

Dear People,

August 3, 1939

*It is to be hoped that you are now quite satisfied as to my well-being, my dears. Happy and healthy, that is Philinda. Having a lovely time, too.*

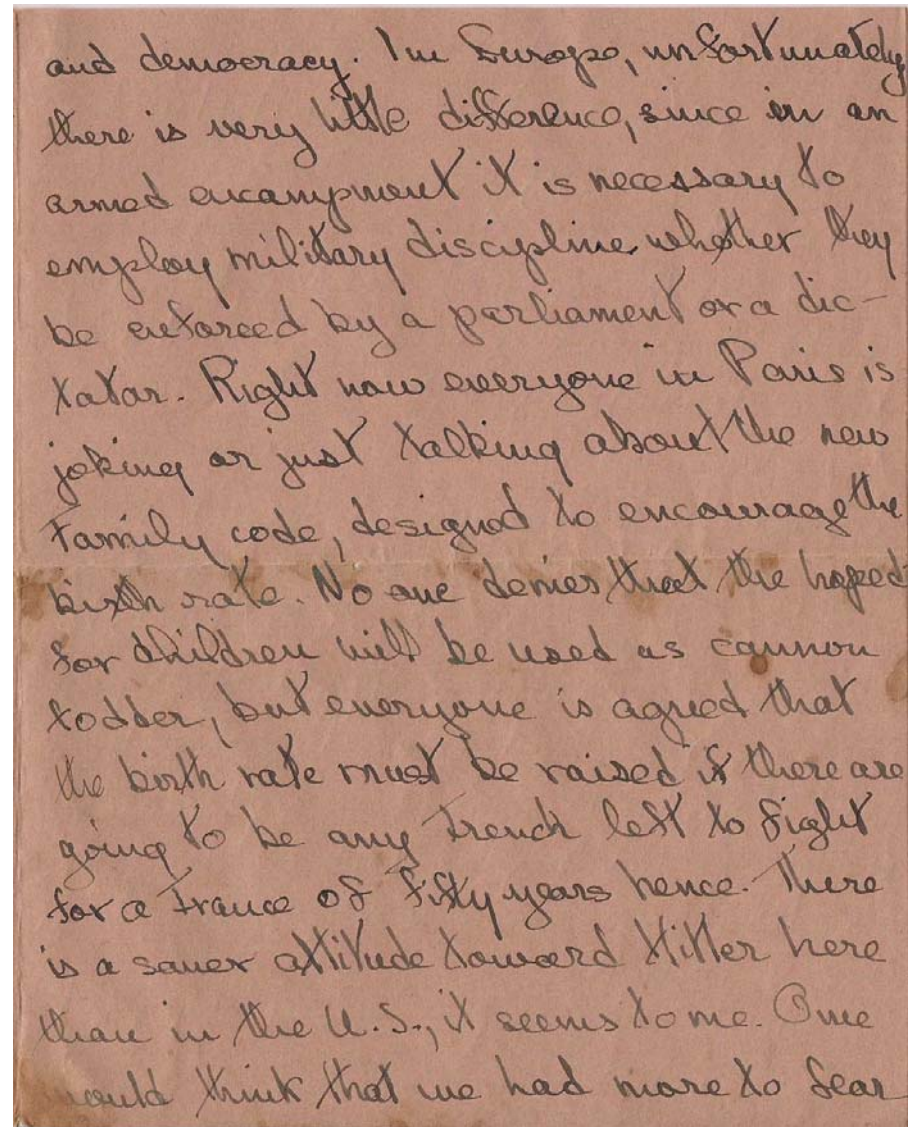
*A few observations: they no longer have much fear of Communism in France, as they did three or four years ago. Since July, Frenchmen have been quite optimistic about peace. Almost everyone is assured of no war within a period of six months, anyway. Even hard-shelled pessimists are included in the list of those who feel that things have calmed down a great deal since September and March. One hears very little talk here of the struggle between totalitarianism*

