

July 28 '39

Dear People,

So sorry to make you think I'd fallen under the wheels of the passing Metro or died after too hearty consumption of red wine. Fact is, as I carefully explained in a cablegram this very morning, I had written approx a week ago, a fact which should teach you never to despair.

Things going very well indeed. I met some very poor, very happy people a week ago, and since then we have been eating together. The one who introduced me to the others is Jimmy Jones, of Birmingham, Ala.,

Northwestern, '37

F-02

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who came to Paris last November after living on oatmeal all the winter before. He came to Paris on \$60 from Chicago, ended up at the Gare St. Lazare with 100 francs. Now is working at the American Library here and living high. Wouldn't leave Montparnasse for anything. His friend Johnny Newell from Minnesota came last January on a tour, liked Paris, but was about to go home in February for lack of funds. Still had 20 dollars, however, so he stayed till March on that, living economically. Then got a job teaching English & received \$25 from parents, so stayed on till May. Then got a job traveling all over Europe

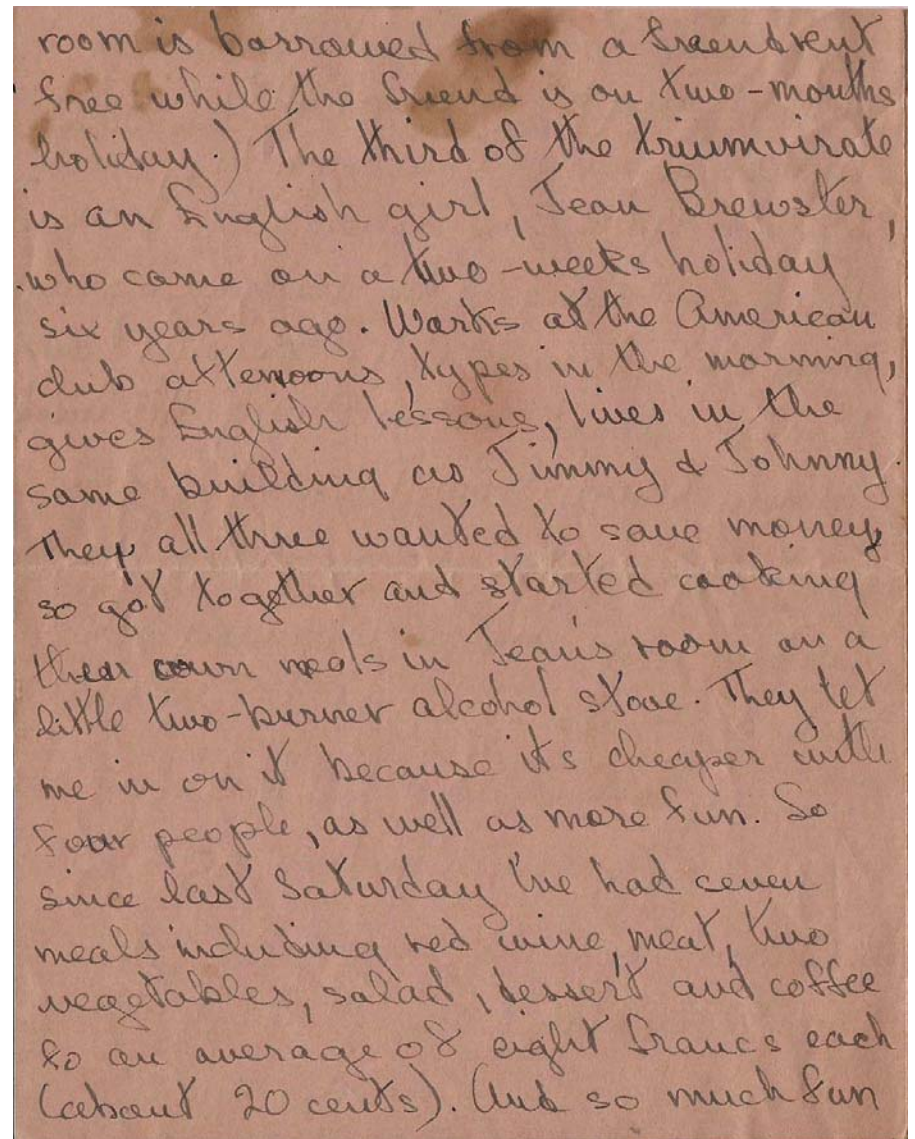
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from England down to Italy, even into North Africa, with tourists in his wake. Got fired in Germany two weeks ago, however, because his two years of college German hadn't included what not to photograph in the way of Aviation fields. Mr. Hitler objected, his boss said too bad, so here is Johnny back again in Paris, looking for a job and above all not anxious to return to Minnesota in time for the big snows. He wants to study French, has offered to take himself off of his Father's hands for \$50 a month; is now awaiting reply and living on \$10 quite royally, in Jimmy's room

