

A Very '50s
Adventure

Suzanne Jagel O'Brien '59

On board the Flandre: 25 septembre 1957

Dear Mom and Dad,

Rolling back and forth here, I cannot guarantee the looks of this letter.

Yesterday was beautiful. We went in to eat shortly after the last goodbye to the city of N.Y. Now I see why they say the French Line is known for its food. There is a menu, but this just tells you the names of all you eat. Starting with hors d'oeuvres, you go on down through soup, fish, main dish, salad (eggs back a bit), cheese, pastry, coffee, and fruit (to eat between meals). I'm determined to get to like the coffee, but as of now, it bears a strange resemblance (the ship rolled more than usual) to turpentine.

We spent most of the afternoon sunning ourselves on the deck chairs. Got myself a burn. We don't eat dinner till 8:30 -- and finish about 10:15! Considering that we must put our watches ahead every night, this is rather late. Spent a while on deck after dinner. Perfectly beautiful star filled sky. Hooded coat great!

Slept well. Felt like the ship was a big cradle, rocking me to sleep.

Today is quite dreary and a little rougher, tho' still quite smooth. Nevertheless, we spent the blowy morning on the deck chairs wrapped in heavy blankets. Boullion and crackers served to us there.

Have met many people. French people talk French to us and are very helpful. 80 Fulbrights aboard! People really nice. Everything's quite informal and friendly.

One of our roommates is from Virginia - thick southern accent. The other is a French middle-aged woman who speaks no English. Don't see her much as she's with her French friends most of the time.

Writing almost illegible. I'd better stop. Nothing more to say after only 24 hrs. on board.

Much love,

Sue

P.S. American Express
11 rue Scribe
Paris, FRANCE

On board "le Flandre," 29 septembre

Dear Parents,

Tomorrow we'll be in England and the next day in France, and what a marvelous trip we've been having. The weather, as far as the ocean waves are concerned, has been extraordinary and the sun shines quite a bit too.

The last few days have been exciting, though not restful. Today is Sunday. Friday, I'll briefly describe my adventures. Dinner to movies (French) to Bingo game. Sat there with Bobbie and two men we've been sort of seeing. Both are Fulbright winners going to Paris. "Bobbie's" is in English lit and "mine" is in law. Both are very nice, but we're not interested. Les, "my" boy, won 8000 francs (\$20) in the Bingo game. Came to the cocktail lounge to celebrate (me with a ginger ale). Played hearts until about 2, when about 30 of us there started singing. This continued till 4:30. Decided to go (illegally) to the bow deck and (illegally) had to go through 1st class quarters to get there. Were greeted on deck by a ferocious blast of the fog horn which nearly knocked us overboard. Finally found our way back down and started a meeting in the lounge. Decided to stay up all night. Elected Bobbie first commissar and she led the whole thing. She's well-liked by everybody on board. Quite a girl. Played silly games till breakfast at 7:30 then fell heavily to bed. Arose at 2 on Saturday and slept on deck and fiddled around till dinner. The Captain's Dinner -- dress affair. Delectable food, as usual. Went to the movies (Disney true-life fantasy- Perri). Met our Fulbrights, went for a drink (7-Up for me) and then to the "gala dance." Danced and clowned around till 4. By this time, Syl met her own Fulbright. They're a dime a dozen on board and we all feel rather stupid not having one (fellowship, not men). At 4 we left our companions who presumably went to bed. We wandered around deck, and met some other people. Dad -- I've met someone who looks like Louis Jourdan, is extremely nice, the only hitch being that he's studying to be an R.C. priest. Too bad. Womenkind should mourn. Anyway, at 4 o'clock we met this priest-to-be who tried to convince us to stay up again. He had the night before but was again. Oh, this shipboard life! We made it till 6 o'clock, then just staggered to bed, to arise today at noon. Don't imagine we'll do that again.

Have just been chased off the deck by the rain. Might go back to check conditions now. Write!

Much love, your tired daughter,
Sue

Oct. 1

WRITE TO ME AT THE AMERICAN EXPRESS. PLEASE SEND LETTERS TO BOB & NAN.

Dear Mom and Dad -

Our first day à Paris! C'est magnifique. I've never had so much happen in one day.

Arose at 5 to pack my bags which I as usual let go to the last minute. We ate at 6:30 this morning, as we had been in port half the night. About midnight last night we came to Le Havre.

Our "group" (Bobbie, Syl, myself and the 3 Fulbrights) watched all the activities, then went to bed at an early 1:30. Oh what a life.

After goodbye's and passport inspection, we walked from the ship to the train, which was waiting right there. A real foreign-intrigue type, complete with compartments. Our trip was beautiful, as we passed through bright green farms which were spotted with farmhouses and each one of which had a garden. Even saw a beautiful rainbow, evidently there just to welcome us to la belle France.

Miss Hill, the French teacher from the U of R, met us at le Gare St. Lazare - very kind of her. B. and I got a taxi to take us to our hotel, and we conversed in French with him as he took us through Paris. It was unbelievable -- PARIS!

The hotel, though called the Grand Hotel Moderne, is hardly that, but it meets our needs. It seems they turn the lights out in the hall at 8 o'clock, as electricity is expensive here, so we had quite the time finding the john. Once we got there, we discovered that the French consider ripped-up newspaper -- like that for Henry -- as a unique substitute for toilet paper. When we returned here tonight, we couldn't figure out the lock situation. After a confused consultation with the concierge (hotel keeper) who speaks only French, we discovered that 3 turns plus a violent shove proves to be the key!

This afternoon was really marvelous. B. and I set out from here (which is nicely located on the left bank) to the Boulevard Saint Michel to find somewhere to eat. Stopped at a genuine sidewalk cafe, inhabited by genuine Frenchmen. Asked a "flic" (slang for gendarme) directions to La Place de l'Opéra because we were headed for the American Express. We didn't have the slightest notion how to board a bus, but met a very nice man who spoke English. He told us about the necessary tickets, etc., and gave us a description of the passing buildings. Saw the Louvre, and the Eiffel Tower, Arc de Triomphe, le Sacré Coeur, and the Madeleine from a distance. At the American Express B. received rather disquieting news. It seems that the owner of the Paris house (Alex only rents it) wishes to build another room over the master bedroom. What with dust, hammering, and carpenters during the day, it seems rather doubtful if we'll be able to live there, at least now. We'll see Alex in about a week and find out definitely then. Now we're keeping our eyes open, and are not particularly worried. I'm sure God won't leave us stranded in Paris.

Off that subject. On the bus on the way back we met more wonderful people. Our struggling French, which we speak 90% of the time, attracts their sympathy, it seems. They also acted as guides -- really marvelous. Met Syl, and ate in a restaurant near here. Struck up a conversation with the woman next to us (in French, naturellement). She speaks French excellently but was raised in Rome, NY. She is inquiring about rooms for us. She went way out of her way to answer our many questions. Our French has improved very much just today. We are very optimistic. Tomorrow we register for the ESPPFE. Can't tell you how happy I am.

Much, much love,
Sue

Oct. 5 - Saturday

Dear Folks -

I plan now to catch up on the days I've missed and proceed from there.

First - news of the house as I imagine you're worrying although you shouldn't. I guess it's all off. Bobbie had dinner with the aunt and uncle the other night. There are not only carpenters working on a new room, but the roof is off. We are naturally disappointed, but far from panicked. We have our room for 3 weeks here. We've been peeking into others and see that for the same price we can get a much nicer room. This one is too small. The hotel has central heating and hot water. (Heating goes on Nov. 1 and off April 1. It doesn't matter that temperature is nearly freezing now - blizzards may come, but heat doesn't till Nov. 1. Water is hot in morning and at night, but that's adequate.) The hotel is very well located. We're a block away from the school (or schools) we'll be attending. Notre Dame is 5 minutes away. The Pantheon is around the corner. We'll be able to find permanent lodging after Oct. 15 when the huge automobile show closes and hundreds of people leave Paris. The idea of a hotel is improving in our minds and we all enjoy it.

More business - School. The ESPPPFEE course has started. Conversation, pronunciation, grammar and the modern idiom. Heard from both my professor and the secretary of the school that the Cours de Civilisation is hardly worth the time. It's quite simple. So -- 2 choices remain. The same school that gives the course I'm taking now gives one for the whole year in grammar, phonetics, and contemporary literature. Supposed to be difficult and good. Other choice - the regular Faculté des Lettres - French students go here. All lectures - very informal but very difficult. Perhaps a combination of both schools would be the best. I've sent to school for a certificate saying I've passed 2 years of college and am qualified to attend a European university. Registration can take place any time. I think perhaps I'll only take the first course I mentioned and sit in on the Faculté lectures. Definitely not the Cours, however.

Now to entertainment -- and we've been having a fine time.

Saw Notre Dame the other day. Beautiful stained glass rose windows - purples and blazing greens. Not as vertical and aspiring as I had thought, but it is an early church.

Wandered along the Seine - the bouquinistes (bookstalls) could become quite a habit. Went down on the river bank itself and watched the men fishing hopefully and hopelessly.

Last night our friends from the Flandre, Les, Tom, and Dick, came to our hotel. The six of us crammed into our little room and talked excitedly. It was so good to see someone we knew! We all went out to dinner (always spend about 300 francs or less - 75 cents - and that's without our discount tickets). Took the metro (subway) to la Place de l'Etoile and saw l'Arc de Triomphe at night - bathed in floodlights and tranquil. Underneath is a flame emerging from a

hole in the ground which burns eternally in honor of the unknown soldier. Also there is a large bank of fresh flowers in his honor.

Walked up the Champs Elysées from there to la Place de la Concorde. The boulevard is certainly grand - so wide and clear. But it's not the Paris I'm getting to know and love. It's expensive and so American tourist-y. La Place de la Concorde was beautiful at night also - fountains spilling over statues into cold pools. Cleopatra's Needle, the obelisk brought from Luxor, Egypt to Paris by Napoleon, stands erect in the center of the Place. One looks down the whole length of the Champs Elysées from there to the Arc de Triomphe - truly beautiful, splendid.

This afternoon Bobbie and I walked around the student section. Courtyards can be seen off the streets with flowers growing in window-boxes, cobblestone pavements, and stone pillars used to tie horses. Paris is so old and so full of history.

Went also the Jardin du Luxembourg. Watched little boys sail boats in large fountain. Leaves turning copper. Grass here extraordinarily green. Many, many flower beds - each with different varieties.

Have tried to phone Michele (from Boston conference). So far not home. Will try again.

Washed my hair in the sink tonight. Now am lying on bed with scarf on my head, pajamas, bathrobes, knee socks, slippers, and I'm cold. It's unbelievable. And really not too bad.

You may as well write to me here:
Grand Hotel Moderne
33. rue des Ecoles
Paris 5^e, FRANCE
as I'll be here a while, anyway. And do write. To bed now.

Monday

Come to think of it, you may as well continue writing to me at American Express. I always go down to check mail and cash checks.

Just got my first letter from you! So good to hear from home. You both have been working too hard! Here it's been around freezing, so I can't even imagine it. (It is unseasonably cold, don't worry.) Glad you're continuing with the course even though you're having trouble buying books. Reading condensations is an old game at college. Mom - you're a real pro. We have Vanity Fair (haven't read it), Madame Bovary (look for my notes in my box down cellar - Eur. Lit. 185) and Return of the Native. Maybe you can borrow the others from the library.

As I said before, I couldn't get in touch with Michele yet. My Journal is in my trunk, and I don't know when services were. I'm trying to reach her again - and again.

Yesterday afternoon Syl and I went to the Jardin de Luxembourg again. This time watched the children on the double swings and merry-go-round besides the little sailboats. There are many exquisite gardens all over Paris - and also so many little flower stands on corners throughout the city. It is a city with a heart.

We went to see "Le Troisième Homme" last night - English with French subtitles (The Third Man). A good way to learn.

Today after school Syl and I went to the American Embassy - a grand building on the Place de la Concorde. Wandered around there for awhile accomplishing business-like things, came home by metro, bought a book for school and a guide of Paris and am now exhausted. Bobbie just came in and is the same way, but after all, it's Paris and we love it.

Well - we have addresses of homes to go to tomorrow.

Now to supper - And we're starving. (Sounds a bit like Grandma.) Tonight we're studying French.

Concert season starts soon.

Pleasant touch of Paris I just thought of. Little round metal establishments [diagram shows top view] on streets -- called "pissiors" by the natives. Ah, this realistic people.

Much love,
Sue

10 octobre, 1957(almost)

Mes chers parents,

Oh! this French! Happily I find it harder and harder to compose correct English sentences. Perhaps I really will have a French accent when I come home.

Never, never in my life have I been so busy. We come into our room and just fall prostrate on the bed. Amazingly enough, after 5 minutes we are fully recuperated and set out again. Just wrote to you 2 days ago, but it seems like such a long time. Really do try to write something every day, but I honestly don't have the time.

Yesterday, Tuesday, started as usual in our cold room. We groggily dressed and went down to the corner cafe. Our usual breakfast of café crème and croissant followed. A croissant is a delectable crescent-shaped pastry -- outside it's flaky and crisp, inside it's like a soft roll. School is about 2 blocks away - very convenient.

Yesterday I nearly went crazy in class. My French is not good, but my classmates' is so much worse. I felt really held back. My professor asked me to write the dictation on the board,

which I did without error. After class I asked her if I could be put in the next class. Today, I joined Bobbie in that class. Had to take dictation there too and the new professor said I could stay. It's quite a bit harder, but now at least I'll be learning.

After lunch yesterday we started house-hunting. Went to huge house of France-Amerique on the Avenue Franklin Roosevelt yet. Got a couple of names, and spent the afternoon running around with no luck.

At 5 we attended a lecture in the Salle Richelieu of the Sorbonne. The director (bleached blond, low-cut suit, very dramatic) of the Comedie-Francaise Renaissance Theater gave a speech. Didn't understand a word. Four young actors also read great excerpts. The experience of hearing them was good and I did understand some.

After, met Les and Tom and another man from the boat named Bill. He's a French teacher in the U.S. and knows Paris very well. We ate in the cheapest restaurant in town, l'Auberge. I ate a huge bowl of potato soup, 2 pieces (large) of French bread, a tender pork chop, oodles of beans, and a millefeuille (pastry) for 240 francs - about 60 cents. Fairly good, eh?

Then to the outdoor café across the street. We sat there for 2 hours talking and drinking coffee. They're very nice people, ones we feel at home with. Nothing romantic at all.

Decided then to go see Notre Dame at night. How glad I am we went! There was a full clear moon above the cathedral. How white and tall it seems at night. The gas lights in front of the cathedral sang and hissed, and the misty air made all seem delicate and fragile. We continued our walk, and went down the stairs to the Seine - the start of a 3-mile jaunt for us. As we passed the side of Notre Dame, we saw it reflected in the river - it seemed like a ghostly apparition. What a beautiful walk it was. Something we'll never forget.

Today after class & lunch (which consisted for me of lettuce and pastry to satisfy my craving) we again decided to househunt. Quite an experience. Found through a club the names of 2 women living in the same house, who wanted a girl each to work 2 hours a day - to pay no rent. I'll try to cut down on the story some as we have to sleep one of these nights but I want to write before I forget. The apartment house was situated at the end of a very nice street, and was next to a small garden. Entered Mme Pelligrin's apt. on the "3^{eme} étage" (4th floor). There's only one apt. per floor - and really nice. They must have money. She was so nice. Wanted someone to help her with the 3 children for 2 hours every morning. The other woman we also met. She wanted about the same. We conversed madly in French for an hour & had just about decided to move in, pending info on the time our classes start. Went up (walked - the only way) to the 6th floor, where all the maids in the apt. live and saw our rooms. Mine was small, with a bed, table, light bulb and small window. Bobbie's was SMALL, with a bed she couldn't even fit on, and no accommodations for clothes. All still seemed liveable till we looked at the W.C. I opened the door, but didn't see anything. Then - I looked down. Aha! On the floor was a small hole, & on each side a place in which to place your feet! Seems the building's rather old. We raced back to L'Ecole Superieure to inquire about the time for our classes. They'll start at 8:30 and continue for much of the day. Still regretfully, we called Mme. Pelligrin, and ever since, are really

grateful we couldn't do it. Don't think I've made myself clear. I would have had to work 2 hours before class with les enfants - but between her getting-up time & my class time there would have been only 1/2 hr. - So - no go. The more we think, the happier we are that we couldn't accept.

A couple of new house ideas now floating around. Many new experiences and many kind people.

Unbelievable to think we've been here for only a week.

Hope my info on the street johns didn't bother you. Here's my next hint on Paris life - uses of bread. Everyone eats it - Why? Restaurants rarely have napkins. Use bread! Trouble with peas? Use bread. Extra gravy? Cheese? Jelly? Tomatoes? Yogurt?

Enough!

Much love,
Sue

(Don't forget USA & FRANCE on envelope)

Oct. 12 Saturday

Dear Mom and Dad,

Latest news. Yesterday, Bobbie and I went to see a room in an apartment house near the Palais Royal. We loved it and the woman who lives there, except we won't know if we can have it for 2 weeks. It was in a huge apartment house built in the 17th century. The apt. itself is filled with objets d'art, as the woman paints and the husband was a sculptor. Also many middle ages pieces all around the rooms.

Ate again in the Auberge last night. It's so cheap and good. Paid 230 francs, about 60 cents, for my meal: breaded veal cutlet (tender), much macaroni, plate of tomatoes, 2 large pieces of bread, and pastry. Not bad.

After dinner we went as usual to the corner café. Met Tom and Les again and chatted for about 2 hours. They're very nice men. Easy to be with.

Yesterday afternoon Syl and I went to the Ile-de-la-Cité (on which is situated Notre Dame) to go to the flower market. It's about 2 city blocks long, and 1 wide, and is just filled with masses and masses of flowers. We didn't expect to buy any, but it takes a stronger will than mine to resist. I saw a big pot of large white chrysanthemums and wanted them. The woman said 1200 francs, and I started to walk away. She said quickly "mille" (or 1000). I said perhaps and ran to find Syl to tell her this was a bargaining center. Never having done it before, I only

attempted to bring her down another 100 francs, and bought them. Next time I'll be more shrewd. Also saw a little white dog there who looked just like another chrysanthemum.

Oct. 14

That afternoon Syl and I met Bill (a man from the boat who teaches French in the States. He's a "big kid" with a fantastic memory, a joie de vivre, and a wonderful knowledge of Paris) at the corner cafe, our perpetual hangout, and went to the Sainte-Chapelle for a tour conducted by the same group as the Notre Dame one. The Sainte-Chapelle is crowded in the midst of a huge maze of buildings called "La Conciergerie." It is quite small, and was built by Saint Louis in the 13th century to house some precious religious articles, like a piece of the true cross and the crown. (These are now in Notre Dame.) The building is made up of two levels. The ground floor is impressive for its rich gilded ornamentation. The second floor is unbelievably beautiful. The Sainte-Chapelle is renowned as having the most beautiful stained glass windows in the world. Walls as such are non-existent -- rather these dazzling blues and reds and so many many colors and shades of glass stretch to the ceiling. The Bible stories are depicted, some in great detail. It is a room full of jewels - the "vitraux" are so beautiful.

Saturday night we were sitting in the café (for a change) when Tom and Les happened along again. We talked for a couple of hours. They are so nice to be with. They're both about 30, and treat us as cute little sisters, which is just what we want. For some reason we wandered over to the Champs-Élysées, then back to the Deux Magots cafe. This has the reputation of being the existentialist hangout because Jean-Paul Sartre used to drink there. Then the bourgeois came to see the existentialists, instead saw each other, and now the tourists have come to stay. At least we have been there and touched the holy Sartrian ground.

We do have a good time with them. Tom is from Dallas, and has the best accent in the world - in both English and French he drawls. The metro system here (subway) is extremely well planned and one can easily change lines underground. However, one sometimes has to walk a long way. Walking through the Chatelet station that night, Tom was prompted to say "Ah do believe that ah spend haalf ma day in Chatelet" - now a byword. He also says such things as "Woman, hoold on," when we become naively excited over something. They're good for us, and vice versa.

Now - Sunday morning. Took the métro to church - it stops right in front. I was early, so decided to take advantage of heavenly day. Walked around the corner, down a block, and bumped right into the Seine. On the other side of the river rose the Eiffel Tower - spreading and rising like a huge and massive net into the mist above. It was far more beautiful than I had imagined, though I suppose it was just the nearness and the fog.

10 o'clock was the French service. How strange to sing O Gentle Presence in French! Understood most, and felt wonderful just from the atmosphere. Met some Principia people and then Michele (Boston). Stayed on to the English service at 11:15. Same readers (both women). First reader really sounded French, but 2nd had British accent. After service walked to Champs Elysees with Michele and an English girl. Michele insists on talking French, for which I am grateful. Org. starts in November, but I'll go to the Forum soon.

That afternoon, I grabbed Bobbie, Syl and my camera and set out for the bouquinistes along the Seine. Looked in every single bookstall and bought 3 little nice books for gifts - about 20 cents each! (Don't tell.) Took a few pictures also. May have them developed here, because I'm anxious. Thanks for the photo - even tho' it was awful of all of us.

Last night we sat in the café again, this time talking to a boy from school. He has at this time 200 francs (50 cents) to his name. Until his GI Bill comes thru in December he's living the life of a vagabond.

Got a letter from Renata, who loves Madrid.

We're all mad about French pastry. Dad, you'd be in heaven here. Everything is filled with cream, and iced on top, and gooey, and so delicious.

This letter's true life coverage of Paris: the men you're so worried about. As Bobbie told her parents, she feels appreciated here. Men stare in to cafés and out from cafés, on buses, metros, in restaurants, movies, etc., etc. Quite harmless, Dad, but fun just because it's honest and not sly.

Tonight's wash hair night. Must go now and write another "redaction" for class tomorrow. I love school, and feel that I'm learning.

I hope very much that Grandma's being good. Happy to hear about the house improvements. How much fun it will be to see when I get home.

Much love,
Sue

October 15, Tuesday

Dear Folks,

Got your letter this morning. You're certainly a faithful letter-writer, Mom, and I appreciate it so much. I keep hoping, tho' I know it's futile, that Dad might write. What do you think?

I'll fill you in on today's doings. School this morning. Lunch. (By the way, as I said, I washed my hair last night. Also put it in new style -- French! On top my hair is brushed back, on the sides it is curly and rather flat, and the back is turned in that type of roll that I tried at home. How ghastly it sounds, but happily it's becoming to me.)

Took bus downtown and went shopping (bought pretty blue warm angora beret for \$1.25) in the Monoprix - French equivalent of Grant's. Then to American Express -> Post Office -> home.

Ran out immediately again to lecture at the Sorbonne on the French school system. Delightful lecturer - bearded and so French.

Dinner. Café with our friend Bill. We got so excited talking about our vacations. He's been all around and was very helpful. We mapped out a tentative plan of action for either Christmas or Easter. Paris-Madrid-Toledo-Gibraltar - 2 hr. boat trip - Tangier-Seville-Grenada-Majorca-Barcelona-Paris. It sounds too fantastic to be true. Spain is supposed to be so beautiful, and we'll even be going to Africa. Can't believe it. Wonder what Bob suggests. Of course it's not definite, but it sure is exciting & possible.

Bill also said he'd take us to Les Halles some night - and we'll go to the theater first. Les Halles is the huge market -- mostly wholesale -- which runs from 12 to about 7 every night. It's supposed to be one of the most colorful things in Paris. Bill is a good person to go with as he appreciates everything, no matter how small. He's told us so much about the Paris he loves.

We were so excited we went to Tom and Les's hotel on the other side of town. They weren't there, but we left a note and some patisserie for them. Ah, Paris.

Wednesday

Today was the big day of the "grève" -- there was a strike all over France in the fields of electricity and gas. How funny it was for us. No lights in room this morning. The concierge downstairs was burning candles as if she did it every day of the week. Our professor was late as he had to compete with the autos of all the people who couldn't take the metro because of the lack of electricity. Buses were crowded, & people walked from one end of the city to the other. We couldn't get coffee all day because of the lack of gas. At about 6 tonight suddenly the lights went on again. We were in the middle of an early dinner by candlelight. How strange it was to walk thru the streets at dusk and see great stores and restaurants full of darkness, illuminated only by hordes of candles. It all seemed so Parisian.

Tomorrow there's supposed to be a Communist demonstration. Every year one is held, like a ritual in October, because everyone has spent all their money on their vacations, prices are too high, and so they want higher salaries.

We think we've found our home. Met Bill at the Dupont today. He's moving from his room in his hotel to another in the same hotel. Idea. Move into his room. Think I told you about his hotel before, because we tried earlier to get in. It's very small, homey and clean. The ground floor has flowers & friendliness - really important, and something that's not found here. We're on the 3^{eme} étage (4th floor), up circular stairs. Walls are painted white, and red carpets are on the stairs and floors. (Here, all walls are different gruesome shades of yellow with brown rugs.) There are only 4 rooms on a floor. Ours will be smaller than here, but so much nicer. The bed's softer, the room's brighter, there's closet space. So [picture showing bed, table, armoire (closet), sink, chair, table, closet, window, and door] there's a nice bookshelf on the wall above the bed on 2 sides. And the price, we're pretty sure, is 550 francs a day for the room. Now we're paying 750, and consider that as cheap. The only trouble is that we can't wash clothes in the room- costs 90 francs a kilo to have them laundered but this must be done. We'll

be moving in on Sunday or Monday. Address: Hotel Francois I^{er}, 23. rue de Condé, Paris 6^e, France. Write here now, please!

Tonight went expectantly to the ballet only to discover that because of the "grève" the performance is postponed till Friday night. Besides the lack of electricity today, yesterday there was a strike of all theater workers. Called up Tom, who met us at a café near Palais Royal. Talked a couple of hours and are now here.

Syl will be living with a family (mother and daughter) in the suburbs. Far, but nice. Dottie & Connie are remaining in this hotel all year.

Oct. 18 - Friday

Thursday's doings: School. Talked about the strike and policemen. One of the boys in our class stopped his scooter at a red light, was surrounded by 10 policemen with rifles and carted down to jail. He never found out why, but he was released after they found his license to be legal. The police dept. is so hilarious, in a way. Not to our poor teacher - she told us how she fell while getting off a bus, and was helped to her feet by an "agent de police." He made her wait for the police car to come take her to the hospital, tho' she lived 2 blocks away. There she sat, bruised and feeling awful, for half an hour. The paddy-wagon finally came. She entered, and found it contained 8 policemen and hard wooden benches. They went bumping and shaking to the other side of the city, as the driver didn't know any nearer hospitals, and when they finally arrived, she was handed a bill for 300 frs for the trip. Since then she's had to pay over 3000 frs. for hospital service she didn't want in the first place. The amazing thing here is that ridiculous plots, just like in the French movies, are played every day.

Last night B. & I went to the corner movie to see Hitchcock's "I Confess" (Le Loi du Silence) with Montgomery Clift. French subtitles. Excellent story and acting -- priest is accused of murder - he knows the true murderer but can say nothing because he heard it in confession. Afterwards we met Syl and Dick (from Flandre) and Bill, then left them and walked across the Seine to our Notre Dame again. It was truly an unforgettable walk. No floodlights on the cathedral, but it was illuminated by the moon. It is by far the most beautiful building I have ever seen.

This morning - school. After we talked with a couple of men from our class, one of whom has a motor scooter. So many Parisians have scooters, motor bikes or just ordinary bikes, and make so much better time in the city than even the tiny cars. Driving is such an art here - the closer the squeeze, the greater the skill.

Tonight, finally, we're going to the ballet. It's at the Opéra - the magnificent, gilt, ornate Opéra. Afterwards we're going to Les Halles with Bill. Sounds like quite a night.

B. & I are going to sleep now to rest up for the long night ahead.

Much love,
Sue

P.S. I was disappointed not to get Nan's letter. Too bad she hasn't air mail paper. Are you sending my letters on?

Sue

Oct. 19 - Saturday

Dear Mom & Dad -

Bobbie & I are sitting cozily in our new bed, writing letters. We moved today, and what an experience it was. Slept till 11, ate breakfast & crammed and pushed all our clothes & accumulations into our valises. Each taking 2 overpacked oversized suitcases, or various parts of gigantic chrysanthemums, we set out. What a picture we must have made! We had approximately 2 offers per block for help, but our pride led us the full 8 blocks. The room here wasn't ready yet, so our belongings were put in the bathroom. Returned at 5 and moved in. The first thing we saw was a sign - hand-made - on the wall from our friend Bill: "Que Dieu bénisse notre chambre" (May God bless our room). It was the perfect welcome. Unpacked madly. Bill came in during middle of operation, seemed dumbfounded by mess, and left soon after. Now all is peaceful -- till next week when our 4 trunks will arrive from station.

Last night went to ballet at l'Opéra. Huge magnificent building. We sat the farthest up and farthest back, but what fun: it was a little box way up just for the 4 of us. We saw very well, and only paid \$1.00. (It's an expensive place to go.) The first and third ballets were quite painful, as the company was not good, and these were mainly "production" numbers. The second, "Entre Deux Rondes," was very enjoyable. Story of a Degas ballerina and a Greek statue who come to life - done quite delightfully and well.

Saw Hitchcock's "La Loi du Silence" -- think I told you. So funny to read the foreign subtitles and hear the English. A friend in school told us of an American cowboy movie he saw in Germany. An Indian came up to a white man, raised his hand and said "Viegates!" (Disregard spelling - the meaning should be clear.) Also American movie titles are a constant delight. "Les Derniers des Mohicans" is playing in town, along with "Règlements des Comptes à OK Corral."

Oct. 21, Monday

Cut school today for no reason, and so plan on studying very hard. I have to.

Yesterday I went to church - only the French service as we were planning to go to Versailles as soon as I returned. This time we sang "Saw Ye My Savior" (Il s'avance). I must learn the Lord's Prayer in French. It sounds beautiful. Just said hello to Michele and dashed home. We left immediately, sans eating. Versailles is about 25 kilometers (15 miles) outside of Paris, so we had to take a special train, and then a bus. One arrives at the back of the chateau, and has to wander through a huge courtyard paved with giant bumpy cobblestones. Louis XIV is sitting on a huge-tailed horse in the center -- our first look at this man whose initials and face are

in every room, every molding, every tapestry, and so on. We felt obligated to go through the tour and see the Galerie de Glaces (mirror room where peace treaty was signed). We all suffered on that tour, whose aim was to get us out as fast as possible. One American woman was heard to say, "I've never been so mad in my life. To think the guide doesn't speak English!" We hurtled through the ornate rooms, really little impressed by any but Marie Antoinette's.

Finally came to open air. How beautiful the day was! A perfect autumn day - clear, puffy clouds, cool, trees in glorious shades - wonderful. Walked through formal gardens, down grand promenade along the Great Canal (where real gondoliers used to be in real gondolas -- now a rowboat concession) and then off to the side into the woods. Leaves covered the ground. Just sat.

