







Handwritten signature

CARBONETTE

New York

Capt. Bourne ??



Mrs. Hendrick V. Deeryea,
Fourteen Sutton Place South,
New York City,
U.S.A.

~~79~~ 800 Lamb
 60 String of Beans
 50
 20
9.30

MRS. JACKSON VANRENSSELAER BRIGHT
 TUCKER'S TOWN
 BERMUDA

30
 potato

2.60
 4.80
 10.00

Never be a pessimist.

Most of the time you are
young. Tendress.

Par Avion



Mrs Hendrick Surgea
14 Sutton Place South
New York City
Elat Windenique New York

COMPAGNIE GÉNÉRALE
TRANSATLANTIQUE

French Line

Saturday -

54 WEST NINTH STREET

My dear Mrs. Quyer -

It was most kind and thoughtful
of you to take pity on a stranger -
brother and include me in your
family party on Thursday. The evening

was entirely delightful. Thank you
again -

Sincerely yours,

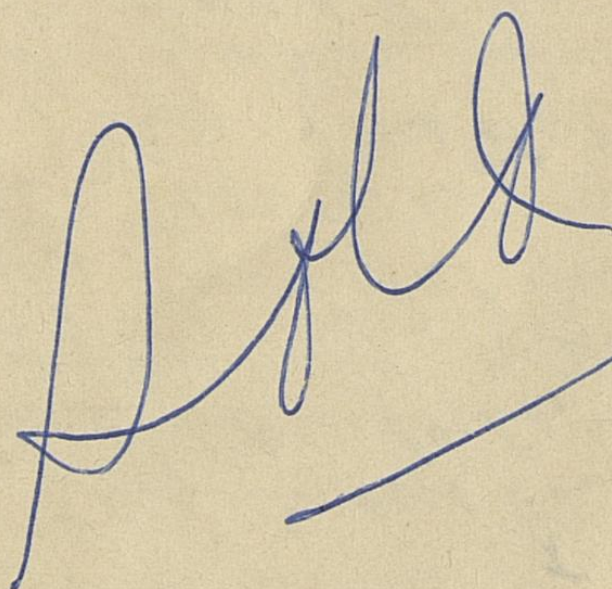
John F. Rogers

M. Hargis 62 Avenue Henri Martin Paris XVI

Dear brother ^{Saturday, June 21st}

It makes you
seem so near to talk to you.
Beautiful cool weather.
Dr. thought I had
developed an allergy to
the paint on the boat after
my cold, so am staying
in town also country air
is full of new mown hay.

Bennie & I shared expenses,
from my point of view.
Very luxurious like likes
creature comforts, we drove
to the Mountbly Manor House
in July. Lunched at Guernsey.
Friday, home in Southampton
\$15. per day. I visited
stay at Hampton Manor but
not ate here & there a nice
change for me see you soon
Paulina



Mrs. Hendrick V. Duryea

...along
of that
til the
mark-
e has
being
y on

slightest basis of fact or verity. I
beautiful wife, who was Miss Eleanor May
veritable romance, and it would have been forever regrettable
Hymen, in an impish mood, had spoiled their pretty love story. I
am only too glad to record, on the authority of Mr. Elverson him-
self, the impossibility of such an event.

THE forced resignation of General Reeder from his high position
in the State Department of Pennsylvania has plunged Philadelphia
into a whirlpool of gossip, agitating not only politicians in particu-
lar, but all society in general. The excitement was vastly stimu-
lated by the news of the gentleman's arrest, on Saturday, on the
grave charge of trying to smirch the high and glorious name of John
Wanamaker with blackening, political mud. The fact that the resig-
nation was requested by the Governor, and that the request was so
gracefully accepted by the late Secretary of the Commonwealth,
has been construed into tacit admission of certain intimacies in the
two families which have long been discussed *sub rosa*. The scandal
is not likely to end with the implication of General Reeder and his
family alone, for when once a landslide of this kind starts there is
no telling what limits it may reach, and I think some very prominent
Philadelphia families are now looking to the future with more fear

...evidently the attractions of his princely
...at Allamouchy, in New Jersey, have proved stronger than
his resolution, and I hear he intends to enjoy to the full, with the
aid of friends, the magnificent head of game of all kinds with which
his "Tranquillity Farm" is teeming.

THE autumn wedding bells are beginning to ring, and there is
much matrimonial talk in the air. The wedding of Mr. Joseph
Baker Bourne and the Marquise Raymond de la Tour du Villard,
formerly Miss Julia Chapin, daughter of Mr. E. S. Chapin, which
was celebrated in the Broadway Tabernacle, on Monday last, was
the happy ending—as they always say of marriages—of quite a long
romance. Miss Chapin was married to the Marquis in 1892. From
the first the marriage was unhappy, and last year she procured a
divorce. Mr. Bourne, who has a responsible position in the firm of
Adrian Iselin & Co., has been devoted to the Marquise for some
time, and I am glad to know that this one American girl has been
able to extricate herself from an unfortunate foreign alliance and to
wed, finally, the man of her choice.

WHENE'ER a girl he loves is wed,
And he an invitation gets,

the
Colum
accep
fami
was
whic
cour
and
the
men
mo
ch
a

American Relief for France *mc*

3
611 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

Friday night.

Darling.

I was so glad to hear you have enjoyed the "Judges" I sent. I mailed you another batch on October 15th. Have you received them yet?

It must have been very nice to have seen Richardson and go out with somebody from home.

Do you like the English play? Well I cannot blame you after last winter's exhibition here. I think they were very poor and from the general conversation I hear this seasons program is even worse. Poor plots and worse acting. "The Public be Damned" seems to be vogue at present. Nothing unusual though for that matter.

Glad it has been such a beautiful month and that you enjoyed your excursions so much. Dear. Your description of Parliament and

Big Ben is very weird. Wish I were there to see the sights with you. You have convinced me that London is by far more than a city. I was thinking of your description of Parliament when I was in Wall Street yesterday. Yes, I see New York must be far different. No wonder the English speak of it as such.

Can't say I have seen the movies of Pushing but I have a very good idea of his reception for your letter.

Of course you know New York has done quite a bit of that lately. General Hsieh, the Chinese Embassy and other. The receptions accorded them seemed very professional on the part of the city. No interest shown by the crowds in fact they seemed quite bored and put out by the parades that blocked the traffic. General, I mean Marshal Foch received the most enthusiastic welcome though nothing like our world imagines.

A country like ours that has not felt the aftermath of the War like Europe has soon forgets the past and the heroes are forgotten and "Nothing Remains" as Rupert Brooke said.

611 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

Telling you don't know how much I feel for you concerning your family and the attitude they have forced you to take towards them.

We have been very close to one another and you know how how I have felt concerning them and how I admire you for your courage and for the loyalty you have shown to those who by no means deserve it.

It is a thing that hurts me as much as you and for my part I will never forgive them.

I know how unhappy it has made you long before you ever let me know. One need not be told some things when he cares for you as I do. I fear he can see far under the surface.

When you come back you will understand me better perhaps and know there is one who will fight for you to a finish.

I have been thru a lot this summer and what you called my optimism is gone

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for I have seen life as it is with all its silver
lining ripped off.

You are going to write when ^{you} get home
and we going to sit down and work
together. I feel you would make a very
good author. Your descriptions about the
sights and general style is excellent. I
have read them to mother who also
feels as I do about them. At any ~~rate~~
rate we will see what we can do.

I am getting a job with Sanderson &
Porter and mean to get down to bus-
iness and stick right at it. The falling
through of the State Proposition was very
discouraging as I had a lot of capital
interested and waiting to put the money
into it provided the state was on the
property in a sufficient quantity. I worked
like the devil getting that thing in a
presentable form and in getting the
people lined up but was through I did
fall through I know it was no fault of
mine and perhaps it will lead to

SIX HUNDRED FIFTEEN FIFTH AVENUE

something better. It has if I can get a job with
Sanderson + Porter. They are trying me out on
some minor investigations which I am working
on at present. I handed them my report on
our industrial scheme they sent me out on.
Was up the last two night burning the
midnight oil until three o'clock getting it in
the best shape I knew how so I least I can
say I did my best no matter how it turns
out.

Mother is beginning to have the relapse I
feared she would have sooner or later because
of her weak heart. It cannot hold out under
the strain she has and is subjecting it
to. With her type of temperament she is
unable to keep still or sleep and is by
tired out by night that she does not close

6

her eyes until she has ~~been~~ pitched around
in bed for three ~~or~~ or four hours. She will
have to go to bed soon and stay there for a
few days. I hope I can get her to do it before
it is too late and her heart goes back on her
completely. I just made her get in bed to-day
and am going to hold her there this week-
end. I think if she will do it she will be
much better.

I thought I sent all the details regard-
ing my Slate Company but perhaps omitted
explaining them fully enough.

Yes, there would have been a lot
of money in it provided there had been
sufficient slate there. No, I did not say
 $275\text{-tons} = \$225,000$. I said 275-ton per day
for a working year.

I will explain it all to you when
you get back I fear.

Don't think I was trying to get you

to invest.

I saw your Father Sunday. He was looking very chipper and showed his new birthday present in my face. Just like mine is'nt it? Only I use mine and he keep his in his desk. I oit tell him I told you. I would not have if I did not think he had not tried to fool me by pulling it out of the desk and asking if I had not lost mine somewhere.

I find him well and proper. He was telling me what a rotten speller you were and that he was the only one in the family who could spell at all. I asked him to spell ambiguous. after delivering a long oration he spelled it "ambiguous". I said he was wrong at was ~~was~~ promptly told I was a damn fool so he pounced on a dictionary and turned

a bright red and said something about Webster being a phonetic speller etc. I remarked that there was no fool like an old fool so he promptly shut up like an oyster and started talking ~~about~~ about Julie.

"my wife I love her but she is a bit eccentric" when have ^{you} I heard that before?

my throat is feeling much better and I am beginning to put on the weight I lost again so have not given up hopes of being fat when you get back. yes, I am still teasing the bottle of cod liver oil.

It is one o'clock now so I must stop and take this letter over to the G.C. Post Office ~~if~~ or it will not get off on the "Olympic" to-morrow morning.

Good night I ear and write soon.

your,

Tris

Dear Pauline:

There is a little friend of mine in New York whom I would like for you and Trip to ask around for cocktails one day. She is interested in photography and very clever at it, and Trip might be able to do something for her. Her

mother and father (English)
who have a home here
are good friends of ours -

I have had an awful
time recently. My sister
Nancy died suddenly, either
from a heart attack, or
an embolism, and I
was in the hospital for
three weeks.

