

Sept. something¹ [1940]

Dear People,

Letters, letters, lovely epistles! One from pop{pa, one from mama, one from an appallingly earnest high s{chool boy in Jacksonville who wants James J. to tell hi{m the Truth about Things. Little does he know that {brave men have been known to tremble when Jone{s attempts to Explain the Truth! It is a touching letter, {but reminds me embarrassingly of my own earnest youth{, when I, too, bore the weight of the world on my shou{lders. Young Mr. Mosely (Algie M., Jr.) announces {he has always been interested in foreign affairs and {plans to be Senator from Florida or Secretary of St{ate. He asks whether it's true that the French are bea{ring their defeat with a fine, brave smile? Well{, from the superiority of 23 years I look down on h{is illusions and reflect on the transitory quality {of ambition. It was a sweet letter.

I was so afraid that Doña had l{earned of tragic trouble when I began Daddy's let{ter that I read the happy ending first. Poor Annabelle, {her older sister, just lost her baby, which was {due at the same time as the Heir of the Campbell {fortune so I was apprehensive. How nice that ever{ything is calm again! Give my love to Doña, a {hug to} John, even though he is only the father and d}oesn't really count!

This is one of our numerous money-less days}, but as usual we ate too much in spite of every-thing}. Bœuf Bourguignon was consumed. May I tell} you about bœuf Bourguignon? It is cut into pieces} at the Butchers, soaked in red wine with gallo}ns of vinegar, pepper corns, thyme, laurel, parsley, }tarragon leaves and anything that strikes your fa}ncy, for 24 hours. After which it is removed from }its bath and placed lovingly in a pot, with lots } of tomato and onions and butter. It is then stew}ed for two or three hours. In the middle of the cook}ing one dumps the bath of wine which has been saved} for the purpose, in the pot. Deary me, I for- got to} say that a little water is necessary in the

¹ Probably either September 29 or 30.

tomato. It's very good, we think. I wonder if you have all those herbs at home? Here in France life would just stop completely if there were no garlic, tarragon, leeks, etc. Luckily for France garlic is still obtainable.

We had a strenuous weekend. Babs and Hulot came Saturday & stayed till Sunday night and my wife of Jacques Schérer & his charming young wife came over Sunday night. Babs is giving me a sweater in exchange for two jewel boxes.

Thank you in advance, everybody, for our birthday presents. You are nice people! Our birthdays (as you now know, are on the 2nd & 3rd of September so it is handy for celebrating in our economic way; just one feast, one movie, one bottle of champagne (is necessary thus. Anyway we don't like champagne much. Heartfelt thanks to poppa & Helen for the dress & slippers... I am still greatly envied for the slack dress she sent for Christmas, which is the best robe in France {

Life has certainly changed: Horses (and carriages everywhere, bicycles owners enormously envied; silk stockings practically unobtainable, leggings being shown at the Winter Collections, candles rapidly disappearing from the stores, tea nowhere to be found, and line-ups everywhere! Ah, the progress (of our civilization!

A note to Mother: you enquired about Mr. B.'s motives.² It is confusing but I think (it might be explained by the fact that he was a (short while on the job here (remember where he was on June 3rd?) Maybe he hopes still to be paid (in spite of everything, and doesn't want to get on the wrong side of the customers.

) and his "very best butter" amuse me. To a limited, oh very limited extent, I agree: You read what you can get to read, and it's up to you to reach your own conclusions. But this fact is painfully true: Most people at home have not yet reached the necessary state of sophistication in the press, and have the lamentable tendency to believe in its dis-

² There is no reference to "Mr. B" or any man whose name begins with B in the letter following June 3rd, 1940, which was not written until July 20 (1940-07-20 F-60 LPK to DSCM).