By this time Bobbie had wandered off and gotten lost, and was not found again till we got home. Syl and I wandered more, then found, of all people, Bill, sitting on the side of the Apollo Fountain waiting for the sun to be just right. (The fountains weren't on yesterday, but it didn't make that much difference.) He joined us as we walked around, and showed us the huge staircase of 100 steps -- counted, they made 103. Stopped for coffee, came home, saw Bobbie. We decided we'd all eat together. Bill, who has moved to a room without hot water, filled a large plastic bag with our hot water and went upstairs to wash. What a picture! Just as he came down, a member of the owner's family came up & told Bobbie that her bath was ready. He grabbed her arm and started pulling her toward the bath room, fully clothed. She dashed into the room, flew out, and was back, washed, 5 minutes later. The water was hot at that moment. Rather hungry by this time, as none of us had eaten since 9 o'clock and it was now 8, we went to a little tiny restaurant, new to us. Two bearded men sang and played the guitar and passed the hat. We had crêpe confiture for dessert: a very thin "crêpe" - like a pancake - spread with jam, and rolled up. Fun, and good. Then, naturellement, to the Dupont. Ran into another man from the boat, and talked for a few hours. Came home and talked for a few more.

Was going to mail this today, but I couldn't send a blank sheet of paper. Till tomorrow, then.

Oct. 22, Tuesday

Haven't much to add. Read, wrote, and studied yesterday. Received wonderful letter from you.

Bobbie's 2 large trunks arrived, and really caused alarm. Finally found room for them in "la cave" (the cellar). B. had to take out things she needed, while Bill stood by laughing. I'll never be able to bring mine here now. They're still at the French Line office. We're hoping to be able to store them at "our" house in Sceaux - no rent that way. Meanwhile, they're costing me 100 frs. a day - no fun.

I've been thinking - perhaps money would give me the most enjoyment this Christmas, if you like the idea. The more extra I have, the more I can see Europe. If you agree, a good idea would be to change it at that place in Rockefeller Center for about 460 frs to the dollar (here can get only 415) and send it registered mail to me.

I should have registered for school yesterday, but the stupid U. of R. didn't send me my transcript yet. It's very annoying but I suppose it will be all right.

Off to American Express now to mail some letters.

Much love,
Sue

Please give G'ma my love. I'll write to her soon.

Am sending little map of Paris in next letter marked with x's and o's and points of interest. Now you can follow me.

Oct. 23, Wednesday

Dear Mom & Dad,

B. & I just spent a wonderful afternoon at the Musée de Cluny. It's right next to our café - you can probably locate it on the map. There are ruins right on the corner of Roman baths (3rd century) and next to them is the museum - begun in 14th century. It's quite small, and devoted to works of the Middle Ages. We were there 3 hrs., and covered only 4 rooms. For the first time, Middle Ages art took on meaning for both of us. We examined bits of cloth and brocade, and large beautiful tapestries. There are many at the Met, but I never gave them more than a passing glance. Today we studied them as best we could without having any background to go on. One of the guards, seeing that we weren't just dashing through, asked us if we had seen the most beautiful tapestry in the world - The Lady and the Unicorn. He showed us the way to the room, and we spent much of our time admiring these truly beautiful works. There are 6 tapestries, all of the same backgrounds and same figures, telling the story. The colors are extraordinary, and the effects they got with just thread are unbelievable. Needless to say we're returning soon again.

On our way home we stopped to browse in a bookstore, and came out armed with beautiful (though used) leather-covered books - Racine and Corneille. We want to get only good books, and one must look hard, but the looking is wonderful (and a great temptation).

So glad you saw all the family in Conn. Was that prearranged, or did everyone accidentally swarm in? Sorry Aunt Elizabeth had trouble with Grandma. Does that mean she won't come again? Mom - do take that course in French conversation if you can. It would be wonderful to talk together. Just re-reading your letter which mentioned our experience with the W.C. Here it's much better, but still with complications. The whole hotel is put together very economically, e.g.: B. went into the W.C. the first night but couldn't find the light. Finally she decided to brave the dark and locked the door. The light went on! And it automatically turns off when you open the door. In the room we have 2 lights, but it is so fixed that you cannot have both on at once. Frustrating!

Last night B. & I went to see Géant (Giant) at the cinéma. It was in dubbed-in French, and we understood nearly all. Must be improving, we hope.

Yesterday afternoon I registered for the Cours Supérieur de Langue that I told you of. Now I must still register at the Faculté des Lettres and for my student meal card, but can do neither till I get my transcript. Wish they'd hurry.

Alex is coming from The Hague to Paris this weekend. He told B. that we can move into the house in the spring. Thus - no heating problems, and we'll be in the country (nearly) while the flowers bloom.

Want to mail map, so will close.

Love,
Me

Oct. 25, Friday

Dear Folks,

Really haven't anything much to say so far. School was canceled for today because of the "grève" again. You probably read about it. Didn't make a particle of difference in my life, tho. No métros or buses running, but I didn't have to go far anyway. This time there is no strike of electricity or gas workers.

Instead this morning we decided to face the line at the Prefecture of Police and get our Carte de Long Séjour. Woke up Bill, who overslept, grabbed some coffee and tartines (delicious buttered rolls) and went over to the Ile-de-la-Cité. Hardly any lines! It only took us an hour - and for some it had been many entire days. I needed 5 photos (I've had so many taken - everyone requires them) and just had to wait while the woman filled out 103 forms. People always want both your birth dates, and I always forget the years, so you're getting quite a variety of ages. Now I have a beautiful red form which opens like an accordion to about 2 feet wide - vraitment!

After that, walked once more in the beautiful flower market there, then had lunch. Bill taught us the words to two charming French songs.

Got a telegram from Dr. Canfield at the U of R saying the papers are on their way.

Received 2 letters from you in one day! One contained hideous picture and very pretty wallpaper. How warm and homey the room must be now.

Answers to questions. 1) It's 1st Church. 2) Your worries about our new home. Forget them. We're very happy. We have hot water, heat (already turned on), a comfortable bed and

most of all very friendly owners and maid. We joke with each other all the time. One inconvenience overcome - we madly wash out our things at night and hang them on the radiator to dry. So far it's worked very well. Brought a load of wash to the blanchisserie today - things like pajamas, etc. which would be impossible anyway in a hotel or apt. Also - although it is smaller it is more convenient. Here we have a closet where in the other hotel there was none. I told you about the large armoire. It holds all our clothes that aren't hung up, and we're not really crowded. Bobbie has both trunks unpacked, and they're being stored in the house in Sceaux tomorrow. Mine I'll bring there Monday. We really expect to have enough room. As far as money goes - it should be all right. As soon as school starts, I'll be on a more regulated day, and the temptation to buy patisserie and coffee won't exist as much. Next week also I should be getting my meal discount ticket and be able to eat for about 75 cents a day. 3) Trip to Spain. Figure about \$150. Don't know yet about Renata. Just finished a letter to her. Yes - Italy the other vacation. 4) Haven't received NYS scholarship yet as I only registered for course 3 days ago, and must send bill in. 5) Don't imagine you liked my Christmas suggestion. Just this once? If not, or only partly, I would appreciate 1 or 2 black half slips.

Dad - very impressed by your flowers to Mom. How she must have appreciated it.

Mom - very impressed by your reading feats. Moby Dick is a wonderful novel (aside from the whaling chapters, which become rather tedious, though they contain hints now and then). You have to be careful not to make everything a symbol, though there definitely is symbolic significance. Once again I do have notes in that box in my English 4 notebook. Sorry your prof isn't more inspiring.

Saturday

What a lovely day this has been. Alexandre came about 8 this morning from Holland. (He went to Chem E school at Columbia - '52-'56 - had heard of Bob - last name Zeltzman.) The first chore was to transport Bobbie's trunks to Sceaux - no small task. Alex lugged them onto the train and into a small cart in Sceaux. That's all through, thank goodness.

Sceaux is a beautiful spot. The streets are narrow and cobblestoned. Houses are small and unplanned. All are surrounded by low walls which enclose gardens. Flowers in bloom everywhere.

Naturally their house has not been kept up. Furniture is pushed together and covered with blankets. But it's not bad. There's a living room and kitchen on 1st floor. Kitchen naturally far from modern, but B & I have hopes. Living room has piano, studio couch, large chest and various chairs. 2nd floor - 2 small bedrooms and 1 large. Possibilities.

Electricity and gas and telephone all work now. The main thing is scrubbing a bit. (By the way, there's also a small Spinet upstairs. Couldn't see the name of the grand under all the blankets.) Alex seems fairly sure that we'll be able to move in in April. That way we won't have much of a heat problem. So glad it has worked out this way, because we probably would have found the winter too much.

Left the house, and walked to the famous park - about 15 minutes, I guess. (Just thought - the train takes about 15 minutes, and takes us right into the Latin Quarter - about 5 or 10 minutes from school.) The park is the most beautiful I've seen. Of course Versailles was glorious, but so populated. This is relatively empty of crowds. There are many long walks, under trees that are shaped comme ca [sketch of trees here] quite unusual. Fountains everywhere, and many large pools. Also some more informal regions - no planned walks. Saw an extraordinary sight - Alex had just commented that trees along walk met overhead giving the impression of a cathedral (not formal as above, but tall, aloof, and graceful) when we saw at the end of the walk six nuns. Each sat on a separate bench, head bent, praying. Unintentionally they had arranged themselves symmetrically. Unforgettable picture.

Alex (who is very nice - as nice as his charming letters) treated us to dinner! We had paté for hors d'oeuvres, boeuf bourgignon, tasted Alex's vile goat cheese (B. and I have a passion for Camembert), and had gâteau sec for dessert - turned out to be cookies. Sweet of him.

Left them at station. They were going off to meet some people. Got back to hotel to discover letter so long-awaited from Dr. Canfield. Couldn't stand it inside, so walked in Jardin du Luxembourg. It's an extraordinarily beautiful day.

Monday

Meant to mail this letter today, but forgot it. Won't add another page as price for stamps zooms. Yesterday went to church. Nasty day, and we were tired from our walking so we rested.

Registered for my meal card today. It takes 2 days. Wednesday I'll get my trunks to Sceaux. How wonderful when it's all done.

Will close. Keep writing!

Much love,
Sue

Oct. 30 - Wednesday

Dear Mom & Dad,

I am now officially able to eat in the student restaurants. If Bobbie hadn't shown me around this afternoon, I may never have made it. She was able to get her "carte d'étudiante" before, as she had her équivalence de baccalaureate (?). At 2 we went to the "mairie" - city hall - and picked up my dossier. Then back to main office, where one stamp was applied and 50 francs paid. Then to Lycée Louis le Grand, where I'll be eating, to get photos affixed, then to Faculté de Droit where I bought two cards of tickets - 2200 francs altogether. Will last for 20 meals at 110 frs. each - about 27 cents. This may not sound quite as difficult as it was - at least for Bobbie. One door you must go in has no sign whatever outside and everyone inside is wrapping packages filled with Chanel No. 5 ads. But this is the photo room. One room in the Faculté de

Droit (Law) clearly says outside that this is the headquarters of the Cours de Civilization - but here is where you buy your tickets. What nonsense!

The skies of Paris are the most beautiful I have ever seen. Just at sundown I took a lovely walk in the Jardin de Luxembourg. The gold of the sky changed gently to orange and pink. The gardens were all in bloom - chrysanthemums, dahlias, marigolds, and tiny purple and yellow blossoms. At 5:30, all the "agents de police" began blowing their little whistles and we all had to leave. I'm constantly amazed and unceasingly happy over the beauty of this city.

Yesterday was market day. Bobbie and I decided to eat in our rooms, so we had to go to this twice a week market to shop. It was exciting! We walked up and down between the stalls. They sold everything. There were meat booths - whole unskinned rabbits hanging, chicken heads & giblets selling for 100 frs. - fish booths, seaweed, sponges - fruit stands - vegetable stands - hardware stands - nearby a bakery and a wine store. We bought a long piece of bread (never again will I be able to face American bread), a box of Camembert (très fin), 2 tomatoes, 2 bananas, and a small bottle of wine (for B.). Invited Bill down to our room for lunch, and had a wonderful time. Today B. and I decided we'd do it again (tho' it wasn't a market day) and bought bread, Camembert, tomato, and paté (a delicious sort of liverwurst). Put them all together - French hero sandwich. Ate "pain au chocolat" for dessert - croissant dough around a filling of Baker's bittersweet chocolate.

It was a simple, beautiful day.

A demain.

Oct. 31 - Thursday

This morning took a placement exam. Dictation, verbs and composition. We'll be assigned now to our level (between 1 and 9) and school will begin on Wednesday.

Saw courses offered at Faculté des Lettres - will probably audit one on Villon and one on Voltaire.

Ate lunch in student restaurant - not bad at all. We had cold cauliflower (?) for an hors d'oeuvre, then veal, mashed potatoes and lettuce, applesauce, and as much water, bread, and wine you can eat.

Met Tom and another friend of his and had coffee with them. We're all going to the Kuentz concert Sat. night - Bach's Brandenburg concertos. Afterwards we'll go to Les Halles, watch the trading, then eat the famous onion soup. Can't wait for the concert. I've never missed music as much as I do now.

Syl is settled in her house and loves it. Very nice woman, she says.

I told you we had a friendly hotel. Monday B. and I wanted to go to the john and couldn't find our slippers. We searched the room from top to bottom, but couldn't find them.

Even asked Bill if he was playing jokes, but he was innocent. Decided today to ask the maid if she had seen them. She laughed and laughed and told us she had put them underneath the bottom drawer in the armoire. She's such fun. In her 20's, pretty, and as bubbly as a French maid should be.

We were on our way to an art exhibition this afternoon but were exhausted. Came home instead and slept.

No more news.

Love to everyone, especially you,
Sue

Sunday, Nov. 3

Dear Folks -

Right now budget is uppermost on my mind. Bobbie and I have put ourselves on a strict one, and hope we can stick to it. We were talking to some friends of ours before who told us about a "legal" blackmarket place where the rate of exchange is 450 to the dollar instead of 415.50. It's very safe - all Americans in Paris go there, evidently. Tomorrow we'll change some money. Our budget (in francs) is this:

1100 - 20 meals in student restaurants (WEEKLY)
500 - other meals
385 - breakfast
2300 - room and bath
500 - theater, concert, entertainment
100 - laundry, dry cleaning
200 - incidentals
200 - transportation
700 - coffee
100 - supplies (soap etc.)
400 - mad money
500 - mail (it's expensive!)
6985 a week (about \$17 or thereabouts)

For 7 months - Nov-June - excluding vacations, it will be \$464 (including 13,000 fr registration in Feb.). Add \$220 boat fare = \$684. To this, such things as books must be added, but we have no idea what it will cost. Sounds too good to be true. Hope it works. This first month should prove to be the most expensive.

Last night we had the most marvelous time. We had decided to go to the Paul Kuentz concert where all 6 Brandenburg concertos were being played. Got seats just before the performance, couldn't see anything, so stood at the back of the auditorium. Standing made no difference - the concert was amazingly good. It was a small chamber orchestra, with excellent musicians. They played Bach with such artistry - clarity and purity - it was unforgettable. I have never heard a flute played as beautifully. And the man who played the English horn was

excellent. The audience was certainly appreciative, and the orchestra came back to replay the last movement of the 5th concerto, where the English horn has much solo work. Just beautiful! Even Bobbie who is more hurt by Bach being botched than anything else was well satisfied. [A stain appears here on the paper; an arrow points to it with the explanation "strawberry preserve!!"]

Tomorrow we're going to hear the Corelli Society play Vivaldi, Corelli, Boccherini (?).

To go on with last night. We met (as we had planned beforehand) Tom and his friend, also from Texas, Dennis. They had asked if we'd like to go to Les Halles after the concert. It was just midnight and the market was much later, so we had coffee, then walked over. At 1:30 there was still no activity, so we went into Le Clair du Lune, and had coffee. Not a tourist around. The place was filled with huge, dirty workmen, laughing and joking. A guitarist and an amazing violinist played and sang - even Oh Susanna in French! We had such a happy time there in that gay atmosphere! At about 4 we got paté sandwiches and began to walk around. The streets for blocks around were filled with huge piles of cauliflowers, cabbages, turnips, lettuce, apple crates, carrots. The butchers along the sides had vats of livers, hearts, and tables covered with hogs' heads. Quite an experience! Everywhere there were little carts, trucks, people buying and selling (wholesale) - so much activity, and all while the city sleeps. Naturally our evening was ended by the traditional bowl of onion soup - so hot and steaming after the cold night. Got home at 6 today, and I must admit, we slept the day through till 5:30!

Then met these friends who told us of the place to exchange money. Man's name is Danny - very funny boy - actor from NY. Gave us much information on hostels and student hotels - the cheapest way to travel.

Friday was All Saints Day. Morning found us in Notre Dame for the mass. Organ selection - Franck's magnificent, Bach's Agnus Dei terrible. But the feeling of sitting in that glorious cathedral was wonderful indeed.

This day is the day the graves are decorated with flowers. So, Bill, B. and I went to la Cimitière Père Lachaise. Saw the graves of Balzac, La Fontaine, Molière, Rossini, Alfred de Musset, Chopin, Colette. Wandered around ancient graves, crumbling, moss-covered, enclosed in rusty chains. Magnificent sense of mystery, romance, and history. Beautiful day.

Mother - I hope after my last letter you realize how happy I am in this hotel. Really - I wouldn't want to be anywhere else. There is no nearer church. It makes no difference, as you must take the Métro to any of them, and it is really then all the same, the way the system works.

Mother dear - no affairs of the heart. On the contrary, my letters to you say much more than those to Lynne. I have such a good relationship with my male friends that I'd hate to change. Paris takes up all my time - no time for love! Have heard from Lynne, Joan and Renata and Nancy.

Letter rather brief, but I'll mail it tomorrow.

Love,
Sue

Nov. 5 - Tuesday

Dear Mom & Dad -

Yesterday we had another wonderful day. Each day is so full of happenings that I could write a book about them.

We invited Sylvia and another girl (Sue) to our room for lunch. Had our by now famous sandwiches of bread, tomato, paté and camembert. Talked for a couple of hours. Very nice.

Then tore to bank and withdrew \$50 each in American cash. Now it looks like toy money, as French used to. Came back, met friend and were led to black market. The store is the Café Frivole, yet. A little tiny place in the Jewish (black market) part of town. Pierre, THE MAN, wasn't there at first, but when he arrived he said "Hello. How much." (Evidently only people who want to exchange money go there, even though they serve delicious chocolate and coffee.) He took our money, went to a back room, came back immediately with the calculations on a piece of paper (450 instead of 415.50). Very legal! Then gave us the money in francs. As we were dividing it among us, Bobbie saw a policeman look through the window. She told us and we were hurriedly stuffing our purses when Pierre said, "Take it easy. I pay him enough." So, it seems, there's nothing to worry about.

That night we went to hear the Corelli Society concert. Student discount allowed me to get in for 150 francs (35 cents) and I sat in the first row first balcony. Concert quite good. Cellist quite a character. Young and handsome, he made his Boccherini solo a dramatic affair indeed - a facial gesture for each note.

After the concert, we were walking down the Madeleine toward a café. The Madeleine is noted for having the highest-class streetwalkers in Paris. Bobbie was just saying to me, "Aren't those women..." when one of them approached a young man who was walking by. He didn't stop. (They were quite pretty, and very well-dressed.) Anyway - we were saying how glad we were that this man kept on when we realized he was keeping step with us. He finally asked Bobbie, "Sprechen sie deutsch?" and B., with her usual aplomb, said "Nein" - the first time she'd ever spoken a word of German in her life, she swears. Quite a funny situation, though. He naturally didn't believe her, but finally became discouraged and walked away.

Our journey to the café was well worth it. We ordered café Viennois - Dad, it would have been nectar for you. They fill the cup 3/4 full with coffee, and then begin squirting on whipped cream, around and around and higher and higher. At least 4 inches high! All this for only 75 francs.

This morning we found our results of the placement exam. I'm in class 4A - pretty medium. Bobbie is 7 and Syl 5 and we're all confused, because the results aren't as we had planned. I don't have any classes Friday - so far. Nice for weekend trips.

This weekend, we have nothing planned for Thurs. through Sun., and so we plan to go to Belgium. Just like that! Actually, if we want to take any weekend trips it's good to take them while it's still decently warm, and since classes haven't officially started yet, this seems like the best time.

We plan to go right to Brussels on Thursday, look around a bit and go to Bruges early that night. Bruges is a small town in N.W. Belgium, not far from the sea. It is supposed to be a town still very much like the Middle Ages and its photos are charming. The city is walled, filled with canals and medieval buildings. The bell concert is world-renowned. Also several good museums with Van Eycks, Boschs, van der Goes and Memlings. Naturally I'll tell you more after I get back.

We'll sleep at the Youth Hostels - there's one in Bruges and one in Brussels. (Called Auberge de la Jeunesse here.) About 25 cents or so a night.

Thursday night, Friday and Saturday in Bruges. Sat. night in Brussels, and Sun. morning. Then back to Paris. We're not trying to see Brussels this trip, as we plan to go back after World's Fair has opened.

Wednesday

Slight change in plans. We're leaving Thursday afternoon as I have a class in the morning. And no school Monday, as it is Armistice Day! That is really wonderful. We're so excited, needless to say.

This morning I had my first class in French composition. Very good.

Dad - how happy I was - and am - to receive your letter! It was so full of news and warmth.

Also happy you put Nan's letter (now on airmail paper!) in the envelope. It makes the family complete.

Mom - No notes on Return of the Native. Movie of Moby Dick spectacular, much excitement, and beautiful color, but much was lost. All of the meaning just about. At least for me. And Gregory Peck was something of a ham while standing up against the storm, challenging the elements.

This noon Tom, Les and Bill ate lunch in our cozy room. Then to the Dupont with Syl, whom we picked up on the way. They're all such fun to be with. My trunks came, and we've been unpacking ever since.

Our friend Sue paid us a nice visit later.

Ate dinner again in the student restaurant. Really good food. Have met a number of nice French people there.

Will go to bed now, and be nice and fresh for tomorrow's busy day.

I'll write from Belgium!

Much love,
Sue

Nov. 12, Paris again

Dear Mom & Dad,

I'm back again, much happier and richer. I want to tell you everything. Just hope I can remember.

First thing - I hope you'll understand. After much talking and discussion with French and Americans alike, we decided to hitchhike to Brussels. Calm down - it's quite accepted in Europe - and especially in France and Belgium. I didn't mention it before because I didn't want you to worry, but now that I'm in Paris, quite safe, I want you to know. So many wonderful people helped us (and we saved money besides) that we think it was really a marvelous experience. e.g.:

Thursday. After class and an omelette for lunch, B. and I took the metro then the bus to LeBourget, a little town just north of Paris. The hardest thing in the world faced us at that moment - the courage to display our sign which said "Bruxelles." After 10 frantic moments of humiliation, we summoned our courage and put up the sign. Three minutes later, a truck stopped. It contained a very kind and gentle driver who took us 1/4 of the way (to Soissons). He let us out on a deserted street, but our beginners' luck held fast. The 3rd vehicle, again a truck, stopped. Again a nice driver - talked little, drove well - to the Belgian border. Once here, we warmed ourselves at the fireplace in the customs house, cheered on by friendly customs officials. About the 4th car was ours - owned by a young friendly English couple. They told us they were going through Brussels to Ghent - the town half way between Bruges and Brussels. What luck again. It was farther than we had dared to hope. We stopped finally at a hotel in Ghent for the night. I say finally, because we spent about an hour searching for a hotel that the man had stayed at the year before. He couldn't remember the name or location, but knew it was near a park with flowers. As Ghent is called the city of flowers, you can imagine we had a bit of trouble. Just picture a lanky Englishman peering into the night muttering "flaaars - paaark -- flaaars." Fantastic.

Friday. Beautiful day. In the morning we strolled through a romantic Germanic (I guess) park. Just lovely. This took us to the Beaux Arts Museum where we saw the Boschs and Brueghels I think I mentioned. The ticket-taker at the museum directed us to a nearby student restaurant. By using our U. of Paris student cards, we were able to eat a good meal for 40 cents

in warm Belgian surroundings. How clean Belgium seemed - especially after rather dirty Paris. This restaurant really had charm, even down to the typical beer bottle on the table - a change from the French wine.

In the afternoon, we stopped in a small tea room. Though it sounds far from exciting, we both felt that here was the real Belgian atmosphere - clean, neat, an opera on the radio softly in the background - how happy we were at that moment. The rest of the afternoon we spent in madly running around the town, seeing the beautiful ancient buildings.

Took a train to Bruges and went directly to the youth hostel. Amazing building - newer than even the U of R dormitory. Just Bobbie and I and one man rattled around there. Had a dinner of omelette again (4th time in a row) and went to bed, very happy.

Saturday. Must mention the Flemish language. We got such a kick out of it. It's a corruption of German, French, English, etc. At the RR station, signs outside said INGANG and UITGANG, and ticket windows displayed cards which said either GESLOTEN or OPEN. This led to our constantly saying things like, "Is the ingang gesloten? Or the Jeugendarberg with centrale gewarmischen?" (Hostel heated?) Such fun.

Anyway, Saturday morning we took the wrong turn on emerging from the hostel and are glad we did. We had a beautiful 2 hr. walk down a canal, complete with families living on barges, surrounded by small neat farms, cows grazing tranquilly. The middle ages villages were pale in the early morning light.

Came into town via the ancient wall which formerly surrounded the town (at its peak in 15 and 16 cen.). Fantastic feeling to walk on such age and history. And what we walked into! The square in the center of town, surrounded by buildings of the middle ages and displaying medieval shields, was filled with stalls selling merchandise of all kinds. Market day! And throughout it all, the famous carillon concert from the ancient bell tower was ringing out through the village. I still don't believe it. And Belgians wear wooden shoes - when they wash such things as sidewalks.

Forgot - don't know how. On way into town we passed Minnewater, the Lake of Love, and its canals. (Bruges is the Venice of the North.) Low-hanging, graceful weeping willows, and so many swans. (By the way, they had numbers on their bills. We were great friends with B51!)

Museum time again. Went into Memling museum with famous St. Ursula altar. Very impressed. Then another museum with Van Eycks, Memlings, and Boschs. Can you imagine what an amazing opportunity we had to see these great works!

After cheap dinner, went to Béguinage - a house of the Middle Ages. Came out at dusk into a large courtyard surrounded by old, old stepladder-roofed houses. The church bells were calling and answering, and a nun hurried across the courtyard and slipped quietly into church. We stood, leaning against the ancient doors of the little church, listening to the chant of the nuns and the peal of the bells. The 20th century was far away.

Sunday. Went back to the beautiful town. Walked into courtyard of cathedral and across a tiny stone footbridge, unchanged in hundreds of years. Wandered peacefully around until noon. Bought train ticket to Lille. Took train to little town where we were to change trains. Two-hour wait not for us, so we went a block away to the highway, waited approximately 3 minutes, and a car stopped. He wasn't going to go to Lille, but had nothing better to do, so took us to youth hostel there. What a wonderful time we had there! It was full of young friendly people. About 40 French and Belgian Jews were holding a reunion there, and everyone was dancing and laughing. Saw many beautiful Israelite and French folk dances and learned parts of them. Met many nice people.

Monday. After a short wait, a man, wife, and 20 year old daughter (and dog Jeff) stopped for us. How wonderful they were! They had 1/2 hour's business in Douai, so let us off to have coffee, then picked us up again. They were going to St. Quentin, the man's home town. They took us for a quick tour of the town, then way out of their way to a good spot on the highway. We thanked them as much as we could in our stumbling French. Immediately picked up by man and wife and two small children in tiny car. They took us short distance to Ham. Here a man stopped and took us (the scenic way) to Compiègne. Again put up our sign, feeling now no fears or false pride. A rich middle-aged man in a brand-new car stopped next and took us all the way to Le Bourget, where we had started.

What a marvelous trip! I can't enthuse enough.

Got your letter today. So happy to hear of the latest house improvements. Amazing! I'm not going to be able to recognize it, I'm sure. Can't wait to see the chandelier, drapes, fireplace set, casements, chair, etc. etc.

School today. Interesting.

Registered for Faculté des Lettres this afternoon. Stood on line for 3 hours.

Now am tired, needless to say.

Will stop.

Yes Yes Yes. Opened account at Chase long long ago. No trouble at all. Thanks for depositing check.

Can't think of anything else at present.

Speaking of presents, maybe they would be nice. After all, it's Christmas, isn't it. Hope my package, which will be mailed in 2 or 3 days, reaches you in time. It should.

Much much love,
Sue

Nov. 16 Saturday

Dear Mom and Pop -

No startling news this time on this front. Hope you enjoyed the news of Belgium. We've been excitedly telling all our friends, who now are counting the days till they can do the same thing.

I don't think I mentioned last time that Bill came down the night we got home to find out all about it. Then he insisted we go out to celebrate. Had a very nice time. He makes a marvelous listener.

Tuesday classes started again. I have 15 hours a week of French: composition, grammar, vocabulary, phonetics, diction. So far so good. I'm learning a lot. Also, there are interesting people in the class from all over the world. There are some Spaniards, a Cuban, Hungarian, Turk, Chinese, Japanese and Korean in my class. Diction is fun - we work with tongue depressors and mirrors, and are taught that to speak French, grimaces are necessary.

Registered for the Faculté des Lettres. This entailed hours and hours of waiting on lines for two afternoons. I never felt so silly as I did when I entered a large empty room to pay my term bill - the room was divided by rails to keep crowds in line, but no one was there, so my route was like this:

enter here -> [maze depicted] <- pay here

Frustrating.

The rest of the week has been unexciting. Classes every day. Bobbie and I went to the movies with Bill one night. Usually meet our friends in the Dupont, and sit and talk with them.

Tonight, B and I are going to the Opéra to hear Der Rosenkavalier. Haven't heard one yet. This is supposed to be one of their better presentations. We're going with Tom and Les. (Not dates, mother. Just friends!)

I hope the next letter contains a bit more news, but they all can't be full of such exciting things as Belgium.

Much love,
Sue

Nov. 19 Tuesday

Dear Mom and Dad -

Just got your wonderful letters! Now to answer questions. So happy at your reaction to my trip in Belgium. Glad you could understand about the "auto-stop" - that's why I told you. B. hasn't told her parents because she's sure they wouldn't understand. They're such emotional people that they would become too worried. She'll tell them when she gets home. On our long

vacations, we'll probably have to take the train as hitchhiking is too indefinite for the little time we have. Our plans for Christmas are changing, it seems. After much contemplation, we think that we would much rather go to Vienna than Madrid. It's about the same distance, but it offers so much more. Imagine the opera, the concerts - at Christmastime! This way also, we should have the opportunity of going through Germany (Nuremburg is on the way) and also Switzerland. At Easter we'll go down to Milan (!), Florence, Rome, up to Venice and home. We plan to stay in youth hostels most of the time, but you can get to feel rather grimy. Most have cold water only, and a large trough (about 10 feet long) in place of a sink. It's just nice to wash once in a while.