I expect to be in New
York for a day or so in
April, on my way to Georgia
to attend to some business,
and then again on the
fifth of May when we
are going to take a
cruise (barring war!)

I will give you a ring
and hope to see you
while I am there.

Much love,

Tanna

Saturday, January 27th -

#107 TT #12



Mrs. Hendrick Vanderbilt Perryea,
1400 Sutton Place, South,
New York City,
U.S.A.



allogerel engraved on
fan of the French Revolution.

"Les Notables de la Halle
couronnant la statue de Louis"
on the face of fan.

On the back, the following
verses =

(I saw a similar fan at the
Musée de Clugny, among relics of
the French Revolution

E. E. B.

(On the back of my "Trentail, Revolution" - (Given to Ruth K, wedding present)

Chanson - Air "Reçois dans ton Galetas -"

1
" Ils n'oulaient pas d'Eiers état
" dit on messieurs des notables
" Leur fallait d'l'aristocrate
" Comme ils avont fait leur capables
" Mais leur projet est reuversé
" Grace à NECKER l'homme de bien

2
" Les grands n'oulaient rien payé
" C'n'faisait pas la rot compte
" Y avait ben d'quoi s'effrayer
" De n'les pas voir rougir de honte
" Tandis q'pour eux j'fais venir du pain
" Pour nous ils font venir la faim

3 (voir autre feuille -
S. F. B.)

6
" Après qu'on m'a tout grugé
" Par bien plus d'une personne
" Un bon et sage étranger
" Portait la France comme une colonne
" Necker change mal en bien
" Et pour tant d'peine in l'y fait rien

I On Fan

Tuesday, Jan 30th

Dear Pauline :-

I was disappointed last night ~~that~~ when I called you on the telephone, to learn that the Florida trip seems no nearer for you. It worries me to think that you do not seem to gain enough strength to get together, and that Dix may get out of the notion of taking the trip at all. Of course you won't pick up a great deal (I think) until you do go, and I have been wondering if you have thought about calling but the reserves. You give so constantly and so much to other people — your husband & your friends — and never ask for anything for yourself. I am not really near enough to be of much use (would that I were) but I do feel that this is pretty important and in the nature of an emergency. If said husband and friends

saw ~~felt~~ that as I do, they would feel it a privilege to help you — that I know. Of course I can't tell you how (that coming under the heading of living people's lives for them, the which I am trying, at last, NOT to do.) But I will re-iterate that you should ask for help because any one of us would kick ourselves 90 times around the block if we found that it was too late and we had not seen the opportunity.

This morning my sinuses are no better, if not a little worse than yesterday, so I am doing the sensible thing and spending most of my time in bed with the electric heater on my face. That is very good, by the way, and better than trying to drive over to the nose doctor with these roads, and this weather, to my mind. Wouldn't it be simply heaven for us both to wake up tomorrow in the I la. sunshine, preferably sans husbands, who were by some magic being taken care of by competent and

2)

MRS. HUGH V. KELLY

14 VAN DE VENTER AVENUE

PORT WASHINGTON, N. Y.

trustworthy people, and ourselves being waited on by kind fairies?

But this was to be a saga of behind the scenes of my past week-end. It was a little expensive of my health, ^{& Hugh's} but it went as planned by me, except that it got away from me a little toward the end, and it got my darling and me much closer on the constant problem of hospitality.

Hospitality & heavy drinking have been falsely linked, I have thought, and cannot be attacked by criticism on my part. There has already been too much of that, and I can see that I have simply aggravated the situation. So I decided to let the natural consequences just take place, and stay on my husband's side of the fence, with a little firmness about the number of parties, of course. So I invited the Boyce's for Friday dinner & the Benivens for Sat. cocktails.

Friday A.M. I asked Hugh how he was going to keep Skipper from crashing the party (it is S's habit to waylay H. every Fri. evening on the train & then stay 3 hr. drinking) Hugh said he had been thinking about it and didn't know what to do. I suggested he say I was having a dinner party and would give him hell if he brought anyone home, that being almost a direct quote from S. himself. I thought the idea took root but what actually happened I do not know, except that Skipper did NOT appear, telephone or he telephoned until Saturday at 6 P.M. -

Anyway Hugh came home Friday evening bubbling with an account of antique trivets he had seen at his lunch hour. The Boyces arrived and the new trivet took the floor. Very gay and interesting all around, but more cocktails than the Boyces served us at their house. Did I say that in addition to Roddy Boyce's beautiful voice, she has

a passion for antiques and has a bad limp? Also she has been a newspaper woman with their slightly scandalous jokes - very piquant with her true warmhearted way & her undoubted good breeding. Naturally Hugh has already taken her flowers and candy and has polished four or five of her battered old pewter pieces on his buffing wheel.

After dinner, our guests, relaxed with cocktails and a good baby sitter at home, allowed themselves to be persuaded to several liqueres (?) and the conversation drifted into what a grand crew all three Boyces would make on the Osprey. But Hugh missed the gleam in Roddy's eye when he described for the fourth time how a life-line around her darling little Peter would always haul him safely back aboard, and we could drain the water out of him.

very little the worse for wear. She only said how delighted she would be to stay home with her baby (7 yrs.) while he still clung to her, & let Frank go alone.

The party broke up at 1:30 A.M. with plans for the men to cut wood next day — "fresh air" & chest beating went with this, and Frank's ~~meat~~ blood-shot eyes, like Hugh's and their connection with the "fresh air" cure were only observed by me. (Heretofore wood-cutting has been Shippe's province.)

Saturday morning dawned steely and dark grey — I think practically Oxford grey to my poor darling, but he was not going to back down with a younger man, so the men & Peter got a great load of the most monstrous big logs, the Boyce boys then went home (I'll bet there was no more party in that house for the week-end) and Hugh took a nap. I had done all the dishes of the night before, but left the living room cleaning (full of

(4)

MRS. HUGH V. KELLY

14 VAN DE VENTER AVENUE

PORT WASHINGTON, N. Y.

wood chips) for Hugh. I only remarked I was glad I hadn't asked the Scrivens for dinner as I didn't feel well enough.

Roused Hugh with difficulty (nobody did anything about the wood chips) in time for the Scrivens. I ^{had} rested and prepared a huge fancy plate of appetizers and was also ready for what I knew would be a 3-hr. session. Walter, after the 2nd cocktail simply dived for Hugh's kind heart & Rudi & I talked about Home Bureau, recipes and children — and on a really friendly basis. Little Walt was rather stranded, and finally drew an almost sharp remark from Uncle Hugh at his treatment of the great-grandfather's writing box I had given him. Skipper then arrived, bearing a great load of very ancient "Rudders" and

apologizing profusely for having interrupted a party uninvited.

He also was rather stranded as neither Hugh or Walter were in the mood for listening to what Wall Street was doing or a treatise on the early days of sail. So S. left in on Randi & me with a technical question on art. I gave him about five minutes & then included Randi, but naturally the combination didn't jell particularly well.

Hugh, not entirely oblivious of being S's host, too, then described the morning's wood-cutting in glowing terms & another morning party (of 3) was arranged. S. took his leave, with scarcely the slightest sign of wear, having stayed only 1 hr. From here on, I left the two scrubs, adult, with H. on the subject of Walter's troubles and read to the little boy & otherwise amused him. He was drinking orange juice & I was drinking milk so we saw eye-to-eye. Hugh superbly

(as you said) resisted asking the S's for dinner (with a huge haw in the ice-box) and backed me on resisting the scrivener's invitation. ~~He then~~ and they finally left. He then "helped" me to get a light supper. I confined myself to table setting & plate heating, leaving him at the last to broil eggs and salad dressing wherever he would while his sausages burnt on the stove.

We did not finish supper (and quite good, too) until 10 P.M. so I took his advice & went straight to bed. Next morning the neglected furnace fire was so low that it wasn't fit for me to keep my snuffles in the kitchen, and that poor man had to face the awful mess in the kitchen alone. He cleaned up the whole thing before getting breakfast, and after he had made me a fire in the fire-place. At this point I was as sweet to him as I

knew how to be, being awfully sorry
for him. He then relaxed thoroughly,
and I could see him eyeing the
couch I was fixing for myself
with longing. But Walter called
about the wood-cutting and Hugh
got shipped^{too} for some bracing exercise
in the fresh air. (The Beckes avoiding
of which I told you took place
here.) Hugh & shipped came back alone
at about 1 P.M. N. was ravenous
I knew & exhausted, but shipped
scouted the idea of anything to eat
before night, and I very ^(I am ashamed) meanly
let my husband get stuck with
that, too. (I got a sandwich & coffee
while "taking a walk" at the alcove.)
By 4 P.M. they were both almost
out on their feet, and I got excited
(off stage) and called Mary to ask
her what I should do. (I see now
how cruel & useless that was, and
will apologize to her.) ^{I tried to start his car now.} Neither man
saw that the ^{ship's} car brake was
on, and the noise & passing
brought the man across the street

to the rescue, and when Skipper finally left, he naturally had to be asked in for a drink. I really should have had pity here, and excused Hugh from drinking, but so many times he refuses to admit how high he really is, so I let him mix the drinks - and they were the most terrible sweet martinis since he & I had finished the dry vermouth. By the time the man left, Hugh's face was dead white, he could barely talk and I was alarmed & remorseful. I got him to throw up, however, and then watched him rally with hot coffee, soft-boiled eggs and mushroom soup. I was so relieved to see him a little better that I did not keep my mouth shut, but quarrelled violently for an hour or so. Then we made up, and I got him to bed. After I had sin-

merged down a little, with the aid of several Scotch-and-waters, I had some light food, and went to bed also.

Next morning, I said how sorry I was about not giving him lunch, or excusing him from the sweet martinis. And he was of course terribly ashamed & remorseful. It was pretty tough medicine, but now he does see that it was being too generous & easy, too hospitable to a drunk that really brought it about. That he cannot just drop the bars on drinking for a whole week-end, and do what he has always insisted was his right to do with three separate groups of people. So I hope he did not put in the awful day Monday must have been in vain.

Much love,

Alice

P.S. Ship got home O.K. of course.

P.P.S. Natural consequences can be pretty devastating sometimes

Dearest Pauline -

Aug 12th

THE NORFOLK HOTEL

PROPRIETORS: THE BLOCK INVESTMENT TRUST.
BLOCK HOTELS LTD.

