

Around July 14, 1939:
Paris and St. Cyr etc.

Dear people,

Life goes on as usual. Yesterday however, Roger and I went to the Triomphe de St. Cyr, the French West Point. I did the same thing three years ago, only this time it was more fun 'cause I knew more people. First there was a series of comic battles on the cavalry field, arranged by the boys, then a cavalry display (beautiful horses & perfect riding), then a flowery speech by the general in charge, and "baptism" of the young "promotion", and the grand finale. We had good seats because one of the St. Cyriens that

F-01

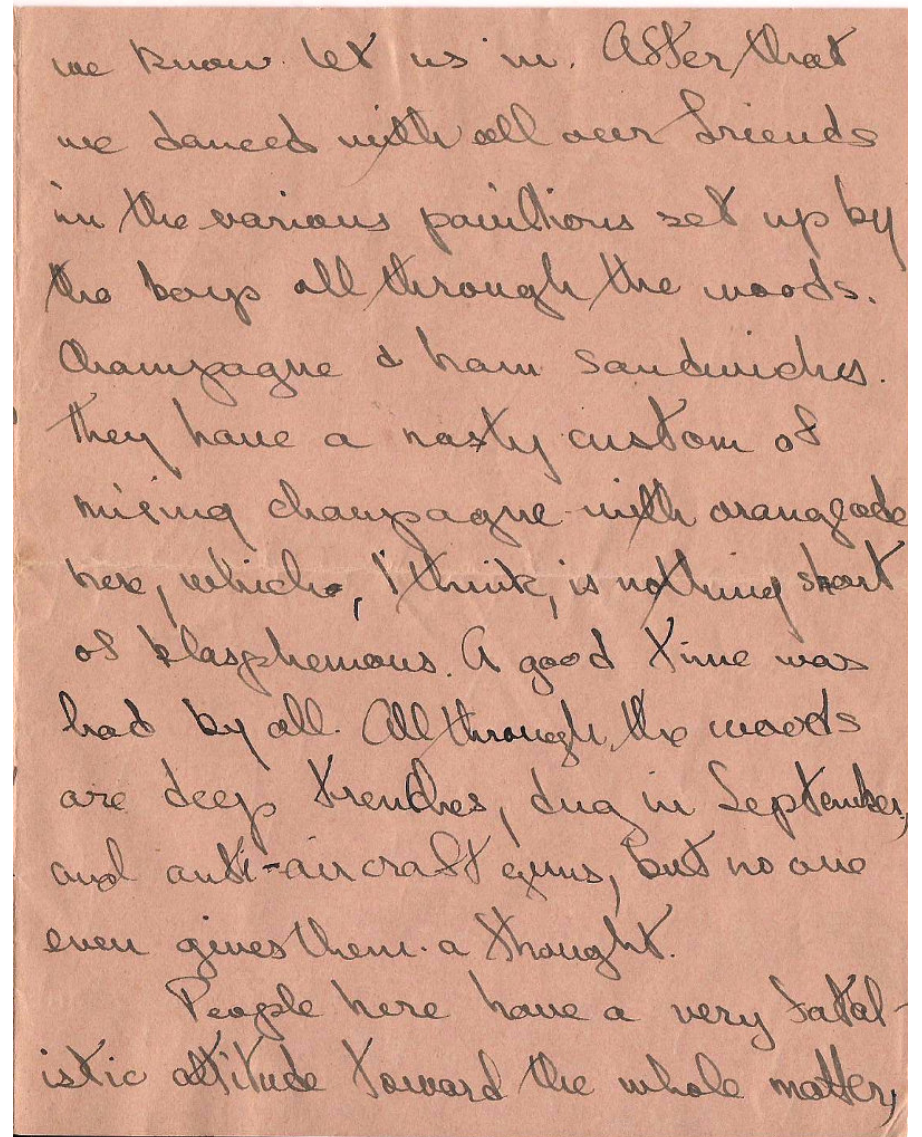
Around July 14
1939: Paris and
St. Cyr etc.