Still haven't sent home the Christmas package. Tomorrow, if possible. Please don't expect abundance, though. I live in Paris, the most expensive city in the world, and Belgium's prices are even higher. All large purchases are waiting for Italy, and they'll come home with me. Was going to have my picture taken, but photographers here are ridiculously high. I promise you one in the summer.

Black market. Maybe you're right, but it was such fun. It seems silly in a way not to go. In any other country in the world you can get 460-510 francs to the dollar - why not here? However, I'm going to the bank today, and I'll withdraw it in francs.

Madaleine - It's not that we were frequenting a bad section of the city. It's one of the best! The boulevard is wide, grand, and well-lighted. We had to take that street, or else some dark back tiny street. It's just because that little drama was so open and flagrant that it amazed us. More reassurance - the Madaleine leads right up to the huge Place de l'Opéra - one of the grandest sections of Paris.

As for my class standing - I'm not disappointed. The class runs comme ca:

1-->3 - second yr. future teachers

4A-->7 - intermediate level. 4A (me) is the highest, I find out.

8-->10 - les débutants - beginners

Now I can tell you a bit more about my classes. Phonetics is quite funny. Imagine 15 people in a room, all with heads thrown back, mouths open, keeping their tongues in the proper position with tongue depressors - all loudly saying "art, air, or, ou." In other classes I've been learning quite a bit. Vocabulary class - got a 2 1/2 page list of idioms using colors, and must give talk on Versailles in autumn. We study words, their nuances and connotations, in composition. So far, nothing has been review - all new and challenging.

Went to my first Sorbonne lecture yesterday on Voltaire. I'm excited about the course.

Also this morning went to ESPPPF course on art history - seems good. Gothic art now. Also will attend lit course on Thursday.

Thursday night also I'm going to the Organization. Thank you for the Lord's Prayer! Yesterday, rather Sunday, I was able to mumble every other line, but now I'll know the whole thing. I can understand the service much better now than at first.

Sunday we had a wonderful time. It felt just like Sunday at home. After church I raced to Notre Dame and attended the St. Hubert's day mass. Eight men, dressed in riding britches, red hunters jackets, black velvet caps and black shiny boots played the hunting horns. Out of key, noisy - but exciting. Met Bobbie, Bill, Tom and Les afterwards, and we went to dinner together. It was a little cozy restaurant - Au Pied du Mouton - filled to overflowing with families out for Sunday dinner. I ate SNAILS. Fun to eat and delicious too. Garlic and butter, mostly. Also had a good lamb chop and endives, plus pastry for dessert. Total \$1.00. OK?

From dinner to the Dupont and talk. Bill, B, Les and I met again at 10. Les had read in the Tribune (Paris edition - includes Peanuts!) that there would be a tour of the catacombs at 10. Bring a flashlight. We showed up, but no one else was there. He insists he didn't read it wrong. We went for coffee anyway, and talked for hours. We have such wonderful friends here.

Am enclosing a scarf for you, Mom. I bought a bunch a few weeks ago. Sent one to Joan for her birthday, one to Lynne because she's Lynne (and doing a lot of growing up) and now to you. I've been waiting for a thin letter, since mail expenses are exorbitant. And the last letter I mailed before thinking to put it in. Will enclose one for Nan with the Christmas package.

Please write and tell me what you think of the Vienna idea. Dad, you said you inquired about francs. Did you get them? If not, I would sort of like to have a package from home to open on Christmas day. So happy you'll all be together for the holidays. I'll be thinking of you always.

Much love,
Sue

Nov. 22, 1957

Dear Parents,

How excited we are about Christmas vacation! We have made up our minds to go to Vienna, but how we're getting there - and coming back! Les, Bill, Bobbie and I have been touring the tourist offices all day, and have about 30 pamphlets now - each. I shall tell you the plan:

Leave Paris the 17th of Dec., Tues. evening, on the 11 PM train. (We're going 2nd class - no reclining seats - just benches in the compartment. Therefore, all the luggage is put on the floor between the benches covered with the coats, and voilà! a bed for 4 people. The other 2 in the compartment sleep on the wide baggage racks!) Arrive at Geneva at 8 AM the next day. Tour around the lake to Lausanne, then to Milan, then Venice - then Vienna. Coming back it will be Vienna to Munich and Zurich (forgot Salzburg) to Paris. Isn't it amazing? Round trip fare is at the most 19,000 frs. (not even \$50). We'll stay in most places as long as we want and can. Definitely Vienna on New Year's Eve. Tom and Les may leave Paris with us, but we'll split up, probably to meet again on New Year's Eve. Thus we will have escorts - most necessary it seems.

This morning we stopped at Les's hotel to pick him up, went to Am. Express and found out about train fare etc. Our ticket will be routed thru those cities, but we have a time limit of 2 months, so we can get off anywhere the train stops and get back on when we want.

Met Bill there, went to lunch, then for coffee while we waited for the stores to reopen at 2. It's frustrating sometimes. You know you have so much to do, but you're forced to stop everything, sit down and relax until 2, because everything is closed. Then at 2 you get up and race madly through the rest of the day. We went to the Austrian, German, Italian and Swiss tourist offices. At the German, I mentioned that my ancestors came from Baden-Baden and the man suggested that I stop off there and look them up. Sounds like fun, to search through old dusty records, but I guess it would hardly be worth it.

I went to the CS Org meeting last night. It's held in a pleasant small office sort of room in a hotel next to the Sorbonne. There were almost 20 people there, many of them Americans. Even the reader was American, tho' he had a good accent. The testimony meeting was active - 2 French girls and 3 Americans (who struggled with their French). Very friendly. I'm looking forward to the next. Oh - no piano. Meetings every other week.

Ate dinner at the Lycée with an American boy from my class, Bob, and after went for coffee with him. Joined by Bobbie, Les, and Bill. Sat and talked. At 10, Bill, B and I, alone and deserted by our comrades, decided to go to a movie. Saw Le Blé en Herbe, story by Colette. Excellently done story of adolescence. The night before we saw another fine French film, Casque d'Or. It's a good way to study French. (excuse?)

School is so funny. I'm beginning to become friendly with the people in the class, especially the Turks and a Spaniard. Both Turks speak very well. The Spaniard speaks rapidly but with a Spanish accent. If we're not careful, soon the Spaniards will be speaking with American accents and we with theirs. By the way, now have Pakistani in the class too - and a Colombian.

Nov. 24 - Sunday

The other night, while sitting in a café with B, Bill, Tom and Les we decided to plan a Christmas-New Year's party (which will fall on my birthday). It will be Christmas till midnight, then New Year's. If we can only find somewhere to hold it, we have all sorts of plans.

Yesterday was a quiet day. B and I decided to cheat and go to the American library around the corner for some books we can read. Both of us were dying for a book which would make sense immediately, without having to look up every other word. I read Portrait of Jennie, a short quite beautiful novel.

Later Bill came in and we decided to eat together and go somewhere after. We ate in our favorite restaurant, and then went over to the Champs-Élysées and walked. Stopped for some coffee, then walked some more. Headed into the section of Paris that used to be for the elite - now a neighborhood which houses ragpickers.

Today the three of us had breakfast together and have been talking. Now to settle down and do homework.

Nov. 25

Another quiet day, but a happy one. Class is more interesting yet. Not really more interesting, but more friendly. Had a good dinner with nice people. "Our" Greek man is so sweet. We met him long ago, and are old friends now. Had coffee again and toujours.

We bought a little light today, and now we can see! B and I danced and sang around the room, we were so happy.

Are in the process of finishing André Gide's La Porte Etroite (in French). Excellent novel.

Got your letter today. Two dresses, a frying pan and a platter!

A word about Bobbie We get along on the whole very well. It's more difficult for both of us living with someone than ever before, for many reasons. But we're good for each other. She's quite a girl. She has experienced more things than most people do in twice her years. What makes her experiences valuable is that she faces them with her eyes open and her mind clear. She thinks out and analyzes problems. Now I am the eager listener to her hard-earned conclusions, and I'm learning more than I can say. My stabilizing influence is good for her too, and especially when she waxes dramatic. It's difficult, as you can imagine, to assert my own personality when we're in a group, but I'm making headway, and I think it will be good for me. Also I'm making my own friends now, and that's better.

Tomorrow night we're probably going to a lecture on DaVinci, tho our Greek man wants us to see Rome, Ville Ouverte. We shall see.

Till next time.

Au revoir,
Love,
Sue

Dec. 1 !! Time is flying

Dear Folks -

Sorry for the delay. Time has disappeared, and I thought I had just written.

Paris is in the middle of winter. The last 2 days have been cold and clear, but all the others are gray, foggy, penetratingly chilly and rather glum. Once out of our everyday haunts, Paris even now retains its mysterious beauty, but now and then it gets a bit tedious.

Since I've last written:

Nov. 27 - Nothing extraordinary. Invited friend (Jordan Something) up to study as his hotel room is driving him out of his mind.

Nov. 28 - Thanksgiving. So sure yours was a happy one. I thought often of all of you, eating your turkey, talking, and sitting in front of the fire.

We Americans got together and went out for dinner. I had Chateaubriand (the best kind of steak) and a few trimmings, but it was nothing like turkey. We ate at a restaurant called the Prokop, which in its day was frequented by everyone from Voltaire to B. Franklin. Before dinner, we all had cocktails (everyone but me, of course) in our room. "We all" includes Bobbie, Tom, Les, Bill, and Bob. Bob is a new "member" - don't know if I've mentioned him. He's in my classes at the Ecole, is 24, from the state of Washington, math major to become architect, very kind, boyish. Just sold his motor scooter to Bill, and is buying a Porsche. He has volunteered to take us to Holland and the World's Fair in May when we have a week's holiday.

That noon, I ate lunch with a girl from my class and a man (one of the 2 Turks). We had as interesting a conversation as was possible, as he speaks no English and I no Turkish. His French was good, however. His name is Mehin Durusu, and he seems quite pleasant. I've become quite friendly with both him and the other Turk, whose last name is Sahin. He looks rather like Napoleon - speaks French very well, is serious in class, and quite clownish outside. Strange to have Turks for friends.

Speaking of Turks, have I mentioned our Greek man? His name is M. Spilios. He eats with us at the lycée nearly all the time. He is studying economics and political science here, is about 30-ish, very friendly and warm. Has offered us his family's house in Greece if we ever decide to go. He speaks English to us and we French to him, as we are mutually corrective. Sometimes the conversations are an unbelievable mélange of the two languages, but we know what we're talking about anyway.

Nov. 29 - Friday. Breakfasted on milk, bread, butter, jelly and coffee in Bill's room. He played his harmonica for us (awful!) and we sang French songs. Met our friends for coffee, and talked for hours. Went on a solo walk around the neighborhood to explore in greater detail some shops we discovered the other night. Antique stores - dusty and fascinating. Bookstores filled with beautiful leather-bound volumes. Saw a set of Pascal works in 5 vol. in a window, thought they'd make a nice Christmas gift for Bobbie, priced them and walked on. \$100.

That night bumped into Tom on the street, and followed him to a lecture at the Sorbonne given in English (shame shame) by Angus Wilson, a contemporary British novelist. Quite good - on the place of the English author in the world today. Had coffee and a literary quiz by Ph.D. in English Tom later. Met another man, who's in B's class, moved to another café when ours closed, and talked more.

Nov. 30 - Sat. Got up late. Met Bill, Bob, Tom and Les (you must be getting sick of the names) and walked to Les' hotel. Beautiful cold day. Walked through streets decorated for Christmas. Ate hot waffles. Bought candy and little odds and ends. Spent the afternoon in Les' room listening to Bill's records - very good French folk songs, drinking songs and student songs. Collin, a friend of ours from the Union of South Africa, drove us to the Lycée for supper. Foods getting a bit less interesting. It seems we have roast beef every other meal. Still much better than U. of R. dorm cooking, though. Went to a film in a nearby museum with B. and Bob. Expected to see an early Hitchcock film, but after we got in, we realized we were viewing a Japanese film - without subtitles. Oh, well, when else would we have seen one - and it was fun to try to figure out the story.

Dec. 1 -today. Church this AM. Had lunch in room with the usual people. Went for the 2nd time to see the Catacombs and were foiled again. The first time we arrived armed with flashlights at the wrong time. Today we came with candles on the wrong day. How can we do it?

Side info - B. blew a fuse this morning. The poor concierge. We're always blundering somehow.

We went instead to the Museum of French Monuments where there are plaster reproductions in full scale of the sculptural works of art in France, e.g., the main portals from Notre Dame, Chartres, Rheims, parts of the Arc de Triomphe.

The museum is in the Palais de Chaillot built in 1936 for a World's Fair. It used to hold the U.N. Across the boulevard is the Eiffel Tower - not nearly as mysterious today as it was the first time I saw it emerge from the mist. It's huge enough, but certainly misses being beautiful. Maybe when the infernal mist clears up in the spring I'll go up to the top and see the view.

Was thrilled to hear of the painting! Can't wait to see it. How excited you must be.

Surprised to hear that the Schmitts haven't heard. I remember writing to them on the boat. Don't know what happened to the letter, but will write one soon.

_____Have notes on Germinal in Eur. Lit. notebook.

Thanks for writing so often. Have received quite a few letters from Lynne, Joan and Nancy. Heard from Jeanne Skillin the other day. The check did bounce! Embarrassing. Will straighten it out next year.

Much love to everyone -

Sue

Dec. 6, 1957

Dear Dad (You can share this with Mom!),

A personal reply is definitely necessary. How happy I was to get a letter just from you - in its own envelope, even!

To reply: What parents and brother have I! I can't say anything more meaningful than thank you - Now I'll be able to buy gifts for you and my friends, and I want to so much. I really am unable to thank you enough - for the thought, and the bother with Chase and all.

Re black market - Glad you understand now. What with the recent French gov't crises, the dollar on the free market is worth up to 500 francs sometimes. Our friend Bob found a new place which the more experienced Americans frequent -- called, believe it or not, Goldenberg's Delicatessen. Around the corner from Pierre, it is less foreign-intrigue-y and pays a better price. Will try.

Re the men in my life. Told you a bit more about them I guess in my last letter. As for last names, it's Bill Hatfield, M.A., Lester Duquaine, L.L.D., Thomas Watson, Ph.D., and Bob Dial, B.S. (Added the titles for effect. None are really "that way.") Don't know what you meant by the "same side of the fence." Religion? Morals? As far as traveling goes, it just happens that Bobbie, Les, and I are starting out on the same train. We'll separate in Geneva, and meet again, along with Tom, in Vienna around New Year's. They, both being bachelors, like our company, as we are young enough not to scare them. We like them for the same reason. Also - we always pay our own ways - no obligations on either side. So much nicer than dating.

To reply to Mom's: How warm and delicious Thanksgiving à la Jagel sounded. So happy to hear the news from the Bob and Nan branch - and their 3 little twigs, to carry the metaphor a bit further.

Happy to hear you're going to the Opera. Am looking forward to the Met again. Paris opera is quite crummy. Der Rosenkavalier had beautiful scenery, gorgeous costumes, and passable voices. Not thrilling, but all right for an opera of that type. Just think! I'll be in La Scala in a few weeks!!

I haven't read The Brothers Karamozov, but it's #1 on my list as soon as I return. Germinal upset me, and its images have stayed with me, but I wasn't that impressed by it. Haven't read much of Mann, but I like him very much. Too bad you're taking his week off.

Wrote a letter to Uncle George. Hope it wasn't too friendly, but I always seem to write that way to him.

Nice to hear about Ken and Millie. Hope they and Bob and Nan see each other now.

Naturally was upset to hear about Uncle Fred's and Ken's unchanged attitudes. I understand why you couldn't take the money Bob and Nan offered, but I wish you could have. What good is it doing here? I want so much to help, but don't know how from this distance,

aside from keeping you in my thoughts. After I come home, I'll be able to assist in more concrete ways. Till then, I guess we have to forgive.

To me: School all week, rather uneventful. Mostly everyone in my class knows twice as much as I. At least I can take dictation. Bob and I are studying more now instead of talking. We're in the same classes, which meet at odd hours throughout the day, so there's plenty of time in between to study.

As I said before, we've become most friendly with the two (wild) Turks. Very depressing is the real lack of communication. It's hard enough to understand someone who speaks your own language but both speaking only poor French in common is frustrating. How much we all could learn otherwise. Metin Durusu is one of them - the French teacher in Ankara. He's quiet, but fun. The other, Husein Sahin, is unbelievable. I don't know if I told you anything about them or not, but I'll continue. Sahin looks like Napoleon. He (and Metin also) have a facility for mimicking other sounds. Sahin has heard many American popular songs and loves them, sings them all the time in his American intonation. Now and then you can catch a word --- springtime ---- fine ---- how are you. If you don't listen carefully, you could swear he was speaking American, but it's just accent. Bob and the Turks and I have much fun together. They're both lonely here, and very poor. Bob and I want to invite them into our little group, and will as soon as we get the opportunity.

Wednesday I wandered all over the city with Bob and Bill. Bob was in an accident on his motor scooter, and doesn't want it any more, therefore Bill bought it. Hardly anything is wrong with it, and it's brand new. We went to the Lambretta company and we all admired the scooter. From there to the Porsche showroom, where we saw the car Bob is buying. He's paying for it in installments, and may have it soon. It's a '54 beautiful, black, smooth, clean Porsche. Both men are boyishly excited over their new toys, and it's such fun to enthuse with them.

Ate supper at the Pied de Mouton and went to the African Ballet with B., Bill and Les. Certainly an interesting evening, but I had an uncomfortable feeling watching these native dancers. The presentation was neither showmanlike or in real folk tradition, but some unsettling region between. Very strange. We all were excited after listening to tom-toms all evening, so we ran all the way home, kicking a stone before us.

This morning we slept by accident until noon. Bill woke us up by pounding on the door, and then popping a trouffe into each mouth. What a way to start a day.

Last night Bob bought new shoes, and in the afternoon Bobbie had her hair cut. Both were so proud, so agreed to compliment each other at every opportunity. I've never heard so many conniving compliments in my life! Went to the movies last night at the Cinemathèque (where we saw the Japanese film). Saw The Extravagant Mr. Deeds -- funny 1935 film with Gary Cooper, and also The General Line, a 1929 Russian film directed by Eisenstein. Silent film, with the most amazing photography I've ever seen.

Got a letter from Averil today asking me to England for Christmas. So thoughtful of her - hope I'll be able to in July.

Will close now. Thanks again for the gift and the letters. Write soon again.

Much love,
Sue

Dec. 12, 1957

Dear Mom & Dad,

Can you imagine! I'll be 20 by the time you receive this letter. Incroyable! I've worn the beautiful black slip a few times -- it's perfect! And the red one is waiting for a special occasion. Wow! is all I can say. Thanks so much.

Got a gift from Bob & Nan yesterday. Nan had a stocking filled with little goodies, and the nicest pair of slippersocks. It was so thoughtful of her - I really appreciate it.

Sorry I haven't written, but the time flew before I realized it. Now:

Dec. 6. Nothing too exciting, except for a violent political discussion between our Greek friend Mr. Spilios and Bob, held in two languages at the same time, and full of good-natured, we hope, squabbling. Very funny to be on the outside. Bobbie and I then were so excited that we could settle for nothing less than Danny Kaye. Unfortunately, we saw Knock on Wood in French and black and white. Funny in spite of it, really.

Dec. 7. Saturday. Bill and Les deserted us and went to the Catacombs (actually we deserted them). We felt like Christmas shopping for the party we're planning but may never hold. We're all getting each other 100 franc funny gifts. Had so much fun shopping for them. Went to the Bazar de l'Hotel de Ville - a huge inexpensive department store. Ate dinner out and went for coffee at Le Tournou. Don't know whether I've mentioned it or not. Usually it's filled with weird Americans who have lived in Paris for centuries. We go there when we're bored because we always run across the most interesting people. This was no exception Will show you the conversation when I get home - I'm keeping track of them because some are priceless.

At about 1 A.M. the main fuse in the hotel blew. Fortunately we had a bougie (candle) left over from the Catacombs. Took it in our hands and went to talk to Bill by candlelight. Fun!

Dec. 8. Once again the fuse blew and just as we were beginning to study. Lit our bougie again.

Studied ---

Dec. 9 Bob Gilbert (friend from U. of R.) studying this year in Manchester arrived in Paris. So good to see him. He, B and I talked old times.

Dec. 10. Nothing very interesting, but fun. Accompanied Syl (about 6 of us) to black market. Walked, escorted, through ugly section of city. Wanted to see a silly movie, so went to see Wallace Beery in Viva Villa - very silly. Made us all (Bob, Bob G., Bill, Bobbie and I) feel good, anyway. Talked over coffee.

Dec. 11. My 8:30 class was called off, so spent the hour and a half talking to Sahin (the Turk who looks like Napoleon). Extremely nice boy - very intelligent and kind. I wish I knew French better.

Bob Gilbert wanted to go sightseeing in the afternoon, so I went with him, having no classes. He has a motor scooter that I rode on. More fun! And don't be worried, Mom. It's safer than a motorcycle - slower and wider. The only way to see Europe (cousin John had one). We went to see the trademark of Paris, the Eiffel Tower. Figured we might as well ascend - though the highest tower is closed all winter. Took elevator up to second story. [sketch of Eiffel Tower] Line on right shows diagonal track of elevator. Beautiful view of Paris. The day was rainy, but pale, clear and misty at the same time. Paris has such a delicate look. Took stairs down (on l.), hopped back on scooter and went to Notre Dame. Quick tour of that, and then back on scooter - this time headed up to Montmartre. I hadn't been there yet, either. We couldn't see much, as it's quite hilly, and the scooter had to work too hard. We went through Clichy - vulgar - worse than Times Square. Went up on very steep hill because we had seen a windmill at the summit. The street ended, so we walked up steps, around a few streets, and back again. Didn't have the time to stay longer, so cannot really give a better impression.

Had dinner at the Pied de Mouton. Bill had invited us to join him and his French friends Robert and Suzanne. They are much like parents to him - very kind and warm. Made us feel "at home" immediately.

Bobbie and I next went to "Storeyland" - a little place near here, to meet Bob and Bob G. and listen to, of all things, modern jazz. We all hadn't heard any since the states, and enjoyed listening for two hours or so.

Dec. 12. Went for - that word again - coffee with Bob and Sahin after class this morning. We taught Sahin "Because of You" in English. Much fun! Such a nice boy - we know he has scarcely any money, and yet he insisted on paying the bill - said that's what they did in Turkey.

Today there was a student strike. (By the way, I'll bet you're having fun with the subway. How does it affect you?) There must have been 1000 students who marched through the streets here, then filled the huge Sorbonne court to listen to speeches. Facilities here are very inadequate - especially the Faculté des Sciences, lodging and restaurants. Hence the "grève". Quite exciting for us.

Must announce large change in vacation plans. Hope you're not disappointed. I don't know the best way to explain the background of this, but ... B. just doesn't have enough money for the Vienna trip. The day she discovered this, Bob told us that he would be able to get his car soon, and it was too bad we couldn't go on a trip with him -- a solution! We pored over maps,

talked with people who "knew" and decided we'd go to Spain (as B and I planned originally). Spain will be the warmest country by far. Also will go to Tangiers - perhaps even be able to swim! Gas bills will be split three ways - about \$25 each. Bob is saving money by spending his nights on the car's reclining seats while B and I sleep in a hotel. Hotels in Spain are supposed to be romantic - fountains and guitars - besides being inexpensive. So the trip should be cheaper than as planned. I must admit I'm a little disappointed. I could have gone on to Vienna alone, but this would have meant too that B. would have to stay in Paris, because she wouldn't go just with Bob. I know I'll love Spain, and am really looking forward to it. It's just the readjustment. Oh - Bob is a very good driver - knows a lot about cars. Please don't worry, as we'll be having a good time.

Averil wrote and asked me to spend Christmas vacation in Coventry. So nice of her - but I had to say no. Even if I had had no other plans I wouldn't want to go to England during the winter - very cold and foggy now.

Tomorrow we're going to a concert. Will relate in next letter - which will not be as late, I promise. Probably you'll be getting more post cards than anything else. My itinerary is this: Paris -> San Sebastian -> Lisbon -> Seville -> Cadiz -> Algeria -> Tangiers -> Gibraltar -> Grenada -> Madrid -> Toledo -> Segovia -> Paris. About 21 days. (Am cutting almost a week of school. Haven't cut a class yet - have been saving them.) Write to me c/o American Express, Madrid until about Jan. 3. We're leaving here on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 18th.

Excited!

Much much love,
Sue

Dec. 16, 1957

Dear Mom and Dad -

I still haven't mailed your last letter. Please forgive me, I've tried. Either the P.O. was closed or I wasn't near one.

Received the face-washes. Thank you! Just in time for the trip. Bobbie has used them and says they're grand.

To the trip: How excited we are! We're leaving Wednesday night, Dec. 18, at 11. Will arrive in Geneva at 8 A.M. Will be in Milan probably the 20th and a few days more. Please send your next letter to Venice (probably there on Xmas!) c/o American Express. It should reach me there, and I'd appreciate getting one very much. We'll be in Vienna from about 3 days before New Year's Eve and up to it, so maybe I could get a letter there? Then might as well make it Paris again.

I had a very nice birthday Friday. I told you we had planned a combination Christmas, New Year's, Sue's birthday party, and we had a good time. Met outside the hotel (unfortunately never met Syl or Bob, who were unable to come) and left for the Pied de Mouton. Les immediately gave me the sweetest little bouquet of violets, and I carried them happily all night. We splurged at dinner, and ate "canard à l'orange" (duck with orange sauce) - delicious! I was just about to order dessert when the proprietor came over and presented me with a beautiful cake that Bobbie had bought - a French baker's chef d'oeuvre, peanut brittle cones on top filled with whipped cream.

Moved ourselves next to Les's hotel room. He has moved into a very nice hotel, and lives in a large homey room. We drank instant coffee and exchanged our silly gifts. I got 2 baby hankies from Tom, a plastic rainhat from Les, a cheese knife from Bill, and also little hors d'oeuvres markers from him for my birthday. Got black cotton stockings from Bobbie (also gave them to her - quite à la mode à Paris now), a pink feather-y powder puff, and (heaven forbid) black lace pants. Bobbie feels that my Paris costume is now complete. (Today Syl gave me 2 books of Albert Camus, this year's Nobel Prize winner, in French.) The others got such things as a private snail fork, a lemon made of soap, a toy bathtub (just to remind us of the good old days) etc. We listened to music, danced a little bit, and came home.

Dec. 17

Should be studying now, but I'll finish the letter first.

We have our tickets and are waiting impatiently for tomorrow night at 11 o'clock. Will arrive in Geneva at 8 A.M. Probably won't stay long there, but will go directly on to Milan. Haven't been able to determine what opera will be at La Scala. An Italian man in my class enthused to me today that Callas is back. For all we know, we may stay in Milan, drawn by the opera. That is, if we weren't in such a rush to get to Vienna. Remember when the Vienna Philharmonic was in Rochester my Freshman year? They played Brahms' 1st and Don Juan in Hell (Strauss) so beautifully that I'll never forget it. And to think we'll be there!

Back to Paris. It really feels like home here. When we go to the Acropole for dinner (about 2X a week) our waiter brings pilaf égyptien and banane à la crème without our saying a word. A short hop to the Dupont where the waiter brings "un crème et un noir" plus a few sugar lumps for me.

Bill will be moving soon to Spain, where he's going to learn Spanish (to teach later in the States). We'll miss him a lot. The 3 of us are very compatible. Also it will be hard because Mme Amelot, the concierge, has told us she doesn't want us to have visitors in our room. We're not too pleased with this situation, as we feel that we'd like to invite our friends up to the room to wait out the hungry hours between classes and dinner. However, it's still about the best we can find.

Saw the Italian film The Bicycle Thief the other night. Excellently and simply done.

Got a package from Lynne today. She sent a very pretty pair of earrings and also a book of Robert Hillyer's poetry, autographed yet! Guess he spoke at the U. of D.

Bob Dial will be taking his trip to Spain anyway. He'll be going with Bob Gilbert, our friend from the U. of R. Glad the 2nd Bob can go now.

To homework. I'll write from Milan!

Much love, Sue

Dec. 21

Postcard, Ducal Palace, Venice

Dear Folks -

B and I now sitting in a little expensive café off St. Mark's Square which we walked into by mistake. Now we're going to stay until we're thoroughly warmed up.

Yesterday was beautiful. We walked all around this neighborhood. Fantastic city with its little streets and bridges.

Today we attended part of a mass at St. Mark's. Its Byzantine art is so strange to our eyes -- mosaics, gold, musty smell.

Then took wonderful tour through the Palace, the Doges (this card). We wandered by ourselves through magnificent ballrooms (inlaid doors, huge paintings covering walls and ceiling, gold everywhere) and down to the dungeons. Frightening there - tiny cells dark and damp. What history everywhere!

Now waiting till the Accademio museum opens.

Letter in process.

Will be on train Christmas Eve and Vienna Christmas day. Thinking of you.

Sue

Dec. 21, 1957

Venice

Dear Mom and Dad -

Where do I begin? Right now, Bobbie and I are sitting, exhausted, in our hotel room, still not believing that we could possibly be here. Well, I'll start --

Wednesday at about 9 o'clock we had straightened out our hotel room mess and taken leave of our concierge and the charming maid. Sent them both Christmas cards from Milan. Annoying that we pay for 3 weeks we'll be away. Met Sylvia at station. She had missed the train of the night before, so had to come with us. Finally found seats, and managed to catch about 2 hours sleep till the train arrived in Geneva at 8:30 a.m.

Decided we'd rather be off to Milan and onward than stay in Geneva, so slept in waiting room till the train came. Had beautiful trip thru Switzerland - snow-capped mountains actually exist! Italian Alps magnificent.

Arrived in Milan about 6 o'clock. While standing on platform wondering what to do next, a young nice-looking man came up to us and said he overheard in the compartment that we were going to La Scala, and could he show us where it was? (He spoke in fairly good French.) His big math test had been postponed to the next morning, and he wanted to keep his mind off it while waiting for his next train. He showed us the tramway system (wild drivers in Italy) and helped us get a room at our hotel by speaking Italian. Then pointed us in the direction of La Scala and took off again. He told us that he knew how it felt to be a stranger in a country, and just wanted to help. I tell you all this so you can understand a bit about the Italians we've met. They go out of their way to help - unhappily unlike many Parisians. Whatever language you speak in -- English, French, or sign -- they make every attempt to help.

Went to La Scala, and were accosted on the street by black market ticket salesmen, as the performance was sold out. Fortunately got 3 tickets together in 1st row 5th balcony for 900 lire (\$1.30).

Had marvelous dinner of spaghetti, roast chicken, spinach and fruit, and coffee after.

And oh - the performance. The production was excellent. What a stage! The orchestra was so much better than any other I've heard, and the chorus was beautiful. Callas was naturally very good - though I'm really not that thrilled by her voice. Giuseppe di Stefano was excellent - as was Bastianini. What a wonderful feeling to sit on top of the world among the shouts of "bravissimo - Callas." La Scala was redecorated in 1943 after the war. I didn't expect it to be so well kept up. It's very spacious-looking -- mostly painted white.

