they had snow + breezing weather a lot. Right now it is just right for my luffy tweed suit, warm woolly pants, + a sweater.

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Sore,

Me