Dear People,

Life goes on as usual. Yesterday however, Roger & I went to the Triomphe de St. Cyr, the French West Point. I did the same thing 3 yrs. ago, only this time it was more fun 'cause I knew more people. First there was a series of comic battles on the cavalry field, arranged by the boys, then a cavalry display (beautiful horses & perfect riding), then a flowery speech by the general in charge, the "baptism" of the young "promotion", and the grand finale. We had good seats because one of the St. Cyriens that

we know let us in. After that we danced with all our friends in the various pavilions set up by the boys all through the woods. Champagne & ham sandwiches. They have a nasty custom of mixing champagne with orange ade here, which I think is nothing short of blasphemous. A good time was had by all. All through the woods are deep trenches, dug in September, and anti-aircraft guns, but no one ever gives them a thought.

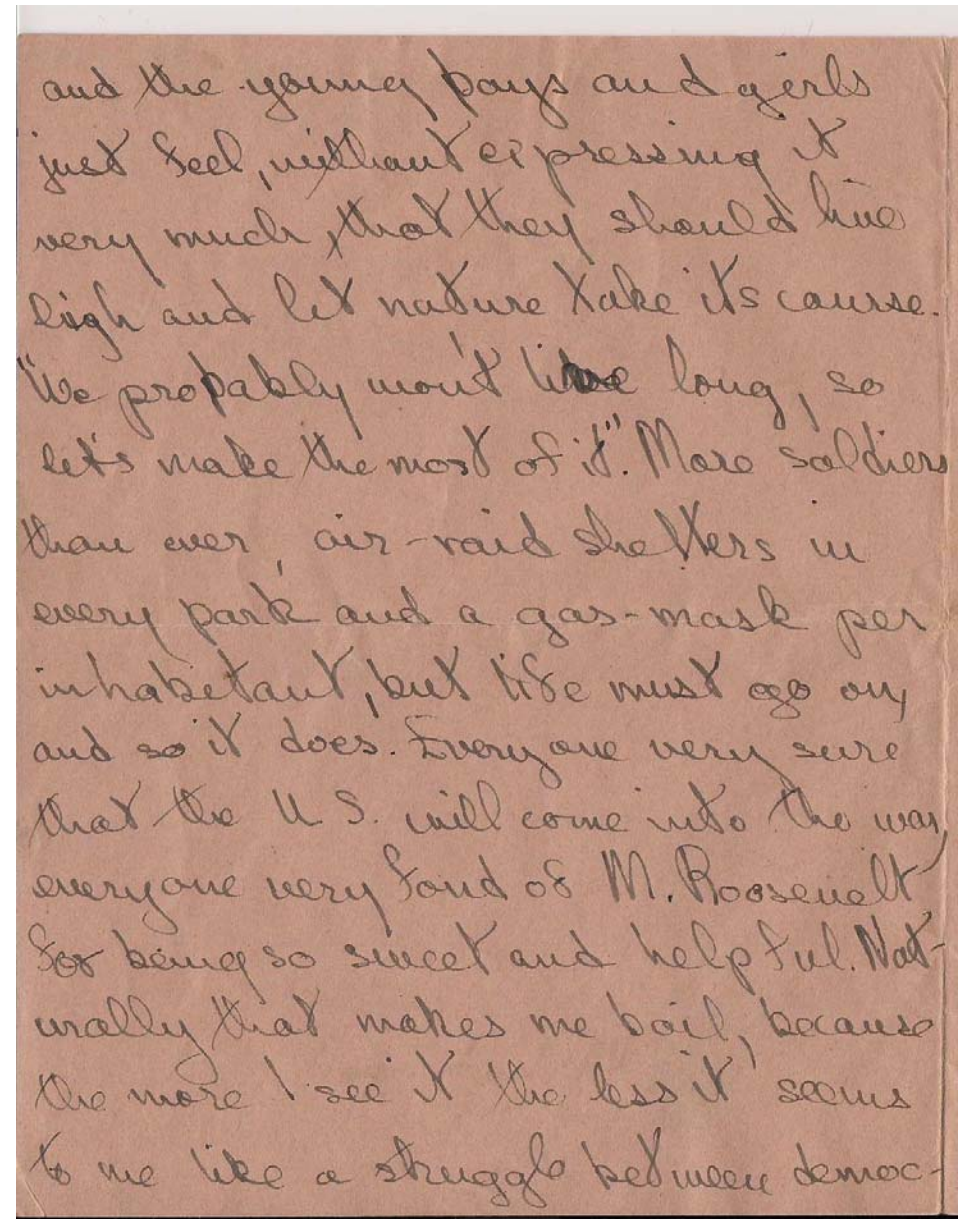
People here have a very fatalistic attitude toward the whole matter,