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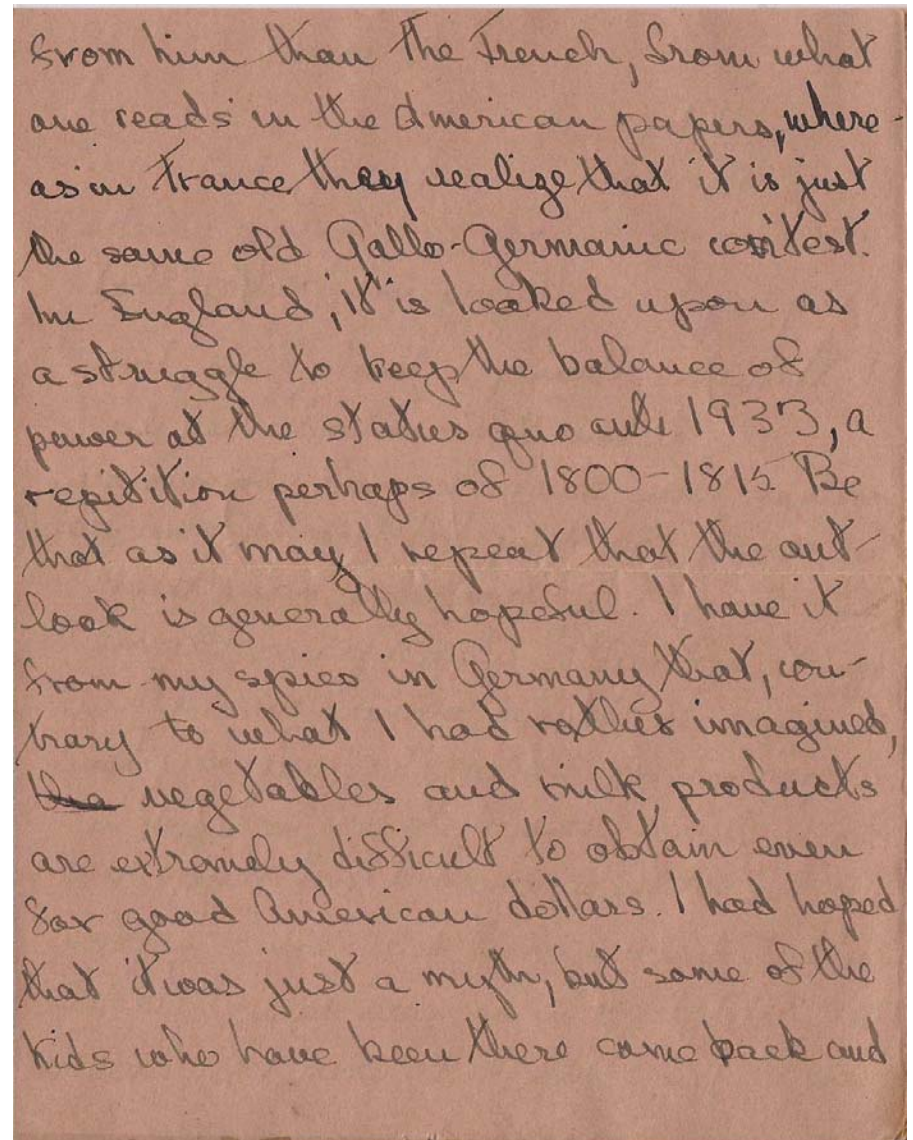
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and democracy. In Europe, unfortunately, there is very little difference, since in an armed encampment is necessary to employ military discipline whether they be enforced by a parliament or a dictator. Right now everyone in Paris is joking or just talking about the new family code designed to encourage the birth rate. No one desires that the hoped-for children will be used as cannon fodder, but everyone is agreed that the birth rate must be raised if there are going to be any French left to fight for a France of 50 years hence. There is a saner attitude toward Hitler here than in the U.S., it seems to me. One would think that we had more to fear



