Sunday Afternoon
Aug 7, 1949

Mon Cheri,

Paris is hot and dusty this afternoon. It is my last day here and I've about had enough for the time being. It is meant for people on leave, not alone.

On Friday morning at went to the Broussais Hospital and saw some very good Surgery. Friday afternoon to see some

of the modern paintings — you can have them. Friday night I tried to get a seat for the Opera Don Juan but had no luck so I went to a local movie.

Yesterday I walked for about six hours taking snaps of interesting scenes as I went. When I got tired I rested at one of the innumerable side walk cafes. Food in them as a whole is good in spite of

the fame of France's cuisine. If you want to pay $3 - $8 you can get a wonderful meal with all that goes with - atmosphere, ambiance", service (at a not inconsiderable price) and fair music. But who wants to pay that much. Light meals and lots of walking have me in about the best physical shape I have been in for

for some time. Yesterday, being Saturday I visited the big market place on the left bank (the Latin quarter). It was very interesting. There are people there of every race and clime, every color and shade of color. Each minds his own business and goes along. There is a feeling that no matter how odd his — and some are very odd

he has a right to be
that way. Pale platinum
haired scandinavians,
jet black senegalese,
gaulic type south
French men with
pale blue eyes and
purple black hair,
suave good looking
East Indians, hand-
some big Chinese and
cute little baby faced
Indonesians all seem
to make a homogenous
picture when mixed in

with the typical peasant farmer man and woman who look like country people all over the world— and of course American tourists every where. Beggars still flourish as in the time of Francois Villon and mobs still gather in the Place de Concord. Yesterday a group of several thousand gathered out side of the American Embassy

on Le Pure Royale in protest against the signing of military agreements growing out of the Atlantic pact. The riot was led by the Communist members of the French House of representatives. These were arrested and later let loose. About 1,500 gendarmes were on hand, so nothing of significance took place. In France this sort of thing

apparently is expected.
No one seems too upset.

The women at the cafe restaurants were all a buzz with the fashion shows which started Thursday. Each of the famous houses is now giving its preview of Fall fashions. It apparently is something to reckon with.

Tomorrow I leave for London Hotel W.T. Boyd. Next Saturday the 13th - for home.

Charlie