During the first intermission, we accidentally bumped into Dick Davis - a boy in my class at the U. of R. who's studying now at the U. of M(adrid). How amazing to meet a friend at La Scala! He and his Italian friend Gigi took us home after the opera.

Our hotel room was nice and warm and even hot water (not luke as in Paris).

We stopped at the corner to have coffee before going to bed. Found out that "café crème" is "capuchino." The bartender/waiter was excited that we had been to La Scala. Asked us in Italian who sang - and then beamed "Meneghini Callas - bueno!" and eagerly looked at our program. He knew them all. Another man at the bar asked us what nationality we were, then said "Italy -- nice." Exactly.

Dec. 22

Now then. On Friday, Dick picked us up at our hotel room and brought us to see his beautiful cathedral, Il Duomo. We didn't dare tell him we thought it was a Gothic horror. It's huge, with thousands of writhing spires and statues. Ugly stained glass windows also. We're spoiled by our Notre Dame. The best thing about it was the pigeons outside that we had to wade through.

Ran after Dick, who's full of energy, to a 15th century castle in the mist. Imagination worked overtime.

He had to leave to eat with Gigi's family, so we found a little restaurant nearby. Ate spaghetti and veal scallopini. Coffee after while waiting for bank to open. Then spent 2 1/2 hours trying to find DaVinci's The Last Supper. When we did, it was closed! Now I understand why Americans take guided tours - they don't have to inquire of people who don't understand what they're talking about. At least we speak French, which is quite a help. But what the tourists miss, even though they may see the Last Supper. We met more people, and saw more of Milan that way than we possibly could have before.

Train to Venice. Quite an experience. Very crowded. I sat in a compartment with about 4 workers, very poor, who ate bread and salami and drank wine with gusto. Can't describe the many feelings I had. I didn't belong.

Arrived in Venice at 1:30 A.M. Young man with official hat came up to us in station to get us to stay at the hotel he worked for. Joined by other young man. Finally we relented, because it was so late and the hotel was so near (besides, they were both extremely good-looking). They asked to be our guides, but we refused. So you see, we're really good. Probably would have had fun, though.

Saturday we slept late. After avoiding another young man who wanted to take us "danzing" we bought tickets for the steamer which would take us up the Grand Canal to St. Mark's. What a beautiful day! The ride along the canal was wonderful. We sat in the bow in the open and watched the palaces go by. The city is decaying, and could be depressing, but for the fact that it is so full of life.

Walked all around St. Mark's Square. Just full of pigeons. At 2 o'clock, when the bells in the bell tower began to chime, thousands of pigeons from all over Venice flew to the square to be fed.

Then we wandered - all around that neighborhood. Incredibly narrow alleys are streets, and every other street is a little canal. We walked over innumerable tiny bridges - up stairs, across, and down. Hanging on the outsides of buildings in dark corners are little statues or paintings of the Virgin Mary, each with a burning candle and a few fresh flowers. Men here carry huge packages balanced on their heads. And there isn't a car in the city.

Good dinner, then another walk. Everyone was out for a stroll. Stands in the street, and stores on the sides, all open till 9 o'clock. Christmas is in the air. Tree decorations for sale, and Christmas cards. Apple stands are beautiful - they must polish each one individually to make them glow so. I really splurged. Bought 2 things for myself: a grey pearly bone barrette for my French roll [sketch of barrette] (350 lire - 50 cents) and a pair of red jersey gloves (490 lire - 75 cents). One I needed, the other was luxury.

Now today - Sunday. Attended mass in St. Mark's church. Byzantine art so strange. Dark and heavy, though much gold. Pigeons in the vestibule.

Tour through the Ducal Palace very good. I told you that at Versailles we had such a horrible guided tour. Here you paid 15 cents and were on your own. We wandered through small ornate receiving rooms and huge grand ballrooms. Ceilings encrusted with gold ornamentation. The Venetian master artists' works are everywhere. Down grand staircases, then tiny corridors never used by the royal families to the basement. Saw dungeons, torture chambers, solitary cells. We were all alone and frightened!

Out again into the fog. Ate spaghetti and wrote postcards over coffee waiting for the Accademio to open. Took boat there, but it was closed. Will go tomorrow. Fog is terrific today, and the temperature LOW. We were so cold, and the guard told us all the museums were closed, so we came home. The fog was so thick on the canal that we rammed another boat. Not badly, but enough so that one man fell down in surprise and I have something exciting to write home about.

Naturally we're disappointed that the museum was closed and the weather's lousy. But we're very grateful for the beautiful day yesterday and we're praying for another tomorrow.

Met Syl by accident today. B and I had left her in Milan. She stayed on to see the ballet, which was called off. So glad we decided to come ahead.

Please write me a letter in Vienna! I'll be there from the 25th to the 1st.

Hope Christmas was wonderful! Did my boxes arrive in time? Leave it to me to wait to the last minute.

Much much love,
Sue

P.S. Enclosed please find

- 1 - tramway ticket from Milan
- 2 - steamer ticket from Venice
- 3 - toothpick from restaurant in Venice.

Undated postcard

St. Mark's Square

Dear Bob and Nan and clan -

Had to send a card from the city you liked best, Bob. Venice is so beautiful. We've walked and walked through the tiny streets - unbelievable. Haven't done much real sightseeing (like 1,000 churches. Have just walked.) But feel I've understood a bit of the city. Our first day was sunny and mild. Yesterday - thick fog (bumped another steamer on the Grand Canal). Today a snowstorm. If it weren't so cold we'd stay, but we can't walk now. Definitely coming back some day. Now - on to Vienna.

Thinking of you all.

Love,
Sue

December 26, Vienna

Dear Mom and Dad,

Your wandering daughter has come to rest for a while. More happiness and adventures. Thought much of home yesterday and Christmas Eve. Did you put the tree by the hi-fi speaker? Imagine you had a very happy time with Bob and Nan. Am waiting till American Express is open tomorrow to see if I have a letter.

Let me catch you up on the days since the last letter. I left you in Venice, I think. Monday morning dawned foggy and cold like the preceding day. Bobbie and I hopped the boat and went a short distance down the Grand Canal to the Accadameo-Gallerie of Fine Art. Quite a beautiful museum - filled with Tintoretos, Giorgiones and Bellinis. Kindly guard showed us proudly his favorite Bellinis (exquisite Madonnas) and Giorgiones (loved one called, I think, Time).

Boat to St. Mark's - ran hurriedly to Am. Exp. to leave note for Tom and Les, then to lunch. We eat à la carte usually. This means just a large spaghetti or ravioli and we've had enough. Venice is an expensive city.

Decided finally that we would leave Venice a day early. Weather conditions made it impossible to walk for more than half an hour, and Venice doesn't have that many things to do indoors. The time to come is the spring. But we did have one beautiful sunny day that made all worthwhile. Also had a magical walk the last afternoon through a gentle snowstorm - huge fluffy flakes floated lazily down and covered us with whiteness.

Took the 6 p.m. (18 o'clock in Europe) train out of Venice. Luckily found seats in a 1st class car that had been turned to 2nd class for the trip - 15 hrs. In our compartment were 4 other people. Two we couldn't communicate with at all because they were Austrians who also spoke Italian. The other two were young Italian men from Florence. One spoke only Italian and the other managed to converse on about 2 yrs. of high school French. However, we had fun. Conversation was more like Charades. Really unbelievable. When we arrived in Austria, the

customs officials would say something in German which our Austrian couple would translate in Italian which our Italian friend would translate in French which we would discuss in English!

These young Italians are architects in Florence, in their late 20's, by the names of Mario and Marino. Both very fine young men, kind, nice-looking. Remind us of the Italian gentlemen of yesteryear. Found a good hotel at Information. It's inexpensive, in the center of the city, and a pension. It's in an old apartment-type building, all large rooms. Our room is wonderful. We have 2 armoires, hot water, a couch, a table, 4 chairs, a dressing table, and beds with monstrous feather quilts -the warmest and most fun. Also have an erratic furnace-type heater, which is quaint but usually cold. The woman who runs the pension is very German, in the warmest sense of the word. She speaks some English, thank heaven, because we don't understand a word of this crazy language. The name is Pension Vrtel - pronounced with a violently rolling R.

Mario and Marino invited us out to lunch. Our conversations are so limited, it's a shame. Our ingenuity is constantly given occasion to show itself. Marino, who speaks only Italian, has a vocabulary of about 50 English words. Mario's French is pretty limited, and sometimes it can be very funny. B and I have all we can do to keep from laughing when instead of saying "je pense" it comes out "je pants" but his face is so kind we can't. B's and my Italian has improved remarkably, considering we didn't know a word before we came to Austria. (See what I mean? We can't understand this ridiculous situation.) Most of the time they speak Italian together happily while we speak English.

To get on: Had dinner with them that night while waiting for the Christmas Eve midnight mass at St. Stephen's Cathedral. Played checkers in our international way. Took a walk along Vienna's most beautiful avenue. Vienna is very modern - built up after the war. Things are on a grand scale here, more so than the N.Y. I know. Frightening to us in ways, but attractive. For instance, a drunken man in the restaurant burst out with "Heil, Hitler." It's so close! And the mass at St. Stephen's said in German - fervent, dramatic and frightening. At the same time, the choir in the church was the most beautiful I've heard. They sang many carols - one is on Bob's beautiful record - and ended with Stille Nacht. Came home and slept in our feather beds while Santa Claus made his rounds.

Christmas morning waked up [sic] by the maid, who served us breakfast in bed! B and I ran out opera and concert ticket searching, and discovered all is sold out, so we'll have to stand. Makes no difference. Went to restaurant and had wienerschnitzel for our Christmas dinner! Met M and M there, and went for coffee. Searched high and low in Vienna for the Café Mozart that we had seen somewhere the day before (because everyone loves Mozart, and after all, it's Vienna) but had to settle for the Schleivensing or something. Sat drinking delicious chocolate and reading magazines and acting conversations for a few hours. Then M and M left to go touring and we went to stand in line at the Opera.

Funny little man there who spoke English helped us get tickets. Vienna Opera House beautiful and the opera here is grand. All (even standees) dressed up, many in formal wear, watched everyone come in. Curtain went up on Der Rosenkavalier. Having seen it in Paris, we could compare and judge. Anyone could have told, though. It was magnificent!! Beautiful voices - truly. Orchestra very good (not La Scala, but good). Costuming and scenery excellent.

And the directing was extraordinary. I have a new respect for Strauss and his humor. The singers - especially the Baron and Octavius, were marvelous actors also. Every gesture fit the music and the humor was played to the hilt. So very well done.

During the intermissions, we watched the greats promenade in their beautiful clothing. Really grand opera in every sense of the word.

Dec. 27

Just to add -

Yesterday walked around this neighborhood a bit. Wandered into St. Peter's church - small, Roman architecture. Inside full of paintings - very colorful. Small crèche in front.

Ate in very German restaurant. Weinerschnitzel again! Coffee afterwards - had delicious pastry (Vienna famous for pastry and coffee) called something like Ort Omlette [picture showing whipped cream bulging out of cake that looks like clam shell]. Dad - between the opera and the pastry - this is your city!

Stood on line at opera at 4 o'clock for standing room tickets to Die Walkure. Started at 6 (all operas early here, specially Wagner). Never having heard a Wagnerian opera, I didn't know what to expect. Lo and behold - I was entranced. Wagner can just pick you up and whirl you through the air. Orchestra was excellent thank heaven. Brunnhilde's voice and the other soprano's extremely good. The others not very good, but it made little difference.

We stood in last row of last balcony right in the middle - but you don't need to watch. All around us were young German music students reading scores and librettos. Exciting!

Tonight Siegfried. New Year's night (staying here an extra day) is Don Giovanni (B's favorite). New Year's Eve - Vienna Philharmonic playing Johann and Joseph Strauss (too bad only that but --).

All for now. Off to Am. Exp. Much much love,
Sue

Dec. 28

Postcard, Staatsoper, Vienna

Dear Folks,

Here's my other home! The fourth in a row tonight - Der Rosenkavalier again. Seems silly not to go when it costs only 20 cents to stand!

Waited in line for tickets all morning. Got them for tomorrow night - Mozart's Abduction of [sic] the Seraglio - to be given in a palace of Vienna. Also got 1st row seats (!) for Don Giovanni. These Viennese buy the tickets as soon as they go on sale. We're lucky to have them.

Just splurged \$5 on the orchestral score to Don Giov, but I don't even feel guilty.

Siegfried was excellent - especially Nilsson - also Siegfried himself - Windgassen.

Love,
Sue

Jan. 3, 1958

Munich

Dear Mom and Dad-

Happy New Year!

Can't remember when I wrote to you. Only know that since then I haven't had any time. Have been enjoying myself so much.

Vienna remains a city of almost exclusively opera for us. We wouldn't get in at night till 1 o'clock, breakfast at 9, dress and walk till 12, 2 hours or so then to do something and then wait on line for tickets, ad infinitum, it seemed. Also, 4 days of the 8 we were in Vienna were holidays, and stores were closed.

Finally got your letter that you mailed on Dec. 21st in Vienna on Dec. 31. Now am eagerly awaiting to hear how your Christmas day was. You said I didn't mention the slips. I must have in the next letter, 'cause I remember writing how amazed I was to receive this bright red slip from you!

Back to Vienna and a run-down. Think the last card I wrote said I was going to hear Der Rosenkavalier again. Did go - even better than the last time. The next night Bobbie and I were so excited to be going to Mozart's opera Abduction of the Seraglio. We ran gleefully over to the little theater - Redoutensaal - where it was to be only to find that "Frau Lipp ist Kronk" (the leading soprano was sick) and the performance was called off. Unhappily, we went to the Staatsoper again, and stood for The Tales of Hoffman. Quite a letdown, made even worse by the fact that not one person in the opera had even a passable voice. The delightful coloratura aria in the first act was embarrassingly painful. We gave it another try in the 2nd act, then walked out.

The next day, I think, we went (with Les) to Schonbrunn Palace. (B. wrote to you from there.) The palace itself is huge. Took a tour of it and liked it much more than Versailles. Funny German guide. All we could understand was "Kaiser Franz Josef." Palace leads out onto a large garden with hill in the distance. Swans and ducks swimming at foot of hill in little pool of water - nearly all was ice. Climbed up hill - beautiful!! I've always hated Rococo paintings showing unbelievably romantic skies and Roman ruins, but this was it! Never have I seen such a sky. Grey, bleak, magnificently streaked with light. The day was mostly dark, and the atmosphere heavy - reminded me of the feeling just before a thunderstorm.

Other days wandered around the city. Saw many palaces and parks and churches. Vienna mostly new after the Germans burned it in '45.

Saw Salome one night. Odd opera. Would like to know more about it. Whom did Uncle Fred usually sing it with? We heard Cristl Goltz, and Tom, who knows the opera, thought she was excellent. I wasn't impressed, which means nothing. After Salome we met Tom and Les and 4 Texan friends of Tom's who are studying in Vienna. Went to a restaurant with them all and had dinner at midnight. (Need it be said that our lives are casual and flexible?) Nice men and good time.

Made arrangements then to meet some of them for New Year's Eve. So B and I journeyed to Tom's hotel and ate dinner with him at 6 there. Tom such a good person. The more we know him the fonder of him we become. He's certainly intelligent, very kind, dry sense of humor, and a Texas accent. Must be about 33, yet we all fit together well.

Took a tram to Grinzing. This is a suburb of Vienna, quite renowned for its wine cellars. It is a Viennese tradition to go to Grinzing on New Year's Eve to drink the new wine that hasn't yet been aged. We picked up Tom's 2 friends, who live there, and went in search of the best wine cellar. Before I go on -- the 2 new friends: Douglas, here on an Austrian government scholarship, is studying German. Knows 8 languages. Very unprepossessing, spontaneous, and fun. About 28. Richard - about 26, now a G.I., slightly cynical (has no parents). Both from Texas. Found a little place full of atmosphere and proceeded to have a wonderful time. Everyone enjoyed himself and the drinking was far from heavy. Les joined us about 11 o'clock and we all became happier. Stayed there till 2. Ate little marzipan pigs' heads at midnight (a Viennese custom), also gingerbread cookies shaped like fish. Italian man at next table quite drunk, but pleasingly so. Gave us grapes and champagne and we gave him marzipan. Sang and laughed. Had the nicest New Year's I can remember. Richard and Douglas left us to go celebrate with their landlady. Found out later they had to eat boiled pig's snout and raw fish she had prepared for them. (Richard is coming to Paris in a few weeks on his way home to N.Y. Douglas is moving to Rome and will show us around when we go in the spring. Really nice people. So good to spend New Year's Eve with good friends.) Went then for coffee and accidentally bumped into Syl there - slightly high and gay. Had something to eat, then the 3 of us girls came home. (Did I tell you Syl lived next door to us at the Pension Vrtel? Purely by accident.)

Went shopping one day. Fun!

Jan. 1st - Don Giovanni. B. is passionately fond of Mozart, and was so afraid this opera would be done badly. But no -- it was a brilliant performance. In the first place, it was sung in Italian, not German as most of them are there. Then the singers! Don G. himself has a perfect voice. No hesitation or doubt, beautiful quality, and artistically controlled. Acted equally well. His name is Eberhard Wachter - watch for him at the Met! Leperello also was magnificent. His voice was excellent and his acting out of this world. It seemed almost insolent of him - at times he could be clowning around to such an extent and still his voice would be beautiful. He even sang some with food in his mouth - only he could get away with it. Other singers mostly good,

especially Zerlina. Only Donna Anna's voice was not meant for Mozart. How happy we were during and after that performance!!

After quick coffee with Tom, B and I took the 12:20 train out of the city. Sorry to say goodbye to Vienna. We've been taking night trains to save hotel bills, but think we've finally learned our lesson. We never sleep on the train - 2nd class is just plain impossible - and so spent the next day sleeping in our new hotel.

Got to the station in Munich, inquired of the U.S. Military Info Agency (luckily they didn't make us show our draft cards like the sign said) for the way to Am. Exp. There found a pension. Went, liked it, and transported our baggage here. Man who owns it speaks a tiny bit of English - so German! Pension is in student section. Very nice. Pleasant room, quite cheap. Stayed here, exhausted, all afternoon, and slept under our feather quilts.

At about 7 headed for an address we had, and ate dinner there. Were feeling sorry for ourselves. Had slept away our afternoon, and wanted to go to Munich's famous beer halls, yet didn't know where they were or how to get there. An American in the restaurant started talking to us, and after about half an hour's conversation, took us to the most famous one down the street. His name is Vince, he works for Radio Free Europe, and is extremely nice - gentle, kind, sense of humor, intelligent. I drank apple cider in this little dark café - decorated gaily for New Year's, plus the ordinary candle on every table for the only light. Looked into 2 others (quick look in the most expensive) and then went into another and had coffee. He wanted to take us to an "interesting coffee" place, so we hopped into his M.G. and went about 20 feet when we realized we had a flat. Kirsch and Jagel find themselves in another ridiculous situation! We jacked up the car, took off the tire and changed it. (Vince had never had a flat before. An experience for him, too!) Only trouble was that the new tire was flat, too. He went running off to a gas station while we guarded the car, and were guarded in our turn by a tennis racquet and a huge pair of army boots (which showed we had an escort). Finally got underway. What fun that was. Imagine changing a tire in the middle of Munich!

Went to the coffee place, then next door to the "cave." Danced a little, both with him and another American (student in Geneva). The atmosphere is casual and friendly. It is perfectly accepted for anyone to ask anyone else to dance. And how those Germans dance! They bounce rapidly back and forth in sort of time to the music.

Drove around the city at 2 looking for a place to eat Goulyash soup in, but were unsuccessful. Made arrangements to meet him today at museum, but B and I couldn't find museum. Also were driven back home by the snow and the cold and the fact that B's shoe had an immense hole in the sole!

We were very fortunate to have met Vince. What we saw and did was exactly what we had wanted to do, and also we met him - a very nice person.

Tonight we'll go out for dinner, return home, leave tomorrow morning on 8:15 train for Zurich. Spend only afternoon there, and leave at night for Paris. This will give us time to get settled before school on Monday.

Forgot to give my impressions of Munich. Have never seen such building. Most of the city rebuilt by now, and quite modern. But enough ruins still stand to make me feel uncomfortable - almost guilty. Glad I'm here 12 years after the war - any sooner would be much worse. Germans tolerate Americans (50,000 soldiers stationed here unfortunately). They don't like us, but little hatred either. British hated much more. Many people speak English, and most are friendly.

After 5 pages I will stop!

Much love - am waiting for next letter -
Sue

Undated postcard

Staatsoper, Vienna

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Jagel,

At this very moment, your ecstatic daughter is sitting opposite me (in a café à la Vienna) absolutely submerged in barrels of whipped cream! Between this and luscious featherbeds, I'll never get her out of this city.

This afternoon (though cold) we saw Schonbrunn Castle - home of Kaiser Franz Josef - the site is impressive - especially against a bleak winter sky. The gilt Rococo decorations sent our imaginations spinning to sumptuous gowns and powdered wigs.

Tonight - the Opera - our veritable home! This time for Mozart - Salome tomorrow night, and Don Giovanni the 1st. What a life!!

Very best wishes for a Happy New Year.

Love,
Bobbie

P.S. and the Danube is grey (sigh)!!

Jan. ? 1958

Postcard, View of the Deutsches Museum, Munich

Dear Folks,

Very sorry for this delay. First no time, then P.O.'s all closed. Now you have letter too.

Sad end to our vacation. Got as far as the station yesterday when Bobbie strained her back and absolutely couldn't move. Luckily, there is a huge Army base here and they called the ambulance. Huge MPs carried her to the American Hospital, where she couldn't stay, so is now in a German hospital, surrounded by Germans. (One Dr. speaks some English.) Poor girl. She'll be here about 2 weeks. Don't say anything to her parents. She'll tell them herself when

she's able to write. They might become hysterical if they found out from you. Luckily our friend Vince will visit her here. Saw him again after I wrote letter and again last night. Good friend already. Will write imm. in Paris. Leaving now.

Sue

Jan. 9, 1958

Dear Mom and Dad,

Thought I'd better write immediately since you've no doubt received my post card and are wondering. Not much more I can say, really. I left Bobbie with fairly high morale. Of course, she's surrounded by Germans - only one doctor speaks some English. Too bad they couldn't keep her at the American Hospital in Munich, but they keep only dependents and emergency cases. She should be there about 2 weeks. Why don't you drop her a card or letter - she'd really appreciate it:

Roberta Kirsch
Haus 6, Zimmer 20
Städtisches (again - Städtisches) Krankenhaus
Oberfohringer Str. 156
Munich, Germany

So glad we had met Vince! Did I tell you I looked him up and Sunday he drove me to the hospital? He said he'd send a card every day and visit her as often as possible.

I got to the station at 12 Sunday - found my train didn't leave till 7:45! Read 2 newspapers and half a novel, and saw every nook and cranny of that bahnhof. Two American Air Force men, 2 self-sufficient German girls and a very nice young Italian (another!) were in my compartment. Arrived in Paris to the tune of rain. Got completely soaked waiting for a taxi.

But it was all worth while when I got home and saw the huge stack of mail for me. 3 letters from you! So happy to hear about Christmas -- pleased that you liked my gifts. (Got you something nice in Vienna but I'm not telling!) And the New Year's Eve party!! It was the first I'd heard of it. Sounded wonderful. Can't say how happy I was to hear about Uncle Fred. (Before I forget - YES - I sent courses to U of R immediately.) Am trying unsuccessfully now to scan your letter, Dad. It's impossible! One must proceed word by word. Sorry, I don't remember the name of the conductor at La Scala- don't think it was Serafin. (What do you think of Callas' latest? Long live the emotional Italians!!) A confession - painful for me and for you. I took the camera with me on vacation, but didn't use it. I had one nice day - all others rain, fog, or snow - and that one I didn't take advantage of. Wish I were a camera fiend, but many times it spoils the whole feeling for me. My friend Les is a typical shutterbug. (He took 72 pictures in Zermat.) He went to the same places I did, so probably it can at least be arranged that you see them. I carried the silly camera with me, but --. Here in Paris - also in Belgium - I have taken pictures.

Dad - you mentioned studies. I told you about the courses, and I really can't say more. One just can't get excited about dictation or grammar. I attend all my classes and enjoy them well enough. Am now reading Saint Exupéry's Le Petit Prince and Colette's Claudine à Paris - both easy (esp. the first) and both delightful.

Got letters also from Nan, 2 from Lynne, Joan, Mary, Nan Sosin, the Richters, the Jacksons (\$10!! how nice of them!), Aunt Elizabeth, and Uncle George! Such a nice letter. I'm copying it, as I'm sure Nan would like to read it, and of course you two.

Dear Suzanne -

I was very pleased indeed to get your long and interesting and enthusiastic letter. The most important part of course is the enthusiasm. I am so happy that it is working out well, and that you have been able to adjust yourself to the new environment so smoothly. I must confess that in my own case, although I love Paris and think it is the most beautiful city in the world, I get a hankering for American food after about a month. I have an idea however that the kind of food you're getting is less highly seasoned than the expensive stuff they were feeding me, and therefore much better for you.

I am starting rehearsal next week on a farce called A Soft Touch which we are trying out in Miami, and I may possibly get up to see the Foxes in Palm Beach, and I also may possibly fly over to Havana for a few days. So no matter what happens to the show, it looks as if there will be compensating features.

I believe your brother Bob and family will be at Polly's this Christmas. I think she is planning for a big incoming horde of relatives, which of course she welcomes with more gusto than anyone I can imagine.

Write me again when you get a chance.

Cordially yours

And scrawled across the bottom is:

Also - Happy New Year.

Nice, isn't it?

Well, back to the daily life of me. Decided to go to afternoon classes, though I'd missed my morning ones. After class, realized I had no tickets for dinner. Sahin invited me to eat with him and Metin at their student restaurant. Fun! Metin went his way, and Sahin was walking me home when we were caught in a deluge. Stopped into a store, discovered it was a café, sat down, and talked till nearly midnight. It's hard enough talking to a Frenchman but when you both are struggling to say something in a foreign tongue, it's nearly impossible. He speaks excellently, however. We talked of religion (he's a non-believer but his roots are Moslem. Very humanitarian ideas) and values. Learned much about Turkey and the Turks.

Class this morning. Lunch. Study. Class again. Letter-writing and study some more. This living alone will be good for me, tho' it of course will be wonderful when Bobbie's back.

Think I'll close Thank you 1,000,000 times for the letters - both of you. I appreciate them so much!

Much love,

Sue

January 14, 1958

Dear Mom and Dad - P.S. special love and thoughts go to you, Dad

Am sitting now in my second home, the Dupont, writing to you. And Bobbie is sitting next to me! She arrived last night at midnight, much to the surprise of all. Have a feeling she came on will power only, but she'll rest a lot here. As for her parents - of course she told them, but she couldn't write at all at first (as she couldn't move). But now all is well. And the hospital was much less expensive than she had dared hope - \$3.50 a day for all. Though I enjoyed my week by myself, it's good to have her back.

Am continuing this in our room, as all our friends came to the Dupont and made writing impossible.

As for Syl - some of the time she was alone, part of the time with us. It's confusing: B and I had made train reservations, then decided to go to Spain. Syl decided she'd like to go away, so I offered her my reservation. When I redecided to go to Vienna, I had to make new reservations for myself - and changed my mind about one or two cities. So - sometimes we met and sometimes not. Always left notes in Am. Exp. - as did Syl, Tom and Les. Also - it's extremely difficult to travel well in a group of 3, so the way it worked out was better. Dottie and Connie went to Italy and had a marvelous time. Saw Connie this morning. She stayed on a week extra in Florence.

Finances - Did pretty well, really. Spent on an average of \$6.50 a day - and this includes gifts. Actually, I with the exception of 4 or 5 days lived for about \$4 a day. So all told - RR ticket included, I spent \$175. (Unfortunately, rate on francs is going steadily down.)

Your letters generally take 3 days also.

Haven't kept special track of the \$25 from Mrs. Hauser, but have been spending pocket money on books. If I have money left over later in the year, I'll buy myself something so Parisian that you'll not even recognize me. Have written to her.

Do have Newsday form here. Please send others so I can collect that money.

Don't know about scholarship. Imagine U of R will take care of it.

January 22, 1958

Dear Mom and Dad,

Received your letter yesterday and was upset to hear that you are upset. Must admit that my rather hectic vacation life prevented me from going to church for a while. You must remember though that Science is so much a part of my life I can never be far away. Church follows this Sunday (if at all feasible - see below).

As for the "crowd" that you think I might be led by, it couldn't be farther from the truth. Paris finds a strange assortment of inhabitants - all my friends being themselves alone. And Bobbie of course is unique - but as I said, I've been able to stand for what I believe more now than ever before.

Now to reassure you about the enclosed picture! There are little men on every street in Paris it seems who stand taking pictures of the passers-by all day long. It's not unusual to have your picture taken 5 times in one day and be handed 5 little tickets with which to have them developed. One day a couple of weeks ago, Tom threatened me with seeing what one really looked like, and unfortunately this is the result. The place: Rue Soufflot (off Boul. St. Michel - look it up). We were there to pick up student discount tickets. The characters: one rather rabbit looking disheveled Tom Watson - our beloved Texan Ph.D.! He honestly doesn't look like this. Also one rather irked unidentified student, quite ugly, it seems. Sorry Paris looks so much like N.Y. here.

Have had a rather full week: 1) black market once, on the back of Bill's new scooter (he has left now for Spain). Even bought delish corned beef sandwiches while we were in Goldenburg's Delicatessen. 2) The Trouble with Harry - little Hitchcock touches so wonderful. You saw it, didn't you. 3) More wandering in book stores. Bought beautiful Rodin (sculptor) book and also a light story - Les Carnets de Major Thompson - in which French and English idiosyncrasies are very cleverly exposed. Such fun to read. 4) Resaw Genevieve, that English old-car movie I saw with you. Saw it with Tom and B - went then to Les's hotel and thence to dinner with him. New news - Les about a month ago moved out of his old hotel into another, where he had a good friend. They were going to share Jack's (the friend's) room until another became available, but they enjoy each other's company and the lower rent so much that they're remaining together. So Les asked us if we'd like the room that was supposed to go to him. I don't think I'd mentioned anything to you about our own problems in this room, because I didn't want to worry you. But it is so small. So difficult to come back to sometimes. Also, Mme Amelot the concierge won't let us have visitors up any time at all. Could understand it at night, but not even at noon does she allow it. The new room is almost twice as large. And we can cook. And wash our clothes. And the best thing of all is the neighborhood. It's behind St. Germain des Près, the oldest church in Paris. The section is always alive - we have to walk through a

market street aglow with oranges and fish and men shouting their wares. Many little art galleries (one of the 2 places where real artists (!) congregate in modern Paris). So beautiful! Oh - and it's rented by the month - 15,000 francs. Now we pay 18,000. Yesterday we met the concierge (for her approval) her husband and her dog - all of whom are friendly. Hotel is clean and well-kept up. So happy we'll be able to heat coffee in the room! Are moving Saturday afternoon and Sunday (that's why the hesitation in the first paragraph), and must go Sunday also to the flea market to pick up an alcohol stove and pans and dishes. (Flea market only open weekends.) We'll really be able to use those potholders that once were so hopeful! Will tell you more as soon as I move. Les and Tom have volunteered their services, and we hope to garner Bob and his car also. Oh - the address is:

Hotel Pointeau
22, rue de Seine(familiar and easy!)
Paris 6^e France (same arrondissement)

Could you tell anyone who might think of writing to me - at church mainly, I guess?! Thank you - and don't forget to look it up on the map - off Boul. St. Germain to the north.