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room is borrowed from a friend rent-free while the friend is on two-months holiday.) The third of the triumvirate is an English girl, Jean Brewster, who came on a two-weeks holiday six years ago. Works at the American club afternoons, types in the morning, gives English lessons, lives in the same building as Jimmy and Johnny. They all three wanted to save money, so got together and started cooking their own meals in Jean's room on a little two-burner alcohol stove. They let me in on it because it's cheaper for four people, as well as more fun. So since last Saturday I've had seven meals including red wine, meat, two vegetables, salad, dessert and coffee for an average of eight francs each (about 20 cents). And so much fun



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we have making them! Sunday we splurged, took a taxi to & from the Ritz bar where we had cocktails (that binge is included, by the way, in the sum total - it's hidden in the average.) I have my lunches at the restaurant across the street from here, and the ten francs or so I pay out there seem enormous sums in comparison.

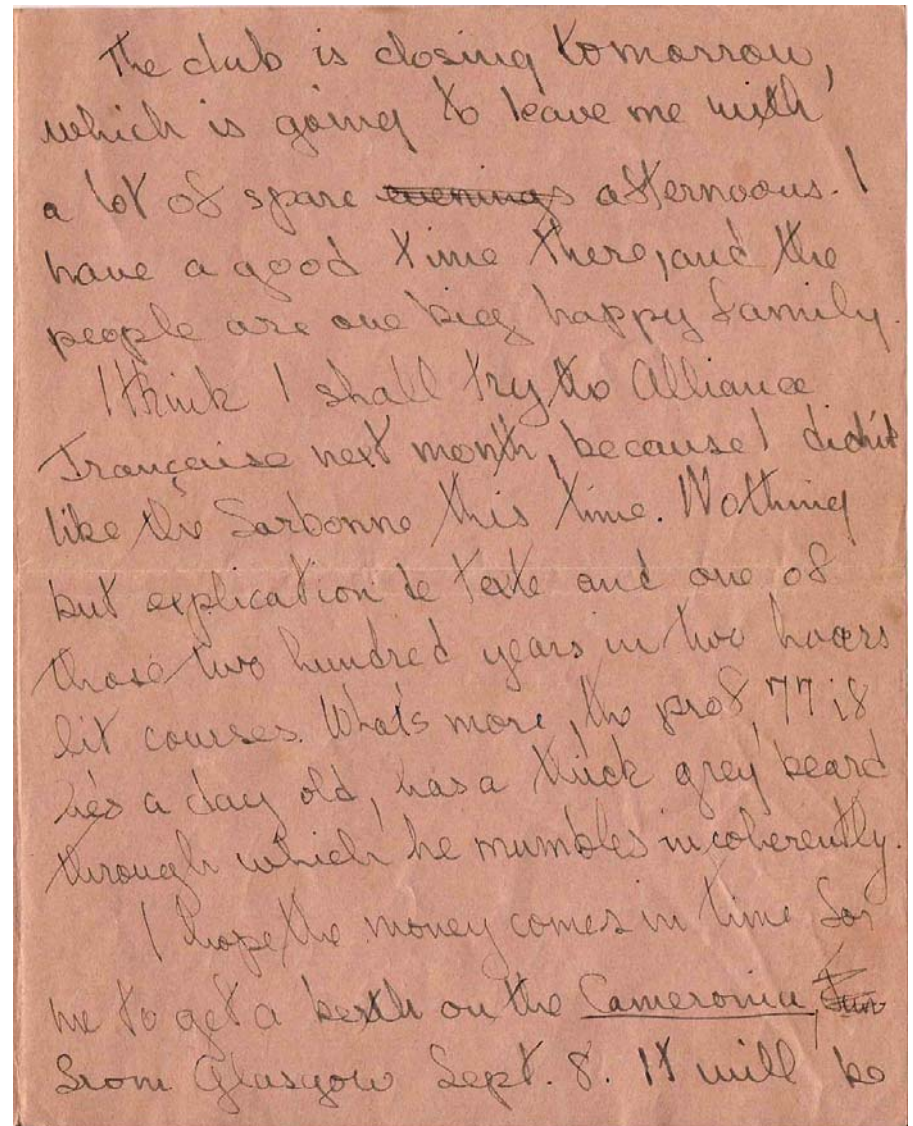
Roger Trézel parted in vacation, as the French say, last Friday, much to his disgust. So ennuyé was he, however that he turned up again in Paris the night before last. His poor mother, who loves Limousin, had to come back with him. It's nice to have him back.

