

3 rue de l'Éstrapade,  
Paris (V<sup>e</sup> Arr.), France.  
September 4, 1924

Dear Señor del Río-Hortega,

Oh, the sunshine of Spain! Is it real? Did we ever see the glorious sun every day? It has rained every day since we have been in France! I hope the weather has been as perfect as always in Valladolid and that you have been having a splendid vacation? I hope too that you have ~~not~~ tried not to study and work all the time. Are your father and sisters enjoying the country too? Please remember me to them. I cannot write a letter which they could understand now. All the little Spanish that I knew in Madrid

seems to have flown away.

Last evening I tried to write a letter to Señor Gomez and found I could remember almost nothing. Will you explain to him if he cannot understand my terrible Spanish? I lost his lovely fan on the train, even went back to the station to look for it. I felt so badly that we bought another fan and sent it to him with a letter begging him to do another for me. Do you suppose he will? I gave him my address here and also at home. Do you think I asked too much?

Forgive my not writing you before. With our many changes from place to place and all the care of the children now (for we have sent Alice to Sweden for a month's vacation) I have very little time to myself. We

live midway between the Luxembourg Gardens and the Jardin des Plantes. There is a zoo in the Jardin des Plantes and therefore the children prefer it, of course.

Dr Penfield is established in a small laboratory for a little more work before we sail on the Aquitania on the 27<sup>th</sup> of September. But he will write you.

Please make us an exception to your general rule and write to us occasionally!

As ever, your friend,  
Helen Penfield.