interested}ness. Over here, because newspapers have always} shouted that they were in favor of such and such a} group of men sitting on the left hand side }of the Chamber of Deputies near the door leading to th}e coatroom, and to H_ _ _ _ with everybody else (}the scoundrels!), people realize that newspapers rea}lly represent the interests of the men who own th}em. Frenchmen would never suspect their news-papers} of being impartial as the man from Mars, & ther}efore never read them without a kilo of salt at} their sides. They are prepared to examine the tri}pe they are forced to eat, whereas our own fine} citizens are convinced very easily that their dish }of tripe is ice cream with real butterscotch sauce. In a w}ay, I suppose it's more fun to think so. But we must n}ever forget that my Frenchmen, whom I put up to you} as such models of doubting propriety, have beli}eved that their lovely tripe of last winter was }the "homard mayonnaise à la Foyot³" that they obl}iged to hope it was, poor dears. This dis-quisiti}on is getting awfully gastronomical, so I'll drop it.}

I hereby officially deny the truth of the suggestion of Mrs. }Jones, Sr. that her son's fine Italian hand has been due to} my reading. No. It is the exigencies of the wea}ther. I read any book I can get, and the choice} is limited by the fact that there are few book}s, these days. Also it must be remembered that }Jones & I have about the same tastes, except that I lov}e the 19th century novel and it bores him, and h}e loves facing facts and I can do without the plain t}ruth a lot of the time. There now. It's my pop's faul}t I don't like to face too many facts all at once, because }Daddy read me James Barrie⁴ when I was an impressi}onable child. Ah well, like it or not facts can be s}een through even the rosiest, most Barrie-esque

³ "A variation on the Bearnaise sauce made by adding glace de viande. This sauce is usually served with meat but can be used for other plating. (a.k.a. Valois sauce)" [<https://cheftalk.com/ams/foyot-sauce.27804/> Accessed 2018-01-28]

⁴ "Sir **James** Matthew **Barrie** ... (May 9, 1860 – June 19, 1937) ... was a Scottish dramatist, best known for writing *Peter Pan* in 1904, or *The Boy Who Would Never Grow Up*. The son of Scottish weavers, he moved to London to pursue his interest in becoming a playwright. There he met the Llewelyn Davies boys who inspired his masterpiece. [<https://www.biography.com/people/jm-barrie-9200058>. Accessed 2018-01-28]

prose,} and so I am slowly losing my horror of them.

Heavens, we've been married almost a year.

We can't} get over it.

Jones is happy because when Babs came over }from Brittany she said he looked a little more mature.} Huh! That may be. Did I tell you Babs & Hulot had gone up to l'Île de Batz⁵ nea{r Roscoff They had a lovely time swimming and {watching planes, and two bombs fell on the island, but did n{o damage. They ate and ate nice Breton food. Hu{lot was worried because the French, of all people, wo{uldn't give him permission to leave France. He's n{ervous about the government because he came over from {America⁶ to fight and was supposed to have his b{illet. He spent \$1000 and the government reïm{bursed him last February, to the sum of 23 francs {... So he figures that his two Croix de Guer{res⁷ will have cost him about \$10,000 a meter. {Poor Hulot. Babs has her worries, too. they are liv{ing chez la belle-mère⁸ who thinks it's extravagant to let{ the water run till it's cold when you want a gl{ass of water. Babs has Homeric battles with h{er mother-in-law what's more, and is getting to be as {harassed as only a girl with a French mother, father, {& family-in-law can be. Happily she thinks Hul{ot is lovely. He is nice, but nothing like Jones.

The ration cards for meat, cheese an{d fats came into effect yesterday. The ration of butter,{ oil, margarine & those kinds of things for two pe{ople is less than ½ a pound a week. Which neatly eliminate{es fried food from one's diet. I hope we can {continue to get butter at the Embassy until our stuff {from the

⁵ The **Île de Batz** (*Enez Vaz* in Breton) is an island off Roscoff in Brittany, France. [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/%C3%8Ele_de_Batz. Accessed 2018-01-28]

⁶ Discussed in Philinda's letter of August 23, 1940. (1940-08-23 F-73 LPK to JWC family).

⁷ "The **Croix de guerre** (French: *Cross of War*) is a military decoration of France. It was first created in 1915 and consists of a square-cross medal on two crossed swords, hanging from a ribbon with various degree pins. The decoration was awarded during World War I, again in World War II, and in other conflicts. ... The Croix de guerre may either be awarded as an individual or unit award to those soldiers who distinguish themselves by acts of heroism involving combat with the enemy. [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Croix_de_Guerre, Accessed 2018-01-28]

⁸ **Chez la belle-mère**: French, 'with [his] mother-in-law'

United States comes. 200 grams of butter is just too little, and James has to be kept plump and healthy.