we know let us in. After that we danced with all our friends in the various pavilions set up by the boys all through the woods. Champagne & ham sandwiches. They have a nasty custom of mixing champagne with orange ade here, which, I think, is nothing short of blasphemous. A good time was had by all. All through the woods are deep trenches, dug in September, and anti-aircraft guns, but no one ever gives them a thought.

People here have a very fatalistic attitude toward the whole matter,

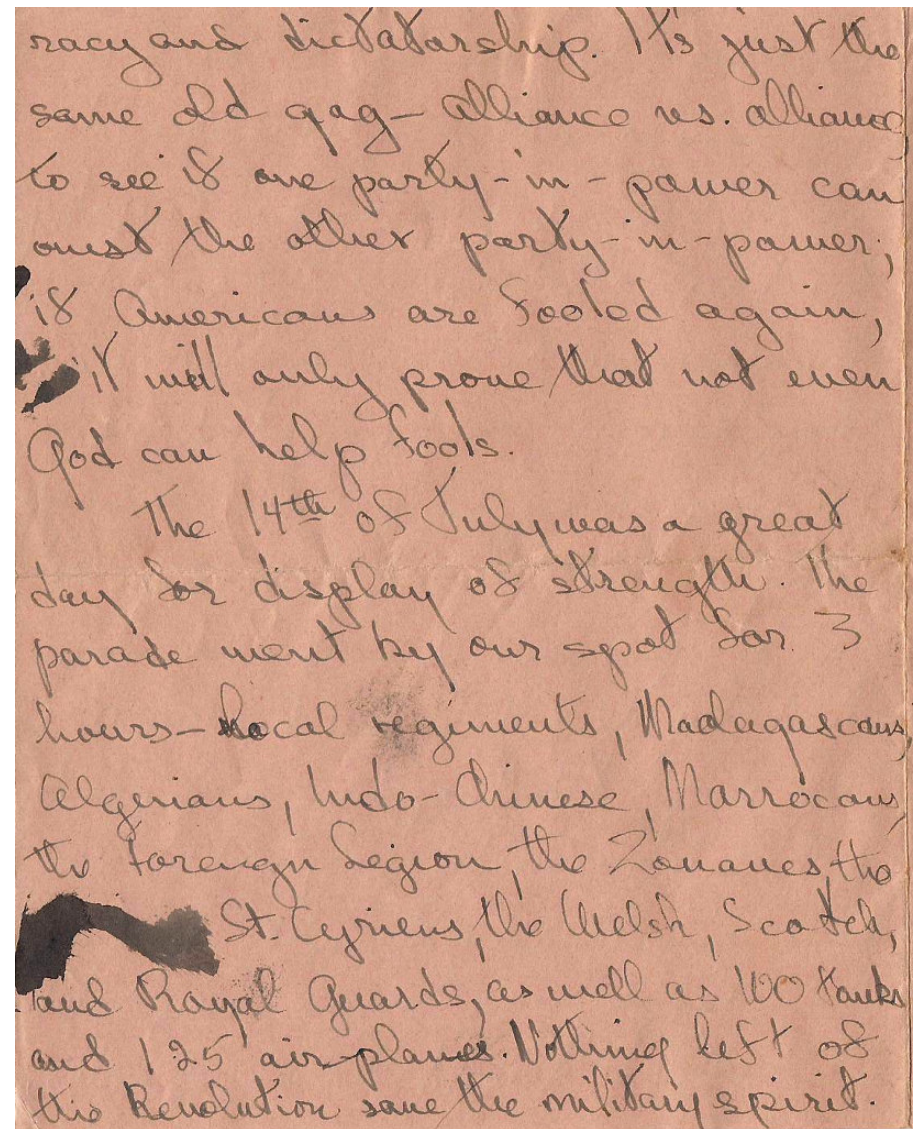
and the young boys and girls just feel, without expressing it very much, that they should live high and let nature take its course. "We probably won't live long, so let's make the most of it." More soldiers than ever, air raid shelters in every park and a gas mask per inhabitant, but life must go on, and so it does. Everyone very sure that the U. S. will come into the war, everyone very fond of M. Roosevelt for being so sweet and helpful. Naturally that makes me boil, because the more I see it the less it seems to me like a struggle between democracy