Saturday B went to the American Hospital for a checkup, so I was alone. (She was so very pleased to get your letter here in Paris. She really appreciated it.) Decided to "finish" the Musée de Cluny that I had gone to long long ago. Saw fine enamels, beautiful illustrated manuscripts. Started chatting to a man about everything there, finished the museum at the same time, and headed for coffee. He turned out (naturally enough, it almost seems) to be Italian - from Milan. Name of Etale Gapo. He's here studying philosophy, already having his degree in law. Very nice, rather serious young man (24-ish). Talked art mostly. He asked me if I'd ever been to the art galleries in the Faubourg St. Honoré (find Blvd. not far R. of Arc de Triomphe). Answer being no, we went - to three of them. Saw beautiful Utrillo, good Buffet (modern French) and Chagal and Braque. Next, as I'd never seen a Charlie Chaplin movie, we went to see Modern Times (he for the 5th time). Chaplin is a genius. And - out to dinner. Walk to beautiful Place des Vosges (R bank, NW of Bastille). Such a silent square at night, living tranquilly with its history. At #1, Mme de Sévigny was born. At #6 - Victor Hugo, Cardinal Richelieu lived at #36. The buildings are made of pale pink and white bricks and have been standing much longer than most buildings in Paris. (A man named Haussmann in the 18th century was commissioned to rebuild the city. He tore down nearly everything - but the Place des Vosges remains - one of my favorite spots in Paris.

Was going to walk with Etale again the next night, but it snowed instead. How beautiful Paris was the next day!

Went to a mediocre Vivaldi concert with Tom and Bobbie.

Had brunch with Les, Jack, Bill and B in Les's room - honest-to-goodness American style!! Coffee, bacon and eggs, and toast and butter. Never has anything tasted so good.

Yesterday studied in the Bibliothèque Pédagogique - a French library where books can actually be taken out! The system (word loosely applied) is indecipherable in most libraries here, but finally have found one which may become close to my heart.

Finished reading Gide's Caves du Vatican (in Eng. called Lafcadio's Adventures for some devious reason). Now am happily in middle of Camus' L'Etranger.

Oh - took B to see Modern Times also. She agrees that Chaplin's a genius. I remember, Dad, when you showed to me how Chaplin became a little crazy from being a little cog in the wheel of mass production - so funny!

Mom - that's the first time I heard that Fred and Lou Ellen are the new readers! I'm so glad. Please convey my best to Fred - in my card to them of a few days ago I naturally said nothing, knowing nothing, but they might think it strange.

Got a wonderful letter from Averil yesterday. She has the whole month of August for vacation and has invited me to see Scotland with her then in her small family car. Either just us or one more. Very inexpensive she says. Now I don't know what to do. Just figured out in all its money - changing complications my finances. Find I should have about \$415 left. Say \$200 for Easter vacation. If I could only stick it out on \$200 for the month of July in England or Spain--. Oh by the way, I hear that boat reservations are just about impossible. Plane I think costs about \$100 more - I took that into consideration in my finances. I'll make inquiries on this end - will you do the same? I think reservations here are easy to make. If I could stay here an extra month (maybe only 1/2 of August would do - I could leave Averil if someone else is with her) a plane would be quite necessary. Baggage could be shipped much in advance. Please tell me what you think of all this. It seems too good to be turned down immediately - tho' it would mean I'd have to take out a loan at school. Almost seems worth it, n'est-ce pas?

Pardon midget scrawl, but postage is so expensive.

Much love,
Sue

page 1 of next letter is missing.

That should pretty well take care of that. Back again to me - and Paris, which I love anew.

Wednesday spent pleasantly in rain. Studied and went to school. Had coffee with a M. Archer (an American in my class, but that's the only name I know him by). Watched funny couple washing their care in the rain - that's one way to beat the problem of having a storm come immediately after.

Thursday - had coffee with Sahin, Metin and an English boy named Peter Hornung. Learned the Turkish alphabet - one of those things I can use every day! Met Syl later for the first time since vacation and dined with her. Studied and read happily the rest of the day.

Friday I have no classes, so spent a pleasant day doing nothing special. Wandered in a bookstore (candlelit because the fuse blew), had coffee once with Les and once with Bill and his friend Fran. (Have I mentioned Fran? He was on the Flandre too. He's a Spanish teacher studying this year in Madrid. Fine man.) After dinner Fran banged on my wall (he was staying in the room next door) and invited me in. Talked till 1:30.

Saturday had breakfast in Fran's room with him and Bill. Stuffed ourselves with French bread (how I missed it!) and jelly and bananes à la crème. Took the métro out to Syl's house where I spent a nice day. Her room is pretty, the family is nice (tho' the woman speaks English very well, unfortunately). We cooked onion soup and coffee, lazed around, talked and read. (It was raining, of course.)

Walked along the quais. Beautiful Sunday afternoon - tho' it was cold. Bought old book (1841) for Bobbie - Pascal's Pensées, and new Gide book for me - Le Retour. Rest of day spent with Bill and Fran - wandering and talking and eating together.

Yesterday had coffee with Peter again. He actually asked me out! I was really off my guard, not at all used to things of this nature any more. Saw Bob Dial later for first time since vacation - he drove all over Spain to Portugal and Tangiers. Had good vacation, but I'm glad I went where I did. I don't know why, but he took me out after dinner (which we'd eaten with the Turks) to a little "cave" that he'd discovered. It's a tiny room down in the basement of a bar - stone walls and low stone ceilings. Incongruously, it was the Modern Jazz Quartet that was playing there - the reason tho' that he took me. They were very good. I'm getting to like modern jazz more and more. After we went for pommes frites - which he paid for too. I can't get over it. It was the first time in Paris! And he must have spent \$2 on me. Got home and discovered Bobbie. Nice surprise! Opened our packages from Bev - both got poetry books (mine Richard Wilbur, B's the little French protégé poet Minou Drouet) and little figurines. Sweet Bev!

I've been very happy lately - more constantly happy than any time in my life, I think. I've changed quite a bit - hope you know me. People who knew me before notice it, too. Syl says I've become much more open and gay, Connie told me this morning I've never looked so healthy, and B says she's never seen me smile as much. It's not only superficial - I'm much more at ease with people, and quite a bit friendlier. Have gained confidence in myself - something I never had. Living with Bobbie has had a lot of do with it - self-defense at first! But really, I know it's change for the better. You know, Mom, how many times you told me to smile more. I am! Well, you'll see for yourself whether you like the "new" me in fewer months than it seems possible.

Oh! Do you think you could make boat reservations for me for the end of the 2nd week in July (or 3rd)? It's much easier from the NY end. Leaving from England - either French Line or Dutch or lastly American and British. Hear it's extremely difficult - so the sooner the better. THANK YOU! Much love, Sue

Jan. 26, Sunday

Dear Mom and Dad -

So very sorry to hear about Grandma - at the same time happy that she is unaware of it all. By this time, I hope arrangements concerning Tenacre have straightened out, and she will be able to go (tho' you say not for a few weeks). Financial arrangements will work out, of course. They always have, and by trusting to God they always will. Wish I were working and could help. (Just glanced up and saw the picture of Grandma and Grandpa next to my bed. So cheerful and loving - this now is just not Grandma.) By the way - wish I had a picture of both of you. My thoughts are constantly with you.

Other matters - Financial statement not necessary. Don't know why they sent it home.

I was told it was easier to make travel arrangements from N.Y. - since then have found out differently. It's impossible on either end. Ship reservations are completely booked up from July to September! Amazing. On the chance that there might be a cancellation, I signed up for a crossing in the middle of July and one for the middle of August (following the Averil plan). Also inquired about plane - "economical" price (lower than tourist) is \$252 - I had been told \$305. Added to this \$50 or \$60 for freight charges on my trunks et al. So it comes out to \$100 more than boat passage - but I may have no choice, as boats seem to be unavailable. Don't have to make plane reservations till March, and Am. Exp. will take care of the shipping. What are your ideas? In figuring up expenses the last time, I gave \$50 more than was necessary to the plane fare.

I really like the efficiency of these Special Delivery letters! All has worked out by now among the hectic Kirsch's, I believe. B. fine.

Well - I'm in our "new" room - and so very happy here. More we couldn't desire. The room is BIG - we overlook the street (and not a filthy courtyard with not even the sky visible) - the water is usually warm - the heat is good - we can come and go absolutely as we please - Oh it's heaven. The room looks Parisian. Old-fashioned furniture (one funnily overstuffed chair that puffs up in a strange manner and 2 other chairs), 3 tables of various shapes and sizes. The little round one in the middle of the room slopes at the craziest angle - it's the tilt in the floor, I guess. The one and only difficulty is the bathroom - there's only one! We live on the 4^e étage (5th floor) and the bathroom's on the rez-de-chaussée (first). Thus - on the way in and out we take care of all matters of this sort!!

Floor plan of room #15, Hotel du Poitou (spelled wrong before):

[large floor plan showing every item of furniture]

Hidden and cached away in every possible corner are little things - just to prove to the concierge that women can be neat.

Our mansion.

And how beautiful the neighborhood is! B and I took a walk today trying to find a good café. The streets are all narrow - some turn completely around [diagram] like so. The market

street is so loud and colorful - stands cover the sidewalks, and people cover the street. Many many art galleries - mostly avant-garde - many looking like Rorschach ink blot tests. Oh well.

Les and his roommate Jack helped us to move - what an experience. It was 2 taxi-cabs full and 4 broken backs.

The other nicest part of these last few days was Ettore (correct spelling this time) my Italian friend. We had a wonderfully close relationship - tho' only saw him 4 times in all. When you can't speak in your own language, complicated issues become basic, your feelings aren't obscured by words, and communication is on a much deeper level. Thursday evening we went to a ridiculous political party meeting (and France is full of them) - the *Partie Patriotique Révolutionnaire* which was all out for the glory of France and forget the rest of the world. There I sat, looking so American, while they tore apart America. We left in the middle, and are still laughing about it. Went to the Tournon, where Bobbie happened to be, sat down with her and were soon in a conversation with the next table, where a man proclaimed he was anti-Jewish (not knowing B was), and he knew what he was talking about because he was married to one for 7 years. People!

Saw Ettore again last night. I knew he was planning to go back to Milan soon, and it seemed the soon was last night. He introduced me to "huitres" - oysters - which are unbelievably delicious. I ate 12 large ones! Went then to his apartment to pick up his luggage, and I helped him with them to the station. He's in Milan by now. A fine man, confused and unhappy, but very good. We're writing to each other and he has volunteered to come to Florence and act as guide when we go in the spring.

Friday I spent money as I never have spent it in my life. Haven't bought anything before but books - finally gave in. B and I both bought ourselves sack dresses yet. You know -> [diagram] Mine is white wool - doesn't even look too bad. Of course had to buy rope beads to go with it. And then I didn't have any shoes to wear, and needed a pair anyway (wear heeled shoes much more here than in the States) so bought a pair. Very French - [diagram] pointed with that pretty strap. Love them. So far haven't had the nerve to wear the dresses, but are inviting Les and Tom for tea next Sunday when Tom's Ph.D. becomes final. We'll show them then!

Ate matza [sic] ball soup and cheese cake in Goldenburg's the other day!

Please don't worry. What is best is what will happen.

Much love,
Sue

If Grandma has begun existing in the present again please give her my deep love.

S.

Feb (!) 1

Dear Mom & Dad -

Here's the hasty reply. Thanks so much, Dad, for all your trouble.

First to straighten out one thing I think you misunderstood. I told you that if I came home in August, and was unable therefore to get a summer job, I would ask for a loan. Certainly not to you! I would never do that. I meant apply for a loan at school. (Mary had one last year.) I think they might give me one, as I'm sure they would see that it would be foolish of me not to take advantage of Europe if I could. It wouldn't be for much, but the stupid school raised tuition again, as I think I told you. Really unfair - two raises in my four years.

The question now depends on whether or not you think it would be better for me to arrive home in July or August. If I can be of help as far as Grandma is concerned, then it would be July. If, on the other hand, the only reason you suggested that it would be wiser to arrive in July was to be able to get a summer job, by all means tell me. If I won't be able to help at home (and believe me, that idea comes first) then it's up to me to spread out my money to be able to take in Scotland too, and book plane passage (or perhaps even boat). So now I'm waiting for your answer. In any case, I must tell Averil immediately. If you say come home, I'll send \$200 off as soon as possible. And if you say I can stay, I'll stay. It all depends on Grandma, really.

Speaking of Grandma - glad to hear she was able to sit up. But mother -- going through all this business of feeding again. I admire you more than I can say.

Not much to add on this front, as I just wrote to you. Beautiful beautiful spring was with us for two days. Temperature in high 50's - silly weeping willows over the Seine beginning to bud - strolling Parisians forced to stop and gaze at the always fascinating Seine as they crossed. I sat for a few hours on the steps leading down to the water level, enjoying the sun, the whistling man behind me, and the ever-hopeful fishermen before me.

Bought flowers for our lovely room. B. and I went out for oysters, because the ones I ate with Ettore tasted like watermelon. Something was wrong with these, though. Bobbie didn't feel good from them for 2 days - and while she used the sink, I ran down to the john. Actually very humorous experience; we kept each other laughing.

Read 2-yr-old play (now on B' way I think) by John Osborne - Look Back in Anger. Excellent and frightening.

Les and Jack invited us down to dinner in their room the other night. Don't think I've explained Jack yet. He's here in Paris working for the Navy at SHAPE. He's 24, and so very kind. He's constantly bringing us things from the PX (like Clorox, which B and I went mad with yesterday. Now we positively gleam!). He's the one who has the hi fi, which he's generous with, as with everything else. He and Les are the nicest neighbors we could have, really. And the dinner was so good!

Tomorrow, B and I have invited Tom, Les and Jack to tea in the afternoon. We're going to serve coffee made on our new alcohol burner! What fun we're having - coffee in our own room every time we want it. Tomorrow's tea is also to show off our new robe sacs, which no one knows about yet.

Have seen 2 Alec Guinness movies in the last 2 days - The Ladykillers and Kind Hearts and Coronets. What a genius the man is. If you haven't seen those movies, do by all means.

School - still going on. I think I'm going to drop phonetics next term, however. I've learned as much as I can as far as technique is concerned. Now all that's needed is practice - and 2 hrs a week (as next semester would be) wouldn't give me much of that. It depends really on the U of R and I doubt highly if they'd care, as they had formerly approved a much less rigid schedule.

All for now. Waiting for your reply. My thoughts and love with you.

Sue

Feb. 7, 1958

Dearest Mom and Dad -

It was a shock, really, to hear about Grandma, but I am happy - both because she hasn't been Grandma for 2 years, and because now you are free. Grandma was and is that warm and generous person we love. (And Mom - you are the person Grandma saw when she looked at you.) I've naturally been thinking a lot about her lately. Would want, of course, to have been able to come to the service. I'm sure it was inspiring. (Glad Mr. Neal read it.)

It's a new life for you both now. So very happy you have the house. It's about time you are free.

How about expenses? Grandma had enough for the funeral, as I remember, but the hospital? Sure the brothers want to help.

Life lately in Paris has been pleasant but hardly exciting. Saw all of Les's slides - many of them good. Will invite him to the house probably during the summer, and you can see the places I neglected to take.

Our biggest social splurge was our "tea." Had set the time at 4 o'clock, but Bobbie and I were so nervous about the men's reaction to our robe sacs that we went down early to Jack and Les's room. Fortunately they were very pleased. Tom, who came a little later, tolerated us. But he's that way. Up to our little room where we served tea, coffee, and petit fours. Jack left soon after, as he had to "wait" at the officers' club. After seeing Les's slides, we went out to dinner at a good inexpensive restaurant around the corner. The Deux Magots café came next - just chatted for hours, then home.

Les and Jack certainly make ideal neighbors. We ran into trouble the other day - the usual kind for us. The toothpaste cap fell into the drain and stopped up the sink - full of dirty water. Afraid of the concierge (they're an awesome race), we didn't know what to do. Luckily, Jack took over and dove in. Figuratively of course. Fixed it for us! Coffee and éclair as reward. We felt guilty about it, so what do they do but invite us down for dinner the next night. We had a very pleasant time. Chinese food, music on the hi-fi, and candlelight. Don't let it fool you - it was far from romantic. Les (who's this way) had given us till 9 o'clock to eat, and then the dishes had to be done. Running behind schedule, we had to gobble down our yoghurt (love it) and tear to the sink. After dishes, time for a game of hearts. Les won, wouldn't you know.

Tom had come up to the room just before and asked us to dinner tonight. He wants to show us a restaurant that's very nice but more expensive than we've ever paid. \$2.00 and of course we pay for ourselves!

Have I told you anything about our Greek friend Spilios? He's such a wonderful man. He's so kind, warm, and good-looking that B and I have to sit on our hands to keep from hugging him. He's 30 - insists that he's too old for "springtime in Paris" (supposed to be quite a thing!). The other night in the middle of the meal at the Lycée he started explaining his preferences. "First, fruits - sweets - ideas - cheese - then women." Just like that! We resent being placed under cheese. The trouble is, I almost think he's serious!

Saw Dial M for Murder the other night. Excellent film. It must seem strange to you that I'm in Paris seeing more American films than I ever have. The inexpensive theaters around the student section just always happen to present old good films (never a new one) and many of the times it's in English. So I'll see French films in NY.

Confused the poor traffic in Paris the other day. B and I were attempting to cross at a corner near here, where there were no signals and only one lone policeman in the middle to try to keep things in order in this typical Paris crossroad:

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Arrow points to us. "Agent" standing facing the three roads to the right waving his white "baton" which looks like a rolling pin attempting to halt traffic. We started to cross. Car coming from left jammed on its brakes and stalled, trying not to hit us. We scurried back. Agent wheeled around and waved stick at car. We misunderstood and started again. So did car. He stopped. We ran back. Repeated 2 or 3 times more. Finally, dodging fenders of rapidly piling-up cars, I made it across and grabbed light pole for support. Policeman by this time had a slightly glazed expression and was pirouetting vacantly around the center of the street. B ran across, unhurt. We left the tumult behind us, traffic piled up for blocks. Amazing experience.

Nothing else to say.

School goes on. Test next week. Now am en train de studying. (in process of) That's the way we talk now.

Well, au revoir.

Je vous quitte avec mes tendres pensées,

Je vous embrasse tous,

Suzanne

(Typically French closing. We wouldn't have the nerve in English.)

Feb. 14, 1958

Dear Mom & Dad -

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY

(OR)

VIVE SAINT VALENTIN

as they say in Paris, France. Thank you for the pretty card.

Dad - you're amazing. Thanks for all the trouble you've gone to for the boat ticket. I'll send off the money the next time I go to the bank. (While I'm on bank affairs - STRANGE things are happening. I sent in months ago for my State Scholarship, and the check finally arrived the other day - for \$675. The scholarship is for \$350. What on earth is the excess? I'm writing to Dr. Canfield soon as I can.) Mom - that \$50 you thought I had planned to spend on my Christmas vacation was only for the RR ticket. All expenses were outside of that.

Happy about your expanding record collection. If you ever are wondering what to buy - try the Quartetto Italiano. Heard their concert last night - magnificent. A violinist like I have never heard before - such tone! Have heard from many people that they are thought of as the best string quartet in the world - I do see why.

So you're reading Swann's Way, Mom. Then you can well feel sorry for Bobbie, who has just attempted Proust in French - no easy matter. Lately I've confined myself to such things as a French translation from the English of Igor Stravinsky's Poétique Musicale and Jean Anouilh's excellent Antigone.

Had exams this last week - grammar and composition. Studied quite a bit for them. No marks will be given out, but it's rather just a controle to make sure we have improved. I'm dropping phonetics next term - did I tell you? I've learned all they have to offer - now it's a question of practice. Want to take something else - perhaps Molière, or concentrating more time on Voltaire.

B and I went to Syl's house last week. Just ate and talked - pleasant.

Have been to 2 art exhibitions of the darling of Paris - Bernard Buffet. Recently he has become it and is now earning money hand over foot. Went to see what it is all about. (Am interested to know if Nan knows anything about him.) He really is a genius in his own way. His paintings show such despair that after an hour of looking at him you're ready for the nearest bridge. Unfortunately, he's become commercial since coming into vogue, and his latest works, on Joan of Arc, show this. They still show his genius, but it's all too easy for him. A huge canvas in 6 hours - scarcely a work of art, but still something to be reckoned with. Also saw another exhibition - Vincent Roux - pleasantly optimistic and touching.

The other day a young Greek friend of Spilios' asked me to go for a walk. (If I could pronounce his name I'd write it down! I've known him for weeks, by the way.) We had coffee, then walked to the Louvre. Finally!! Wandered through pre-classical and classical Greek antiquities. Saw the beautiful fragment of the Parthenon frieze - one of the most magnificent things I've ever seen. Chased out by the closing, we walked in the Tuileries gardens in the rain, and then to a tiny Greek tea room not far from here. Ate kadaif (looks like shredded wheat, but mmm - so good - with honey) and some candy whose name I forget. Dinner at the lycée and then saw a lousy film called La Silence de la Mer.

Speaking of films - saw 12 Angry Men last night. I remember how you looked when you came back from seeing it. I was the same way. Excellent acting. Suspense plus humor too much for my poor heart.

Splurged on dinner one night last week. Tom, Les, B and I went to a small, clean "typical" restaurant, Le Relais Normand, in Montmartre. They're known for the quantity of their food - especially hors d'oeuvres. You would have loved it. They gave us about 15 bowls of assorted salads, vegetables and tiny shellfish. Then brought around a plate of paté and a bowl of pickled herring. This course followed by what seemed to me to still be hors d'oeuvres- 6 escargots (snails). Then chicken then cake. Delish! Spent the next few hours wandering about Pigalle. So vulgar. Sidewalks literally lined with prostitutes, and side streets filled with burlesque shows. Glad we were with Les and Tom - it made it seem not quite as awful since they were there to remind us of the good.

Feb. 16

Saw my friend Lucky (the Greek - pronounced Lew-kee!) yesterday - the most beautiful spring day ever. Walked only in a sweater under "a true blue dream of sky." Strolled through the Louvre again - rather through the Greek things we hadn't seen and some of the paintings. Very happy time. Today I saw him again - for the last time, I'm afraid. He fell in love with me, and so forced me into a decision. Better to hurt him now at the start than kid myself along. He's very young, but I did hurt him, though I suffer too. He's one of the finest people I had met here. Details would take too long to relate, but that's the outline. Unfortunately it was the only way.

Have received letters recently from Ross and Brete (remember him?)

Would have sent letter off yesterday, only I didn't have a franc. Borrowed some from Jack to tide me over till bank time tomorrow. The exchange rate is so low since that stupid loan to France that the black market is hardly worth the trouble.

Much love to you both,
Sue

22 février 1958

Mes chers parents,

This European typewriter has inspired me thusly, but don't worry. That's the end of the French. My typing won't be even as good (if that's the word) as it usually is, as some of the keys are in different places. Nothing if not confusing. But it is fun: éécàù^voilà!

I haven't particularly been keeping track of days lately, but think I wrote to you last Sunday or thereabouts, because I remember telling you the short story of Luckys, the young Greek. Well, this is his typewriter. We saw each other on Monday, talked, and we're again friends. I still don't feel anything for him except liking, so don't worry. But we enjoy ourselves together. A short biography: He was born in Paris, because his father was here on business. He's the editor of a paper in Athens. During the war, they moved to Egypt, when he was about 6 to Istanbul, and when he was 10 or so to Greece, finally. His family still lives there, on one of the two hills of Athens. The other hill is the Acropolis. Now Luckys (last name is Thanassekos) is studying at the Faculté de Droit (law) here in preparation for a journalistic career.

We spend the majority of our time together in the Louvre, it seems. At least we've been there 5 times in the last week! So far we've wandered mostly around the Etruscan, early Greek and Roman rooms. Fun to have a Greek interpreter around! Last night we went again. Every Friday night they have a certain number of rooms illuminated for a few hours, and last night it was the Greek and Roman antiquities. Although they're the most beautiful with the sunlight shining on their beautiful marble surfaces, the illumination is effective. We took a visite-conférence where while describing such famous and well-displayed works like the Venus de Milo, the Victory of Samothrace and the frieze from the Parthenon, all the lights were turned off except a floodlight turned directly on the statue.

I couldn't begin to tell you what else we've seen there. It took us two days (and of course it wasn't thorough) to see the Grande Gallérie - 600 metres long. So I've seen the Mona Lisa, and innumerable other canvases which were before just legendary, I have actually seen! Also have visited some smaller rooms, filled with Rembrandts, Van Eycks, some early Impressionists (though most of the modern paintings are in another museum) and on and on. It's been such a wonderful experience - and it's not over.

I have been thinking about you lately while wandering around this paradise I live in. I haven't told you too much about the neighborhood. Before I start, I must get this off my chest. We've found another john! It's Egyptian, unfortunately, but we'll take anything in our situation,

especially if it's only one floor up. (I just got up to make myself some coffee. The kettle was steaming so beautifully that I had to take advantage of it, and pressed my dress. Don't laugh, it makes a darned good iron.) Well; now - our room overlooks the street - three art galleries and two bookstores are the only things we can see from our window. Aside of course from the people who are constantly going by: artists with canvases under their arms, housewives with wine bottles and chickens, manifestations for or against something or other, one time even with a brass band! Markets are an unceasing joy to our supermarket-brought-up souls. The only trouble with them is that they're only open before each meal. French housewives do their grocery shopping every day, not once a week. Due to these hours, we're forced to cut down on our otherwise wild cravings for yoghurt and soft-boiled eggs. On weekends we usually don't bother going to the lycée for meals, but rather fix something here. And it always seems to be soft-boiled eggs (2 or 3 at once) with ooodles of butter and salt; yoghurt (2 or 3 jars) either with bananas cut up inside the creamy mixture or just plain sugar to bring out its DELICIOUS flavor; a ficelle (literally translated as string, it's a long narrow piece of bread) with gobs of butter and preserve; coffee; and the newest discovery: cats' tongues (called langues de chat by the natives, they're small thin cookies, unfortunately shaped like cats' tongues.). Enough, enough, I feel a craving for a soft-boiled egg coming on, and it's not within market hours!

I have two favorite spots in the neighborhood. One is on the rue de Furstemberg - a tiny street which widens in the middle to form a small court. To the left, past the trees, is the studio where Délaacroix used to paint. The other spot is my most favorite, and I'm afraid to try to describe it. I've been there innumerable times, yet I still don't believe that such a place can exist in this busy world. I'll take you with me: We walk past the post office, down a narrow street to the large doors at the end. Once we step over the threshold, it's another world - so still and quiet. There are no sidewalks, no streets, but a series of twisting courtyards covered with ancient rounded cobblestones. All around is a tangle of funny old buildings, graceful trees, and, do you hear, there are birds up in that window overhead. We walk on, past the damp winding stone steps and the old pottery shop, and are once again out in the world.

Paris--

I've been doing a bit of reading lately - going through an Albert Camus stage (he got the Nobel Prize last year, remember?). I think I told you that I read L'Etranger. Yesterday I read his book of short stories called L'Exil et Le Royaume, and today I've started his La Peste. I just hope that my still hesitant French reading is doing him some sort of justice.

Got a present from Joan the other day for my birthday and Christmas combined - a copy of E.E. Cummings. That was going to be the first book I bought for myself when I return chez moi. We've been corresponding rather frequently, and just lately decided that we'll room together next year if all goes as planned. I'm very glad.

Nearly forgot to tell you. Remember the test I took last week in grammar? Well, I got it back the other day. As she handed the paper back to me she called me "le grand champion." Was I ever flabbergasted. Got 18 out of a possible 20. There were three others with an 18, but none higher. There are about 18 in the class. So happy! Haven't yet gotten my composition

back. Must re-register this week for the old E.S.P.P.F.E. and also for the course in contemporary literature.

Have reached the end. Aren't my letters longer this way!

Much much love,
Sue

February 28, 1958

Dear Mom and Dad,

Paris has snow too now, but from what you tell me and what I've seen in the papers, we can't begin to catch up with you in the States. What a beautiful life, eating in front of the fireplace every night. Can't wait for next Christmas vacation when I'll be able to join you.

Again spent most of my time with Luckys last week, and again it's finished. I'll proceed in chronological order. Spent one whole day with him. We went to see a French comedy called Vous n'avez rien à déclarer. Typical French humour - a little too broad and slapstick-y for me. Had coffee and talked for hours and hours, then adjourned to the Acropole for dinner. Ran into Bobbie there, so we dragged her along to another movie, which we all had seen before, and all wanted to see again. Twelve Angry Men. All came back here afterwards and indulged in some coffee and cookies.

The rest of the week was rather less busy, concerning dinners after coffee (pardon me. I did mean to say, coffees after dinner) mostly in the Dupont, of course. But Wednesday, I decided to call it off, for the same reasons as the first time. Such a shame - I hurt him very much, his male pride most of all. But he is so young, and doesn't understand. I'm afraid he won't really ever know why I broke up with him. I wish so much I hadn't had to, because it was certainly pleasant, and he was one of the kindest people I had met here. Another small complication - this is his typewriter, and I haven't the slightest idea how to return it to him as he's stopped eating at the Lycée.

Saw Sahin one afternoon this week. Good for a change to see him again. He volunteered to show me the store in which one can rent a radio. Now I have to bribe Les to rent it for me, as I'm not 21 years old. The radio only costs about 2 dollars a month to rent. Had coffee with Sahin, anyway, and we were joined by Peter, the British boy in our class.

Most of the rest of my time this week has been taken up by reading La Peste by Albert Camus. I was reading it in the Dupont yesterday, and held a conversation with my waiter about it. Did I tell you that when he saw me reading another Camus novel a few weeks ago he volunteered to lend me any of the works of Camus that I wanted?

Last Night Bobbie and I went to see The Bridge on the River Kwai. Has it come around yet? When it does, see it by all means. The acting is excellent, the photography brilliant, and the

story powerful. Tonight it's the chamber orchestra of Munich, and Sunday Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme at the Comédie Francaise.

Figured out finances yesterday. I have \$800 to last me the rest of the year. Should be able to do it.

Au revoir -
With an amicable hand-shake (translated literally from
Love,
Sue

le 4 mars, 1958

Dear Parents -

Roberta is sitting next to me writing to her parents - writing exactly the same things even. It does give one an eerie feeling.

I just wrote to you, didn't I. Well - take advantage of my sudden spurt. Time never runs logically here, but rather too fast or too slow.

