

P.S. Write to U.P.  
Dear People,

Dec 10 '39

I'm up & around again, & very happy about it. We got an air-mail from pop a few days ago, inclosing a sufficient check for 500 francs. Jeest, it looked good. I'm going to buy me a pair of new walking shoes, & James is going to let a few of his more battle scarred shirts out to pasture while he buys some new ones. He has had exactly one new one in the last 13 months – one he bought on September 19, when we hopefully thought we were going to get married, and he didn't have a clean one to put on. Also I am going to get a new permanent.

If you knew how we both mull over your letters, reading and re-reading them, you would write every day. Sans exception.

Today is Sunday. I hate Sundays because James works all day and night and we don't get a chance to see each other almost hardly. But last night we had a bang-up super time at dinner. It was the first time I had been out in a week, so we celebrated and went to the Restaurant Doroant, near the Bourse. It's an expensive jernt where all the higher class officers, armament manufacturers, and their be-minked lady friends gobble up fish, the specialité de la maison<sup>1</sup>. I took sole. We sat talking and looking at our [fellow-cr]eatures and wishing it was a low class bistro so we could kiss each other, until we saw an elderly bald commandant de l'armée de la terre<sup>2</sup> doing just that to his blonde babe, so that made everything perfect. It took us two 2 delightful hours to work through to the café noir and when the bill came we were so mellow and gay we just blinked hard once or twice.

Tomorrow Peter Rhodes, one of the U.P. boys, is going to Bucharest on the job. Everyone is very sorry to see him go 1) because he's very nice 2) because everyone wants to be in his place. Tonight we had dinner at an Italian restaurant with Ferguson-of-Acme and enjoyed ourselves muchly. Ferguson-of-Acme (everyone seems to call him that) it is a nice large boy who speaks French with the Pennsylvania accent that makes me homesick for some of my profs. Tomorrow I am starting in again at cooking – this restaurant eating costs twice as much.

Jimmie is starting to write some "shorts" for the home press, thinking he'd like to advance his position an eensy weensy bit. You can't lose, anyway. If people keep going away he may get to be head-man there (ha!) and turn out his own drivel. Oh by the way, pop said don't talk so much. Pop, I'm talking about 1/10 of 1% of what I'd like to talk, and it's making me into a nervous frustrated woman. It is most annoying not to be able to tell the truth about important things. Have just finished Dos Passo's<sup>3</sup> 42<sup>nd</sup> Parallel and 1919. Like them much better than the Big Money. Beginning to think the man has something after all, once you get used to him. Hope pop & Helen had [a wonderful] time in Guatemala. As can be imagined I am [consumed with en]vy. Love and kisses – Me.

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<sup>1</sup> *specialité de la maison*: Specialty of the house

<sup>2</sup> *commandant de l'armée de la terre*: high-ranking officer of the (land) army; equivalent to a Major or Colonel

<sup>3</sup> John Roderigo Dos Passos: "(January 14, 1896 – September 28, 1970) was a radical American novelist and artist active in the first half of the twentieth century. ... He was well-traveled, visiting Europe and the Middle East, where he learned about literature, art, and architecture. During World War I he was a member of the American Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps in Paris and Italy, later joining the U.S. Army Medical Corps. He is best known for his critically praised *U.S.A. Trilogy* which consisted of the novels *The 42nd Parallel* (1930), *1919* (1932), and *The Big Money* (1936)." (From [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John\\_Dos\\_Passos](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Dos_Passos), accessed 2014-09-28.)

**SOCIÉTÉ D'EXPORTATION & IMPORTATION A.R.L.**  
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LJUBLJANA - (Yougoslavie)

ING. PAUL DE PAVLINOVITCH  
REPRÉSENTANT

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

*Jimmie thought your advice was good. He always reads my letters from you, because it's all in the family and because his own parents write infrequently and not very entertainingly. His poppa never does, and his mamma always sounds as though she were writing for the benefit of future generations. I wrote to her several times, & she was very pleased evidently.*

*In case you're worrying or anything we are definitely not planning to have a baby quick like a bunny, for financial as well as emotional reasons. But on the other hand, Jimmy has turned around entirely since we've been married, and now thinks he'd love having one. Before, he always used to say they were just a great nuisance and he hated squalling babies anyway!! It was cute to see him change, and act surprised when accused of having ever had anything save the most lovingly paternal attitude toward progeny. I should love to have had a coy ickle babe, but the process rather frightens me, so I'll wait till I want one terribly, if you don't mind waiting to be a grandmother!*

*By the way I must take some time off to rhapsodize about my Angel-pie. He is always so very sweet and good with me! I can't see how he could be improved very much, except that he does act a wee bit grouchy before breakfast sometimes, which is easily excusable, and it goes right away when he has oatmeal in his tummy, anyway! In practically any way you can mention he is a sweet-pie and dreadfully lovable. The boys at the office tease him by calling him "love bumps" because once in an unguarded moment I called him that right out loud in their evil, spying presence. Don't I sound ridiculous? However, I suppose that all this is to be expected, & will pass away in time, like an unhealthy fever. I hope not.*

*I hope you received the photos of the wedding day all right. They cost such a lot to send!*

*I'm reading The Folklore of Capitalism,<sup>4</sup> which is very interesting indeed, and an Anthony Trollope<sup>5</sup> novel. You know I always like any book that reminds me of Jane Austen<sup>6</sup> or Thackeray<sup>7</sup>. Jimmie is concentrating on French books, to improve his mind.*

---

<sup>4</sup> *The Folklore of Capitalism* by Thurman Wesley Arnold (June 2, 1891 – November 7, 1969), "an iconoclastic Washington, D.C. lawyer. He was best known for his trust-busting campaign as Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Antitrust Division in Franklin Delano Roosevelt's Department of Justice from 1938 to 1943." (From [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thurman\\_Arnold](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thurman_Arnold), accessed 2014-09-28). "The basic premise of the book is that the thinking man, after learning the proper lessons of history, chooses wisely between Capitalism, Communism, and Fascism-- provided he doesn't let emotion sway his reason or listen to the blandishments of demagogues." (From <http://www.amazon.com/The-Folklore-Capitalism-Thurman-Arnold/dp/1587980258>, accessed 2014-09-28.)

<sup>5</sup> Anthony Trollope (24 April 1815 – 6 December 1882) "was one of the most successful, prolific and respected English novelists of the Victorian era. Some of his best-loved works, collectively known as the Chronicles of Barsetshire, revolve around the imaginary county of Barsetshire. He also wrote perceptive novels on political, social, and gender issues, and on other topical matters." (From [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anthony\\_Trollope](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anthony_Trollope), accessed 2014-09-28.)

<sup>6</sup> Jane Austen (16 December 1775 – 18 July 1817) "was an English novelist whose works of romantic fiction, set among the landed gentry, earned her a place as one of the most widely read writers in English literature. Her realism, biting irony and social commentary have gained her historical importance among scholars and critics." (From [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jane\\_Austen](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jane_Austen), accessed 2014-09-28.)

*Well, my pet mamma, I must stop now because it's almost 11:30, & time to make Angel-pie's supper. Write to me a lot, please. Kiss Jimmy for me.*

*Lovingly,  
Laura*

*PS. Please send the letter to daddy to him right away & telephone him beforehand to read it to him.*

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<sup>7</sup> William Makepeace Thackeray (18 July 1811 – 24 December 1863) “was an English novelist of the 19th century. He was famous for his satirical works, particularly *Vanity Fair*, a panoramic portrait of English society.” (From [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William\\_Makepeace\\_Thackeray](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Makepeace_Thackeray), accessed 2014-09-28.)

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