Julian Street

230 East 49th St.,
N.Y., May 9, 1930

Dear Miss Tarbell:

The other night I woke up with a start thinking of a story about Jack which I had forgotten for years but which came back to me so strongly as to awaken me.

Do you remember, after his adventure of the cattle boat, when Pierce swam back to Boston, that Jack walked in France a good deal?

I rmemember that he went with another young man, and that they separated, each going his own road, meeting every few days at some appointed place -- the idea being that they could have more adventures singly than if they went together.

One night Jack arrived at a chateau about bedtime. He climbed the wall and got into a haystack to sleep, but before sleeping lit a cigarette. A servant came out from the house saying Mr. Vanderbilt of N.Y. lived there, and that while she had no objection to a stranger's sleeping in her hay, she did not like cigarettes to be smoked there. Jack made himself agreeable to the butler or valet who brought this message, and so impressed him that the man was very respectful and finally asked if he wished to be called in the morning -- exactly as if he were a house guest. Jack left a call, and sure enough, in the morning out came the servant with basins, water, soap and nice towels, and later he came with breakfast on a silver tray.

Jack and his companion met in Rouen. Their appointment was for a certain hour, but the friend was not there. They were to meet at the cathedral. To pass the time Jack climbed the iron spire, and when he reached a little compartment near the top, he discovered his friend up there stark naked. He had gone up there to change his underwear to save the price of a room.

Another story was about sleeping in the hay, in an old barn, with a lot of thieves and cutthroats. One was a sailor. Jack traveled with this sailor several days, as I recall it, and they had a room together at some seaport -- perhaps Marseilles. Anyway the sailor robbed Jack, and Jack got back at him by robbing him; and each finally returned the other's possessions in a most friendly manner, without admitting the theft on either side. The things just reappeared. When Jack found his things he took the attitude that he must have mislaid them; then the sailor left the room and the things he had likewise "mislaid" were replaced. They parted good friends.

I am anxious to know whether you recall these yarns. I think I have them about right, but you may recollect certain details I have overlooked. It was one of his stories when he was at the American.

It was so nice to see you again.

I am to be married on Monday next, but shall stay in town the rest of the month -- or most of it.

Faithfully yours,

(Julian Street)

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