I was reading your letter(s) yesterday while walking along down the rue de Seine. As this is Paris, I guess no one thought anything of my giggles when I read about Bob and Nan's breakfast schnook - and Nan's on #'s and b's (sharps and flats, that is) now. Congratulations! I hope she'll be ready for a concert when I come back.

Yesterday I signed up for my French language courses again (minus phonetics) and for the new contemporary lit course. Starts this afternoon - 2 hours a day, 4 days a week. Unfortunately from 4:15-6:15. My first book is a weird one on Surrealism. I'll be reading madly now - so glad.

Did I tell you about the Chamber Orchestra of Munich concert that we heard? Not very good, though they played Handel, Bach and Mozart. Too heavy and unclear. Same night attended a lecture on Thomas Hardy - also not very good. The speaker retold English 1-2 clichés instead of phrasing his thoughts in a way which would have been meaningful for the audience.

Spent one whole day reading Hardy's Tess of the D'Urbervilles - the first Hardy I'd ever read. Bobbie gave me the book because she loves Hardy so. Same day went to the Louvre with B - and saw the Greek antiquities again. One can not tire of them - the only thing that worries me is that I may never see anything else!

We saw our first play at La Comédie Francaise - Molière's Les Femmes Savantes. It wasn't bad, but they could have done so much more with it. When B and I read the play ourselves we found much more humor in it than they even suggested. A one act Molière - Sganerelle - also was given - this one very well done. Have tickets now for Le Misanthrope.

We tried hard to go hear Karajan (the conductor we heard in Vienna) and the Berlin Philharmonic the other night. Waited on a "queue" of pushing music-lovers for an hour, only to hear the sad news from the box office that the only tickets left were selling at 1200 francs. Not even having this much with us, we made our sad retreat. Then, of course, it was absolutely necessary to do something to cure our disappointed selves, so we went to see Witness for the Prosecution, which had been highly recommended. Certainly worth it - script as far as suspense and surprise was concerned was one of the best. Acting by Tyrone Power adequate, Laughton better than usual, and Dietrich really good. You won't be at all disappointed if you see it.

Speaking of movies, Kirsch and I added another Alec Guinness film to our mounting list last night - this time The Lavendar Hill Mob. The man is a GENIUS! You saw that film, didn't you? I laughed so hard during the chase sequence that I have to see it again.

Lest you think I'm doing nothing but amusing myself, let me hasten to add that I've been working hard between times. I always work better when I'm busy, and waste time when I have lots of it to spare.

Went to my first lit lecture yesterday - and was very pleased. It was on Georges Bernanos - the "Christian novelist." Oh - the bibliography is immense. I'll never be able to read all the books, but I'm going to try.

Grammar classes stagger on.

Heard with regret and near panic the news about the boat reservation. Do hope it will be all right. If it is - we may have vacation change of plans. Here it is -

Easter vacation, 3 weeks, instead of Italy (Florence and Rome and the Riviera - cheap) may be England and maybe Ireland.

School ends June 5th or so, and not the 28th as we thought, so with our extra time, we'll be able to take a longer trip. Our very very tentative plans are - to the Italian Riviera (which is cheaper and less crowded than the French) then Florence, Rome, Naples, over to Greece (!) and back again. We'll be able to hitchhike some of the way, perhaps, because it's summer and there are more tourists. Be back in England by Aug. 1st when I'll join Averil and be off for Scotland.

Naturally it all depends on the money again. But Easter in England shouldn't be bad as far as expenses go (\$25 round trip plane fare to London) and if we could get to Greece! Anyway, we'll probably go to Italy in the summer because we'll have more time to do it justice. Doesn't it sound beautiful?

Well, dear parents, think I'll stop my babbling and bad handwriting now. Don't have your letter here, so I can't answer questions. It's 2 days later, by the way, and now this letter must be mailed.

As they say, very impolitely, in slang - Je te serre la cuiller. Translated literally - I shake your spoon - it no longer rhymes and makes even less sense. But - encore une fois,

Je vous quitte avec mes plus tendres pensées,
Suzanne

March 13, 1958

Dear Family -

Please pardon me for not answering your questions. The letters weren't within reach when I was writing, but they're all beside me now.

1. Reading French quite well. Conversing much better, but it's quite difficult. Well enough to get along. Of course after this year I'll never speak it again, and I will be able always to read. I speak it during class (and hear it) about 4 hours a day. Mealtime I speak it with my French friends at the lycée (I do have some, though they're hard to come by) and my Greek friends, who don't speak English at all. After class, I often see someone like Sahin, and we speak French, as I find difficulty in speaking Turkish.

2. As you're still worried about a French family, I'll try once again to allay your fears. Syl is the only person I know who lives with one, all the rest of my friends living either in a hotel or at the Cité Universitaire (where you must be 21). Syl is not "in" with the family life. She has a very nice room, and slight kitchen privileges and cold water. The woman (unmarried with an adopted 3 year old child) is away teaching usually, and when she's home, I'm afraid they usually converse in English rather than struggle in French. She lives so far out of town that she's often tempted to cut class, and wishes she could be in with the rest of the students. I realize this is only one case, but as I said it's the only one I know.

While I'm on housing, I'd better discuss with you the newest. I didn't tell you when we moved to the Hotel du Poitou because I didn't want you to worry unnecessarily, but we moved in on the condition that we'd be willing to move out around April 1st. The Ployers are selling the hotel to someone who's going to chop it up into apartments, and we won't be able to stay. We knew that it would be worth it, even though only for a couple of months, and we have loved every moment of our warm neighborhood and friendly room. Now the question of where to go arises, and Sceaux appears again on the horizon.

Against - 1 - house so far out of town. 20 minutes by train, and 20 minute walk.

2. - no hot water
- 3 - mess in house
- 4 - trouble moving there.

For - 1 - little hot water here. We heat most of it on our handy alcohol burner - which we'll have there, plus more gas heat.

2 - house won't be as messy, Alexandre says. The carpenters have finished adding 3rd floor room, are completely done inside, and will have finished outside by middle of April.

3 - money. No rent. We'd move there just before vacation on March 26th or so - therefore not have to pay rent for the 3 weeks of vacation which we'd have to do if we wanted to keep a hotel room. Also - we have a week vacation later on, and several weekends, where the same principle holds. Also - could store our trunks and junk till ready to ship them home in August.

4 - new experience, living in suburb more like living in France and not cosmopolitan Paris.

5 - Spring in Sceaux supposed to be beautiful. No heat problem, really.

6 - We'd stay in town Mon-Thurs from morning till after dinner, studying between classes. Fri-Sun we could stay home, existing much as we do now, studying and eating yoghurt.

I'll let you know on all new developments in our usually hectic life.

3. I no longer have my application in for ship cancellation - DRATS.

4. Haven't I any girl friends? Scarcely any. Sylvia, Connie and Dottie (see them rarely). Martine - a French girl, very pretty, intelligent, studying to become an English teacher here. Know girls in my classes, of course, but never see them - or rarely - after. Now's as good a time as any to tell you of our two newest friends. Unfortunately Americans - name of one - Wayne Lawson - from Wisconsin, BA Princeton, MA Iowa State - here on French gov't scholarship translating Montherlant (contemporary French playwright) to English. Other - Bob Donne - also from Wisconsin, army caught him while he was at U of Wisconsin. Now studying French literature. It took us a while to get to like them, as they have their own Princetonian framework which we couldn't take seriously at first. But both are extremely bright, well-read, young men with marvelous senses of humor. Now we have coffee with them often - discussing translating problems, the supernatural, Shakespeare, or our newest craze - handwriting analysis. Sounds ridiculous, but it's fun! Or as Wayne would say, "divinity fudge." - !!!

4. [sic] - After college plans. Always with me. Now I think that I would like to go to graduate school if I can get a fellowship. Journalism I like less and less. Teaching offers many opportunities - it may turn out to be this. Bobbie has just mailed out her application to Wesleyan (where Bev is) and is anxiously waiting the outcome.

5. CONGRATULATIONS ON THE AFGHAN AFFAIR.

6. I'd be very happy to see Mrs. Brand here. So glad she can take a trip like that. (By the way, Jeanne Skillin will be here one day during this month!) My vacations - May 1-4; May 8-11; May 15-18; May 23-28 (WOW!) Hope something can be arranged anyway.

7. No - I deducted the extra from the U of R check. Not included in the \$800.

8. As for movies - it was a binge of sorts. And most of them cost only about 30 cents. That's all over, however. Haven't seen a one since I last wrote.

9 - Newest reading and television experiences sound excellent. Think of me when you read Death in Venice - for I thought of it when I was there. Always classify Return of the Native

in another realm, for some reason. Desolation true - Hardy's despair and "why bother" attitude contemporary - only in the form of a 19th century novel. I could kick him for his "chance" events though. They're hardly necessary and slightly ridiculous.

10. Now - biggest news is vacation. We've been quizzing all our English friends, I've written to Averil, and B and I have discussed till we're blue. Tentative (always, with us) plans: Leave Paris at 6:30 AM March 26th to catch 8 AM plane for London. Don't I sound casual? Have no worries - the plane is large, 4 engines, and the ride only 1 hour. Excited, mom, aren't you? (By the way, I think you should push the idea of the Jagel fund!) London until Friday, seeing museums and plays that interest us. Those are very cheap - it's room that's très très chère in London. Friday, thanks to Averil's invitation, we go with her to Coventry, and spend day or two there. Having already rented bikes in London (!!), weather permitting, we'll spend a week cycling about, thither and yon, in Northern Wales. Then bus to Stratford, cycle and Shakespeare a bit, bus to Oxford, look about, then back to London for a few days, and home again. Depends on weather, mainly. If rain always present, we'll cut out the bicycling, and come home early. That will save us money for the later trips.

Don't know yet about Brussels. Naturally want to go, but there are some things in the way. Too many people, hiked-up prices. Also dream to bicycle in Loire valley and see the chateaux - supposed to be the most beautiful section of France. Who knows yet?

But doesn't England sound grand? We'll see the Old Vic King Lear and Hamlet in London, plus the Ballet de Monte Carlo, we hope. And if the sun only shines what fun we'll have bicycling! We had to clamp down on our too vivid imaginations and say no to a tandem bike. Can't you picture us on a bicycle built for two sailing into some tiny Welsh town? But personality clashes would be catastrophic, so we'll hire our separate vehicles.

My arm is dead. This has been a tome. Hope I've answered most questions.

Mom - you sound like March is a long hard month. April's coming sooner than you think, and the Chinese redbud will be in bloom.

Much love to everyone, specially you two.

Sue

March 19, 1958

Dear Maman et Papa -

A sweet extra bonus from maman and a corny lovable letter from papa have made my week considerably brighter. Thank you! Dad, I hardly think a typewriter change will aid either spelling or humor - but I like it much better this way. Bobbie appreciates so much being remembered, and sends return regards. She told me quite honestly this morning that she thinks

you are quite an intelligent man, and wishes you had had the opportunity of more education. So there!

A week from now I'll be in England! I'll be going alone, to be joined by Bobbie on Saturday. She's staying on in Paris to see Medea and Oedipus Rex in the original Greek!! It's part of an international festival held here each year. I'm taking my chances and hoping I'll be able to see that Greek company in the original Greece this summer.

After staying at Averil's and touring around England about a week we're returning to London, and we'll be able to stay in the flat of a U of R friend of Bobbie's. No rent then - and that's the most expensive item in London.

Sceau is giving us trouble again. We're so sick of it all. We had it all planned, after hearing affirmative reply from Alex. We were going to hire a car for the day, take our 5 square yards of junk and our 2 bribed friends Wayne and Bob and transport us all to the house, then spend the afternoon still in the car journeying to Chantilly. But - the workmen may still be there. If they don't leave before, we'll have to find room in the basement of the hotel till after vacation. It still may work out in time. Don't worry about it. We've been able to work ourselves up into states of hysteria, and find the whole problem ridiculous.

New news - Last Saturday, we gave Les a surprise birthday party. Attendants - a surprised Les, his roommate Jack, his (and our) friend Little Jack, who arranged it all, Sylvia, Bobbie and I. We picnicked, like the silly Americans we are, on the banks of the Seine near Fontainebleau - an old church across the river, an ancient bridge nearby. Walked through the still town of Moret, watched the washerwomen scrubbing their clothes in the river. Beautiful countryside - about 40 kilometres from Paris.

Rushed home to rush out in time for the Théâtre National Populaire production of Molière's Le Malade Imaginaire. So different than the Comédie Française. This one was gay, and bright, quite hammy, but fun as a comedy should be. B and I left feeling so very happy.

I want to mail this letter immediately as we're on our way to the Post Office now.

Please write to me any time between March 26 and April 14 c/o American Express, London.

Must run.

Much love,
Sue

March 26

Dearest Parents -

I'm in the waiting room at the Aerogare in Paris, waiting for the bus which will whiz me to Le Bourget and my first plane trip! If it weren't 6:30 AM and if I hadn't already been awake and busy since 5, I might be more excited yet.

Averil had asked me if I would like her to find me a room in London, but as it would have cost \$4 a day where she suggested, I thought I'd take my chances. She wouldn't stand for that, however, and found me a room in her hotel for \$3 - including breakfast and dinner. Can't believe I'll be there in 3 hours.

Our life has been disconnected and a mess recently. I have packed - and well, mind you - 4 trunks in the last 2 days. Our only problem has been where to live. I don't know where I left you on the Sceaux story, but it's all off. As the workers were supposed to be ready by Mar. 22, they said yes. Then Alex and his father came to Paris and found the house hardly done, and scarcely liveable. We can't blame the Zeltzmann's for their good intentions - it's those *! French workers. It just left us in rather a hole though. Yesterday Bobbie and I lugged 2 heavy suitcases all the way there. The neighbor finally found the workers and the house key in a distant bar, and B and I exchanged some winter things for summer. The house is in a much worse condition now than ever before.

But all is not black in the housing situation. We talked to Madame last night, and she said we would be able to have the next vacant room and stay to the end of the year. (Everyone seems to be playing this game for their own good, so the course is strewn with diplomatic coups.) We know, however, that Jack and Les will be moving out around the 20th - so maybe we'll get their room - the nicest in the hotel. At any rate, we have hope where before lurked only murk.

London

Here I am at 10 AM, seated at my desk in front of the daffodils Averil arranged for me. I am now a world-traveller with a flight of 55 minutes behind me. It was so easy! Boarded the bus in Paris and left for the airport. By chance, ran into my English friend Peter Hornung, so we flew in together. Lousy weather, but we soared above into the blue and the sun. Ate a luxurious breakfast during the whole trip. Coffee over, we landed in fog- but what could you expect.

Came straight here to the Romney Club - where everyone is marvelously English. I was shown my way to the hot water tap (have an honest to goodness washstand in my room complete with basin and pitcher) and the john. The English are all so very friendly - everyone is cheery.

Peter called to make final arrangements for our money exchange (he wanted Am. dollars) and asked me to come to his father's office. Met him (he was leaving immediately after for South Africa) and then had coffee with P. and discussed London. (By the way, I'm finishing this the day after the 27th.) P. went back to Paris this morning, but I may see him when I return to London on the 10th.

Anyway - met Averil for lunch. She sends her love. Then strolled up Exhibition Row, and visited the Victoria and Albert museum. Met A. after class, shopped, had dinner here (salad and tea and pie) and went to the Sadler's Wells Ballet - Coppelia - very good.

Today I'm museuming and ticket searching, tonight is a concert. How good A. has been.

Will look for something for the mantelpiece when I return to London am afraid.

Much love from London,
Sue

March 27

Postcard, London, National Gallery (Murillo)

Dearest Folks -

Am sitting right at this moment in the Old Vic Theatre waiting to see Hamlet. (I'm surrounded by English public school boys. Hope they shut up.)

Spent a wonderful morning buying theater tickets and seeing some of the National Gallery. Don't you love this painting? There was an art student busy copying it - I must have come across 50 young people copying the paintings - in oils even.

Have nearly mastered the senseless monetary system, and am working hard on the "underground," the "zebra crossings," making sure my hair stays in place by using "hair grips." What a country. I love it and don't want to leave.

Much love,
Sue

Mar. 30

Postcard, Coventry Cathedral

Dearest Mom & Dad -

How wonderful the Peirsons are to us. We've been enjoying Sunday at home - so much the way it is in the States.

Hamlet quite good. Concert fair in the gorgeous Festival Hall in London.

Visited Claremont yesterday with Averil. Now C.S. school, it was Queen Victoria's home when she was a child. Beautiful building, amazing school system (met even the head mistress) and some of the loveliest countryside I've ever seen.

Tea every day all day.

Today: church followed by your style meal, Mom, then trip to this cathedral - one of the most awesome things I've ever seen. Completely bombed out, it is very tastefully converted to a beautiful reminder of war. On the altar: "Father forgive."

March 31

"Genuine Magna-Crome Lettercard"
Stratford-on-Avon

Dear Mom & Pop -

How beautiful England is! I don't want to leave. London - I'm determined to live there some day. And Coventry and the Peirsons are so wonderful.

Saturday night we arrived to a hot meal and friendly family. Their house is quite lovely. They're comfortably settled, but not richly - and how at home they make us feel. As I told you on the card, we had such a pleasant Sunday yesterday. Coventry Cathedral was amazing.

This morning we drove into town (after waving goodbye to Mr. and Mrs. who went to London for a few days' vacation) and shopped around. Back home for good (as always) lunch, then left for Warwick Castle. Unimagineably beautiful grounds. How much more I love English landscaping, taste and character than French! No false formal gardens here, but sloping green hills, winding walks, and graceful cyprus trees - with a 14th century castle rising close by. (And in the garden were half a dozen peacocks strutting obligingly around among the visitors!) The interior of the castle also was quite tastefully decorated. The present Earl of Warwick still lives there.

On to Stratford. Bobbie & I managed to get (expensive tickets \$2.50) tickets for the 2nd performance of the year - Romeo and Juliet - on April 9th. We wandered around Stratford-on-Avon, where the town seems to be freeloading on Shakespeare's reputation. We saw the outside of everything, but decided not to pay the exorbitant entrance fee and see the commercialized interiors. Did stop at the Coburel (??), the nicest tea shop in town according to the Peirsons. So quaint and warm - must be a 16th or 17th century building.

I asked Mrs. Peirson about a place to buy the mantelpiece things - I feel a great responsibility on my head, which (the head) could possibly be removed should I buy the wrong thing. Fortunately, she has a friend, Mr. Baker, who lives somewhere in the Midlands. He and his wife used to run a very good small restaurant, but he has retired into the antique business. His stock is excellent, Mrs. P. said, and he takes a personal interest in all his antiques - and his customers. So he'll be able to help me, I should imagine. Also, his house is supposed to be quite beautiful, and we probably will be shown through, as the Peirsons are their good friends.

Tomorrow is Oxford and Sulgrave Manor, the home of the G. Washington family. The day after is the Cotswolds and Broadway - quite beautiful they say. Thurs. B and I leave by bus down to Monmouthshire (the Wye Valley) and stay in a tiny hotel the P's recommended in Llandago.

Such a wonderful vacation. HAPPY EASTER!

Much love,
Sue

April 4

Dearest Mom and Dad -

How you would be happy here! Let me tell you about it. Yesterday B. and I left Coventry after spending three beautiful days there. We took the bus south and west to Monmouth, then the Wye Valley (once a day - sometimes) train to Whitebrook Halt. Stepped out into unbelievable beauty and serenity. Whitebrook Farm, our Guest House, is perfect. Our room is large, clean, nicely furnished - and complete with hot-water bottle in bed. At 8:30 this morning we were awakened by the daughter of the owner, who brought us tea. Dressed and went down to mammoth breakfast. Then carried ourselves into the lounge where a fire blazes in the fireplace all day long. Yesterday we met a young couple and their 2 little daughters who are also staying here - very nice people. The husband, one daughter, B and I set off in the car for a trip. Went to Tintern Abbey - the ruins of a monastery begun in the 12th century. Mostly standing, it remains in its sheltered valley one of the most breathtaking and awe-inspiring "monuments" I have ever seen. Then went to Yat Rock from which one can see the whole Wye Valley - beautiful countryside for miles and miles.

Meals here are a dream. No exaggeration - I've never tasted such excellent food. And so much of it!

This afternoon I climbed a mountain.

Tonight I read Jane Austen in front of the fire.

We're staying until Monday. (Have to. There are no trains before.) We don't ever want to leave. I've never loved a place, a countryside, as I love England.

Well - Wednesday our trip with Averil took us into the Cotswold region - one of the most beautiful in the country. We saw tiny villages - all the houses and walls made of the local golden brown stone.

Mr. Barker lived in one of the villages - Stanton. He was the man Mrs. Peirson recommended for antiques. His home was lovely and his antiques exquisite - he hand picks them all and they're all good. Not to keep you waiting any longer - I bought something! I do hope you'll approve. I bought two pitchers - how can I describe them. They were made about 1800. At first glance they seem to be identical, but they're not. They're both made in the same way - the technique is called lustre finish - it seems like silver, only it's pottery. One is white, nearly covered by this lustre glaze - its graceful design is of fruits and such. The other has a lemon yellow background and is more valuable. There had been some sort of crack in it, but it has been

well repaired and I doubt if you can find it. If that had not happened, it would have been worth twice as much. As it was, the \$50 exchanged for 17 pounds, 10 shillings, and the pitchers came out to 21 pounds - which he very kindly reduced to 19. This means I spent one and a half pounds more than \$50 - or \$54.20. Are you willing? They're being shipped and should arrive in a month. If you're not satisfied, I love them and in about 2 years will be happy to buy them from you, and you can get something else. It was such a huge responsibility - I hope I did all right. I do think you'll like them tho, and they should look beautiful with green. Wish I could describe them better. They're graceful and lovely - also should look well with the landscape.

Remember - if you aren't satisfied, I'll buy them in the future.

Attempt (sorry one, but -)

[sketch of pitcher, showing 7-8" high and 4-5" wide]

Mr. Barker said they are quite valuable - and I'm sure the price was reasonable.

(By the way - would you please deposit the \$50 plus my income tax check? Thanks.)

I leave you now for my hot-water bottle. Looking forward to checking American Express in a few days.

Much love - do wish you could be here - you must

Sue

April 8

Postcard - Wye Valley

Happy Birthday, Dad!

Dear Mom & Dad -

We're back in Oxford now. So sad to leave our beautiful haven in Whitebrook - we had such pleasant days there.

Easter the weather was not very nice. Our friends took us touring in the morning, and the afternoon was spent by the fire. Yesterday we walked 6 miles to Tintern Abbey!

Hitchhiked to Oxford today - fun and no trouble. Tomorrow to Stratford for Romeo & Juliet - and to spend the night at Averil's.

Hope there's a letter for me in London.

Love,
Sue

April 11, 1958

Dear Mom & Dad -

How very thoughtful you are! I was so happy to find 3 letters from you at Am. Exp. when I arrived in London yesterday. I had hoped to find one and was so glad.

Vacation is still marvelous. Guess I last wrote to you from Oxford the other day. We had hitch-hiked from Monmouth (some friends from Whitebrook Farm having driven us the 7 miles to Monmouth. How sorry we were to leave them all there. It was like a family there. One day when many people came in for tea, Bobbie and I even helped wash dishes in the kitchen for Mrs. Dignam and her son-in-law and daughter. What kind people they are!) In 5 short but very easy to get rides we made it to Oxford. Among our drivers were included two farmers on their way to buy pigs and lambs and a substantial-looking British army officer. ("I've just spent the last 18 months in Jordan. Jolly good country, that. Hmph.")

Found a nice little bed and breakfast place in Oxford (in England one always gets breakfast), placed our luggage within and started walking. The colleges are so lovely! Each with its own inner grassy courts and gardens. The walls separating the colleges, and the ones next to the streets, are either covered with broken jagged pieces of glass or long spikes. Just a reminder to the men that they'll have a hard time getting in after the gates are closed at 11. Really medieval. That night we spent in our room, reading. The town closes up at about 9, so our only adventure of the night was a hideous trip to a restaurant - we couldn't eat their vile food.

The next morning we spent wholly in Blackwell's Bookstore. It's probably the best in the world for English literature. I bought Boswell's London Journal for Bev, a fine edition of Rodin reproductions for Joan, and a volume of Synge plays and Eliot poems for Bobbie. If only I had more money - B. bought me Yeats' Collected Poems - a book I had wanted very much.

As Stratford was only 40 miles away, we decided to take a bus - double-decker. It was a mistake - that took us 3 hours! We stopped an infinite number of times.

Wandered around Stratford (love its beautiful 16th century white houses with their ancient wooden paneling) and tea-ed until show time. Then Romeo and Juliet. Mostly adequate acting, one or two very good (Mercutio especially), Romeo not very. But the production itself was excellent. Lavish and still tasteful - the final scene I'll never forget.

I had written Averil a card telling her we were going to take advantage of their kindest offer of a room after the show (Coventry is 18 miles away). Wouldn't you know that stubborn Averil was there after the performance to drive us back. Her mother had prepared tea and sandwiches for us, and readied our bed. Next morning up at 7, breakfasted with the family (Mr. Peirson has a corny a sense of humor as yours is sometimes, Dad. "You were in the Wye Valley? Isn't that rather questionable?") and caught the 9 o'clock train for London.

Spent one complete hour phoning Y's and hotels from the station. That's what makes travel unbearable. Finally found a room - though it costs nearly \$2.80 a night. London is expensive.

Wild money trouble on Bobbie's side again. Her parents didn't send as much as they said they would. She was so upset she lost her wallet - which, when found, I took. Soon after B went in for coffee while I strolled about - realizing in half an hour that I had her wallet. I ran back to her, where I found her contemplating dish-washing and jail.

Yesterday afternoon saw King Lear at the Old Vic. Not very good as far as acting is concerned, but interpretation interesting, and the play itself always magnificent. Last night saw John Gielgud in Graham Greene's The Potting Shed - acting here quite good, but the play so un-subtle.

Tonight Lysistrata, tomorrow Twelfth Night. Back to Paris on Monday.

Please deposit Income Tax. Why isn't it possible? As for trip in August, and following. In the beginning, when I asked for the boat reservation in August it was because I felt I would have enough money. If all goes as planned that still stays the same. As soon as you told me you had gotten reservations for Aug. 21st, I contacted Averil and told her I would go. She has been making plans since. So now it doesn't concern only me. If I did come home in July, I might make \$150 or \$200 - but I would still have to borrow, as tuition has gone up. As for graduate school - I wouldn't go full-time unless I got a fellowship. Otherwise, I'd work during the day and go at night. So there would be no great problem. Please try and make that reservation definite. If you can't, I'll try again here.

Was very upset to hear of Bill Gatehouse. How he was loved. What will Betty do now?

Sunlight (!) is beckoning in London. (No snow for us at Easter, tho London saw some. Our weather was cold and mediocre. Your rain sounds delightful.)

Love to Henry - and from Roberta to the family [and in Bobbie's handwriting] - who does not appreciate being classed with Henry!

Au revoir and much love,
Sue

Apr. 14

Postcard, Tintern Abbey

Dear Mom and Dad -

Just received your letter about the pitchers. I hope they'll be all right. Enjoyed Nan's letter - what a catastrophe with Mark!

Found my Tintern Abbey post card finally. It's so lovely.

Am leaving tonight for Paris. Darn. Don't want to leave. Saw extraordinary performance. Sadler's Wells and Margot Fonteyn in Swan Lake. Also Lysistrata with Joan Greenwood, and Twelfth Night - where John Neville (whom I saw as Hamlet) played comic role brilliantly.

Yesterday spent sunny spring afternoon in Hyde Park.

Much love,
Sue

April 17

Dear Mom and Dad -

This is to be a short one - merely to let you know of my re-existence in Paris and tell you where to write to. I suggest you still write to the Hotel du Poitou, tho' we won't be living there. Now we have a very nice room in a hotel near the old one, but we don't know if we'll be staying here permanently or not. Till we're definite, our mail is being kept for us at the Poitou.

Our last day in London (rather mine - B. stayed an extra day) was spent at the British Museum. We saw manuscripts, ancient books of hours, autographs, and a marvelous collection of Greek works taken from the Parthenon. Spent the whole day there, nearly.

Met Averil later, who had just returned, and had tea with her. She later went to the airport with me to see me off. How good she's been!

The flight was calm and uneventful. I'm a pro.

Paris again - re-seeing friends, classes all over again.

Received a letter from Dr. Canfield, the head of all this year abroad affair. He suggested I write to the head of admissions for a loan, which I did. He also spoke to the head of the Honors Program and it will be all right for me to go into that program if I choose - which I think I will. Can't stand the idea of having courses and hours again, and I really want to study - using references and much more deeply than courses allow. If I can, I'll probably take 3 seminars in English and one in history. My requirements will be fulfilled by this - and my desires, perhaps.

Are you sending me the Income Tax check?

What about the boat reservation?

I'm stopping now - not as much news since I'm back here.

Oh - a friend from the U of R, Steve Davis (the last time this summer I dated Bob Anderson he was with us) is here. We ran into each other on the street the other night. I had heard he had quit school, but no one knew he was coming here. Nice to talk to him.

Goodbye for now - Much love and please pardon the rapid handwriting.

Sue

April 20, 1958

Dear Mom and Dad -

We are now the proud owners of yet another permanent address --

66 rue St. André des Arts
Paris VI^e, France

The name of the hotel is Hotel St. André des Arts, to make things simpler still, but it's not necessary in the address. Our room is on the 2nd floor - overlooks the street, and is quite cheery, though hotel-ish. Nothing could come close to the Hotel du Poitou, though. So we'll be here until the end of school.

I guess spring is here to stay now. Trees are becoming greener by the day, and the streets are more and more filled by strolling Parisians. Accidents occur on every street corner, the government has fallen, and all is well with the world. Yesterday we had our first outdoor coffee of the season, and by today, all the cafés are in the process of shedding their winter coverings, and seats are at a premium. It's amazing - the entire city is overcome by the spring.

Today was so lovely. We sat in the sun for a few hours this morning eating breakfast-lunch. Then decided to go to the exhibition of Modigliani paintings in the Faubourg St. Honoré. Beautiful exhibit! Wandered slowly home, via the Jardin du Luxembourg. Family day. Children, with hoops and balls, swarming everywhere. People prowling for seats were willing to do anything to find one. Such a city this is.

Our coffees with Wayne and Bob continue. One day a serious discussion. The next Wayne fools with his German lessons (he must learn German for graduate school. He just discovered he has a 3-yr. fellowship of \$1500 annually at Princeton next year!) or recites the first

chapter of Gone with the Wind which he memorized for a joke. One day Bob will again try to convince us of the merits of 18th century art - he's very well informed on nearly all fields of art.

So glad you had happy time in Conn. Hope you gave everybody my love.

Pitcher idea good. I thought of it long ago, but I'm too fussy. I always look, but things are either too expensive or not worth it. Did buy you a little pitcher in England, however.

Averil's address-

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Peirson

Davenport Lodge

21 Davenport Road

Coventry, Warwickshire, England

We never were able to contact B's friend in London, though she tried and we tried.

