

December 20, 1939

Dear people,

Two nice letters from both pairs of you brings forth this. I think Jimmy is all-right looking, myself, but then I freely admit I may be slightly prejudiced, what with things and stuff. My only yearning is to be able to wear high heels, but then the fact that he is a perfect husband makes up for that, what? Yes. You'll see that Jimmy-boy is superior to those pictures, though, in the distant future when you see him.

School is progressing nicely. The classes are interesting, and we feel that we are learning things that we can put into practice in every day conversation. It's all pronunciation, nothing else. There are three profs from West Point in our class, as well as several Central Europeans, a Chinese girl, some Scandinavians. Nothing is allowed in the way of bad pronunciation, and errors are harped on. We feel horribly good because we are much better than the Profs from W. P. who have a luffly Hudson River accent, pronouncing their a's as in Apple. The teacher said I would get there fast, too, which makes me sinfully glad. Sach Guitrie, here we come! We have been very good so far and studied all our little lessons hard, and thus we intend to keep on, even if it's only on a spirit of getting our monies worth.

I can't think of anyone to send those announcements too. Don't forget to insist on no wedding presents unless you want to see us bankrupt in the gutter. Remember the story of the Siamese Emperor and the white elephant. Thank you for the trouble and effort of writing out all those announcements, you nice people. That was your last daughter, anyway, and let that fact console you.

Have finished third attempt at story of our troubles. James James Morrison Morrison says it sounds alright to him, so the next job is to re-write snappy lines into it. It's awfully long, probably something like fourteen typed pages, but I can't get it less without lessening interest.

So far, unfortunately, no translating has come my way, nor English-teaching, but I'm still in the market, so something will probably come along one of these days.

O.K., No more talk about politics, much to speak of.

So sorry I even mentioned sending letters to Mama – I should have known that you are above suspicion in all things, Poppa.

Nevermind, I'll tell you just as soon as the code comes, if it ever does come. It must be over a month now, and I'm worried.

It's funny about Rufus and her fiancé. She wrote me last spring about the projected marriage, but told me to keep it a secret. I'm glad she isn't rushing into anything, however, said that old authority L. P., Because there is only one gent to rush into marriage with of which, and he is already married.

Contrary to the statement of the lady from Astoria L.I., in the Herald Tribune, all prices in France are going up fast. Food prices are turning up slowly but steadily, there are meatless days, and no

coffee at all. Cigarettes and matches are about twice pre-war prices, for no apparent reason. Things will undoubtedly rise even more as the shop owners feel the effect of the new income tax rates. Otherwise, life goes on about as usual.

I was surprised at statement from Mama that she would like a letter from me, because I usually write once every 5 days or so, and she can't say the same. I'm just a little angel of God, as our Spanish friends say. All I do is write to you people, and I only get a letter once a week or so from two of you. Shame, shame!

Love from us,

ME

Dec. 20, 1939

Dear People,

Two nice letters from both pairs of you brings forth this. I think Jimmie is all-right looking, myself, but then I freely admit I may be slightly prejudiced, what with things and stuff. My only yearning is to be able to wear high heels, but then the fact that he is a perfect husband makes up for that, what? Yes. You'll see that Jimmie-boy is superior to those pictures, though, in the distant future when you see him.

School is progressing nicely. The classes are interesting, and we feel that we are learning things that we can put into practice in every day conversation. It's all pronunciation, nothing else. There are three profs from West Point in our class, as well as several Central Europeans, a Chinese girl, some Scandinavians. Nothing is allowed in the way of bad pronunciation, and errors are harped on. We feel horribly good because we are much better than the Profs from W.P., who have a luffly Hudson River accent, pronouncing thier a's as in apple. The Teacher said I would get there fast too, which makes me sinfully glad. Sach Guitry, here we come! We have been very good so far, and studied all our little lessons hard, and thus we intend to keep on, even if its only on a spirit of getting out monies worth.

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O.K., no more talk about politics, much to speak of.

So sorry I even mentioned sending letters on to Mamma- I should have known that you are above suspicion in all things, Poppa.

Nevermind, I'll tell you just as soon as the coat comes, if it ever does come. It must be over a month now, and I'm worried.

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