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The club is closing tomorrow, which is going to leave me with a lot of spare afternoons. I have a good time there, and the people are a big happy family.

I think I shall try the Alliance Française next month, because I didn't like the Sorbonne this time. Nothing but explication de texte and one of those two hundred years in two hours lit courses. What's more the prof, 77 if he's a day old, has a thick gray beard through which he mumbles incoherently.

I hope the money comes in time for me to get a berth on the Cameronia, from Glasgow Sept. 8. It will be

A photograph of a handwritten note on aged, yellowish-brown paper. The handwriting is in cursive and matches the typed text on the left. The note is written in three paragraphs, with the first paragraph starting with 'The club is closing tomorrow...' and the second starting with 'I think I shall try the Alliance Française next month...'. The paper shows signs of age, including some staining and uneven coloring.

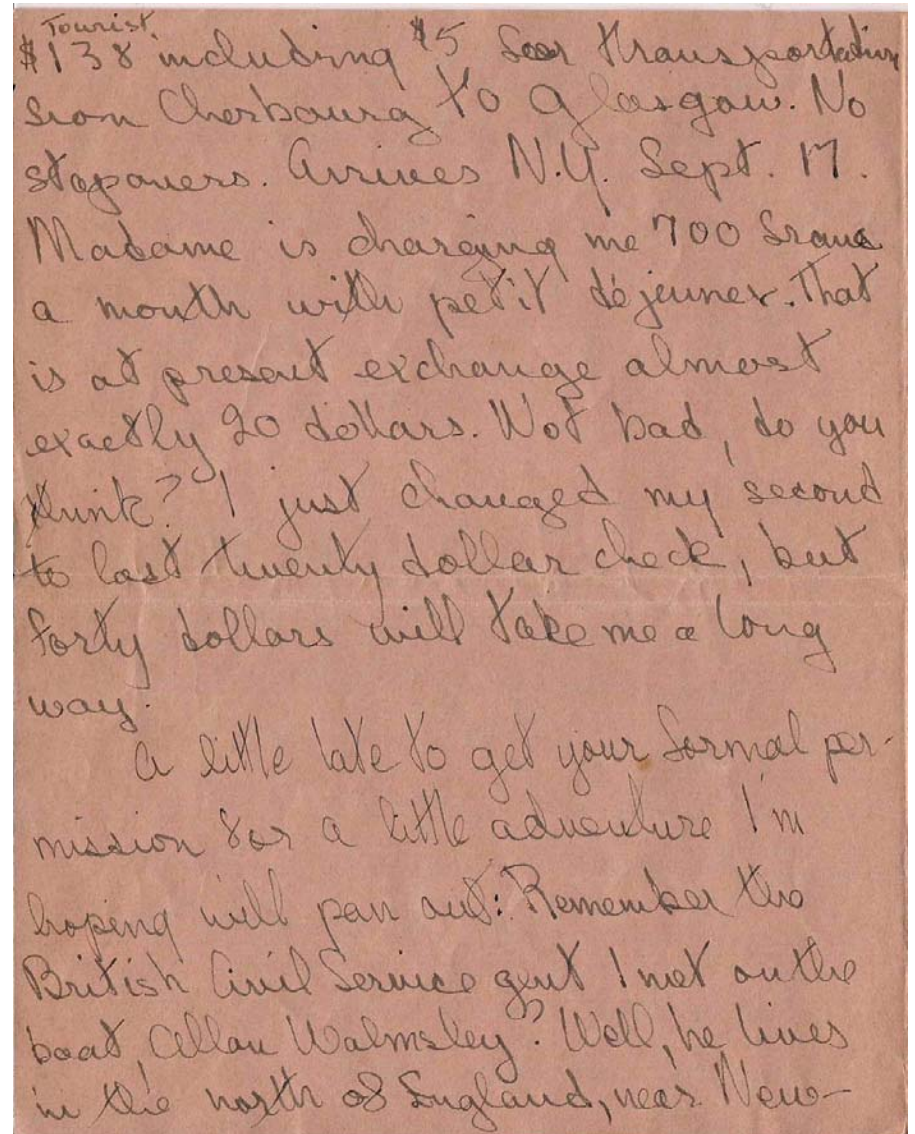
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\$138 tourist, including \$5 for transportation from Cherbourg to Glasgow.

No stopovers. Arrives N.Y. Sept. 17. Madame is charging me 700 francs a month with petit déjeuner. That is at present exchange almost exactly 20 dollars. Not bad, do you think? I just changed my second to last twenty dollar check, but forty dollars will take me a long way.