Goodnight now. Much love,

Sue

Friday

Dear Parents -

SPRING spring. I'm sitting in the tiny pretty park across the street from the Sorbonne. I've just been to the public baths for my weekly shower and hair wash, and now am drying, so to speak, in the sun. The weather this week has been superlative - sun every day, warm, and summer clothes-y. Our very sweet new concierge (!) let me iron my clothes the other day, in her dining room, as we had blown a fuse attempting to iron in our room. So now I am decked out in the old faithful plaid dress.

Got a letter from the mixed-up accounting department this morning. It seems that the old U of R sent me my George Abbott check twice, and they want the extra \$1000 back again. The nerve! They might never have known, and I could have stayed an extra year in Europe, if I hadn't told them.

Daddy - thank you for the moneys you have recently deposited. I'm now living off the money Bobbie owes me. Her parents have just sent her a check which should cover that debt.

Nothing exciting has happened this week. My literature lectures have been good. I've been reading quite a lot and if it's possible I'm spending more time in cafés. They're back to the outdoor variety, and are completely irresistible. Wayne and Bob we're always with, and 2 other young men are usually near. One is Lohman (his first name) the most affected person I know, but he is sweet really, and also a whiz at languages. The other is Jim, an extremely nice boy who attends Middlebury College. We keep each other amused. Wayne and Bobbie are both hams, so the stories are endless.

Last night saw a very good film - Porte des Lilas. Was so impressed with the singing and guitar accompaniment of Georges Bressens, which formed the background to the movie, that I bought one of his records for Lynne's birthday. Hope she likes it as well.

B. and I took another fruitless voyage to Sceaux the other day in the hope that the workmen might actually be working - but not the French. The house is a wreck. We tried to break into the house, as B. needed some things from her trunk, but were unsuccessful. I climbed a ladder and crept on shaky scaffolding - all to no avail.

A chill wind just blew up so I'm going to have to remove myself from this park awhile.

Much love,
Sue

May 3rd, 1958

Dear Mom and Dad -

I've been thinking so much of you today, as I know my letter should arrive. I just finished reading your letter, Dad, and am now filled with homesickness. I hope you'll want to have me home.

I don't know whether my writing today is right or not, as I haven't heard what your reaction is, but this is hardly a play with cues. I'm still your daughter, and I want to share my life with you.

I'm pretty sure that you're going to think my decision was made out of a laziness or cowardliness, or refusal to stand out. But the only people in the world it is hard for me to disappoint are you and Bob and Nan, and now I have risked losing you all. Do you see, it isn't that I'm afraid to stand up for C.S. - I never was. I was proud to be one. But I have changed - or rather many characteristics which had been dormant in me have grown in importance, until now it would be cowardly of me as an individual with a genuine right to my own life - not to declare myself as changed. How much I regret your suffering I cannot say.

Do you still want me to tell you of what I'm doing? I hope so.

I got a letter from the chairman of the Honors Division telling me that I do not have enough English credits to my name to allow me to enter the division completely. But possibly I'll be able to take 2 seminars rather than 4, and 4 courses a year besides. This plan actually may be wiser, as the honors program is completely unfamiliar to me, and very demanding. This way also I'll be able to take courses in other fields than English - something like Non-Western Civilization or World Communism.

My classes here end on June 5th. I take no exams (!) here, but will take a lit. exam in Roch. in September. Therefore, B. and I will leave here about the 10th, hitchhike south thru France mainly in Provence to the Riviera, and spend a few days there. Then, along the Italian Riviera to Florence (1 week) and Rome (1 wk.) then back again. I could be back in time to take that July 21 boat back - in fact the more I think about it the more sensible it seems. Averil's plans though - Well, perhaps I'll write to her and see what she says.

Spring here, in spite of everything, is the most beautiful I've ever seen. Each day tries to surpass the one before. Wish you could be here to share it with me.

Oh - Bob. How could I nearly forget? He is much too generous, but of course I can use it. I hope not till next year, but perhaps it could be deposited just in case. More about money next time. Love, S.

May 9

Dear Mom and Dad -

I so much appreciate your loving return letter. Please don't worry. I won't do anything rash like severing my connection with the Mother Church while I am still abroad.

I thought I had made my "decision" clear, but perhaps I just walked all around it without ever really coming to the point. The way I feel now, I cannot be a Christian Scientist. It's not only that I haven't enough faith to honestly call myself one, but that I am outside of the religion now, as unbelievable as it may sound. You say you can understand that I must search on my own - and I am happy you see that. You both "discovered" C.S. and gave it to me. Perhaps in the end I shall "rediscover" it, but again perhaps I'll find that another kind of life is what I need and want (and I'll give that to my children, only to have the same problem when they grow up).

Between now and when I see you, I'll be thinking - but not doing anything unwise.

The world goes on. I haven't been telling you what I've been doing lately, though.

First - thank you for mentioning the financial form. I naturally had forgotten the other form that I must fill out.

Boat affair - As things are now, B. & I will be able to leave Paris around MAY 24!! That is the beginning of a week Pentecost vacation, and between that and summer vacation, we have only 4 classes, so why not cut them? According to this plan, we can have nearly 2 months vacation by the July 21st boat reservation. If I stayed much longer, I'm very much afraid I'd be stranded here moneyless. So I now have the unpleasant task of writing to Averil and telling her of the double-threat of no money and no August reservation. I hate to disappoint her and of course I hate to miss seeing Scotland. How ideal it had sounded. What do you think?

As for planes - the cheapest plane is on Icelandic Airways (!) and costs \$250 not including baggage. Though B. could take mine with her on the boat, it would undoubtedly be a mess.

I hope you liked the gloves!

Recently, springtime has been so very glorious. Yesterday (a holiday - Armistice Day) I wandered to the Louvre, found it closed, so walked in the Tuileries gardens a while. Sat down and read under a tree during a gentle shower, and only left when a bald middle-aged man sat down to keep me company. Walked then along the Seine, bought a Bernanos (I like him - modern French novelist) book for 90 francs (20 cents) and only left when another bald middle-aged man started following me. I spent about an hour walking on the Ile St. Louis, one of the loveliest spots in Paris. It's a tiny island right at the end of the Ile de la Cité, one of the oldest sections. There's one street going the length of the island, and about 4 width-wise. The buildings are crumbling, like all the buildings in Paris, and the grey of the walls looks so soft and clean next to the pale green of the new spring leaves. There are trees everywhere. That's what makes Paris so lovely. Yesterday I found I loved Paris more than ever, and I can't imagine leaving it.

Last week did I tell you we went to the Flea market? Huge outdoor market that stretches for blocks, selling silver foxes in one booth and toothbrushes in the next. One large section is devoted to 2nd hand junk, but the market has become such a tourist attraction that everything is overpriced.

We spend much of our time talking to Wayne and Bob and two others I don't think I've mentioned. One is Lomon - and I couldn't possibly explain him away. He's 6'4" and so highly affected that he's ineffective and quite lovable. I'll tell you about him - it's easier than writing. The other is Jim Donahue - one of the sweetest, completely nice people I know.

Most time spent reading. Lectures now and then are good, mostly passable.

It will cost too much if I write any more, so I'll stop now.

Write soon. Much love, Me. Over

I forgot one nasty piece of information. The shipping of the 2 jugs cost the abominable sum of 6 pounds, 6 shillings and 6 pence yesterday's letter from Averil indicates. This is almost \$20! The little man who sold them to me wasn't definite, but he said they might come to \$10. Mrs. Peirson has paid the bill. What shall I do? If you consent, I could use \$20 of the \$50 Bob was so good as to give me. OK?

Love again,
Suzie

That includes insurance - guess that was the expense.

May - Monday

Dear Mom and Dad -

Received your letter Saturday, with Nancy's enclosed. I appreciated them both - and am so glad you have them (B. & N.).

I will definitely be coming home on July 17th! Now I'm getting so excited and wish the time would fly. As soon as is humanly possible, will you send me all the details of the trip - like cabin number and ticket? I'm having my luggage stored at American Express while we're traveling, but they must know the cabin number as they're sending the luggage directly to the ship. I'm sailing from Le Havre, aren't I? The voyage is only 5 days - and I'm glad. I think I would die of boredom if it were any longer. I'm surprisingly enough not cut out for that life of leisure, though I may give that impression sometimes.

Our plans now -

Before I forget - Roberta Kirsch is now the surprised owner of an \$1100 fellowship to Wesleyan University - in Conn. Some people!

Back to our plans - we're leaving here around May 24th and are hitchhiking south - through Provence: Avignon, Nimes, Arles and Aix-en-Provence. Then the French Riviera: Cannes, Nice, Monte-Carlo?, Italian Riviera, then Florence (forgot Pisa), Siena, Rome (2 weeks!), Assisi. Then back.

We'll not hitchhike in Italy, as we can't speak the language. Aside from that, we'll do our best to. Also will be youth hostelting as much as possible.

New financial developments chez Roberta. She received a letter from her father a few days ago saying he has been effected by the recession. (He's a civil engineer.) He's already had 2 pay cuts and expects a third. This being the case, Bobbie has changed her boat reservation from Aug. 5 to July 11. Thus we'll have to cut our trip a little short. I'll have about a week by myself - either I'll stay in Paris saying farewell, or if I have the money I'll go to Brussels or the Loire Valley. Dottie and Connie were in Brussels last weekend, and were half-way impressed by the exhibition. From what I've read, it's not magnificent, but of course worth while.

WARNING! There's going to be a more than typical mix-up when R. and S. arrive. Our trunks, it seems, are in a rather turbulent mess. Everything we own was indistinguishably but necessarily packed together. Owners are doubtful. So - there will be a temporary trolley service between Kirsch's and Jagel's. I'll drive - don't worry. But believe me - it's the only way. Will explain all later.

It's lunchtime at Lycée Louis-Le-Grand. I've become quite attached to it. Also to my friends. A nice feeling.

4 P.M.

Waiting now for lecture on Jules Romains.

Sorry for paper - hope you can read my execrable script.

Much love,
Sue

May 16, Friday

Dearest Parents -

Dad - you're spoiling me with all your letters this year - but I do love to get them., and the uniqueness of the event still lasts. What an uproar the family must be in with dentists and strawberry shortcakes! I've been boring all my friends in telling them all about my mother's delicious biscuits, and covered with enormous strawberries and piled high with whipped cream -- ! I'm so hungry after just my near-daily yoghurt. As for the dentist - rest assured that as soon as I have money of my own I'll pay you back.

Bobbie and I spent nearly all morning working out boat and luggage reservations. Our concierges here are priceless. We went in this morning, stuttering in embarrassment, and they said - Would you like to leave your luggage here during vacation? They will accept no money, and will keep my 2 trunks, our 2 big valises, 2 small and one other. This lets us out of paying enormous freight charges. As it is, my 2 trunks and one small one that we're buying here will cost me \$10, to be paid on board. The U.S. Line will pick them up here and deliver them to the hold of the ship. I already made these arrangements with the U.S. Line, and they didn't particularly seem to care that I didn't have my cabin number or ticket yet. But I'm nervous about it, seeing myself stranded on some ice floe. What is the latest? As soon as you get it, will you please send it to me? Thanks!

Now ugly money. Do you agree with that plan about using part of Bob's \$50 to pay for the pitchers? The sum is exactly \$17.71 - absolutely outrageous but what can anyone do. Would you like to send a check to Mrs. Kenneth Peirson for that amount? Address again:

Davenport Lodge
21 Davenport Rd.
Coentry, Warwickshire
England

If you are sending me the extra \$30 (but if you need it please keep it) and haven't already, please don't send it to the bank. I'm going to close my account there on May 23rd. You can just send me 3 tens or something similar (only not in coins or stamps, please) c/o American Express, Florence, Italy, from June 10th to June 17th, or to American Exp., Rome, Italy, from June 20th to July 2nd. These are the probable dates I'll be there, and I guess mail on your side had best be kept to those 2 cities. I don't know where else American Expresses are. B. and I will head back to Paris around the 2nd, and if time and money permit, we'll see either the Loire Valley or go to Brussels. I'm very wary of going to Brussels, I must admit. Prices are ridiculously high for

everything. Hostels are full - except for the Communist one. The regular hostel has evidently turned into a grand game of international male-female relations, and I'm not eager to join.

After all this business, back to your letter, Dad. Please don't either of you fear that I've lost the moral training that you and C.S. have given me. I'm very grateful for that. You wonder what ideology or creed is taking the place of C.S. now in my life, but you probably realize that there hasn't been a conversion from -> to, but rather from -> outside. Last year at this time, if someone felt as I do now, I'm sure I wouldn't have really been able to understand, as much as I may have tried, just because my whole framework was C.S., and all I knew anything about. So I think that explanations will be inadequate, especially in letters. Perhaps we'd better let things go till I get home. I so very much want to see you again, but please don't hope that a reunion with you will bring me back to C.S. It will be very difficult no doubt - for all of us, I mean. Then, if you want to talk, we can, calmly. Till then --

Last night I couldn't get to sleep till 4 AM, so excited over coming home. I'm looking forward to unpacking, showing you little things, searching the house to discover what's new, phoning friends to hear their voices again. Oh - I'm excited.

At the same time, I don't know how I can tear myself away from Paris. Weather has been foul for a week, but I love it more and more. B. and I went to the Japanese Art Exhibition today at the Musée d'Art Moderne. It was an exquisite show. I've never seen such perfect beauty of form, line, and space.

Isn't France in a pretty mess now! (To say nothing of Nixon!) Paris is quite alive to say the least. I love these French - the night they elected Pflimlin and Gen. Massu took over in Algeria the crowds couldn't get in to the Chamber of Deputies, so they rioted against the American Embassy instead. We're always available for emergencies when the real enemy doesn't appear.

We're leaving Paris one week from tomorrow. I'll check for you at Am. Exp. Florence. Oh - If you want to send the money and specifications for leather in Italy, you can send them to Florence also, OK?

See you soon, almost!

Much love,
Sue

May 20

Dear Mom and Dad -

Please pardon the paper again. I'm café-ing and caught without stationery.

Tomorrow before class I'll call Mrs. Brand. Hope we'll be able to meet.

Have been making plans like mad here. Nearly everything, as far as the ship is concerned, is taken care of. As soon as you get the ticket - that's all I need. My biggest worry now is money. We're hosteling and hitching as much as possible - but we still have to eat. My last letter I mentioned that \$30 as being pleasant for me to have - but now, unless you just can't, I feel I must ask for it. I hate to do it but otherwise I wouldn't feel right. Perhaps the best thing to do, if you agree, is to sent it in \$10 bills or something c/o Am. Exp. - Paris to reach here no later than July 9th. This way, it can take care of my last days in Paris, plus expenses on the boat - taxi and porters etc. There are too many incidentals in this world.

Amusement for a change instead of continual business. My last weekend was one of the most active I've ever spent in Paris, I think, i.e.:

Friday - Japanese Art Exhibit
Falstaff (Verdi) - Glyndebourne Opera Co. -- Perfect
Saturday - Jaequemait (sp?) André Museum
Peking Opera - Fun!
Sunday - St. Julien-le-Pauvre (oldest church in Paris)
St. Denis - early Gothic basilica outside the city.

Impressive weekend, wasn't it?

Yesterday spent the afternoon with Jim - the other day with Wayne. I'll hate to leave them.

Paris has been exciting recently - but nothing for you to worry about. They emphasize the riots in the States. Aside from the fact that at this very moment there are 50 armed policemen across the street and a demonstration is planned in 20 minutes in the court of the Sorbonne, all is normal. I shouldn't joke, probably, but believe me - people are fairly apathetic even now, and if I know trouble will be somewhere - I'm not there. Don't worry.

I'll try to write on Friday if I get a minute.

Much love, Me.

May 22, 1958

Dear Mom and Dad -

This may be the last letter I write to you from Paris. I can't bear the thought of leaving - except for Florence's Ufizzi and the fountains of Rome calling from afar.

First - disappointing news. I didn't get to see Mrs. Brand. She said she would be here Tues. or Wed., and I decided to call Wed. Then American Express had a last minute change of plans which forced me to carry valises to Sceaux in mid-afternoon, pack the trunks, and wait for them to call. Didn't get back until dinner time. If you know how to get in touch with her or can

tell me, I would like to drop her a note. I should have left one for her in Paris, only I thought until the last minute that I could contact her.

Other Paris news - Please don't be upset by riot reports in the NY papers -- heard that the Daily Mirror reported Sunday a mass migration out of the city. That stupid reporter saw the thousands of Parisiens who calmly vacate the city every Sunday of the year for a drive in the country, and mistook it for total evacuation! It's really a very quiet city with scarcely anything different going on (to the onlooker). Of course behind the scenes who knows what's happening. Will de Gaulle or won't he? As usual, everyone has his own opinion and the rest of the world is wrong. Bob thinks the old kings were the only things that can work, and he may be right.

That letter you forwarded to me (thank you!) was from John Packard - the former Stagers "star." I always wanted to know him, as he seemed to be one of the most outstanding boys at school but was always too afraid of him (not his fault) to try. Very agreeably surprised by his letter. He's in the Army now, stationed in Ger. If he can, he'll meet Bobbie and myself somewhere this summer.

I'll be very sorry to leave my friends here. I doubt very much that they'll ever look me up again, as especially Wayne's and Bob's worlds are much different from mine. But I have learned a lot in knowing them. Jim Donahue also, I'll miss. Have I mentioned him? Perhaps he'll be in Syracuse next year and we can see each other.

Told you once before I think that Steve Davis, an old U of Rer was here. He left, and then was magnetized back to Paris. He's leaving on his motor bike the same day as we, and we'll meet him here and there in southern France. Later he's meeting 2 other fraternity brothers (Beta Delt - Norm's) who are coming to Europe this summer, and we may meet them somewhere on the continent. I feel just too international.

I'll be in Nice on June 1st and 2nd. There's an Am. Exp. there. Hint!

I'm not guaranteeing letters too often, but many cards.

Thinking of you - much love - Sue

May 25

Postcard, Avignon, Le Pont Saint-Bénézet

Dear Mom & Dad -

Left Paris at 8 yesterday morning - arrived at Lyon at 9:30 PM. No trouble hitchhiking - except for one hr's wet wait in the rain. Our drivers included everything from a judo teacher to a Jew-hater! Will write letter probably with details.

This morning left Lyon in the rain at 9:30, arrived in Avignon at 3. Absolutely no trouble. It's so easy. Saw Papal Palace (corner seen in picture) and walked in this very pretty town. Hostel here is situated in most magnificent spot (see x on pic). We look out over the Pont

d'Avignon and the whole walled city. Oh - and the weather is now sunny and warm, and should remain so. Tomorrow still here - next day Nimes.

Much love, Sue

May 25 - Monday

Dearest Mom and Dad-

First - note the new paper - bought to fit efficiently into our sacks. How economically we made all preparations. I don't think I've told you about them, so to start you off well, I will. We each are wearing a black skirt, which we exchange every other day. On top we have our choice of 2 drip-dries, 2 sleeveless blouses, 2 polo shirts. Add to this 2 prs. of shorts and 2 bathing suits for the Riviera, various underwear and toilet articles, and you have our equipage for 6 weeks. The packs are not heavy, and make the trip so much more fun.

Right now I'm sitting at a table in the Avignon hostel. In the next room a boy is playing his harmonica, and people are chatting about maps and travel and hostels. Across the river is the city, and 100 feet away is the "Pont d'Avignon," illuminated now. I'm very happy.

Spent such a nice day today. We left the hotel and walked around the city - pale stone buildings and pale orange tile roofs (such a contrast to the vivid oranges of Lyon - it already seems more tropical). We walked out onto the bridge - you can see in the postcard that the end is broken off. It's quite lovely.

Back to the hotel for lunch (which usually consists of bread and cheese). We're keeping the STRICTEST budget imaginable. Our daily limit is \$3 and so far I've managed to keep within \$2! That's fairly good, isn't it? Anyway - after lunch we hiked a mile or so to Villeneuve and the Fort St. André, where we spent a very delightful time. It's a medieval fort - quite huge. We wandered around the battlements, climbed tiny twisting staircases in the turrets, walked into cramped old musty cells and a pretty chapel. Such fun it was.

Back to the hostel for dinner (tuna fish treat tonight!). My - I can take anything, I think. French hostels are hardly noted for their luxury. We sleep on straw-filled saggy mattresses. B. and I brought 2 blanket covers with us, so we curl up in those and put the hostel's 2 blankets over that, praying that we won't touch the mattress during the night. Lights are turned out automatically at 10:30, and we usually get up at 7:30. The W.C outside has no door (we stand guard for each other), and to flush it, you leave, turn the corner, walk to the sink and turn on the faucet. That's the system, and it works! I'm almost used to washing in cold water - and Nice has hot - we can hardly wait!

Enough of that. We love it really. We're absolutely exhausted every night, but it feels very good.

The only businesses I can think of are:

- 1- Are you sending money (Amer.) to Florence for pocketbook?
- 2- Will you be able to send \$30 to Paris for me? (I hope so.)

I'm waiting for your letter! Much love,
Sue

May 27

Postcard, Le Pont du Gard

Dear Mom & Dad -

Just wrote a letter, but I had to let you see the Pont du Gard. We got a ride here, so decided to see it - and are so glad. Do you see the people on top? Well, because of the mistrale - S. France's wind, we didn't dare walk there, but right under them, and over the top arcades, we walked across through a tunnel. Came back on the level of the middle arcade (and were nearly blown off!). Hiked a couple of miles thru gorgeous countryside, then came to Nimes. I'm sitting now a block away from the Roman arena - the only thing I've seen so far. Waiting now for 2 o'clock and opening of the other monuments.

We'll be in Florence sooner than planned - probably by June 7th.

Enjoying every minute.

Love, Sue

May 28 - Wednesday, Arles

Dear Mom & Dad -

Just the start of a letter. B & I are sitting now on the banks of a canal near the hostel, watching about 10 young people across the square doing Provencal folk dances. So pretty - each with a tambourine, dancing to the music of a left-handed flute.

It provides a little rest from the rather gruesome prospects of tonight in the hostel. It's rather dirtier than usual.

Yesterday our finances took a leap downward - the hostel at Nimes was filled by a party. We got together with 2 English girls we had originally met in the Lyons hostel, and rented a hotel room at 400 frs. each. The hotel was new - 1/2 a block from the arena - the beds were soft - with sheets on them - the water was hot and all was worth while.

Arrived early this morning in Arles, found the hostel and left our things, then set out on a tour of the town. Ate lunch in the arena here (not as well-preserved as that at Nime) on a stone slab. Lunch consisted of raw peas direct from the pod, a kilo of cherries (delish) and yoghurt.

Saw also the beautiful ancient theater. Then a medieval (beautiful) cloister and chapel, Roman baths, and finally a Roman cemetery absolutely lined with sarcophagi (-guses).

New schedule - please take note. We shall most likely keep to this one:

Florence - June 3 - June 10

Rome - June 14-26

We're going to Nice tomorrow, will see Aix-en-Provence on the way back. Also - our new schedule will let us see some chateaux along the Loire, plus Chartres, that we've been trying to see for such a time.

May 30, Nice

Welcome to the sunny Riviera - bosh. Bobbie and I are sitting on a curbstone under an awning across from the gardens and next to the world-renowned Promenade des Anglais (along the border of the Mediterranean) waiting for the rain to stop.

Hitchhiked all day yesterday (beautiful weather then) and arrived in Nice about 6 o'clock. Caught our first glimpse of the sea while bumping along in an open truck - how beautiful it is! Even had a ride in an American's luxurious white MG while going through Cannes and seeing the swanky hotels. Sort of ridiculous, really. And there's no beach here to lie on - just rocks, so if we ever do go in swimming, it won't be as good as we had hoped. Quite lovely of course, but hardly worth millions.

The hostel here is a dream. It's about half an hour outside of Nice by bus, and is an old chateau formerly owned by a marquise. There are gardens around it, a pool with croaking frogs, now and then a drop of hot water, even. Our room is more like a dorm room - nicely furnished & CLEAN. Such a joy. All for 150 francs a day.

Going now to Am. Exp. to check for mail and find out about bus fare to Florence and Italy. Hope my money holds out. I'm spending an average of \$2.50 a day or less.

Please write!

I wish this *!@ rain would stop.

Much love,
Sue

P.S. As before, B's waiting to tell her parents about hitchhiking till she gets home - so if you should speak to them, please don't say anything yet about our gay adventure. Thanks.

May 31, Nice

Dear Mom & Dad -

I'm sunning myself in lovely Nice, so all is now well. Many adventures - but first I'll answer questions.

Dad - it's a shame you broke your glasses, but very funny how you did it. Thanks for the description of Norma's wedding - hope she is happy.

1 - I sent the money to Mrs. P.

2 - Hotel St. André des Arts is forwarding my mail until the middle of June, and then holding it for me, as we'll be staying there again when we return. Yes - my luggage is there. It would have cost a fortune at Am. Exp. or wherever. US Lines will pick it up 2 days before I sail and send it to the boat. Charge - \$10.

3 - After the 1st letter, I sent Uncle George a card from England, and shall send him a letter on this trip.

4 - Interesting about Dick and Rosemary. I knew they were married. Please send my best to them.

5 - When I'm home I'll most likely try to get a job - though I don't want to forfeit the trip to Dave's. Any suggestions?

6 - I have my money in Am Exp travellers checks - very safe. Don't worry.

7 - Sorry I forgot to mention the snapshot in all the excitement. I loved it, and had it proudly displayed for all to see. How the children have grown, and how good it was especially to see you, Dad.

8 - As for the Buchwald article - enjoyed it very much. Showed it to my friends, and B sent it home to her parents. Thanks for both!

9 - U.S. Lines know all about me. Thank you for the contract. Will give it to them on my return.

NOW ----

What an absolutely fantastic time I've had since I received your letter and mailed a card to you yesterday. First, at Am. Exp. we bought train tickets to Florence, Rome and back for \$15. Not bad. Too many people had warned us against hitchhiking in Italy, so we decided definitely it would be worth the money to take the train. The young Frenchman who sold us the ticket also happened to invite us to lunch. He was very kind, and we would have accepted, but plans got confused.

Went to the Post Office (by this time the weather had cleared) and were asked by a young man to translate his American into French. Started talking to him and his friend. The younger is from Brooklyn, of all places, is studying oceanography, working for his doctor's degree, at MIT. The older man was a Dr. Clark, biology and oceanography professor at Harvard. We were holding a "back home" conversation, and soon were invited to have dinner aboard the Calypso. This ship, it seems, is the best in the world for oceanographic research. (Look in last month's - March - National Geographic - there's an article about it there, and one a few months before, and at least one a year.)

Met them later on, and were asked to go to Monaco, where the ship was to come in. As Dr. Clark was late for the appointment, he felt it would be better to take a cab (3000 francs!) all

the way there. Their conversations are priceless - nearly always about "bugs" that glow a mile down in the ocean depths. Had absolutely beautiful ride along the sea to Monaco - scenery here is unsurpassable. Once there, we entered (free - usually 300 frs.) the Oceanographic Museum and looked at all the fish in the aquarium. While they examined film or something, B & I went up to the palace of Prince Rainier and Grace - the most ugly building I have ever seen.

Met them again, and walked through the gorgeous gardens of Monte Carlo. Then bussed back to Nice. No one was quite sure when the Calypso was due back in port, so we went to a café, Le Nautique, in the port to wait. Had salade Nicoise ('cause we were in Nice) and ice cream, which Lloyd put on his expense account. Time passed so quickly that we missed our last bus to the hostel. Lloyd felt guilty, by this time, so insisted on finding a hotel room for B and myself (out of his expense account!). We hardly had a choice, as we couldn't go back to the hostel. Had such a good time at the café, which was frequented by local people and not New Yorkers. The Calypso soon docked, and we met the crew - a very nice group of men. B & I acted as interpreters, as Lloyd speaks no French. (Dr. Clark grammatically correct, but hardly conversational.) Were invited aboard, shown the various labs etc., and had a snack in the galley. Then Lloyd found us a hotel (1500 francs!) and he went back aboard the ship to sleep. Please don't worry. We're well able to take care of ourselves. The crew members were marvelous, and complete gentlemen. And as I said, all Lloyd and Dr. Clark care for are their phosphorescent animals. The Captain has invited us for dinner tonight, and the food is supposed to be excellent.

Met Lloyd this morning on the promenade. We came out with him to Antibes, a very pretty small town east of Nice. While he went to the boat here that he is supposed to be working on, B & I took hot showers in his hotel room, which has its own john. Such luxury we haven't seen all year. We washed our hair, and now are waiting for him to return.

Next we're going back to Nice to swim. Tonight either dinner aboard the Calypso or something for us at the hotel if the boat doesn't arrive by 6.

Please - don't worry. All is innocent, and very much fun.

Write soon!

Much love,
Sue

June 3 - Florence

Dear Parents -

How gorgeous this city is! I must control myself, and give you the chronological order of my days, though.

I left you just after taking a luscious shower. How good that felt! Lloyd came back soon after from the boat which he's supposed to be working on, but which isn't finished yet, and took us out to lunch. The best meal we've had all year!

Returned to Nice, and there was the Calypso, back for the day. The captain, a very sweet man who can speak some English (luckily for Lloyd) welcomed us, and took us on a tour of that ship. I hope you find the article in the March National Geographic. The crew is hardly like on a regular merchant ship - they're hand-picked and all well-educated (the radio operator majored in philosophy, then turned to electronics). All this while the hi-fi set played, the crew swam from the sides of the ship - oh it was fun. At about 7:30, Captain Cousteau arrived (he's the author of the article). A very distinguished man, millionaire and all the rest of it. Ate an informal dinner. I sat next to the captain and talked to him and the chief engineer. Cousteau and his wife and an American businessman friend were there, plus some of the crew, Lloyd, Bobbie and that's it. Dinner was very well-prepared and tasty. Again we missed our bus to the hostel and again Lloyd paid for a room. Very sweet of him.

Next morning B & I went to the Calypso to get Lloyd, and had coffee and rolls on the fore deck. Some fun! The 3 of us then retired to the nearest beach and acquired a suntan for the rest of the day. We were joined about 4 by Marcello - the radio operator. Sadly left at about 7. B & I trudged back to the hostel to wash clothes.

Left yesterday morning - took boring train ride to Florence.

Today wandered around. Nothing exceptional done, but we've enjoyed every minute. I think of you both so often, and wish I could share this all with you.

Dad - hope you liked the tie. I trust my taste wasn't abominable, at least.

June 5th

Two beautiful days to tell you about. Yesterday we spent the morning in the Uffizi gallery. Completely thrilled by it. Saw almost half, but must go back at least twice more. Their collection of Botticellis alone is worth hours and hours. Every work there seems a masterpiece.

After lunch I went into the Duomo, Santa Maria del Fiore - the largest church in Florence. The architecture is amazing - more later. Outside is the famous bell tower designed by Giotto, and very beautiful. Across the way is the Baptistry. In the 15th century, a contest was held for the most beautiful doors. The result is astounding - Michelangelo is said to have called them the gates of paradise. I can hardly describe them.

