

Jan 18

dear pop

hope you dont mind lack of capitals, but im getting jimmies habits to such a great extent its beginning to bother me to have to use the nasty things. also all day i've been typing my dear little copy, in which no capitals are allowed, and one gets used to it.

jimmie got an air mail from you to-day. enclosure for me appreciated. i wrote to mrs. blanshard about the books, so i guess thats what provoked the letter. we arent doing anything about the pacific checks, just as you suggested. the financial situation seems ok, but we wish we were saving some money. maybe we can when i get my stipend, but working makes me unable to do my own housework, which entails frequent visits of a maid as well as more excursions to restaurants. the maid is only five francs an hour, but as James points out he only makes eight or nine francs an hour himself, just has more hours than she does. the great mystery of what i am making per week has not yet been solved, since i thought i might very well maintain a discreet silence on the subject and wait till the check is given to me.

progress of job dept: first day i went around to schiaparelli patou molyneux and asked their press representative what their houses thought of women wearing uniforms. my copy was all wrong, not at all right because no one had said what they wanted, just handed me some stuff to read whose style i copied. consequently material alone was used, the boss writing the stuff up. when i saw what he wanted (entirely different from the stuff they had given me to copy) i wrote up another news copy yesterday, which mr. heinzen said was fine copy, just what he wanted. the boys around the office said it was good too, so i was all set up. today he said it wasnt as good because it was too thin, why hadnt i written up one of the dress house openings? tactfully i said there hadnt been any, so i had been scouring around the boulevards seeing what was displayed. I guess he was feeling hasty-like. anyway my copy tomorrow is going to be so darned thick that new york will have to add water before serving. the trouble is the openings dont start till next week and the houses hate to give out as much as a word previous to their openings, igitur¹ all i can do is prophesy and report what i actually see in shops. there is quite a technique to writing up the copy; as many pure facts as possible, to give the rewrite men a chance to hang a story. bright touches in writing itself have to be pretty darned bright or they dont go in, and they want all possible references to current events, influence of war on fashions etc. so i pile it on thick. all articles conjunctions and other words not indispensable to the sense are cut out, because the stuff is cabled as is. as i said, no capitals, and punctuation spelled out. thus i would say: today eightam eye up bed made breakfast roused james whom fed cream wheat stop took metro through windy streets office which felt beautifully warm compared frigid boulevard stop began looking up material paris papers put in copy due thispm threethirty enditem you see its what they call cablese.

the night before last we had mr. inamoto, paris correspondent of the osaka mainichi and tokio nichichi-nichi, in to dinner at midnight, because he works to all hours too and doesnt mind. hes a nice young man who has a wife and angelic, painted doll daughter still in japan. strangely enough he doesnt speak french – just english very well. the poor man doesnt know what to say very much, but is enormously well intentioned. we saw photographs of the baby in all possible and

¹ *Igitur*: Latin, 'therefore'

impossible poses. james who loves nothing better than to gripe about things, said the dinner was hexcellent, so there! i had my masterpiece chocolate floating island, and the lovely oriental asked if i had made it at home or bought it. ah me its all so wonderful. the funniest thing is that inamoto knows yoko matsuoaka, who was at college² and graduated last year, for the simple reason that shes his bosses daughter. those japanese papers have the largest circulations in the world, reaching three million or so with the greatest of ease, a thing which i never knew before. our apartment always wows 'em, as it would us if it werent a cave of the winds. it'll get back to normal when the weather does though, because it was fine a week or so ago. this weather is reputedly the coldest in fifty years, so you can imagine im glad the fur coat finally arrived when it did. also i was grovellingly grateful for the covermark, which arrived about the same time. the bad part about it is that those little "coverstiks" only last a month or so, and in that time i'll be back in the same uncomfortable state i was previous to the arrival of the coverstik. i hate like everything to keep pestering you lovely people with something that must look like a silly fantasy to the uninitiate, but i tell you it makes all the difference in the world to me. do you suppose you could forgive me if i asked just one more favor? and it would be just one more: covermark cream is much better, lasts longer(six months or so) and would be looked upon as a gift of the gods by philinda. tan medium is the color i use... please...

work and a cold may combine to stop my writing for the next few days. i have the cold now, but it just came and will probably keep me dopey for several days, with only enough energy to do my assignments.

love from me and my darlink husband,



ME

P.S. James says above is too flippant, and doesn't sound as though I mean it. But I do love him. Me

² College: presumably Swarthmore

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