50 MODERN SUITES AND
SELF CONTAINED COTTAGES
60 BEDROOMS ALL WITH
H. & C. RUNNING WATER
UP TO DATE STEAM LAUNDRY
& DRY CLEANING
ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO BE
ADDRESSED TO "THE MANAGER"
TELEPHONE 3532



P.O. BOX 64.
GOVERNMENT ROAD
NAIROBI
KENYA COLONY
TELEPHONE 2472

I kept this letter open to add a little more news - We flew again on the jetliner from Victoria Falls to Entebbe - Capital of Uganda and much to our surprise a friend (English) of Randolph's met us at the air port. He was in Entebbe on business & whisked us right up to the government House for tea - The governor & his charming wife insisted that we stay with them for the night - they gave a lovely picnic down by the lake that evening by full moon & the guests went in the swimming pool near the club during the evening - Couldn't swim in the lake they said on account of "crocs" - I wish you could have seen me in the morning in my huge four poster draped with pale blue mosquito netting - with a native serving me tea at seven o'clock It was quite an experience visiting there - The house & gardens were gorgeous We stayed at some enchanting places on the way here - For this motor trip we have a big Buick car & native

Chamffeur - called "Juma" - speaks
very little English but is just as
nice as he ~~can~~ be - We are learning
a few words in Swahili - Spent the
night on the "tree tops" which was
very exciting but a bit rugged. I
will have to tell you about it
at length - but anyway, we saw
hundreds of elephants + other
animals come + go, all night,
to the pool + salt lick right
under us - Then to-day in the
National Park we saw two lions
right near the car + later this
afternoon in the Ngong Hills we
saw hundreds of giraffe at
large - One ran down road
in front of us - Nothing will
surprise me now - Africa is
vast - it is enchanting, beautiful
+ wild - Please excuse scrawl -
I see it is nearly 1 A.M. I never
get much chance to write.

Best love from all to you
+ Dixie. Will show you pictures
on my return - Affectionately, Almy

We spent one night in the 3.

THE VICTORIA FALLS HOTEL
Huddell's Game VICTORIA FALLS
SOUTHERN RHODESIA

Reserve (80 square miles) on top
of a mountain - where the
animals roam at large in
their natural state - You take your
food + a native cooks it for
you - When I lay in bed + heard
the wind rustling through the
thatched roof + heard the natives
down the slope in their native
compound - I wondered if
it were all a dream! We
arose at sunrise + motored
through the reservation + even
stalked a 3 ton rhino into
the "Bush" - all very exciting
but rather terrifying as they can
charge at 30 miles an hour!
Then two more nights were spent
in world famous Kruger Park
where you are locked in at
sunset to sunrise on account
of carnivorous animals +

elephants - It covers 8000 square
miles + 1000 miles of road where
you are allowed to drive during
the day but it is absolutely
forbidden to get out of car - There
has been something new + thrilling
every day it seems - We have spent
the week-end here at this enchanting
hotel - where when you sit on the
veranda you can hear the roar
of the Falls + see the spray
rising like smoke - The Falls it-
self is the most awe inspiring
sight imaginable + I feel very
lucky to have seen such a
glorious + magnificent sight.
We flew here from Johannesburg
on the new British Comet jetliner
at 37000 ft. high + going at 475
miles an hour - Marvellous flight.
We fly on it again to-morrow to
Entebbe - capital of Uganda (4½ hrs)
then ten days motoring + fly from
Nairobi to Rome (13 hrs:) + sail on
S.S. Constitution reaching N.Y. Aug: 25

Best love to you both from all three - always

August 4th -

THE VICTORIA FALLS HOTEL
VICTORIA FALLS

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

Dearest Pauline -

I have been meaning to write you for some time - but we are in such a rush - Well, here we are in Africa with more than half our trip back of us - It is far more interesting & beautiful than I could have imagined - The S.S. African Endeavor - Farrell Line - was a delightful ship 66 passengers - delicious food & many jolly officers & interesting passengers - A man from Cambridge was joining an expedition from Harvard to go into the bush - the Kalahari desert - to study the most primitive natives - Two doctors were on their way up to the Belgian Congo - others were taking the boat on the Congo River - A very entertaining geologist & his wife whom we liked very much had their "screened car" on board & were going to motor up through the country - later joining a geologist Conference in the Mediterranean

There are cows every where - They
are never milked - the natives
use them as money or "barter"
When they are hard up they take
a cow into market. I will have
to show you the photos on my
return - I seem very far from
your attractive apartment
where we drinking cocktails
& talking of this trip - which
has become a reality - We had
a nice young ex-aviator as our
guide-chauffeur or courier as
they call it - Besides English
he speaks Afrikaans. (Something
like Dutch - Zulu & many other
dialects - He loves this country
& told us many interesting
things as we went along
also the political situation
over here which as you
know is not too good, so
much dissension !!

can be seen in the vast reserves 2.

where the natives
still live under
conditions little changed by
civilization - We drove miles through
the Transkei, another day - miles
through Zululand + still another
day through Swaziland + saw
thousands of huts + many, many
natives - the women carrying gigan-
tic loads on their heads plus babies
strapped to their while the men
ride or walk on ahead - The
custom dates back to the days
when the men were off hunting
the wives had to do every thing
else - The women in some tribes
paint their faces with white
clay + cake their braids with
red mud - it is fantastic -
unbelievable - Sunday we
saw the young "eligibles" trotting
along road to go visiting - practi-
cally nothing on with leopard
skins - spears + a shield !!!

They were all so casual about these trips deep into the heart of Africa - The seventeen days on board slipped by very quickly with something different arranged every evening + the swimming (pool) - deck games, reading, walking etc. - filled up the days - We landed in Cape Town - We adored it there + were sorry we could not stay longer. We drove up to Johannesburg by the scenic route - 2400 miles it took two weeks with mostly one night stops. although we stayed longer in Durban. The Atlantic City of South Africa. The scenery is breathtaking! We motored up + over + around the mountains which are gorgeous + spectacular - just beyond description + we also saw rocky coastlines + wide sweeping beaches - + then miles + miles of "veldt" or low hills where the native life + tribal customs

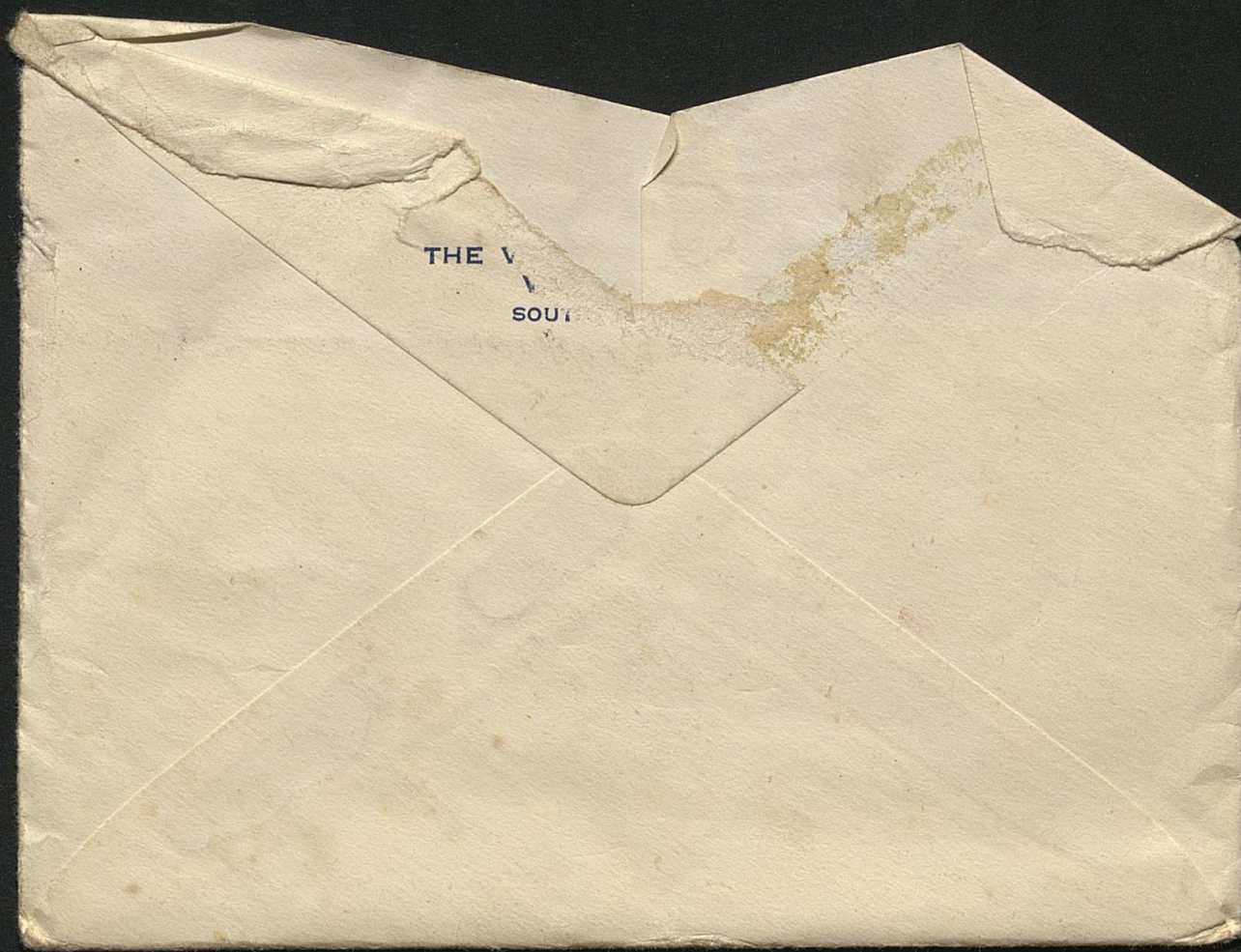
Mrs. Hendrick V. Duryea

14 Sutton Place

New York City

New York

U. S. A.



Monsieur,

M

(Suite)

- " J'en la reconnaissance de vous envoyés t'une
" Chanson d'not cru ou c'que vous verrés c'que
" J'pense sur les affaires d'Etat et sur vot'compte
" tout c'qui y a d'mieux dans la Halle sans méprisé
" personne y vouloit mett'son couplet Quatre forts
" de cheux nous n'auraient pas pu vous porter
" tout ça - c'qui a causé un petit différent sur le
" carreau de la Halle, mais ça n'a pas eu de suite
" il y a eu cinq à six douzaines d'oeils
" poches et autant d'pueles cassés, et nous
" et nous sommes convenus à l'amiable que nos
" hommages vous s'aient adressés par
 huit notables

" Pour Messieurs les rois ~
" Leurs écrits n'ont que du grimoire
" C'est la robe aux jacobins
" Qu'est moitié blanche et moitié noire
" Ils ont leurs oui & et leurs nous
" A s'être fait deplumés les Dieux

~ 4 ~
" S'te noblesse et ce Clergé
" Ça n'fait qu'un ça tient ensemble
" Mais c'est si bien arrangé
" Qu'ça fait deux quand on ca tient ensemble
" J'les ferons placés tous à leur taux
" A nos grands états généraux

~ 5 ~
" C'est là que l'excellence des Rois
" Connoitra ce que vaut la France
" J'aurons d'la règle et des lois
" Et j'heros sur quel pied qu'on danse
" Au bon pere et d'bons enfants
" Se bémuront et s'ont contents -

Qu'Fam II

~~17~~
~~18~~
~~19~~
~~20~~
~~21~~
~~22~~
~~23~~
~~24~~
~~25~~
~~26~~
~~27~~
~~28~~
~~29~~
~~30~~
Cres.