My greatest wish is that I knew more about what I was seeing. I've heard and vaguely studied in school about the greatest works (such as those doors) but it's hardly enough. I'm trying to observe as best I can, and hope I won't regret this all when 10 years from now I'll know so much more.

Well - took a long walk to the Santa Croce, where I was looking forward to the small Bordini Chapel, which contains some of Giotto's better frescoes. Very disappointed to find construction in its place, and no way to break in.

Today, we went to the Pitti Palace - a huge Renaissance building across the river Arno. Got lost in the Boboli Gardens outside trying to find the amphitheater and Neptune fountain. Managed to find a "kaffeehaus" - and had a lovely view of the whole city and the hills that surround it.

Went through the Palatine Gallery - the greatest conglomeration I've ever seen. The gallery is inside the Pitti Palace, and the rooms carry out the palace's magnificence. Each room is hung with paintings to the ceiling - and the ceiling is covered by a fresco. Fortunately, the best paintings are the lowest - saw marvelous works again - Titian, Rubens, Rafael, Filippo Lippi - it's all unbelievable.

Found on leaving that today is a religious holiday - of what we weren't able to ascertain. Went to a church to see Masaccio's Brancucci Chapel - no words to describe it.

Everything else in the city closed - tried the Uffizi again - so came home exhausted and slept.

After dinner tonight we found ourselves drawn to the Duomo, where a religious parade was being held. Shaven monks, choirboys, priests, marching bands, and the Cardinal of Florence went by us into the cathedral. Through it all the fantastic marble design of the church changed from pink to blue, and the bells of the cathedral dome, the neighboring belltower and the Baptistery joined together in the most magnificent harmony. I'll never forget it.

Aside from all this grandeur, we're having our usual problems of eating too much spaghetti, being followed by too many handsome Italians, and not able to make ourselves understood to the waiter (whom we call carabinieri instead of camerieri!)

Love, Me

June 3

Postcard, Florence, Ponte Vecchio

Dear Mom & Dad -

You'll never get me away from this beautiful city -- or hardly ever. Spent the morning wandering around the Ponte Vecchio area - and nearly finished buying the gifts I wanted to -

including a Father's Day gift in one of the tiny stores on the bridge. I'm attempting now to send it off - hope I'm successful. A long letter to you is waiting to be mailed in the hotel room - all about our Nice adventures. Had such a perfect time there.

No letter from you today. Maybe tomorrow.

Are filling up on pasta and spaghetti - nearly run over every time we cross the street - each man shows his approval - we're in Italy again!!

Much love,
Me
Florence

June 8- Sunday

Dear Mom & Dad -

Today is a lazy day - everything is closed. The weather as always here is sunny and hot. We feel clean again - having gone to the palatial public bath in the RR station. Huge subterranean establishment where you can have everything from a cup of coffee to a Turkish bath.

Spent a very good day yesterday. The other day we met another New Yorker. This one's name is Bennett. He accompanied us to Fiesole, a beautiful town just outside and above Florence. The bus took us through olive orchards and fields of grapes - up and up until we had a magnificent view of the whole city spread out below us, encircled by mountains. We hiked for a while up another hill, and came back to town for lunch. Ate in the nicest restaurant there (Bennett paid!) - sitting on a terrace under a roof of ivy overlooking the whole countryside.

With new energy, we climbed a steep hill that took us up to a 12th century Franciscan monastery. A little bald, bearded monk met us in the chapel, and guided us around (speaking the usual mixture of French, English and Italian which is used for foreigners). The most impressive were a tiny garden in the cloisters, bright with flowers - and here and there a monk. Also, the tiny cells upstairs that were used by the monks hundreds of years ago were very beautiful. Each was kept as it used to be. All had little windows overlooking the countryside, and some had desks with middle-ages manuscripts, and some were cluttered with apothecary jugs and bottles. The narrow passageway that linked them together was roofed in the traditional Franciscan way - sturdy wooden timbers.

After a few idyllic hours spent in a tea room (again an outdoor terrace) overlooking the most unbelievably beautiful city and mountains, we took the bus home again.

The day before that I saw the Palazzo Vecchio, returned to the Uffizi Gallery, went to the San Marco Museum where I saw a marvelous collection of Fra Angelico's. Went into the church also, and was warned by a praying priest to put something over my naked arms - I was wearing an innocent sleeveless blouse. Then saw the "David Tribune" - a gallery where there are about five original Michelangelos, the most spectacular being his statue of David.

All would be heavenly were it not for money. I hate it more with each day. For the most part, I've been staying within my \$3 a day limit - many times spending only \$2.25 or so. I ran into trouble my first few days in Florence, buying gifts. (By the way, hope I get a letter and money from you tomorrow so I can get your purse and gloves or whatever.)

I'm afraid I'm going to have to confess something I didn't want to tell you until I got home. You were right in wondering if my plans to stay till August weren't a bit optimistic. They were, but in a different sense. To the beginning. Last December, do you remember our plans to go with our friend Bob Dial to Spain in his new Porsche? We had known Bob since October, and were quite friendly with him. We all thought of this vacation idea together, and saw that the only way we could do this was to complete payments on the Porsche. Bob had been paying faithfully since he arrived, but needed \$160 to complete the payment. B & I decided that as long as we were going in the car, we'd lend him the money, but as she found she couldn't get that much from her parents, I loaned it to him. He had it all worked out how he would pay me back - and I know he meant to. Well, we changed our minds about Spain and went to Austria, but I could hardly ask for my money back, I thought. Bob went anyway with our U of R friend Bob Gilbert (who loaned him \$50 which he never got back). When they returned, we saw Bob quite often. He was in my class at school. He took me out one night, as interest on the loan, he said, which he thought he could begin paying back the next week. I never saw him again. I probably was a naive fool to have done it in the first place, but I thought that's what friends are for. I know his intentions were good - but he got involved with a rich American crowd and moved back to the States. I've checked for him at his old hotels and found nothing. Went to the Am. Embassy and discovered he is in the States studying somewhere. I wrote to the V.A. in Washington and found out just before leaving on the trip that they cannot locate him. I'm still checking, and will do so again in Paris - and if nothing, then in the States (with the help of Bob Gilbert, also on the warpath). He used to live in the state of Washington. His mother supports him, besides the G.I. Bill of Rights. His stepfather he doesn't like. It's my problem, and doesn't concern you both, except in one way. The way I have it figured, I can almost come back to the States intact. It's rather good, considering all plans had been made out to include that \$160. Haven't heard yet whether or not you plan to send \$30 to Paris, and now I'm going to ask even more. Could you possibly send \$20 more - making \$50 in all? I know I have no right, and I hate to drag you into this, but I can do nothing else. I'll pay it back as soon as I possibly can. At the time I loaned him that money, I never thought this could happen. Can you understand why I did it? And I'm sure I'll get it back sometime - I'm just so angry I don't have it now. Looking at it from this distance, I seem to have been a complete fool - but at the time he was our friend - as reliable as anyone could be. Oh well that's not the point. I'll get it back. But till then, can I rely on having \$50 in Paris? Otherwise, I hate to sound dramatic, I'll have to starve. Money then has to be paid on such things as taxis, luggage, and boat tips.

Really want to get home. This trip is marvelous, but very tiring.

Much love and thanks,
Sue

June 9

Still Florence

Dearest Parents -

I'm so excited! Just bought both the bag and wallet, and I'm sure you'll like them. I've been looking ever since we arrived, and the ones I finally bought are the best. The wallet is black with a simple gold line around it - very simple and conservative - and the leather is as soft as butter. I'm positive you'll be pleased. And the bag is the most beautiful I've seen in Florence - at any price. Bought both things in the same store (by the way, didn't like any of the things in the shop the Richters suggested) which contained only well-made goods in good taste. Again the leather is almost eatable it's so soft. It has gold trim - again conservative, or you'd get tired of it. It has a side pocket on either side like you've had before. The lining is red leather and lovely. The workmanship is excellent - again the best I saw. Not cheesy at all. The man said in the U.S. the retail price at the lowest would be \$45 - take that for what it's worth. A lousy attempt at drawing follows:

[bad sketches of both with note saying I CAN'T]

It's impossible - but you'll love it. The mailing charge would have been another \$3, so I had them wrap it very well, and I'll carry it myself.

Now - please stop worrying about me. If you say \$50 will be in Paris for me, I'll certainly make it home, have no fear. When we reached Florence, we decided to take a hotel - must pay \$1 a day, but it is worth it. Also will in Rome, but back in France probably will hostel. It doesn't bother me - I'm grateful there are such things. As far as the tight budget - I see everything everyone else sees. (Got special Italian dispensation card which lets us in free nearly everywhere such as Uffizi - 250 for others - nothing for us). The only thing that bothers me is that I can't afford the gifts I want to buy. Florence is full of such beautiful things for reasonable prices. I'd love to buy you a handmade blouse, Mom, but I can't. Hope you're not angry about the Bob Dial affair - it will be straightened out. And one more thing. B's parents are sending her more money than they had planned, so there's always that if the need arises - which it won't. Her father's office closed because of the recession, but fortunately he was transferred to another office - at least for the time being. You haven't said a word about it --.

Very happy to hear about John and Vera - and too bad about Jane. You sound like you had such a happy time at the annual meeting and I'm so glad. Yes - I was at Chestnut Hill, and thought it quite beautiful. Yes again - I ate in that Brigham's with Averil and a Principia boy who used to room with Warren.

Scotland of course still sounds very tempting, but rather out of the question. It would mean boat fare across the Channel (\$8), train to Glasgow (\$5?), and train all the way down to Southampton (\$7?) plus infinite changes in baggage directions.

Itinerary which is to be followed:

June 11th - leave Florence for Siena and Assisi
June 14th - arrive in Rome

June 28th - leave Rome -> Nice
July 1st - Nice -> Aix-en-Provence
July 3rd - Loire Valley
July 7th - Arrive PARIS

Will you be able to have the \$50 in Paris on the 7th? B. says her parents send the money to Am. Exp. through M. Pierre at Chase, if you'd feel better that way. But go at least a week before to give it time. As for the \$20 - there is absolutely no reason for you to pay the mailing cost of the pitchers. Unfortunately I need it now but I'll give it to you as soon as I have it. Oh - I can't understand why you don't have them yet. Perhaps a letter should be written.

Please say hello to Lynne for me.

Enough of this. I shall not mention money ever again.

Last night we met Bennett, our Fiesole friend, for coffee in the Piazza della Signoria. Sat in the shadow of the Palazzo Vecchio, with Michelangelo's David in front of us, and a Benvenuto Cellini to our right. Dusk in Florence is quite beautiful. Later drifted up to another square where we sat in an outdoor café with an Italian-style floor show - 2 popular singers, and 2 genuine Italian opera singers, singing Puccini as if their hearts would break (perhaps they should have - but it was fun).

Tomorrow we'll see the few things we've missed, and the next day we leave. Today was devoted to the bag and wallet search - very enjoyable. Can't wait to see if you approve.

Write to me in Rome!

Much love,
Sue
Rome

June 14

Dearest Parents -

We've just emerged from the Vatican Museum, and are still under the effect of the Sistine Chapel. Never have I seen anything so magnificent. I expected to be disappointed, but was overwhelmed.

Arrived in Rome day before yesterday - have been so busy I haven't written. Please excuse me. We had intended to go to Siena and Assisi as you know, but weather for 3 days in a row was very bad, so we finally gave up and came straight to Rome.

Went to Am. Exp. and was very happy to receive your letter. You are very good to me. The money naturally was safe (in its cute little carbon paper) - I imagine it's part of the \$50?

Rome is huge and glorious. Fountains are everywhere - and staircases abound.

We're staying in a very nice hotel - bargained with innumerable people and finally got a reasonable price. Our room is clean and cheery with hot water. Out concierge very sweet - gave us a guide book & all.

First day here we bumped into Bennet, our Florence friend, in the American Bar we were gaping over. We eat there regularly, almost, preferring a hamburger to the omnipresent spaghetti.

Yesterday we spent a very full day - walked through the Roman Forum, saw the Coliseum and many small and large ruins everywhere. After lunch, we were tired and it was raining, so Bennet decided to take us to the church St. Peter in Chains via a horse carriage (European cities abound in the little atmospheric vehicles). Great fun. At the church saw Michelangelo's Moses - indescribably powerful. Met another American there. The 4 of us had tea and then went on to see the Pantheon. Quite a day.

Am in a rush now, so I must stop. Will send another letter very soon.

Much love,
Sue

June 16

Rome

Dear Mom & Dad -

I guess my rush note to you the other day filled you in on our general activities. We're continuing to enjoy ourselves very much. It's so nice when you're in a city for a while, can settle yourself, and not feel obligated to rush wildly seeing every Roman column mentioned in the guide books.

Just after I wrote to you on Saturday, we went to visit St. Peter's Cathedral and were not disappointed. A grand avenue leads to the circular courtyard in front of the church - and that courtyard is immense. It is surrounded by an arcade of columns, with marble statues majestically lined on top. The church's interior is the most splendid I've ever seen. The ceiling is covered with gold and the marble columns are inlaid with semi-precious stones. I was most impressed however by 2 things - one the Pieta of Michelangelo (one of the most beautiful statues I've ever seen) and the other a severe statue of St. Peter. Remember Bob telling us about it, and how its foot is worn away by kisses?

We met Bennett for lunch, and decided to take a walk in the Borghese Gardens. We looked everywhere for the Villa Giulia, asking everyone "Dove Villa Giulia?" (Where is ..) but never succeeded in finding it. Our walk, though, was lovely. The park is quite beautiful.

After supper we met again, and Bennett asked us to accompany him to of all things a Viennese wine-cellar or beer-garden or whatever it's called. Hardly Roman, but we went to please him - and were rewarded by the squeakiest violin I've ever heard. Later were joined by

Bobbie's friend Alex (did I tell you she accidentally bumped into him the night before? She knew him well as her brother's friend in the States.). We moved our small party to Alex's apartment (he lives in Rome, is a movie director here) where we nibbled bread and cheese and listened to a hi-fi (!). His apartment has only two rooms, but he has a terrace outside - quite large - that overlooks the Coliseum and the entire city of Rome. It's fantastically beautiful there at night.

Yesterday Bennett decided to take us on a tour of the Borghese Gardens, his favorite spot in Rome, and as a going-away gift, we took a horse and carriage again. It was fun bouncing along behind the horse and going through many of the lovely roads in the park. Bobbie left us later to go and rest, and Bennett and I talked and had a milkshake until it was time for him to fly home. He had been very good to us.

Last night Bobbie decided to treat me to an American movie, and the only one that was playing was the ghastly The Lady Says No. Saw it anyway. Afterwards we had apple pie and coffee in the American Bar! Not as good as yours, tho', Mom.

June 17

Yesterday I went by myself to the Baths of Diocletian and the National Museum while B. slept. The baths are the nicest I've seen. Huge rooms with very high ceilings made in vaulted style, or of domes. The niches in the walls contained Roman statues, and the garden outside was overgrown with poppies and cornflowers, and strewn with columns and capitols. The museum had some extraordinary Greek things, plus much Roman.

Bobbie didn't feel too well so she stayed in bed. We took advantage of the fact and had the black skirt washed and ironed. B. is wearing it proudly today.

No more real news. More sightseeing today. Weather always agreeable.

Much love,
Sue

June 18

Post card - Rome - La Pietà

Dearest Family -

Wanted you to see this beautiful work that I told you of. It's in St. Peter's.

We're changing headquarters to the student hotel (very nice) near the Vatican.

Went back to the Baths of Diocletian today and just love them. We'll be here until the 28th - and still have much to see. Met a woman yesterday who's been here 2 months and is still touring.

Congratulations on your typing. I'll send home my themes next year for you to type,
Mom!

Oh - send money via bank (Chase) to American Express Paris.

I sent a card to Jo thanking her.

Much love,
Sue

P.S. Mailed a letter to Uncle G.

June 20th

Dear Mom & Dad -

Dusk is rapidly approaching, so I'd better hurry, as I'm sitting in an outdoor café. The café is in the courtyard of the student hotel we moved into yesterday, and is very nice. The dormitory room even has its own sheets and maid service! The café's owners evidently don't care if you order or not, so I sit here whenever I please.

Received your nice letter today, and was very upset to hear of Henry. I thought of him often, and wanted to see him again. You were so kind to him I know, as you always are.

Very interested to read about the new Michelangelo discovery. Needless to say we didn't quite recognize it at the Pitti Palace! The Vasari book, The Lives of the Painters, Bobbie bought and read in Florence. I'm in the middle now, but haven't reached the Michelangelo chapter yet.

Yesterday we climbed around the mammoth circular Castel Sant'Angelo and saw dungeons and ever-fascinating dark corridors. After, I wandered around a bright little neighborhood trying in vain to follow "Itinerary VII." In spite of the guide book, I enjoyed my walk. Saw more fountains, and immense numbers of closed church doors. Everything closes between 1 and 4, leaving poor tourists stranded. I did climb the monument to Victor Emmanuel and enjoyed a lovely view of the seven hills of Rome.

Back at the hotel, we met two GIs - not as bad as it could have been. One had just begun practicing law and the other had majored in Eng. Lit. at college. We talked a while, then took a tour of Rome at night. Stopped near the Coliseum and walked in among the ancient walls, with a canopy of stars overhead. So beautiful. Afterwards rode to a café (they have a Volkswagen) and talked more. Nice night.

Next day we (B and I) went to see the large church Santa Maria Maggiore, and walked much around. Sat awhile in the Borghese Gardens and came home. Met again a man we had talked to at American Express, and I started talking to him. This conversation lasted a few hours, enough time to find out he's quite nice - graduated from Harvard majoring in Eng. Lit. We ate in the corner pizzeria (delish!). I'm going to the Borghese Gardens with him today.

Last night we went with our friends of the night before to the Fountain of Trevi (the "Three Coins in the Fountain" one) and threw coins! That means we'll be back to Rome for sure. It's hard to see the fountain for the mob of tourists who cluster there, dreaming dreams of Louis Jourdan and the romance of Rome. Had coffee afterwards with them and never will see them again, as they left for Sicily this morning. Must find more rich Americans who will pay for our coffee!

June 21

Just awoke to another beautiful day here. Bobbie's still sleeping and I'm contentedly sipping a cup of coffee in pretty café, writing to you.

I had a very good time with John Haag (the Harvard one) yesterday. We walked to the Vie Margutta (?), the left bank of Rome, where there was an outdoor art exhibition something like those they hold in the Village. Went from there through the Borghese Gardens to the Museum of Modern Art, and then to the Borghese Gallery. Lord, what art!! All in one afternoon! Talked awhile and walked awhile and then came home. He has been living in Rome for two months, and is here to learn Italian. Wish I could. Tomorrow we're going to re-visit the Vatican Museums.

Today, if B. ever gets up, we're going to walk on the Appian Way.

Thank you very much for the money. I'm going to save it for Paris, I think. As far as I can see, Rome is no less cheap than New York. Florence, of course, is the best place to buy things (tho' Vienna was good, too. Oh - I'm going to be hated by all my friends if I drop names like that!). I'll be very happy to buy perfume for you. Perhaps I'll buy some myself with the \$10. Arpege?

What has happened to my handwriting recently?

Love,
Sue

June 24

-Rome

Dearest Parents,

I'm quite content here. Now I'm sitting on my bed in the dorm room after a day at the Roman Lido (beach). The girls here are very nice on the whole - nearly all Americans, and nearly all students. The class of person is much above hostels.

Bobbie and John and I went to the beach, as I said. I can't remember enjoying myself more in the water. It was warm, and the level was shallow enough to permit us to play and splash in a huge area. Picnicked on the beach, and sunbathed.

Think I last wrote to you after John's and my art-y afternoon. The next day Bobbie and I found our way to the Appian Way. A little Irishman took us around the Catacombs, where it was cold and damp. We followed each other's candles. Through the black narrow corridors, watching for bones and inscriptions (like the fish, the anchor, the dove). We enjoyed it so much. As it was then one, we were forced to amuse ourselves till three so we took a stroll up the Appian Way. Found a heavenly grove of trees off the side of the road. Next to us a crumbling Roman wall, and across the way, a circular mammoth Roman tomb. We just lay on our backs and counted our blessings. Unfortunately, the next catacombs was not as pleasant though larger (170,000 Christians, martyrs and otherwise, buried there, including Peter and Paul). We were caught with 150 giggling Americans and couldn't escape.

Yesterday I saw John again. As I seem to be seeing so much of him, I may as well tell you more about him. The poor man is originally from Rochester, as I said he attended Harvard, then worked for CBS in NY for 4 years. He's now 27, lives here in Rome with an Italian family, and already speaks Italian quite well. Nothing will come of our relationship, but we're both enjoying ourselves.

Now to yesterday - we set off in the morning rain (first in a long while) to the Vatican Museums. It is one place absolutely necessary to visit. Found myself completely overawed again by the Sistine Chapel. We wandered agreeably there till it closed at 2, had coffee, then returned to our respective homes. (John always eats with his family.) The rain in the afternoon kept us from sightseeing. Reread Wuthering Heights. After dinner John came by, and I found myself deposited in a Fiat (car) with 4 Italians and him. The two male Italians spoke some French, the girls nothing but Italian, so you can imagine the havoc of misunderstandings. Rode up on a hill and gazed upon Rome for a while, then after taking the 2 girls home (their deadline 9:30!) John and I were dropped in town. We had coffee and talked, and he took me home.

Now B & I are recuperating from the beach experience, and may meet John and a friend of his tonight. Hope we have the energy.

June 25

How happy I was yesterday to receive your letter. I don't understand why Bob and Nan are so good to me, but I do thank them. I was so excited I ran right out and bought postcards as a splurge. I was going to send one to you, but found after writing to B & N I had only Michelangelo's Pietà left, and I had already sent one to you. I have a mania for them.

So glad to hear you like the pitchers. Can't wait to see them. I saw fragments that looked quite like lustre-ware in the Egyptian Room at the Vatican Museums. That's really old! You didn't pay anything extra, did you?

Well - yesterday John and I saw Michelangelo's steps and square, visited a museum and a few churches, and called it an afternoon. Had coffee in a very Roman part of town - the chairs and tables dragged out onto the cobblestones, and occupied by overfed mammas and squalling children.

Last night he and I went for a walk through narrow cobblestoned streets, wash hanging and dripping overhead. Cats are everywhere. We got lost, eventually found our way home.

Today B and I are going to Tivoli and the Villa d'Este. She sends her love.

Thanks for the interesting clipping and the \$10.

Much much love,
Sue

June 29

Dearest Parents,

Rome has attracted us for another day! We'll leave on the night train tonight instead of early this morning. We've been so happy here that we hardly want to go.

I don't remember when I wrote in relation to what I've been doing. Think that since then John and I went to the English cemetery, where Keats and Shelley are buried. Visited also St. Paul's Outside the Walls - a very large and for a change very simple church. Its cloister is from the 13th century - small, green, with twisted columns covered in mosaics. Visited the Coliseum that night with John, and was so very awed by it. Remember the last time I saw it at night and talked about the glistening sky overhead? This time, the moon was out - white and clear - and it spent hours gliding among the racing grey clouds.

The night before that, B and I went to Tivoli. The gardens of the Villa d'Este were illuminated - and such a splendid sight! Hundreds of fountains - everywhere. The sound of the splashing and thundering water. Pathways, illuminated by flashing fireflies, were lined with rushing brooks. And from the balcony, the whole glimmering countryside and skies were visible.

Yesterday John and I walked in the Villa Borghese and around Rome generally. Happened to bump into a Paris acquaintance who invited himself along for coffee. Bid farewell to John, after having spent many pleasant days together. I forget his phone number, so couldn't call him today to tell him we stayed an extra day.

Last night a whole group of us from the hotel went to see the opening night at the Baths of Caracalla - Puccini's Turandot. The spectacle was spectacular. The background of crumbling Roman towers, the ceiling a star-filled sky. The stage is the largest in the world. We were so far back we could hardly hear. Inge Borgkh is the only one I had heard of anyway (the Rome Opera Company).

Had good talk this morning with one of the girls here. We're now resting up for our night journey.

Will you write to me in Paris? 66 rue St. André des Arts is still good.

See you in 3 weeks!

Much much love,
Sue

July 1

- Nice

Dear Mom & Dad -

How thoughtful of you to have written, Mom! I never expected a letter, and inquired at American Express out of habit rather than hope. Thank you!

The change in writing is due to the fact that my other gets more illegible every time I write, so have decided to try this. Hope it's easier for you.

Arrived yesterday at 11 AM in Nice after an excruciating train trip. We boarded at 9:30 but found no seats. Spent until 5 AM standing or squashed on the floor in the aisle, hounded by gregarious Italian males. One older man insisted on our sitting in his compartment for an hour to rest up, so Bobbie and I squeezed into his vacated seat - with me nearly on the lap of the poor priest next to me! There are enough priests in Italy- especially Rome - to populate a whole planet. Anyway, at 5 AM they added a new car in Genoa, and we got seats. Konked out immediately and slept till Nice.

Here found a funny little hotel about 2 blocks from the sea. The concierge is English, and has the waiting room cluttered with an amazing collection of battered copper and brass. Our room is large and comfortable. We decided we could stay an extra day and still keep to our plan. Couldn't bathe yesterday because of the rain - another reason we stayed. Last night it cleared up enough to allow us to promenade along the Promenade des Anglais - all along the Mediterranean. For some reason we garbled in French to each other - and must have improved, as some man who was working nearby came over and mentioned to us that we were evidently Nicoise!

This morning the sun was shining. Bought food for a picnic lunch and transported ourselves to the beach. No sand, but the rocks have a distinct advantage in that they're clean. No sandy feeling. Swam in the blue sea and lazed around.

Tomorrow we hitch. Bobbie sails a week from Thursday, and I not long after.

Hated so leaving Rome - I loved it. Glad we're going back to Paris. Much there I still want to do.

A bientot!

Much love,
Sue

July 3

Brussels

Surprise of surprises! What am I doing in Brussels at the World's Fair! It's a long and very happy story. Let me begin.

We left Nice yesterday (!) and 2 short rides took us to Fréjus - on the Mediterranean further west. Very soon a car stopped. The driver told us he was going thru Aix-en-Provence and would leave us as we had planned to go there for a day, and then we were to go on to the Loire Valley as you know. He was going all the way to Reims (NE of Paris) that day. B and I had a sudden inspiration, and decided to go all the way with him, stop at Reims to see the cathedral, and then hitch on to Brussels (200 kilometers 120 miles) from there. A happy decision.

Our driver's name was Jean-Pierre something - born in Indo-China (a French citizen) now lives in Africa of all places. He went to Science Politique in Paris for 5 years, was a lawyer and now is in commerce. He was truly handsome, 32, and above all one of the finest gentlemen I've ever met. He was so good to us. First treated us to lunch - a real meal with a LAMB CHOP! And of course his car was so comfortable - 3 weeks old, large for a French car, and lined with foam rubber. From 12:30 we drove and drove without stopping until 12:30 in the morning - 1000 kilometers! Unfortunately, all the hotels in Reims were full (including one where they told us we could have a room in 10 minutes) due to an unforeseen exposition. About 2 we pulled off the road and prepared for the night - Jean-Pierre stretched on the front seat, B on the back and me on the floor (foam-rubber lined!). At 4:30 we gave up - all were freezing to death. A search for croissants and coffee began. After that, we went to a fort left standing from WWI and walked around that in the morning freshness. Another look at Reims Cathedral which we saw in every possible light. Saw the church of St. Denis also, and are now so familiar with the city of Reims! At 8 we went to see Jean-Pierre's friend, who owns a "cave de champagne." We were guided through the freezing ancient cave, and shown how they make champagne. (The province is Champagne - the best in the world.) We even had to step through champagne-covered floors in the room where they were corking the bottles. It was fun. Jean-Pierre's friend then invited us to his home for breakfast. Very lovely apartment, up to U.S. standards in every way, a beautiful young wife and a 2 year old son (Jean-Pierre's godson). The couple insisted we take a shower, which we gladly did. Had luxurious breakfast and talked. J-P drove us to the road at about noon, and we sadly left. What a happy time we had.

Arrived here and very fortunately found room in the hostel. Saw the American exhibition tonight - rather disappointing, but fun. The grounds area huge. We'll never see everything, but we'll try.

I leave 2 weeks from today! Happy 4th of July.

Love,

Sue

July 8

Family!

SURPRISE! Which I hope will be agreeable. When you receive this letter I will have embarked aboard the Flandre - and will arrive in NY July 18th. All arrangements were made this afternoon - what excitement. Reasons - first, I wanted to be home sooner. 2nd - I would have been in Paris 6 days longer, which while nice of course, is unnecessary - especially because all our friends have gone. 3rd - Of course I very much appreciate all your trouble in NY re the US Lines, but it is fitting I return on the French Line, and nearly everyone agrees that the Flandre is the best ship afloat for tourist passengers. 4th - I do want to come back with Bobbie. (We can share clothes!) Are you happy? I do hope so.

I got my ticket at US Lines at 2 o'clock. (My cabin was on D deck, the lowest.) Went to the French Line in desperate hope that there was a cancellation. Found that, as the Flandre is virtually a one-class ship, they had converted some first-class cabins into tourist. So - for the same sum it would have cost me to live in Paris an extra 6 days, I got a reservation - which means I'll live with only 2 others (instead of 3) and I have a private shower and john in the room - on the Main Deck! Also, the food will be 1000X better, to say nothing of the service. Mainly - I'll arrive in NY earlier. The 18th is a Friday. All right Dad? Don't know what time or what pier, but you'll find it in the paper. And if you want to come aboard (which you must, also because customs truly takes hours) you must apply to the Customs House, Bowling Green, NY, to obtain passes. Hope you can get two.

I'm so EXCITED!

Arrived in Paris the 6th, after a wonderful time in Brussels. Will tell all when I see you. I'm too excited now.

Received the money - many many thanks. Have been shopping some since. Aside from some presents, I'm ashamed and happy at the same time to admit - I bought a dress - vraiment Parisienne. Please don't laugh when you see me, Dad, that's not my object. But I warn you, it's orange!! & weird. Comme ca [sketch of dress] - I like it. Hope you do.

Alors, I'll send you a card just before I leave. The boat-train leaves Paris at 9:30 on July 11th.

I'll see you one week from Friday.

Much much love, à bientôt,
Sue

Postcard - Paris - Bridges on the Seine

Dear Mom and Dad,

I trust that by now you are resigned to my coming home 3 days early. Hope it hasn't upset anyone. I am really getting excited - but a long walk through the parts of Paris I love so much has shown me it will be hard to leave. Tomorrow morning at 9:30, the train pulls out of the Gare St. Lazare, and I'm on my way.

Yesterday we went to the Rodin Museum - very lovely. At 5 we met a Lithuanian girl, Dalia (now a naturalized US citizen), in our hotel. We knew her in Rome. She's very nice. Had a picnic supper in the room, and went to see Pajama Game of all things. Not so hot.

What a weekend you had! Just received your letter yesterday, and had already finished shopping. Hope everything will please you.

See you a week from tomorrow!

Much love,
Sue

THE END

