

FRANK ARTHUR

REAL ESTATE

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PARIS, le 2nd of April 1945.

Mrs Louis Hill,
475 Portland Avenue,
St Paul
Minn.

My dear Mrs Hill,

I fear this is a very belated letter of thanks, the writing of which I have postponed until I could find a few moments of calm and leisure, in which to express to you, my sincere appreciation of your great kindness, in having sent me a parcel, containing so many of the little things we have constantly been without for so many years, but especially for the kind thought and the message of remembrance which accompanied and prompted its despatch. Both message and parcel were faithfully delivered by your son, Lieutenant Jerome Hill, to whom I am entirely devoted, with all the charm & kindness which are characteristically his. Need I add that I was much touched by your thoughtfulness, more perhaps than you can imagine, and more certainly than these few words of thanks, can possibly convey.

Your kind thought brought back to me so many memories of the past and the happy days when you and your family were over here.... The little house at Ville d'Avray, the apartment and the vagaries of the poor Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, and especially the consideration and courtesy that I received at your hands. Even a deficient memory cannot obliterate such recollections. It was a rift in the dark clouds that had hung over us all during the harrowing years of the German occupation.

I cannot tell you how intense a pleasure was mine, when unannounced, your son walked into my office, as bright, handsome and debonnaire as ever! It was good to see him, to know that you were all well and happy, and thus to have a reply to the questions and queries, that I was constantly setting myself, and to which the complete isolation in which we were placed, debarr'd us from being able to satisfy. To find oneself suddenly isolated & cut off from the outside world, without any means of communication, is one of the most distressing situations it is possible to imagine. My radio was confiscated, and I was personally under a continual and harassing surveillance by police and military authorities. At least the end appears to be in sight, but I fear it will be a long time before the world recovers its equilibrium. I fear you would find a terrible difference between the Paris of today, and the one that you previously knew. My reminiscences go back to the very early 80's, so you can imagine the ever widening gulf, that I see every day of my life.

With every good wish to you and yours, and again assuring you of my deep appreciation for your kindness and thoughtfulness, I beg to remain, my dear Mrs Hill,

Very sincerely yours,

Frank Arthur
P.T.O.



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