14
" d'cheux nous, chacun voudrions vous envoyer des
" Fruits et des oeufs et du Porc, mais j'leurs
" ont ben dit qu'vous ne preniés rien tout au
" contraire, pis qu'vous ne dormiés pas pu que
" rien pour que je n'mourions pas tertous de
" faim - Je n'vous appelons pas Monseigneur
" j'n'aimons pas c'nom la - j'vous en 'un ami
" parmi les grands, s'il s'appelle monieu c'est
" pourquoi j'crois vous faire un honneur.
" en vous appelant ainsi, c'est à s'te fier]
" qu'j'fais l'honneur d'être avec beaucoup
" d'respect et encore plus d'amitié et de
" reconnaissance les Notables de la Halle -

" Ce 15 Janvier 1789 -

Old Fan
to Peter Kingdon
For your good friend
as one good friend
The other = old friend
great Snuffbox

the apartments? Will let you know more about Mrs. Meads' house when you are ready to come back which I hope will be soon. You have been away much too long I say and I am getting frightfully lonely.

Mrs. Mac Millan had one of them but just gave it up to go to England. She is getting very suspicious of her darling I say.

He went over on business but she intimated to me that she thought he was finding other kinds of employment over there.

I hope you have a nice trip this time. Perhaps you will have the same stateroom as

Friday evening.

Darling.

Here you are. Don't be embarrassed because I am sending you to France in a shimmy. I did not know whether you would like the new hat and dress I blew you to so I thought you had better try them on first. I suppose they don't compare with the latest Paris modes but I love you in red with a pussy around the neck so do wear them for me I say.

Did you get my letter about

you are sailing (mailed) on the good
ship "Mordau" to-morrow. I've got
mal de mer. Hurry.

Give my love to Santa La La
and write soon. There is one big fat kiss.

your,

Tris

TELEPHONE }
TELEGRAMS } OTHAM 7.

✓
✓
✓
descriptions
of English gardens, etc.

Gore Court
Maidstone.

Monday

Darling.

Here are two photos of Lady Bellairs' "Gore Court". It is even lovelier than shown on the post-cards. I bought them at the garden fete the villagers held here Saturday. It was for the district nurse fund and the village hospital. Guess they make over two hundred pounds. After the fete the villagers' minstrel held a concert and Shakespearean recital in the hall. It was quite crude though most interesting to see the enthusiasm shown by the audience although the programme was repeated over and over again. They kept up the singing etc. until after ten o'clock. By that time Mrs. Bellairs and I were getting quite tired of the noise so when it ended with a thunderous "God Save the King" we were much relieved.

In the rear of the court are beautiful terraces and rose gardens leading to a wood

2

with a long avenue of stately trees whose branches arch high above and through which long beams of sunlight sift and dance and shimmer of the leafy carpet below. There is a pool at the furthest end. Seems like an altar in a great cathedral. I am going to take a picture of it and call it "God's Woodland Cathedral".

after dinner I borrowed the Ford station wagon and drove around the country. Had been taking gardens for mother all day. Wanted to be alone a bit and get off where I could smoke and think about you dear. After driving awhile I came to the end of the road and got out to stroll around and find a comfortable place to sit down and smoke. I saw some beautiful oaks and poplars across the field so headed for them. There I found I was standing by the ruins of an old abbey and below me lay a castle with a wide moat and high walls and battlements. Got nice and comfy with

TELEPHONE }
TELEGRAMS } OTHAM 7.

Gore Court
Maidstone.

my back against a tree. It seemed like a dream sitting there looking down upon the old castle with the setting sun casting it long deep shadows from tower ~~to~~ tower. A distant church bell broke the silence and below a flock of sheep were grazing by a little stream. I expected to see a knight ride down the road to the castle and blow his horn for the ~~the~~ bridge to be lowered. I did hear a horn and around the ~~beast~~ bend ^{to} leading ^{to} the castle dashed a touring car. The spell was broken.

I asked a man I met on the way back to the ford what it was; he said it was Leeds Castle, one of the oldest in England.

My mind is full of you to-night Darling. It has been raining all afternoon so I had to discontinue photography for the moment. I felt pretty tired so I lay down and tried to live over

those few days you were back with ^{me} before I sailed.
 I feel asleep though and ~~dreamt~~ ^{dreamed} of you and me
 in a darkened room. There was a fire burning.
~~my~~ ^{we} were sitting in a great arm-chair your head
 against my shoulder and your hands for my toys.
 not a man's dream perhaps. But I grow tired
 of being strong; I want to be loved so badly
 and you are so far away.

I want you in such a childish sort of way
 this evening. It's the feel of you I want, the
 certainty that you are mine, what ever happens.

There's a poem of Arnold's I remember reading
 about dreams. I looked it up, it goes like this:

"Come to me in my dreams, and then
 By day I shall be well again;
 For then the night will show the way
 The hopeless longing of the day."

I had to recite it once at school and remember
 how I sneered at him when I was memorying it,
 but now I understand. I suppose if I had met
 Arnold the minute after he had written those
 words, he would have appeared self contained
 and ~~at~~ cold. From his ~~other~~ ^{other} writings he must
 have seemed always like walking iceberg,

it then has real beauty, breeding and distinction. Most attempts to make them appear old are laughable failures. So with the people they, on the whole, try to appear as they are not and not knowing the fundamentals of what it is they are trying to be seem even more ludicrous than before. "Rome was not built in a day"; as you said it has taken centuries to make this country.

I wish I had been at Sambury with you Dear. Would love to have gone over the same old places again. Of course I remember them all. Even the one you are a bit hazy about on the hill near the Sound. There is a place here in the woods quite like it. Scrub oak and everything except perhaps the poison ivy. Maybe that's there too. I remember we went there one day after going to the Captain's bat-house on the beach for a canoe but found it too rough to go out.

I went to Mr. Hodges 10 Montpelier Square but not a soul answered the bell. Guess they must be in Cranleigh.

TELEPHONE }
TELEGRAMS } OTHAM 7.

Gore Court
Maidstone.

Perhaps I miss you so because everything would be so lovely if I had you here. The country is beautiful and the people so nice and agreeable. They are always ready to do something for one and show an interest in what one is doing. I feel at home with them immediately because they are most interesting, they really know what they are talking about so one does not have to depend on an unending flow of dribble to pass the time away. Not like most of the people at home, noisy and constantly rushing here and there never seeming to know what they want. The English have the same solemn dignity as their country. They have lived here for generations and have grown to be a part of it. One sees the old castles and halls of England and they seem to have grown where they are, not built. At home nothing appears to really fit into the landscape. There is no real charm or beauty in a new building no matter how beautifully proportioned or built it is. It must first have its lines softened and blended together by age.

for
for

TELEPHONE }
TELEGRAMS } OTHAM 7.

Gore Court
Maidstone.

I will look them up if I get to Cranleigh. I am going to Surrey next week.

Photographed Lady Astor's Castle. It called Hiver Castle and must have been lovely once but she has raised Hell with it by planting formal gardens all around it.

I am getting writer's cramp or perhaps very sleepy. One or the other. It nearly two o'clock here. Will get to bed now and perhaps have another dream. If I do, don't wake me up so soon but stay with me longer.

Good-night Harry

Lovingly yours,

Thix

South 8-7300

What location.

Statement that it is for interment
of Charles G. Bourne.

Plot# 7964 - 67 incl.



Mrs. H. V. Dwyer -
14 Sutton Place South
N.Y. 22 -
N.Y.

625 Union Ave
R.A. 24
Car 2602

25 nov

Chère Mademoiselle
Merci pour votre si
aimable mot, je suis
résolue de ne pas
vous avoir ainsi que
votre gentille amie; mais
ce sera pour plus tard
n'est-ce pas ? Je crains

le froid du soir
et si vous le voulez
bien je viendrais
vers 4 1/2 le jour que
vous m'indiquerez sauf
ce samedi-ci que j'ai
déjà engagé.
Take great care of
yourself dear if
you go out at night.

A bientôt & salue
With love and affection.
P. Permyear



Hotel Scribe

1, Rue Scribe - PARIS

14, BOULEVARD DES CAPUCINES

Même Direction
CANNES: CARLTON HOTEL
CANNES: HOTEL MAJESTIC
CANNES: HOTEL DE PROVENCE
CABOURG: LE GRAND HOTEL
DINARD: HOTEL ROYAL
DINARD: DINARD HOTEL

Wednesday,

Dear Mrs. Gurypa,

Of course, you know
I could not leave Paris
without sending you
a few roses. That the
card accompanying
them is unsigned is
a negligence. What
matters are the roses

and the thought they
are to convey.

Yours truly,
Ernest Fletcher.

Has some delicate feeling
of apprehension, of shyness
and of regret made you sorry
for the amiable frankness of
our conversations. Do you wish
to close till we meet again,
or later, the charming and
more secret vistas that you
had opened before my eyes.

These are a few of
the thoughts that occur
when mail after mail brings
not a word from you.

As I wrote you on

Paris March 18th

3, RUE RABELAIS

Dear Friend,

Silence, Silence, has my shadow
vanished and has the ground
-Has returned for another lengthy
nap to its earthen bungalow.

Has the merry round of
pleasures kept you so involved
in its intricate circles that
passing acquaintances have
kept on passing and then
passed away.

the boat I met Peggy White
and have seen her several times
here in Paris. We have spoken
of you quite often.