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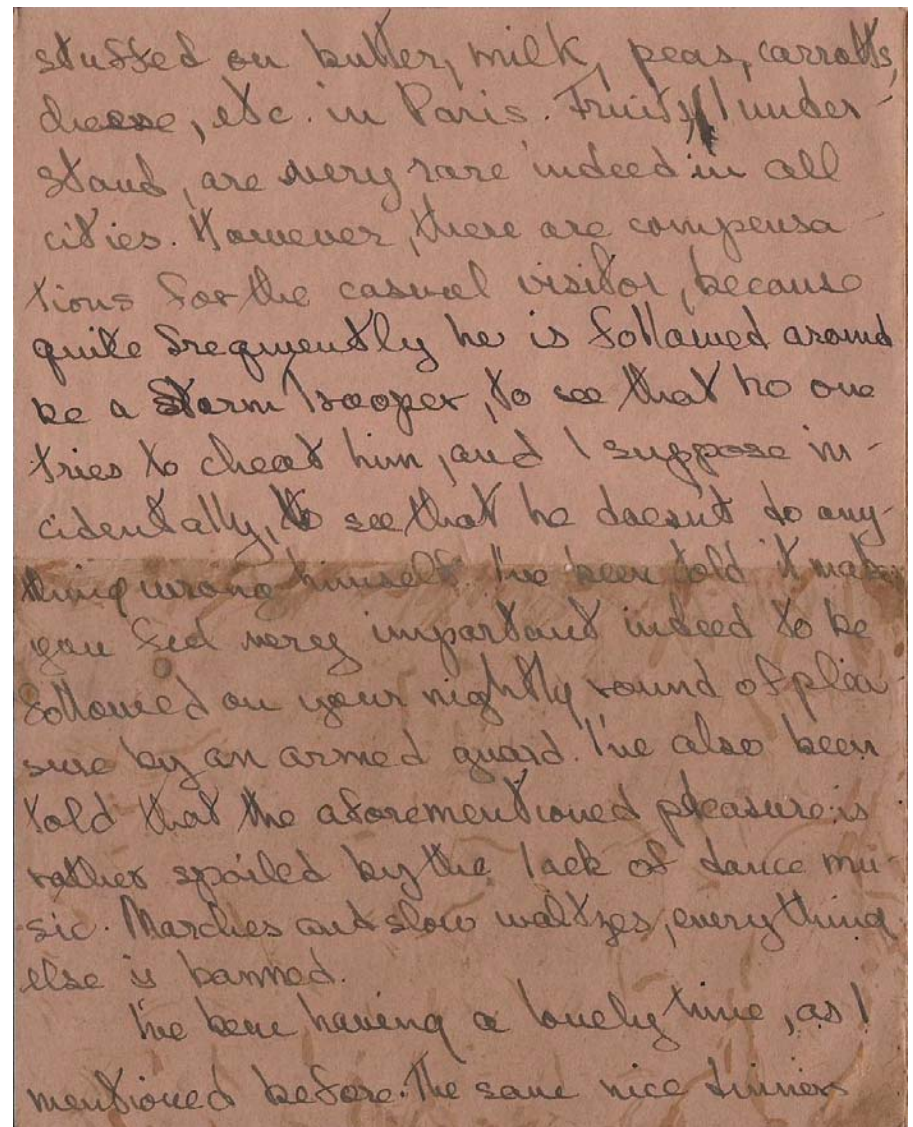
from him than the French, from what one reads in the American papers, whereas in France they realize that it is just the same old Gallo-Germanic contest. In England, it is looked upon as a struggle to keep the balance of power at the status quo ante 1933, a repetition perhaps of 1800-1815. Be that as it may, I repeat that the outlook is generally hopeful. I have it from my spies in Germany that, contrary to what I had rather imagined, vegetables and milk products are extremely difficult to obtain even for good American dollars. I had hoped that it was just a myth, but some of the kids who have been there came back and



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stuffed on butter, milk, peas, carrots, cheese, etc. in Paris. Fruit, I understand, are very rare indeed in all cities. However there are compensations for the casual visitor, because quite frequently he is followed around by a storm trooper, to see that no one tries to cheat him, and I suppose incidentally, to see that he doesn't do anything wrong himself. I've been told it makes you feel very important indeed to be followed on your nightly round of pleasure by an armed guard. I've also been told that the aforementioned pleasure is rather spoiled by the lack of dance music. Marches and slow waltzes, everything else is banned.

