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Copacabana Palace

Avenida Atlantica
Rio de Janeiro
September the 16.1945.

Daer Marion,

I'm writing to you in a deplorable state of depression, we ought to have left on the 7-th. of September for Europe when all of a sudden we had to change our plans.

I never understood politics and I have allways hated them, to day I hate them more than ever. I can not understan that a person has no right to do and live as he likes because X or Y have decided otherwise and because X and Y want him to do what they wish. Then is all this war with all its sacrefices, this war in which one has fought for freedom, for nothing, is the result that othres are going to tell you to do this or that because so they wish ?

Do you understand anything about this all, Dear Marion I certainly dont. After having spent a lot for our journey after having tired myself like a dog all of a sudden the papers publish stupidities and we suffer the consequences.

For us, going to Europe, in our home in France, meant a lot fist of all for my health wich is at its limit, the change would have done me any so much good. Then there is the expense; life in the hotel costs us a fortune, we are coming to an end, we can not spend any more so much, we must find a way of making certain economies.

His Majesty is sad and hurt about all this story and it makes him very sore because one is unjust towards him.

Since ten days I'm in bed, my forces diminish, this climate is slowly killing me. The doctor is also despaired he was so pleased to see me leave for he realy does not know what to do any more.

This last injustice has given me a blow in the heart as I have never felt during all these last years. I see that I must continue to have deceptions every day.

How is the dear Ambassador after his operation ? How much I would like to see you, I would find so much consolation next to you both.

Nair and husband are leaving for Teheran at the end of the month, he has been named minister there. I regret very much thier going they have been so charming for us. I've seen also the Cavalcantis, they are rather sad.

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II.

Life is not very gay here, from time to time one plays bridge.

Just at this moment I receive your letter of the 4-th. I'm sorry to see that your knee makes you suffer again but we are happy that the Ambassador is well after his operation and is taking on weight. At last I see that Happy has behaved him self and that the family has increased.

I could tell you still many things but they would not interest you, you know neither the people neither the things here. I do not think you would like the life here it is not very interesting nor gay, the people live only for money, jewels and business, friendship is quite a secondary question.

We are often invited out but I'm rely happy when I've got a good book and can go early to bed. On the other hand my health does not allow me to make too great efforts and I never know till the last moment if I can go out.

All those changments at the embassy must be sad, Boby, Opal, the Gibsons they were all so nice. What are the Kitsids going to do? The Woodls and the Katz are so nice they must be an agreable company for you. What are the Millers doing?

As I've been all the time bussy with the preparations for the journey and also, ill I had no time to write. Will you please tell all the friends my most loving affection. For my birthday I had a few friends up, but it was not like in Mexico.

All my affection to the Ambassador and all my wishes for his health.

As allways to you lots of love and forever your affectionate fiend.

Elena