I have so many questions
to ask that I shall ask
none.

A bientôt, très polit^{ement}
Amie, de vos nouvelles

Jean Arthème

Bourne family
ancestry

From

THE BLACKSTONE

50 East 58th Street

NEW YORK

"The History of Bristol, R.I."

The Story of the Mowat Hope Lands,

By Wilfred H. Munroe
(Providence: J. A. & R. A. Reid, Printers & Publishers, 1880)
Chap. XVII
(Page 103.)

Some old Houses.

Just north of the Town Bridge, on the East side of the road, stands the first house erected within the limits of Bristol. It is now the residence of Mrs James De Wolf Perry, one of the descendants of the first owner. It was built by Deacon Nathaniel Bownath, in the year 1680. Many changes and additions have been made since that time. Only the S. W. portion was built by Mr Bownath, but his successors have taken care, in the additions which they have made, to preserve the architectural peculiarities, and the old mansion which has withstood the storms of two centuries, still presents the air of quiet comfort which first made glad the heart of Deacon Bownath.

The years have dealt kindly with the old house, and the loving hands of its successive occupants have carefully repaired the ravages of time. The S. W. corner remains almost as it was when, in 1680, the people of the little settlement gathered within its walls for their first religious service. Mr Bownath died in 1690 and the house remained in the possession of descendants bearing his name until 1750.

In the year 1750, it was bought by Shearjashub

Bonne, ^{*} a lawyer of distinction who had settled in Bristol five years before - Mrs Bonne's wife was a descendant of Nathaniel Roswell, and had previously inherited a part of his estate - When Wallace bombarded the town, in 1755, Mrs Bonne was living in the house - Its present owner rec'd from her mother, in her childhood, the tradition that several cannon balls, shot from the British vessels during the bombardment, had pierced the walls of the old building and lodged between the ceiling and the floor of the second story - Incredible as listeners had smiled with poorly concealed disbelief whenever the story was told, but the faith of its narrator had never wavered - In 1863 the ceiling of the great parlor was torn down to make some necessary repairs, and Mrs Perry was sarcastically invited to find the cannon balls - Scarcely had she entered the room when down fell several large sized fragments almost at her feet; and the voice of skepticism was hushed -

In 1797, fleeing from the yellow fever at Providence, Judge Benjamin Bonne came to live in his Father's mansion - ^(following on Page 2 of the story)

† Benjamin Bonne was born at the old Roswell house Sept 9, 1755. He graduated from Harvard College in Class of 1775, and at once commenced the study of law - his talents & learning soon gained for him a command -

* Shearjoubh Bonne ~~was~~ graduated from Harvard College in 1743, in the same class with the Rev. John Usher, Jr. He died at Bristol Feb. 9, 1781 -

THE BLACKSTONE

50 East 58th Street

NEW YORK

~~(Continued)~~

ing position in his profession and the greater part of his life was spent in the public service - Dec 1776 he was Quartermaster of the Second R.I. regiment - He was for several years a member of the General Assembly of R.I. and in 1789, in company with the Rev. James Manning, Pres't of Brown University, he was deputed to present to the U. S. Congress the petition setting forth the distressed condition of R.I., and praying that her commerce might be exempted from foreign duties in the ports of the Union. When R.I. adopted the Constitution of the U. S. and became a member of the American Union in 1790, he was elected for her first representative to Congress, and was re-elected to the Second, Third & Fourth Congresses, serving from Dec. 1790, to 1796 - In 1796 he resigned his seat, and in 1801 he was appointed Judge of the U. S. District Court, for the District of R.I.

Judge Burrell rec'd the degree of L.L.D. from Brown University in 1783, and was a member of its Board of Trustees from 1792 until his death, Sept 17, 1808.

(from page 2, this transcription) (Last word "in his father's manner")

"Then he old house rang with the voices of the lawyers who made de R.I. Bar illustrious three-quarters of a century ago - James Burrell then the At. Gen. of the State,

was a frequent visitor - Benj. R. Hazard (Black Ben, he used to be called), Asa Robbins, Eliza R. Potter, who for 40 yrs. was ~~well~~ a conspicuous figure in R. I. politics, and Wilson Updike, often crossed the threshold. From the neighboring state of Mass., Fisher Ames, the man whom friends & foes alike acknowledged to be the ablest debater in the national H - of Representatives, came frequently to see his old college friend. With these older lawyers there entered sometimes a young man whose wit, keenness, wonderful knowledge of human nature, ferid eloquence and rare reasoning powers afterwards did so much to enhance the fame of R. I. whenever William Burges rose from his seat in the halls of Congress -

late, spring up around it -
Judge Bourne made some changes in the house, & added, for his library, the room in the southeast corner. In the great pale of 1815, the inhabitants of the flimsier dwellings of a later age fled to the stout old house, a haven of refuge when the fierce waves were threatening to engulf them - The waters swept over the threshold, menched off a door or a blind here & there, and filled the rooms of the lower story level with the wind-seats, but no special harm was done to the house itself. In 1863 the whole building was carefully repaired and the northeast part added. The venerable mansion shows today few signs of age and seems likely to outlast most of the houses which have

From "The History of Bristol R. I."

GEORGE T. STOCKHAM
Manager

The Story of the
Acornit Hope Lands "

Phone
VO lunteer 5-4200

by Melfrid H. Munroe - THE BLACKSTONE

50 East 58th Street
NEW YORK

Providence:
J. A. & R. A. Reid, Printers
& Publishers, 1880 -

Chapter XXXII, (Pages 258-259-260)

Benjamin Bourne -

The following sketch of the life and character of a man who was one of the most prominent lawyers of R. I. at the beginning of the present century was prepared many years ago for a book that was never published, — the second volume of Wilkins Updike's "Memoirs of the Rhode Island Bar." Its author settled in Bristol shortly after Judge Bourne's death, succeeded to a large share of his practice, and was repeatedly elected to offices of honor and responsibility by the people of the town and State. It is here inserted in full, not only because it was written by one who had been a student in the office of Judge Bourne and had therefore enjoyed exceptional facilities for forming a first estimate of his powers, but also because it seems eminently fitting to preserve in some enduring form, for the benefit of posterity, an article from the facile pen of Nathaniel Bullock: —

"The late Judge Bourne was the son of Sheafashub Bourne, who came from Sandwich, Massachusetts, about the middle of the last century (XVIIIth), and married and settled in Bristol. He had rec'd a liberal education.

6 at Cambridge, and his first employment here was that of a schoolmaster*. He was, however, probably at the same time engaged during leisure hours in reading law, for he soon commenced to practice, became respectable in the profession, and presided several years as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and it is thought held the office at his death, in 1781" (~~I thought from the other chapters of a history of Bristol A.D. that Judge Bourne had died.~~

"Benjamin Bourne, the subject of this sketch, was born in Bristol, Sept 9th 1755, was placed early under the instruction of Rev. S. Tommard, the then Congregational minister of Barrington, by whom he was prepared for Cambridge University, at which he graduated (from which he was graduated, E.S.B.) with distinguished honours, in a class of many of which became eminent in their day, in the pulpit, or at the forum and in our national State councils.

After a short interval of school keeping, in which it is understood that he did not succeed to his mind, he resorted to the study of law in the office of General Varnum, the most able advocate of his time. But the Revolution having already come on, diverted him from his studies. He thought with the Roman orator, 'silent enim leges inter arma' - In August 1776, just after the disastrous battle

* My father, George T. Bourne used to tell us that a ruined brick corner of a house, on the road to Warren R.I. (same side of the road as the "Perry House", was where his great-grandfather had taught school - I say great-grandfather? no doubt? E. S. Bourne

on Long Island. **THE BLACKSTONE** the darkest
period in the 50 East 58th Street War, he was
NEW YORK
appointed ensign of a company in the
R. I. brigade of Continental troops, and
immediately entered on the stirring
and to him untried scenes of the days.
He was, however, soon transferred to the
quartermaster's department, and discharged
the duties of an assistant, with the
utmost fidelity, till the northern army
was disbanded. - On leaving the army
he resumed his studies, and soon
commenced his professional career at
Providence, where he rapidly established
an enviable reputation for probity and
talents. He was not only patronized as
a faithful, sound lawyer, but became
popular as a man and as a sagacious
statesman, at a time, too, when popular-
ity was no deceptive indication of merit.
At the age of thirty-four Judge Bourne
was elected a member of Congress by an
overwhelming majority, in opposition to
the whole force of a party that had recently
controlled the State, and continued to be
returned of that body till he rec'd the
appointment of District Judge, on the death
of Judge Marchant, in 1796. While serving
in Congress he displayed the rare combination
of talents for business and talents for
debate. He spoke but seldom, and never

8 without marked effect. On the new organization of the U. S. Courts, just before the close of the elder Adams' Administration, he was appointed one of the judges of the Eastern Circuit, composed of Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire & R. I.; but on the repeal of the act creating this intermediate court, he, with his associates, was ousted from the bench, and compelled to ^(resume?) assume his profession for the support of his family.

"In his politics Judge Bourne was a decided Federalist, stood high among the illustrious men of that party, and maintained an intimate correspondence with Hamilton, Pickens, Dedrick, Ames & others.

Some of the remains of his correspondence are still preserved in the family archives, and, though mutilated for the sake of autographs, show a familiar interchange of sentiment on the policy and movements of the functionaries of the General Government, and the cordial feelings of personal confidence and friendship mutually cherished.

"On taking his seat upon the Bench Judge Bourne resided to Bristol, and fixed himself and family upon

GEORGE T. STOCKHAM
Manager

Phone
VO lunteer 5-4200

9
his patrimonial estate, a small but
beautiful farm ^{THE BLACKSTONE} 50 East 58th Street at the northern
entrance to the ^{NEW YORK} village, now
belonging to his James H. W. Perry,
his only grandchild. Here he took
up his abode for the residue of his days,
devoting his leisure to the improvement
of his lands, in the enjoyment of a
free social intercourse with his many
friends, and in the exercise of a generous
but unostentatious hospitality. On his
return to the Bar business followed
him here, so he immediately found
himself in full practice. His former
clients, who were among the principal
merchants and business men of the
State, had not forgotten his talents
or fidelity. He went the circuit of
the courts, and was engaged in ^{all} the
most important trials. He had a
mind naturally strong and so disciplined
by education and habit, that its
powers were ever at his command. His
conceptions were remarkably quick, clear
and comprehensive, his language at the
Bar clear & appropriate, his utterance full,
rapid, and yet perfectly distinct. In
common conversation, as well as in argument,

10 when there was nothing unusual to excite, words flowed from his lips without the least apparent effort - He was, nevertheless, far from phlegmatic in his temperament. There was quite enough of excitability to be aroused on proper occasions. A severe conflict on an important question would never fail to kindle up his mind with burning ardour, flash across his animated countenance, making every feature eloquent. It was an occasion of this sort upon which he made his last display in Court. He appeared there as the advocate of ~~the~~ only brother whose maritime disasters had reduced him from wealth to insolvency in a cause deeply implicating the integrity and character of that brother.

