

Sept. 25, 1972

Dear Marge:

My God; I can't remember whether I wrote you that Ruth and I went to Paris this summer on a Hemingway-connected junket. I think I didn't. Something within me says I should have and therefor associated computers tell me that I did, but I think not.

- During the latter part of June and the early weeks of July, Ruth and I spent some 21 days in Europe on one of those cheapie flights in which you have to stay at least that long in order to save about \$100 a ticket. The idea is, I suppose to utilize this longer period in more than making up for the fare saving by unlatching you from more cash for lodgings, gifts, food, etc.

The triggering action was the launching of a peripheral book on Hemingway by my college friend, Bertram Sarason, called THE SUN SET; this set out to explore all the characters of THE SUN ALSO RISES and to tell what happened to them. Harold Loeb and I had a couple of pieces in there too. Well, the publishers thought it would be an appropriate idea to have the book - launched in Paris and invited everyone concerned - and we - of all things - accepted the invitation - at our expense of course, and using it really, just as an excuse to play hockey, see France, buy some books in England and to indulge Ruth's gypsy instincts as well as assuring that we would arrive earlier, albeit happier, in the poor house.

Everything went well. spent about a week in Paris, staying at the Tremoille, for the gathering and talking, and then hired a car with the Loeb and spent another week driving around France, mostly in the pate de foie gras country, which is funny, since I don't approve of this delicacy anymore - since Harold told me a goose had to be made sick to produce it. Had a fine time of it, although I must confess I am not quite the chateau lad that the ladies are. All Harold had in his sights was the next triple A Michelin gourmet place to eat. A great experience.

Then we planed to England, still with the Loeb for our final week. This gave some legitimacy to the project because of the bookbuying we did for our business. But in truth the prices were so high that we will be lucky to get our pounds back. Still we had to do it and enjoyed it. Flew back amid the throbs of highjacking peril and for the first time I had to be personally frisked the compensation was that we had our first ride in a Jumbo Jet. Like a barn wafting through the air.

- The book has not taken off in any important commercial way and I fear it never shall, but Sarason still has his hopes. Ruth and I got to the Dartmouth-Princeton football game as Harold's guests in a few weeks. So you see I remain a Hemingway oriented child despite everything.

All the best, Marge, and love,