and the young boys and girls just feel, without expressing it very much, that they should live high and let nature take its course. "We probably won't live long, so let's make the most of it." More soldiers than ever, air-raid shelters in every park and a gas-mask per inhabitant, but life must go on and so it does. Everyone very sure that the U. S. will come into the war, everyone very fond of M. Roosevelt for being so sweet and helpful. Naturally that makes me boil, because the more I see it the less it seems to me like a struggle between democ-

and dictatorship. It's just the same old gag – alliance versus alliance, to see if one party-in-power can oust the other party-in-power; if Americans are fooled again, it will only prove that not even God can help fools.

The 14th of July was a great day for display of strength. The parade went by our spot for three hours – local regiments, Madagascans, Algerians, Indo-Chinese, Moroccans, the Foreign Legion, the Zouaves, the St. Cyriens, the Welsh, Scotch, and Royal guards, as well as 100 tanks and 125 airplanes. Nothing left of the Revolution save the military spirit.



racy and dictatorship. It's just the same old gag – alliance vs. alliance to see if one party-in-power can oust the other party-in-power; if Americans are fooled again, it will only prove that not even God can help fools.

The 14th of July was a great day for display of strength. The parade went by our spot for 3 hours – local regiments, Madagascans, Algerians, Indo-Chinese, Moroccan, the Foreign Legion, the Zouaves, the St. Cyriens, the Welsh, Scotch, and Royal Guards, as well as 100 tanks and 125 air-planes. Nothing left of the Revolution save the military spirit.

Everyone pleased by the lack of leftist spirit in France now – the rightists are satisfied to a great extent.

In England I am informed by my spies, "Blackouts" numerous, anti-aircraft in every park, and air-raid shelters being built in leisure time. Every man and woman has some sort of job – as emergency firemen, policemen (or -women), as air raid wardens. People excited, and not so fatalistic as French. Young men in camps for first military service in history.

