

Kronprinsensgade 10,  
Copenhagen.  
29/2/48.

Dear Cecile,

It was so nice to hear from you. I've taken your letter out goodness knows how many times intending to answer it, and then put it away again because pupils came or the phone rang. Now I've just marked the exercise books for next week and plastered my face with a face mask so I look like a lump of dough.

Christmas must have been fun. It's always interesting to be in another country and celebrate one of their traditional festivals. I'm glad you are getting enough to eat and can keep warm. Here we still have enough but soon meat will be very scarce. There is practically no black market so it is the same for everybody. Until a week ago the weather was quite mild but now it is cold. The children are so happy because they can go skating.

I expect you are all speaking French like natives. How are the children getting on at school? Aren't you a bit worried about the international situation? Things look pretty grim at present. Scandinavia is very jittery.

Unless the National Bank relaxes some of its restrictions I won't get to Switzerland this summer. Now we can't even buy a ticket for another country without permission.

Yesterday a professor from Sweden 'phoned me and asked if I'd take a group of Swedes over to England in July. First class accommodation everywhere and he'll pay me in Swedish money. Of course I jumped at the chance. I expect we'll spend a week in London, sightseeing, and then spend a fortnight or so at some country inn. They are to have lessons in the mornings and enjoy themselves for the rest of the day.

Just now I'm madly busy. We are putting on 'You can't take it with you' next month. One of my actors was sent off to Norway by his chief and another has just disappeared. The others don't know their parts. The private school is flourishing. Have just engaged another teacher. A beautiful blonde who really can teach. Her first pupil (a very charming young man) took one look at her and decided to take three lessons a week instead of the one he had ordered.

Do you think you can find a place to live nearer Paris? It can't be so amusing for you to be separated from Hews all week. Especially in a foreign country. If prices are as high in France as they are here it must be difficult for you. Here we have grown accustomed to shortages etc. so we don't notice it so much. Things are much worse in England though, people coming back say that the English are really undernourished. The silly thing is that I'm not allowed to send parcels. I do smuggle a bit over every now and then. I'm glad I'm going to England this summer because I'll be able to take a big food parcel for my girl friend and her babies. What a horrible mess the world is in!

Now I must fly, I'm going to have dinner with a doctor friend. He has written a medical paper and I've said I'd help him translate it. Love to the children - do let me know how you are getting on.

affectionately,  
Soan.