I've been having a lovely time, as I mentioned before. The nice dinners



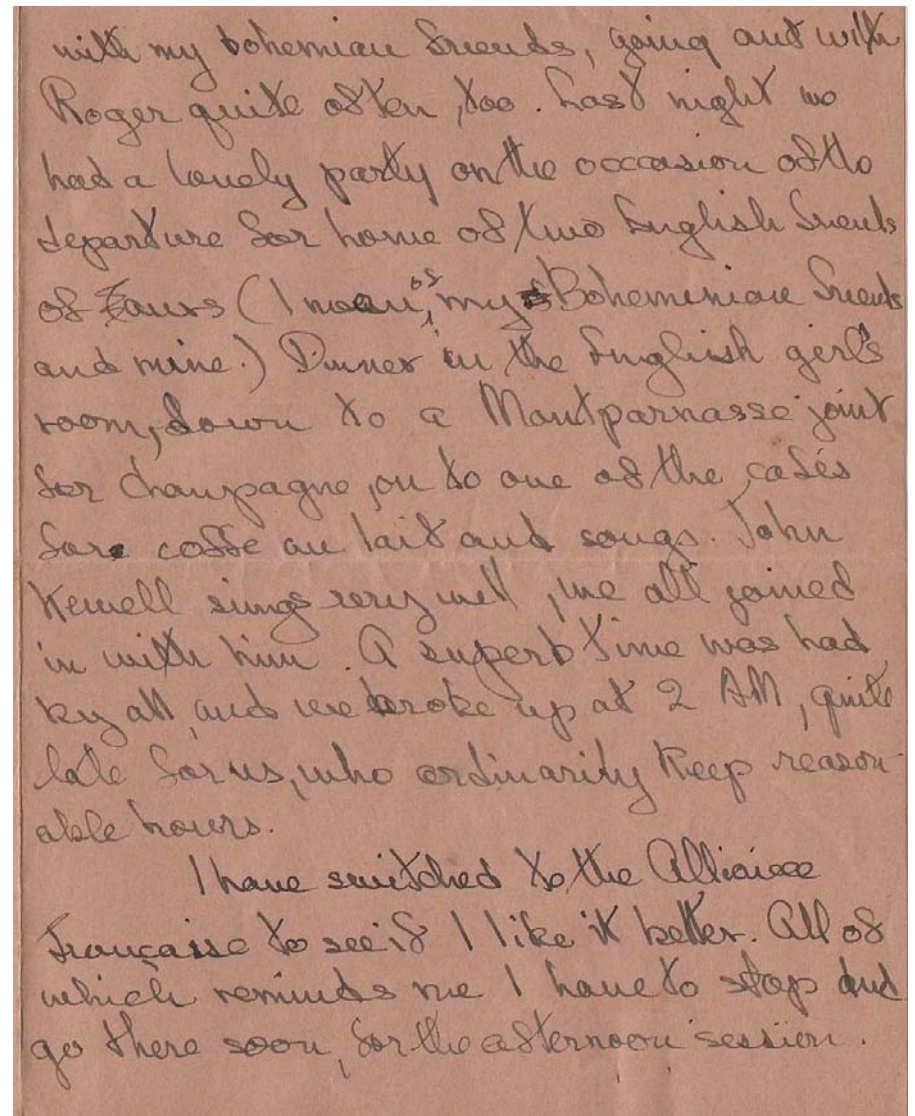
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with my bohemian friends, going out with Roger quite often, too. Last night we had a lovely party on the occasion of the departure for home of two English friends of ours (I mean of my Bohemian friends and mine.) Dinner in the English girl's room, down to a Montparnasse joint for champagne, on to one of the cafés for coffee au lait and songs. John Newell sings very well, we all joined in with him. A superb time was had by all, and we broke up at 2 AM, quite late for us, who ordinarily keep reasonable hours.

I have switched to the Alliance Française to see if I like it better.

All of which reminds me I have to stop and go there soon, for the afternoon session.