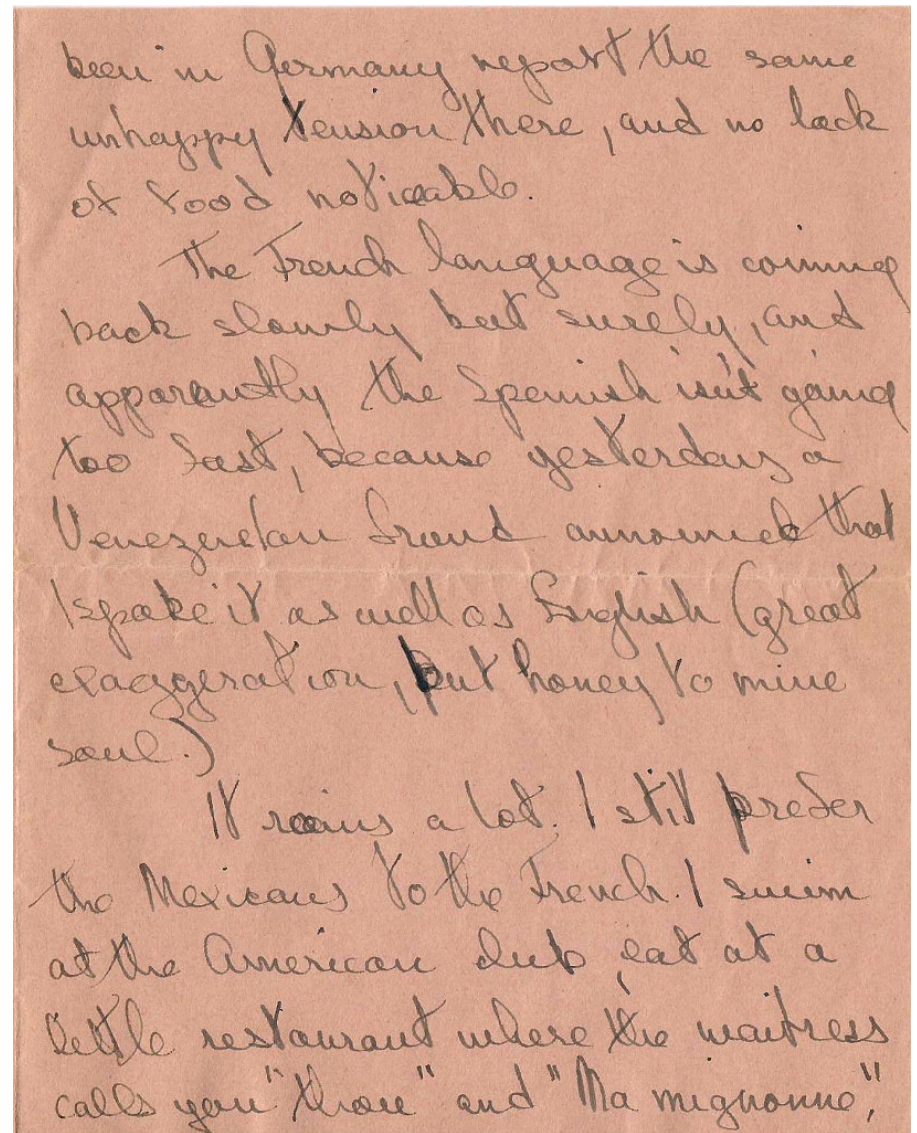
To sum the whole thing up: we don't need to get into this mess, and it certainly is not worth it. My spies who have

5
Everyone pleased by the lack of leftist spirit in France now. The rightists are satisfied to a great extent. In England I am informed by my spies, "Blackouts" numerous, anti-aircraft in every garden park, and air-raid shelters being built in leisure time. Every man and woman has some sort of job – as emergency firemen, policemen (or -women), as air-raid wardens. People excited, and not so fatalistic as French. Young men in camps for first military service in history.
To sum the whole thing up: We don't need to get into this mess, and it certainly is not worth it. My spies who have

been in Germany report the same unhappy tension there, and no lack of food noticeable.

The French language is coming back slowly but surely, and apparently the Spanish isn't going too fast, because yesterday a Venezuelan friend announced that I spoke it as well as English (great exaggeration, but honey to mine soul.)

It rains a lot. I still prefer the Mexicans to the French. I swim at the American club, eat at a little restaurant where the waitress calls you "thou" and "Ma mignonne",



been in Germany report the same unhappy tension there, and no lack of food noticeable.

The French language is coming back slowly but surely, and apparently the Spanish isn't going too fast, because yesterday a Venezuelan friend announced that I spoke it as well as English (great exaggeration, but honey to mine soul.)

It rains a lot. I still prefer the Mexicans to the French. I swim at the American club, eat at a little restaurant where the waitress calls you "thou" and "Ma mignonne",

and where you can get lovely thick soup, bread, salad, dessert and wine
(red or white) for at most 25 cents. Most things are expensive, though.

School in the morning, a good enough review of my 17th century
course, with emphasis on the lesser prose writers.

Time to go. Love and kisses to all & sundry.

Me.

and where you can get lovely
thick soup, bread, salad, dessert
and wine (red or white) for at
most 25 cents. Most things are
expensive, though.

School in the morning, a good
enough review of my 17th century
course, with emphasis on the lesser
prose writers.

Time to go. Love & kisses to all
& sundry.

Me.