It was a cause of first importance, involving points of law which had never before been mooted in the State. The result depended on the construction of a statute which had never before elicited discussion. The contest was waged, too, against opposing counsel of no ordinary forensic powers, one whose brilliant mind shed lustre to the Bar, and whose displays of eloquence in our national Legislature have been seldom if ever surpassed. Both parties were men of high standing and of

Great influence - The trial occupied
several days **THE BLACKSTONE** and was attended
with no little excitement -
50 East 58th Street
NEW YORK

The utmost efforts of the advocates were
put in requisition on both sides, and
exerted with zeal rarely witnessed -
The case finally resulted in the
triumph of Mr. Bourne; ^(Shear & Associates) but it was
a dear bought victory to his advocate,
who retired from the cause physically
exhausted by the conflict - The exertion
fixed a wasting disease upon his lungs,
under which he lingered a few short
months, and expired Sept. 17, 1808 -

In his person he was rather above the
common height, well proportioned, athletic
& corpulent. The whole contour and outline
of his noble visage gave assurance of no
ordinary man - In his high forehead,
broad Ciceroian face and dark bushy beard,
shading an eye kind with expression, phre-
nologists would have discovered strong moral
and intellectual capacities. There was a
certain dignity in his countenance which at
first glance gave it a cast of sternness, but
the repulsive aspect vanished the moment
he spoke - If dress he was negligent almost
to a fault, yet his manners were always
such as bespoke the gentleman - His con-
versational tact, facetiousness and other compa-
rable qualities made him the favorite guest

12

wherever he went, the nucleus, delight and life of every social circle. Though at the head of the Bar while in practice, he was remarkable for his courteous deportment towards the Court and his professional brethren, and often fostered the younger members with his aid and encouragement. To his pupils he was familiar and communicative, and few had such ready facilities for imparting instruction. He finished his course before age had made much inroad upon his constitution or at all impaired his mental faculties, and left the world, as is believed, without a personal enemy.

Copied by E. E. Bowen,
New York, May, 1934.

ten days and to date
he has received no
word whatsoever from
you. In fact, he is
not aware, whether
or no the ship that
took you from these
shores - arrived
safely. So sit your-
self down and dash
of a line or two, to him.
Despite the fact that you

ARMY AND NAVY CLUB OF AMERICA
18 GRAMERCY PARK
NEW YORK

Dear lil' Pauline,

Aren't the old song,
how is the village queen?

Do you realize
that you have been
away from the pro-
tecting arm of your
big brother for exactly

nearly lost an eye endeavouring
to pick him ^{out} of the crowd
that "saw you off."

Really, Pauline, I am
very sorry, if you counted
on my being there to wish
you "bon voyage", etc.
But, when I thought it all
over, I figured things this
way. Now, here's Daddy Bourne
who is as fine a man as I've
ever met and he has no reason
to believe that I'm anything but
the same - But. I once broke
up a tea party, at which, he
no doubt had planned to say
lots o' things to his sweet child,
and now, if he sees me at the
pier saying "au revoir" to his
fond daughter - all might not be
well - He might even think

easier for both of us.
It did for me, cause
I kept telling myself not
to miss that 9²⁷ train
while all the time I wanted
to be down there at the
pier.

I hope that you are
having the time of your
young and unsophisticated
life and that you enjoy
every second of it. Needless
to say - oodles of your girl
friends miss you - and
thousands of your boy
friends miss you - and

ARMY AND NAVY CLUB OF AMERICA
18 GRAMERCY PARK
NEW YORK

that I were preparing to
disguise myself as a
bag of noodles and stow
myself in the hold. I
might have - and who
could blame me?

Truth to tell - I went
to Philadelphia that very
morning - I could have
postponed it, but, I thought
that would make it lots

I know your father must -
and so do I!

The Junior League play
was quite successful - so much
so that Gen Cawthra does not
speak to me any more. Last
Saturday, I arrived at the Peel Hall
Club in Golf clothes and Scott was
all for keeping me on the out-
side but graciously said he bids
by Mrs Perry's decision - sweet of
him - he thought. Mrs Perry strange
to relate was all for me! It so
happened that I had dress clothes
in my bag so to be nasty, I
went upstairs and changed into
them. Then Dix & I spent the
entire time on the sidelines, as
it were, applauding the good
dancers - suffice to say we were
extremely quiet except for a few
occasional outbursts.

On arriving home the next
day, Sunday, I received quite a
shock. My dad had been hit by
his own automobile and is still in
pretty bad shape. Eneufornow!

Lots of you know what!

Friday
March eleventh

Bob.

Country house but the best offer was \$5.00. and it seemed as reasonable for me to live in it as to take an apartment in the city mine is rented until the 1st of October. The Studio is not a very large room and has no cooking facilities. We have had a very rainy summer cold enough for a wood fire on the fourth of July but I infinitely prefer that to our biting New York weather.

I come up to the city every other week and drive home down week ends. As for the political & financial situation I don't think any one knows much about it. I've got a paper & I'm sure in the paper Howard Wilson. Roosevelt is popular except with the more conservative people but it is a drastic image. Plans for aid and other things are being planned there will be a great change toward war.

8 People with unearned
incomes will have hard
going for a time yet.
But this is primarily a
workers country so I suppose
it is a case of the
greatest good for the
greatest number.

Mother tells me you may
go to California. Will
you stop here it will be
in the country until Oct. 1st
and wish you could come
there.

Always with much love
Pauline

5 This new business which
meant a larger office
different type of equip-
ment and men working
for him. My heart
was in my throat for
fear he wouldn't get
the work and be able
to pay for his equipment
but the Chicago fair
was a god send and
paid his expenses. Now
I only hope work continues
to come in. Mrs Patchin
lent him her studio
and bath for the summer.
I tried to rent the

14 SUTTON PLACE SOUTH
NEW YORK

Dear Sir,

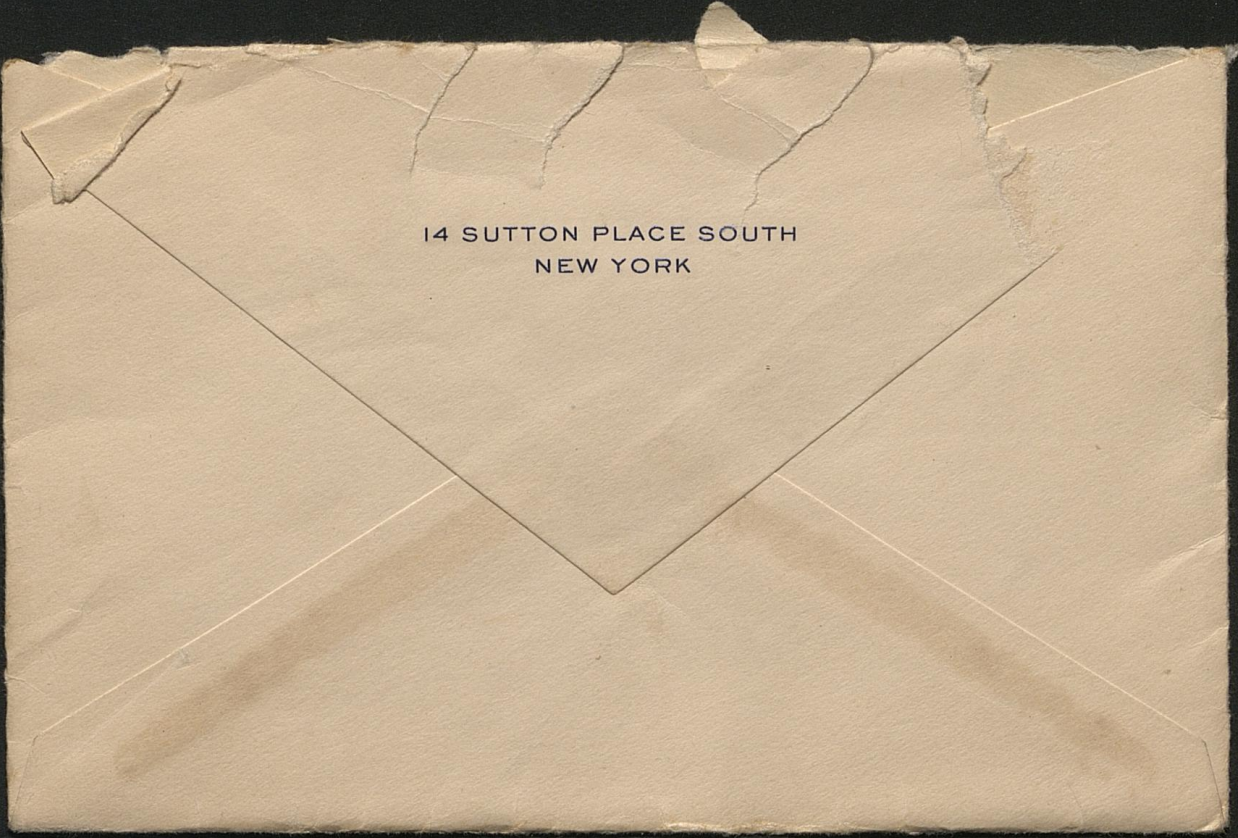
I am sending you
down the same sort of nose
drops that I have been using.
Don't fill the dropper full
about 2 drops in each nostril
is sufficient. Also the gargle
that I have been using, don't
drink it. If three teaspoonfuls
seems too strong use it weaker,
and in warm water.

They always make one drink a
great deal of liquid.

