

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

ING. PAUL DE PAVLINOVITCH
REPRÉSENTANT

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

Nov. 14, '39

Dearest people,

All housework finished by 10:30 PM, I sit down to a *écrire*¹ you a lettre as we say, that despite the fact that nothing whatsoever out of the ordinary has occurred since last I wrote – nothing save the usual nice, quiet, fun things that happen when you are contentedly married.

Saturday night Steve Fulton came to dinner – we had some very good bifstec, as the French say, and some apple guck pudding for dessert, plus the usual things. I was successful with a fried banana idea I thought up, which pleased me much more than Jimmie & Steve, because they only enjoyed them in a mundane material way, while my very soul was uplifted by the triumphant fried bananas. Steve, as I have said before, is an excellent man-boy, apparently untouched by the harsh, cold world, because I am quite sure he still believes in Santa Claus although he's too shy to admit it, and once said that the life of a boy-scout troop leader was the only one for him. He is really shy, and unfortunately prone to childish antics such as embarrassed children perform to hide their self-consciousness. But Jimmie says he's a good man & a hard worker at the U. P. He has lived here 15 years, went to the Ecole Polytechnique, which is really a fine, difficult scientific school.

Last Sunday night we had supper at the church as usual, but no more corn-on-the-cob. It is rumored that the old Thanksgiving source of cranberries for sauce was in eastern France, not far from the Maginot line, and that no sweet potatoes have been seen in Les Halles for some time. But we shall have turkey & chestnut stuffing there at the Quai d'Orsay on the 23rd, as well as baked squash. They have a good chef. After I left the church Sunday night I went up to visit Jimmie at the office, which resembles the caves under the sea of a Sunday evening toward midnight. We listened to some dopey program from Schenectedy (?), which were nevertheless the first voices from America that I have heard for nigh unto five months. I am pleased to note that nothing has changed, since a magnificent ditty was rendered twice while we listened, a chansonette entitled Piggie-Wiggie-woo, and later a spelling bee was broadcast shortwave so the World Would Know. Be that as it may, it was lovely to think we could listen as long as we like & not eventually be afflicted with the official gov't news in Spanish, Italian, German, Hungarian, Greek, and English, not to mention French.

Nov. 15

Within the past week we've had two air-raid alerts, both about 4:30 AM – a nasty time to wake people up with mournful howling sounds. The last time was Sunday night, and Jimmie was still at the office, so I just stayed peacefully & warmly in bed instead of traipsing down into an *abri*². Also twice on other occasions we've heard the big AA³ guns firing away, but there were no alertes for some reason. A plane flew over Le Bourget & dropped copies of Molotov's speech⁴. The

¹ *écrire*: to write

² *abri*: shelter

³ AA: anti-aircraft

⁴ Molotov's speech: probably his speech on August 31st, 1939, dealing with the "Molotov-Ribbentrop" treaty of non-aggression between Germany and Russia. The content may be summarized in this clip: "Comrade Stalin defined our attitude to other countries as follows: (1) To continue a policy of peace and of strengthening business relations with all

Paris-Soir said two people were injured & part of the front of a hotel in Montmartre shot away by the [fa]lling French shells. The guns when they're going strong sound like a queer snore, or someone persistently banging a door in the apt. beneath. No-one pays much attention to them, just hope they don't call an alerte – it's so dull to spend a half an hour in a cold cellar. They just go on strolling or sipping or working, nothing ever happens, and if it did there is always an abri very near. No one is hurt by propaganda sheets, except those found with them in their possession, & I wouldn't care to have that occur to me in this great democracy.

You can still give me Mexico or Mandalay, as well as the inhabitants there of. I always said so, and on closer inspection I'm sure of it. I want to make no broad statements, but I think I would prefer a nice fuzzy Fiji Islander any day, because I'm under the impression that he might be equally pleasant whether or not you had something to give to him, and not so ready to act injured if you didn't consider his interests yours. Please note, US gov't – but it won't. Lord, what suckers these mortals be! Above all genus homo americanus – like the Bourbons, he never learns and never forgets. I'm afraid I just don't go for this jernt overmuch.

The poppa-air-mail-letter of Nov. 6 just arrived, & I was overjoyed by the dividend checks. That makes 700 francs for the old bank! At present we are living very much within our income, spending only about 2000 francs a month, I think. Of course the end of the month hasn't rolled around yet, but food is 1000 francs per month, rent 500, and we must spend 500 for other things, even though we never go to a movie (enertia) and to a café only once a week or so.

Steve had a friend who left town bequeathing him a furnished apt.. The apt. is too far away, & he is still looking around for a home, so he plans to park some of the furniture on us, which will have such advantages as a radio and kitchen utensils & extra sheets, and such disadvantages as an extra bed & tables etc. which we won't know what to do with. As soon as Steve finds an apt. he'll take away most of the excess furniture, I hope, or we'll make him store it, and leave us the radio & kitchen stuff.

Daddy, I've noticed two (2) split infinitives in your letters. How can I respect you if you persist in chopping infinitives? Unnatural father!

James has duly noticed the two fat sheep clause in the marriage contract, and said to tell you he has sent them in a crate, bleating like mad, to room 1725.

Last night we read Story magazine, a large collection of [*page torn here*]⁵ tales. Even James said so, although he is always on the front line fighting for “experimental writing” as he understates it. Have you ever read James Joyce's Ulysses? He read parts of it aloud to me, which amused me no end – I laughed & laughed, in fact, which wasn't the effect intended. But then, he sneered when I read three Dickens in a row, so there.

Dear dear I must wash the dishes.

In my spare time (now noticeable only for its absence) I'll set about to write up the great battle – Mein own little Kampf. It might well be whipped up into something, as you say.

Thanks for those words of praise about I have been a good girl about writing to you. I swelled with pride!

countries; (2) to be cautious and not to allow our country to be drawn into conflicts by warmongers who are accustomed to have others pull chestnuts out of the fire for them.” (The actual content of the treaty was far different.) Quoted from <http://www.histdoc.net/history/molotov310839.htm>, accessed 2014-08-24.

⁵ famous? fabulous?

I love you people dearly. I am very happy and in love. So are we all, all honorable men. I'll write to Dean Blaushord.

LPCJ
↑
getting complicated.

F-24

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