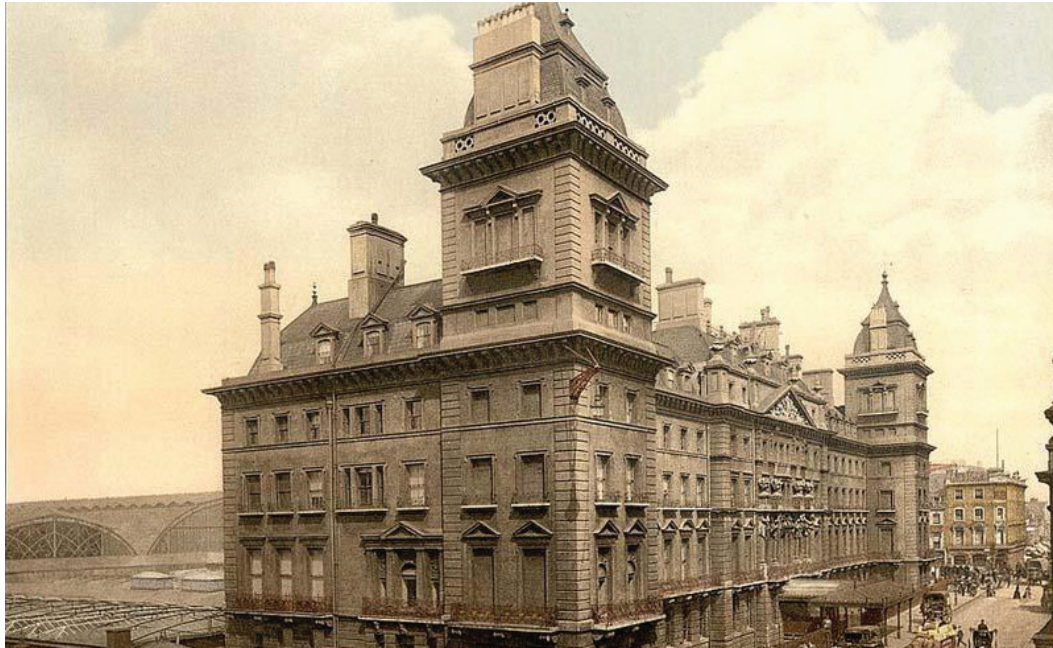




THE GREAT WESTERN ROYAL HOTEL

POST CARD

This space may be used for communication

9 August 1954

Darling M,

You won't believe this. Do you remember that night in Paris in '38 where the escargot were burned to a crisp, and there was that terrible scene with the chef who turned out to be from Dagenham, Anglo-Saxon cusswords and all?

I swear to you that he's now the head chef here and pretending to be a Froggie! Using the name Hector Duvall no less! I was half-tempted to turn him in, but after a quiet word I

The address only to be written here

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IN BOOKS
3'00 A BOOK



Mr. Maurice Northmoor

c/o Silver Crest Luxury Goods

3 Tenterden St

London

seem to have the finest Chateau Lafite at my beck and call and the table with the best view. His cooking's improved, too. It's an ill wind!

Yours, Johnny x