Why don't you ask the
desk or the head waiter
to have a tall glass of
orange juice, lemonade
& tomato juice send up to
your room every 2 hrs. or
so. & leave the door so that
he can get in. I certainly
would see the doctor so that
he could give you some
cough medicine. It seems
to me the cold would get
over faster if you saw him.
I am sending down some
magazines. Let me know

Don't you feel the same. anytime
these March days are dreary.
My life is a series of moods and I
am going all very crazy about
the way they can turn.
Lots of love
Audine Styer

Miss Elisabeth Bourne
Hotel Sable
Waverly Place
New York



14 SUTTON PLACE SOUTH
NEW YORK

6 hard-boiled eggs, chopped finely
1 cup milk (part cream)
Butter, size of a walnut
1 egg, slightly beaten
Crumbs, for rolling
Salt and pepper
Water to mix paste
1/3 cup flour

My grandmother's recipe

EGG GROUQUETTES

Make a thick cream sauce, using milk, butter and flour & water to make a paste. Season with salt and pepper. Mix chopped eggs into sauce and place in refrigerator to cool. When chilled, shape into small round cakes (any desired size). Roll in fine bread or cracker crumbs and set aside for a half hour to harden a little. Then, dip in slightly beaten egg. Roll in crumbs again and fry in butter until golden brown. Lobster may be used the same way.

by "Arlington on the St. Johns River. Will tell you about it in other letters. Hope no one will suggest anything for Sunday as I will work all day in my room. One of the judges full of papers I shall have follow me to Salispeer & work on it there as I will have time. Now we're rushing ourselves. Will write you all about our



Friday a.m.
April 23rd

Dearest Pauline

To-day is a nice day. The other days have not been bad, but overcast & slight showers. As yet no thunderstorms. I finally have made up my mind I am leaving on Saturday the 15th May.



And will go to the "Baltimore"
for three or four days & then
on to Polly's. Fannie will
be with her mother for
June & I will be at the
White Hart, Salisbury.

The social life here still
keeps up. Maybe not quite
such a whirl. Mollie is
having a card party two
tables & tea at the Women's
Exchange this afternoon.
And I sup with Mrs Wyatt
at her apartment with Mrs
Orway & Mollie Tate & also
play Bridge this evening
with them after

This A.M.³ I am going to
call on the Princess who
I have neglected & Tomorrow
A.M. I am going to
Carl Austin to see his
Paintings as I did not
manage to get to his
show in the P.M. will
have Tea at her House Mrs
Wendell as she leaves on
Monday, Mrs Wyatt is
also leaving on the 15th
May & we have dusted
our shoes to eat the foul
food in the Dining Cartage.
Yesterday Lucy took me
to Jacksonville with her.
& we both did errands &
she brought me back

Dear Coleman,
Your letter telling
me that you had been
quarantined arrived
this afternoon. Certainly
it is hard luck and
I don't envy you the
next 28 days up in
close quarters but perhaps
by now the doctor has
found it is not so bad.
I don't think there is the
least danger in getting
a letter from you as the

disease rarely spreads in
2 days. Write if you can.
but don't get yourself into
trouble doing so.

I cannot realize that
Easter has already past
it seems so peculiar
not to have had any
Easter holidays. I have
been several times to
the club de rink otherwise
known as the club de rigg
but the nearest approach
to anything like gaiety
was an invitation to rectos
which in an unusual
of which I refused
most of the time I

wait on door steps my reference
in hand trying to land
a job perhaps I have
no chance of going to
Europe though but within
too months or more

The news from abroad
is bad isn't it? It would
be too dreadful if
the Germans won.

Dear Pauline,

You were so nice to call up, really your broken arm is by far the worst I've ever heard of, you know most people have one for about 2 weeks + in a month it's as good as ~~new~~ but according to your description of it, I can see how difficult it must be to get it together again. I think it's terrible though that you were in such pain, you probably are still in pain but don't realize in comparison with the other — You ARE BRAVE.

I am very glad to say I knew alot of juicy bits + hope they will entertain you. We went to the Smiths for dinner last Sat. night, it was a "dress" affair, when we arrived Cal + Jane Jolliffe + the Tarletons were there. Eve had on the most divine dress, green + white with what looked like leaves of the same material around the wide neck. Jane + Maggie (Tarleton) both had on dresses with sheer string shoulder

straps a great mistake ² on flabby beefy
shoulders + upper arms (this is not going to
be a kind letter) I wore my little blue frock +
Gail fullife later in the evening said from his
drunken coma "people have always said you
were good looking, but I could never see it
until now" whereupon Ward said "yes she goes
around in these mannish slacks + things +
when she gets dressed up in feminine clothes
she's something" So if you see me appearing
in vast flounces + ruffles you'll know why.
Then eventually who should appear but
Bonnie + her new husband, she had on a
black dinner dress with a pink bow at
the shoulder + another at the top of
the slit in her skirt, about at her knee. I
knew she is your good friend, Pauline, +
is very smart, but I do think she should
stop being so coy about being newly
married + also she shouldn't talk about
her other "2 husbands" quite so much, we
all thought her present husband very
attractive + as he knew her 30 years she
must be more attractive when you
get to know her. We had the Smitts
very young + delicious chickens, string
beans from their garden also very delicious

+ corn + a marvelous³ huckleberry pie for
dessert. I sat next to Ward + Cal folliott,
Cal was very tight but I asked him about
Cynthia Palmer Caclammon girl who had a
terrid divorce from Cortland Palmer who lives
up behind us) + he said they couldn't have
Cynthia over to their house as they were a-
fraid it would hurt their daughter's foaming
reputation (a very rude girl of 20) + that
Cynthia was very dumb "why" Cal said
"she thinks she's in the same class as you
+ Jane" I must say I was rather floored
by all that, I was going to ask him what
"Class" that was but decided not too.

After dinner everybody got very tight
until 3 or 4 couldn't even talk, but it
was really quite gay.

Now to another group, the Vasselais.
Joan has been coming over + spending a
day + a night during the week, she's a
most pleasant + entertaining guest + last
time she was here she was very distressed
as she discovered she owed their market
in Westhampton a huge sum + Roger

who gives her an allowance to cover house-
keeping etc. + from which she has to pay
this bill said "Oh don't worry let them wait"
well Joan doesn't want to as it is em-
barrassing etc. then she told me about all
their horrible sicknesses this past winter
+ ended up saying Roger was giving her
a plane trip up to see Peter at camp in
Maine + maybe she shouldn't take it as
they were so broke (this is all a build
up for what is to come). John was in
N.Y.C. last week on business + called
Roger, + Roger said "Come on up I'm
having a party" so John went + Roger
was slinging a cocktail party for his
new girl Jenny Sambody (John said she was
pretty, but so dark she looked like a Cuban
Negro) there were about 30 people there
+ the scotch, wye, bourbon + champagne
were flowing like mad (+ Joan worrying
about the meat bill) Roger said to John
what will you have" + John said "Champagne"
"Oh no you won't" said Roger + then to
the entire room "this man's wife won't let

him drink champagne, - you'll have beer"
needless to say John was furious. Then Roger
said "I have a marvelous date for you, Pat
Cogan" Apparently she's some hot glamor
number of (Café Society) John said she
was a mess, very sure of herself + boasting
how many husbands she'd stolen during the
year, some other girl there said loudly,
"Well why didn't she marry one of them" +
they had a little brawl. Then they all went
to the Rex, a favorite restaurant of Roger
for dinner + at the end Roger said to
John "you owe me \$9's for dinner" "Oh no"
said John "you only get \$4.50 don't for-
get I had no champagne" + in turn
Roger was furious. John said the other
people at the party were very attractive +
it must have cost Roger at least \$100's
as everybody stayed ~~at~~ a long time +
left stinko. I must say I really think
Roger is a bastard.

I went to the Smetho for lunch
on Sunday following the Sat. night, due
to bad weather, we ^{were} supposed to go to

beach + take the children⁶ but John stayed ~~with~~
with them. Hope (the begum girl from Mrs.
Johns) was there + the people she was
staying with. This fairy stock broker has
a camp on the beach at Quogue (no
running water - a pump + out house \$200
a month) apparently it is quite isolated
as they all go in swimming in the nude
all day + all night + all sleep together on
the beach. There was also a Countess
who is a photographer + ~~also~~ entanced
word, she was very attractive +
just wears a little white of string in
swimming no top; too bad the weather
was poor. We had divine lobster for
lunch, when I got home John + ~~the~~ little-
John had taught Bruce to clutch her-
self at a certain spot + say "I have a
~~little~~ little single dangle" (little John's term
for it) John said "isn't she terrible",
a fine nurse he makes I must say.

When is Dix's vacation; we, me
+ the little ones are going over to my
mothers for 10 days, but not until 2
weeks from now; ^{the 22nd Sunday} John is taking his

vacation from Friday the 19th through
Labor Day + is going to spend part of
it painting the floors here while we are
away then come over + join us for a few
days + bring us back. Let me know what
your plans are + if you would care to
come here we would adore to have you
or if you feel more comfortable in a
hotel we could get you over for the
day.

I am very glad not to have been in
Philly during this heat + little John really
looks a little fatter (Bruce has impetigo
another reason she couldn't go to the Smiths
last Sunday) but I am thoroughly sick
of housework + only the the company of
my 2 children during the week.

The puppies are terribly cute but very
difficult to sell although we're asking
next to nothing + ~~has~~ you have to ask
something for AKC puppies as a
matter of principal

This is a Book I hope you are not exhausted, I must go & do some more bloody house work, John says "I don't see why you never have any time to yourself, you only have 3 rooms to take care of, it's because you're so inefficient & messy" I am seriously considering for one week just cleaning out 3 rooms & the Kitchen & he can see what the rest will look like; he certainly aggravates me.

all
you
sure

Let's us know your plans as we are
most anxious to see you + offer
whatever entertainment you de-
sire after your long siege.

love + kisses to you + Dix

Chaff $\Sigma \Sigma$

Dearest Pauline,

Thurs.

We are just mad for the two dresses, you are much too generous, but Bruce is clothes crazy + they are just perfect, one for school + one for dancing school (Incidentally she was wearing the pink one you sent last Christmas + a very proper Phila. mother said to me "where did you get that lovely dress, its just right + they're so hard to find"). You must come down over a Wednesday + go to ^{her} dancing class as its really terribly cute, as its the youngest class, + terribly funny.

I was sorry I was out when you called the Great House. Christmas was a lot of fun its hard to get back in the routine. Are you going to Florida, if you are, do you + Dix

Think you could come down for the
weekend, ^{before you leave} because we are dying to see
you, you pick any weekend that's
convenient & if that's impossible why
don't you come down during the week,
now please give this Serious thought.

Isn't that amazing about Eve &
Ward, I wonder what happened, I
wouldn't want to be stuck up there.

