

RECEIVED

JAN 3 1925

R. S.

Hotel Serbie
Rue Chomel
Paris. 3/12/24.

Dear Bob,

What a ~~time~~ time we could have had, alas, that must wait for another year or so, when our families have grown up. Or it may be sooner than that, perhaps. What a fine city this Paris is, with its beautiful boulevards etc.!

I may perhaps visit Versailles on Friday. You will have heard, before this letter arrives, that I paid a visit to Ham-sur-Heure, because Madame Courtois told me that she would write the very next day & tell you that I had called.

Well, Monsieur, I guess you had a dingy billet when you stayed at the house of Courtois. What a charming person Madame is! And how welcome she makes one feel.

She didn't like the idea of my going back to Brussels by the afternoon train as she thought my visit much too short. She invited me to wait to see her husband & to stay with them that night & return to Brussels next day. And, as I declined her kind invitation with many thanks, she suggested that she should accompany me to Charleroi where we could call on Monsieur Courtois; this we did, and

when mons. finished² his shift, the three of us went back to Charleroi station, where I caught the train to Brussels. He seemed a rather happy sort & although I couldn't converse with him, I should think him a very decent fellow.

And they might well be proud of their family, they seemed very fine youngsters. Marie Rose is a dear little girl, but when I took her on my knee I felt positively helpless at being unable to talk to her. I guess the proceedings during my stay would have tickled you. There was Madame C. with that large dictionary which you left, searching out words to point out for me to read; and Mme Germain trying to chip in with a few words of English while I was trying to understand them, & in turn make myself understood by them, by forming phrases of words gathered from Hugo's book, a small French-English Dictionary, & another, small book entitled "How to get all you want when travelling in France." I must say the effect was funny, if not grand. I must have hurled most frightful conglomerations of words in queerly pronounced French at them, but in most cases, they "cottoned on" to my meaning.

Madame Courtois did the mising of the paste & Mme Germain the cooking, of

3/12/24

some of their excellent ^③ galettes.
First we sat down to wine + biscuits;
then we had galettes + coffee; then
we had more wine. Then Mme C. packed
up all the galettes that were left + gave
them to me to take on my way.
Mons. C. sent his assistant out for a
bottle of beer which we consumed while
waiting for the termination of his shift.
Mme. C. has a wonderful opinion of
Monsieur "Robairt," + she said Marie Rose
is always talking of you + Rose Margaret,
+ Madame Margaret.

I was told that Marie Rose + Marthe send
"beaucoup amities" to ~~the~~ Robert, Margaret,
Rose Margaret, Lorna, and also to
Robert's "Mamma."

How are things going with you?
Have you sold your old house?
Are you still in Harp Id.?
Are you still at the Ch. of Marufs?
How is Hodge? And how are Lovie + Lorna?
Please give them all my love.
How is the Masonic business?
Are you finding it interesting?
How is Bob Callander? And how are Leo and
Jenny Kennedy + Co.? Do you ever see Mr. Ross
of Cardboard Box fame? Kind regards to these folks
when you see them.

I must now knock off.
So long lad. With love from your
brother Frank S.