With all our hearts we are hoping that {he doesn't get drafted, and that if drafted they won't {want to send him home. They railroaded that particu{lar bill through rather beautifully, didn't they? Now ev{eryone is ecstatically happy and families will have fun l{earning to live on \$30 a month for a year. Or is it \$40 a {month men get? Anyway, it's better than the 15 francs {the French privates got. Deary me, c'est une drôle d'{affair⁹ Well, let's not get morbid.

___ Now it's evening. Supper {is over, the dishes washed, Pierre has arrived for his {lesson, but Jamie is neglecting both of us, because he {is play- ing chess with a Roumanian sculptor – free{ing ??? his. So Pierre is reading the Paris-Soir and m{outhing imprecations against its editors. The Rouman{ian is trying vainly to sing If I Had a Talking {Picture of You.¹⁰ Now he's gone home, "quick as an American Su{perman" as he put it, because he lives in Montrouge¹¹-S{ which resembles Brooklyn in that it is inacce{sible and (if Mr. & Mrs. Jones, Sr. will please excuse my {saying this about their old home town!) rather appallin{g... . I know some parts of Brooklyn are very ni{ce! He} and Jones are discussing an improbable party} in English, which is to come about at }las and is to be spent in bed asleep. It sound}s lovely.

In} spite of Poppas' 'Sedative" I am sorry for

⁹ *c'est une drôle d'[affaire]* French: 'it is an ironic [business]'

¹⁰ **If I had a talking picture of you,**

I would run it every time I felt blue
I would sit there in the gloom of my lonely little room
And applaud each time you whispered, "I love you; love you."
On the screen the moment you came in view
We would talk the whole thing over, we two
I would give ten shows a day
And a midnight matinee
If I had a talking picture of you.

- Music by Ray Henderson, 1929.

Very popular song in the 1930s, sung by many performers, most famously Bing Crosby.

A charming 1929 performance by Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell (with several unnamed children) is available on YouTube at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=a5A03c7_CVs, accessed 2018-01-28.

¹¹ "**Montrouge** is a commune in the southern Parisian suburbs, located 4.4 km (2.7 mi) from the centre of Paris, France." [<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Montrouge>, accessed 2018-01-28]

him } & Helen because he is working so hard.
I was v}ery lonely when Jones-Puss was at the U.P.
day } and night. I hope Ruth Havey¹² comes to
visit }Helen when Pop is working. By the way,
how is} she – Ruth H., I mean? Give her my love!

The} sweater that Babs gave me for the boxes is lovely,
a very} pretty shade of turquoise. I am happy with it.

I }didn't notice this blank space!

* * *

This is the last available page of Philinda's letters from France.

The next available letters from Philinda are from Portugal, the first dated June 14, 1941. In it, she apologizes for "the enforced six months silence" and recalls that "The last letter I wrote was in the worst part of a rather unpleasant winter." This would indicate that letters from October 1940 through January 1941, are missing. It is not clear at this time whether these letters are misfiled or permanently lost.

¹² **Ruth Havey** was a good friend of Helen "Putty" Putnam Campbell, John W. Campbell Sr.'s second wife. "...Ruth Havey was born and educated in Massachusetts, where she studied at Smith College and the Cambridge School of Domestic Architecture and Landscape Architecture. While she established her own landscape architecture practice in New York City in 1935, Havey's legacy rests heavily on her... work spanning nearly forty years on a single project, the gardens at Dumbarton Oaks in Washington, D.C. Havey worked closely with...the patron, Mildred Bliss, on much of the detailed design work in the garden. ..." [https://tclf.org/pioneer/ruth-havey; see also https://www.doaks.org/library-archives/garden-archives/biographies/ruth-havey. Accessed 2018-02-04] Although Miss Havey lived in New York, she often came to Washington, D.C., for her work at Dumbarton Oaks. At such times she would invariably stay at the Mayflower Hotel, and occasionally invited Philinda and family, including myself (Laurence Krieg) to dinner there. The last such dinner took place in 1967. Miss Havey lived from 1899 to 1980.