

3 September [1945]

Dear Miss McGlynn:

I think I told you in my last letter that I had hoped to see a bit more of the "Old World" before too long. At any rate my luck held out and a seven day jaunt to London and Paris was the result.

I'm not going to take up your time by trying to tell you what it was like. By now you know just about all - from what some of the old gang has been able to tell you and from them you have heard all about the wonder of the two cities. For me it was almost too good to be true and every once in a while I had to stop and ask myself if it were true - may second a bit daft- but "thems the conditions what prevails."

Paris was my favorite, and the gay crowds - the beautiful avenues - the sidewalk cafes - the Cathedral of

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there for a bit glad that all come out wel l- and that there will be no after - effects.

A letter from Pineault recently no word from Bob or Ledo for some time - Things appear to be the same from what I can learn from their letters home.

Every-one over here is getting a wee bit - jumpy and each day it gets worse - there is little here to keep us busy, and we are down to a dull daily routine sort of life - I'm eager to get back to start to teach but I guess everyone is in the same frame of mind - It is hard to see why we should have to continue on here - but there is little anyone can do - The boy that dreamed up the point system for discharge - certainly came up with a beauty - at least as far as the Air Corps is concerned - but "C'est la Guerre" [Such is war]

That all elusive third stripe has finally put in an appearance

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and now I can stop "Sir-ing"- Gallant who insists that I give him the respect due his rank -

I certainly hope that we are back in civilian life before another school year rolls around - I'm getting to be an old army man. My best to Priscilla and any of the old gang that wanders in - we are going to have to have a real old hoe-down one of these days.

Sincerely
John