I took little John & Bruce to "South
Pacific" on New Year's day, it was
very good & we had marvelous seats.
John & I went to see the new Cole Porter
show "Silk Stockings" & it's not very
good, the music sounds like all his
other music.

We saw Cally & Freddie &
their children & Mr. & Mrs. Brooke
on Xmas day, at mother's in Proo
for lunch. The Brookes were staying
up near Cally & Freddie & Cally gave

a tea for them the day after Christmas.
Mrs. Brooke is very very socially inclined
so she asked all her old Boston Pals
+ on Christmas Eve Day all these
Chauffeurs drove up + left boxes of
flowers, Cally was having 15 for dinner
that night + finally her little girls said
"Mummy you must comb your hair +
put on your shoes before any more
chauffeurs come." Then on the day of
her tea (100 invitations out) her cleaning
woman called up too sick to come +
the lady who looks after Frederick +
lives in called up sick too; the house
was a mess + the sandwich people
had sent these ghastly looking Jewish
Type Canapes, any how she managed
to pull it all together + make 200
tea sandwiches, then at 5, 2 waitresses
+ a bar-man arrived; Mrs Brooke, her-
self was an hour late, any how the
"tea" was a great success + lasted
until 10 that night. Cally called me -

up the next day + said "Tell mother
her Tea urn (a gigantic silver affair)
made the party + she must leave it to
me in her will except I'm sure I'm go-
ing to die before she does." We didn't
get to the tea, unfortunately.

Now, thank-you again for Bruce's
lovely dresses (I particularly love the
bluish green one, the color + the cut;
she, herself, is mad for the pellicot on
the other) she will write soon. This
business of going away + all the
packing + unpacking has delayed the
letter writing. And Please, please,
Yess + Dixie come down + see us
love + kisses to you both

Chaffee

Dear Pauline,

Weds.

Please forgive me for not writing sooner, but life has really been spinning along at a great rate. We were so disappointed that your visit was stopped by the hurricane, daddy + mother had a little dinner party planned for you + we were all looking forward to seeing you, however as we had no electricity + therefore no water, stove or refrigerator from Tues until Sun. afternoon it's really just as well, ^{as you would have been very uncomfortable} no train stopped at Kingston. The hurricane did no damage other than a few loose shingles + a number of trees down, to any of our houses, however our neighbors bran new big garage blew away + they sent their 5 children over to our house as they were afraid their modern house was going to blow away (it didn't fortunately). At 9 a.m. they announced on the radio there were North East storm warnings + the hurricane would be along around 2 o'clock, by 9.30 the electricity was gone + it was blowing like mad + pouring rain

John was furious because I insisted it was just "a storm" but after awhile I admitted it was a hurricane when I looked out the window facing Potters Pond + saw a whole bunch of beach cottages come floating down (they landed in a cove on our land, 9 of them + several separate roofs not to mention 10 or 12 boats) The tide in the Pond, which is separated from the ocean by a narrow beach + naturally the ocean came over it, came up 25 feet + along the high tide line were furniture + mattresses etc. IT was really very sad all those poor peoples little cottages, anyhow by that night they had the natl. guard out guarding all the beach roads (they eventually put 2 cops down by our 9 cottages). We got water from the brook, until one of the Indians who work for daddy, realized we could haul water from the Great House well which was wonderful. John got a 100 lbs of ice + we had a kerosene stove so we

were very well off + furthermore the Smiths had invited us + the children to Stowe for the weekend, so naturally we were delighted to leave the devastation on Friday. None of us had been to Vermont + we were very impressed by the scenery. The Smiths really have their house fixed up now + it's very attractive. Ward was doing the cooking (they seemed to be a little feeling about that Eve would make cracks about "Go look at your potatoes Ward, pay attention to your cooking") + we went to that Smugglers Lodge place for dinner, it was delicious but heavens what a long drive, I don't see how they do it all the time.

We came back Sunday + found both your telegrams, ~~man~~ Thank-you very much for sending them. Monday was very exciting as all the owners of the 9 cottages + also a lot of boat owners arrived + the people who live on the point across from us + who's bath house had sailed across gave a beer party + floated the bath house back, some cottage lady eat her gum gente

badly + I was just about to go
down + apply "pressure" when this
huge ambulance with a police
escort came roaring in. Mother +
Daddy + Marion + Jack were coming
for dinner as it was our last night
so I was quite busy + Daddy
stayed after dinner + he + I drank
a bottle + $\frac{1}{2}$ of champagne while
he told us about his trip to Portugal,
then after he left + I was packing
around midnight, 3 cars came
roaring in full of cops chasing
prowlers (they didn't find them)
I finally went to bed at 2 +
as I took a martini to "settle
my nerves" I felt just great in
the morning for the drive back,
so I took "No dose" pills to keep
me alert + awake ^{all the way home} only I took too
many + got coffee nerves, I guess,
(they are pure caffeine) anyhow I
fizzed like mad.

Well I must say it was a
terrific summer, the best yet,
lots of parties; we are terribly

sorry though that you + Dix didn't
get up, however we are going up
for Thanksgiving leaving on Weds
+ coming back Sunday + maybe
you + Dix would consider coming
then,

Phila. looks very hot + heavy after
breezy Matenachs. The flower garden
is jammed with huge flowers all
overgrown, however, my hair is being
dyed tomorrow so that will help
my morale. Both children go back to
school on Monday + stayed all
day this year, isn't that the greatest
why don't you come down for a couple
of days

love + kisses to you + gorgeous
Dix

Chatter

There is something fascinating about the workings of an artist's mind to one who doesn't instinctively apprehend things or express things in line and mass and color. How does it happen that he saw this, when others simply didn't.

We've all seen the familiar weather map with its isobars in their unpredictable and changing curves and my guess would be that Bill L'Engle's mind began playing around them first in a playful spirit. But because he was an artist he saw these maps as objects upon which his imagination could work. The remarkable aspect of these pictures is how little they are maps, how much they are paintings.

The instinctive use of the right palette which keeps these pictures light -- connecting the theme imposed on the map with the weather-functioning of the original -- is another mystery to me. And the inventiveness which produced two or three wholly different and wholly right variations on a single base is still another.

Not at all mysterious to me is the pleasure these pictures give. It is instantaneous and, as I can testify, it is also lasting.

Gilbert Seldes

I knew Bill for almost 50 years. We studied together in Julien's Academy in the Rue du Dragon in Paris. At that time he was very intense about his work -- dedicated might be the better word for it. Waldo Pierce used to joke him a bit about his exemplary discipline and high purpose.

When I try to single out the basic traits in his complexity, I first think of his absolute integrity, of his life-long devotion to art, of his loyalty to his friends and causes and although today the word may have lost much of its meaning the fact is that in its purest sense, he was a gentleman; one of the most human and lovable.

Who was it that said that the greatness of a nation can be measured by the number of highly individual characters it can assimilate? Bill L'Engle was an edition of one and the plate destroyed. Our civilization would be richer with more like him.

George Biddle

9 more ydell affixes - Lucy



THE L'ENGLE STUDIO GALLERY

Longnook Road
Truro, Cape Cod, Mass.

will be open
JULY 1 - SEPT. 15

hours- 10-12 a.m.
4-6 p.m.
or by appointment



Exhibitions of the paintings
of the late
WILLIAM L'ENGLE

PORTRAIT

After the death of William L'Engle in November 1957, it was discovered that his studio contained many paintings, oils, water colors and drawings of fine quality. As most of these have never been shown the decision was made to renovate the studio and reopen it as a gallery to exhibit William L'Engle's lifework. A wide range of technique and style is included covering a period of 35 years.

William L'Engle was born in Jacksonville, Florida in 1885. He attended Yale University and later studied in Paris for 5 years.

He had several one man shows in New York in the 30's and then settled down in Truro, Cape Cod, where he served with the Art Association of Provincetown for many years, both on the jury and as a vice president.

He is represented in the Whitney Museum and the Metropolitan and several private collections in New York

A few recent water colors of Catalonian sculpture were shown at the Badley Gallery, New York City, in 1955, and they are quite different from anything else. They represent some of his best work.

The Provincetown Art Association is planning a memorial show for him in July 1959.

It is not an art term but the word "integrity" that comes first to mind in thinking of the work of William L'Engle. There is an uncompromising quality there which led to his being more appreciated by fellow artists and by critics than by the general public. Whether he was dealing with figures, boats or landscape the problems he set himself were of rhythms, logical construction, essential abstraction, and there was no temporizing for the sake of popular appeal. Not that his work was unemotional, but his statements were analogous to those of the poet who writes a sonnet rather than unrhymed free verse, the emotion being concentrated under the discipline of rhymes and specific dimensions. Within that high standard he set for himself, emotion, color and love of life expressed themselves. It is good that his work will continue to be shown.

Howard Devree
Art Critic, N.Y. Times

PHONE: MURRAY HILL 3-4242

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DRIX DURYEA INC.
221 EAST 38TH STREET
NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

Dear Peggy,

So glad to hear you arrived O.K.,
and that you hit some beautiful weather.
I hope you did not catch cold or get too
tired on the train trip down.

I saw Mother yesterday and found
her looking a bit better. She has had a
nurse for the past two weeks according to
the bookkeeper and Dr. Neuman though the
nurse told me she had been on Mrs.
Patchin exclusively for one week 7 A.M. to 7 P.M.
with a short time off. I'm dollars extra
per day. Mother has gained 4 pounds and
her blood pressure is better, all this in
one week. They have moved her to the
room across the hall. The one the other
old lady had. She was sent to a State
Institution last week or the week before.
The room has been painted up but still
has no furniture except the bed without sheet, blankets

no furniture or bedding during the day. Nunna
was very nice to me and said that they had
put up curtains in the ^{new} room and a heavy chair
but mother had torn down the curtains and
had used them to wipe herself and had ins-
isted on moving around the chair constantly.
It seems that she will not sit down or rest. That
is the reason her ankles are so swollen. I suggest she
get rubber stockings but the doctor said it was due
to the blood serum coagulating in her legs and
that unless they could get her to rest nothing would
do much good. He also tells me that the
nurse stinks her. I think she is speaking about
the night nurse but the doctor says the
nurse is one they have had for some time
and is a very good sat so most likely
there is nothing to it.

you were a bad pig. you left your
shoe plates. I guess you don't want them so I am
not sending them down.

I am going down to look ^{at} the boat over
to-morrow and back to bed early to be in
good shape for court Monday.

I miss you a lot

Love
Iris.