

Sept. 20 [1940]

Letters! Wonderful! First time in months! We were so happy to get them! I was sure you were all sick or had decided to cut us off without a shilling or a word. Mrs. Jones Sr.'s letters came in two weeks Why were you so delicate about using the Pouch, which is an institution maintained



to serve, not to be admired. But a faster way to get letters here is this: Take your choice.

Mother's and Jimmy's dollar bills arrived very safely, as they always do. Thank you, they are extremely handy, and worth enormous sums here.

Jones tells me to tell you to send us no more of our salary money, because we have canceled that arrangement<sup>1</sup> and would like to have what is left in the bank. However, do send enough of it to Mrs. Jones, Sr. so that you will have sent her in all \$71.50 dollars, the sum of Jones' debt in Chicago. To Mrs. Jones: I am going to aim a pistol at Jones, Jr.'s head until he writes to sort out that extremely interesting inheritance. Now Jones is saying I married him for his money! Well, I'll have him write to you anyway.

Mother's farm gets better and better. I wish we had a farm. We'd grow potatoes and butter and milk and coffee and eggs and chocolate and tea and rice and lentils and nice juicy steaks six inches thick. Also we'd have a coal mine and piles of logs twenty feet high. And canned-peach trees and canned-pea vines would abound. Ah me--

It is raining, but then it always is..

Did I tell you about Fred.. he comes from Seattle, talks with a western twang, tells about lumber camps in British Columbia, comes to the Dôme of an evening to have a drink and talk to the Americans there. He is good natured in the traditional western "high, wide & handsome" way, so every time he comes to the Dôme he is the center of a throng at the bar. Pam Edwards, the English girl whose mother witnessed our wedding, discovered Fred one day a month or so ago, and has been showing him off ever since then. He is a German soldier. There is another German soldier here with whom I speak Spanish, because he lives in Barcelona. So: the only Germans we know are American, or Spanish respectively.

We collected the hundred dollars at the Amexco<sup>2</sup>, thank you. As you know by now, we sent the \$50 dollars back via the State Dept, because we could only get 43 to the dollar on it. We can't afford to take such losses.

We have coffee. What an amazing thing! No one else has that delicious beverage. They are making what they call "café national" now, which is reputed to contain two coffee beans per

<sup>1</sup> The arrangement was discussed in the letter of June 02, 1940, whereby State Department salaries could be banked in the U.S. (1940-06-02 F-59 LPK to JWC)

<sup>2</sup> American Express Co[mpany]

pound and roast barley. I've not tasted it yet, but those who have say it tastes exactly like – roast barley.

Frenchwomen now spend about two hours a day waiting in line for this or that product. So amusing! I had to stand in line an hour yesterday for my coal card, but one becomes very patient.

I hope to send this via a U.P. boy who is going home. Do write via the Pouch or as I suggested, please!

How is Doña<sup>3</sup> coming on?

Love to everyone, Me

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<sup>3</sup> Doña, the first wife of Philinda's brother, John Wood Campbell, Jr. At this time she was pregnant with their first child, a girl named Philinda.