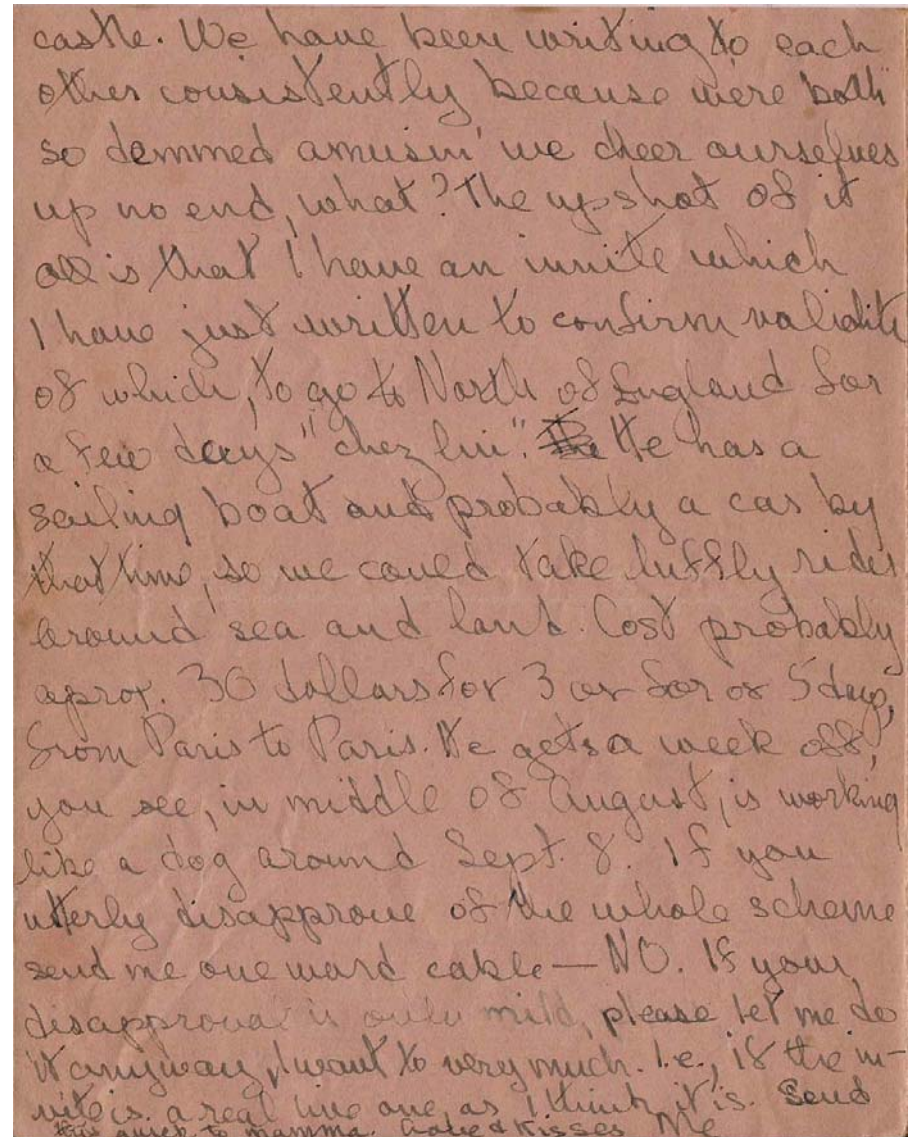
A little late to get your formal permission for a little adventure

I'm hoping will pan out: remember the British Civil Service gent I met on the boat, Allan Walmsley? Well, he lives in the north of England near Newcastle.



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We have been writing to each other consistently because we're both so demmed amusin' and we cheer ourselves up no end, what? The upshot of it all is that I have an invite which I have just written to confirm validite of which, to go to North of England for a few days "chez lui". He has a sailing boat and probably a car by that time, so we could take luffly rides around sea and land. Cost probably aprox 30 dollars for three or fo[u]r or five days, from Paris to Paris. He gets a week off, you see, in middle of August, is working like a dog around Sept. 8. If you utterly disapprove of the whole scheme send me one word cable - NO. If your disapproval is only mild, please let me do it anyway, I want to very much. I. e., if the invite is a real live one, as I think it is. Send the news to Mamma. Love and kisses Me

A photograph of a handwritten letter on aged, yellowish paper. The handwriting is in cursive and matches the typed transcription on the left. The text is written in dark ink and covers most of the page. At the bottom, there are some faint, smaller words that appear to be "Send quick to mamma. Love & kisses Me".

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