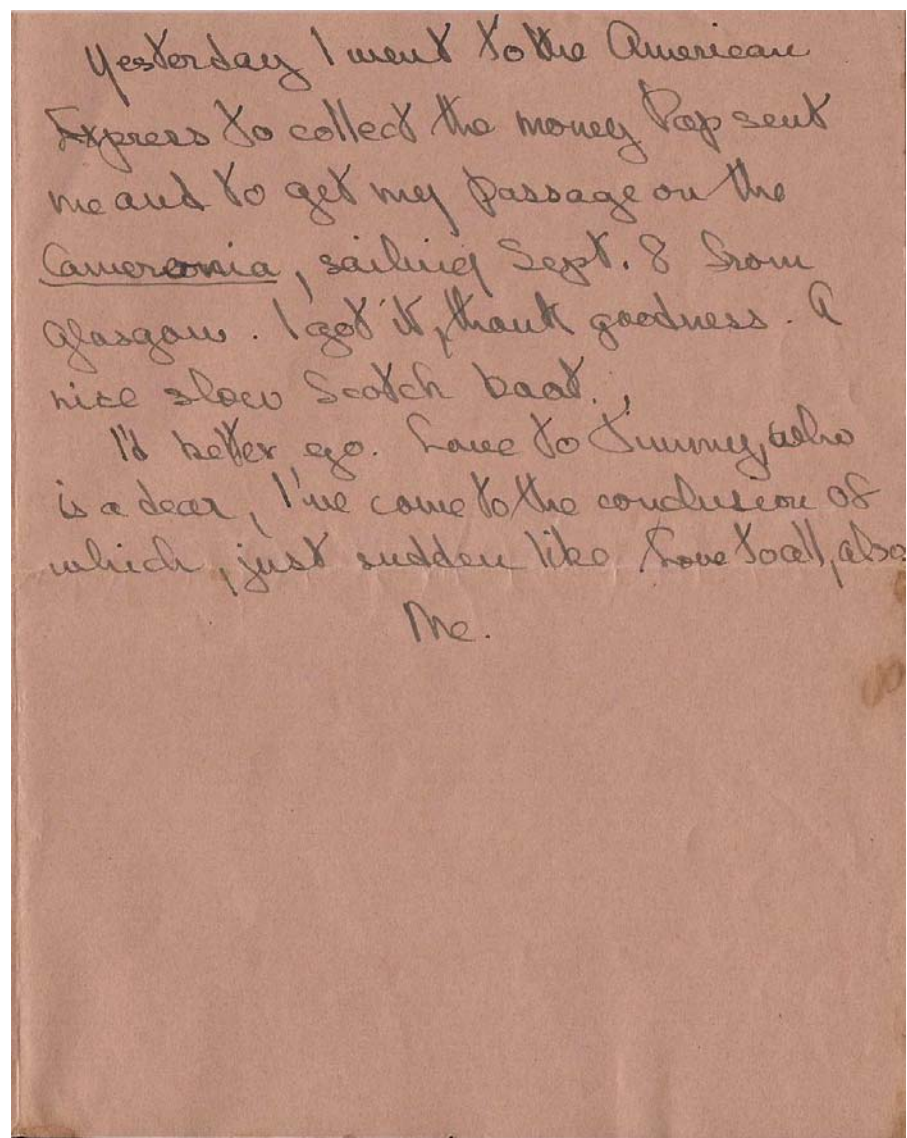
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Yesterday I went to the American Express to collect the money pop sent me and get my passage on the Cameronia, sailing Sept. 8 from Glasgow. I got it, thank goodness. A nice slow Scotch boat.

I'd better go. Love to Jimmy, who is a dear, I've come to the conclusion of which, just sudden like. Love to all, also.

Me.

A photograph of a handwritten note on aged, yellowish-brown paper. The text is written in cursive and matches the typed transcription on the left. The note is dated '1939-08-03' and is addressed to 'Family'. The handwriting is somewhat slanted and shows signs of being written quickly. The paper has some minor stains and a small mark in the bottom right corner.

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