

John Howard Griffin

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Dearest Nell,

It is now 3:15 a.m. and I am back in my studio, workroom, office or whatnot with a 5 gallon crock of bread dough thst is rising for a batch of French bread to be cooked this evening. And always in these predawn hours when I work with the bread I think of you there at Villa Serena.

The family sleeps in rooms around me. We are awaiting the arrival tomorrow of compadres, the Ellises, returning from a year in Spain, and we will have the Penn Joneses in to dinner tomorrow night, because they are old friends of the Ellises also. So, I'll take my time and get all the cooking done today - or at least very well started. I've already made a big paté that now lies weighted in the refrigerator so the truffles can do their work by tomorrow evening; and a little bit later I will do the meat for the boeuf a la bourguignonne, larding the beef, browning it, flaming it, etc. And then letting it set overnight to be finished slowly tomorrow.

All goes well here, but too much company at a time when I am themost occupied with work. That is another reason I get up so early - so that I can get the work out first thing and then try to get to bed early and let the company entertain themselves (or let the rest of the family entertain them.)

Best love to you, Nell, from all of us ~~us~~ here,

