

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

~~INC. PAUL DE PAYLINOVITCH~~
REPRÉSENTANT

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

Nov. 24 [1939]

Dear People,

I can't remember when was the last time I wrote you, but I think it was Sunday. Monday Steve came to dinner, and I burnt my first string beans! What a momentous occasion, and positively the first time such a thing has occurred. It happened because Steve had climbed up on a chair to beat the mashed potatoes over the stove, which is quite high. He looked so funny with my apron on that I stopped to laugh and forgot that the beans had very little water over them. Other than that and the fact that Steve hates hard sauce, all went well.

There have been no letters from you in days and days – maybe weeks, so I have naturally come to the conclusion that you don't love me anymore. I'm sorry about it all, because I still love you. To prove same I am including the pictures taken at the wedding. Of course, Jimmie doesn't look half as handsome as he really is. He always looks faintly as though he'd been on a binge the night before, in his pictures. The imposing but rather terrifying building in some of the backgrounds is the Mairie du 14^{ème} arrondissement, of evil fame. The coat I wore is that which I am still wearing, & will until my fur coat comes. It was cold then and is getting no warmer.

The pictures were taken after we had asked permission of the com[m]issaire de Police.

Yesterday being Thanksgiving, we went to the church for dinner and ate too much. Mushroom soup, turkey with stuffing, cranberry sauce, peas in timbales, tomato jelly salad, pumpkin pie, coffee with real cream. It was a nice party, and of course all our friends were there. We sat at the table with Tom and his wife, an English girl-friend of Steve, and Montparnasse friend of ours from New Mexico, also an artist. Everything was gay and the dinner was excellent. Afterwards there was dancing until 11 (War rules) and a rather good colored orchestra. Jimmie had to leave right after dinner, of course. I danced a bit, but mostly just sat and talked and digested the food in front of a roaring fire. Also I wished I could see you people, & eat Thanksgiving Turkey at home. We are all planning to be traditionalists and eat another Th. dinner next Thursday.

When you write next, it had better be air-mail, because I don't think steamship mail is going at all well. Perhaps that is why I have received so few letters from you. I should like to do the same, but it is trop cher¹. And write to the U. P.², because we may have moved by the time you can get a letter back here.

Love & kisses,

Me

¹ Trop cher: too expensive

² U.P.: United Press, Jimmie's workplace

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