My dear Mr. Nabrit,

Since my last letter to you I am happy to say, the other day I was fortunate enough to run into another Howardite—Clifton Felton, with a Quartermaster Truck Head here on the continent. Didn’t have much time to learn much about his activities only that from observation he is well.

Somehow each time I write, I am always forced to make some form of apology. I hope not in this letter. As you know things are moving so very fast over here until, we service troops have to almost trot to keep up our end of the game which is tremendous one but important. By God’s help I’m quite sure we’ll make the grade.

I cannot dwell too largely upon the fantastic eruption of massed joy noted on the faces of the people here, their demonstrations somehow it is much, much too large for me. I don’t know where to start or what to say. Words you put down about it sound feeble to the point of its asininity. I believe most of we Americans have been so unused to anything quite so bright and spectacular.

The minute you dismount from your vehicle you are kissed and hugged and mauled by frenzied, friendly, elated mobs until you are left speechless; even though you do know a little French, you are left speechless, “merci” being the most overworked French word. You just say that. The gatherings are represented by little children and old women, grown up men and beautiful French girls! Most of them have bright flags of various sizes both British, American (with yet thirteen stars), and the tri-color.

I believe that this is the flower garden of the world—all variety of flowers, including the expensive gardenias, carnations and red roses which would cost you many dollars for a bouquet back in the states.

Not to say nothing of the cognac and cider which is literally poured upon you should you become unguarded.

As you drive along, gigantic masses of moving and screaming humanity; to witness this; your old veins begin to tingle with queer pulsations. For you are gay in a sense and somewhat melancholy in another sense because you know of the inevitable catastrophe to be confronted back in the United States, however, momentary this may be, you are soon back into a gay mood again. Helping others to see the light again is quite alright and in actuality there is so much of the same thing which we fight remaining across the Atlantic—at home untouched in a sense.
The other day, I was fortunate enough to have a petit garçon sing the “Le Marseillaise” in French as well as in English which was quite beautiful. Other songs that are quite noted over here are “Tipperary,” “Madelon,” also “Over There.”

Aside from all of this gayness, there’s the ugly, dirty, somewhat more unfortunate; under the occupation. I presume some lived better than others provided they played on the right team, living under the iron hue [?] must have been a bit uncomfortable. I suppose the ugly and dirty are just as much in their right for emotions as any other citizen—and they do demonstrate!

There seem to be but very little left to say about life on the Continent. I look forward to the Howard Bulletin with much anticipation.

Sincerely,

Frederic Clanagan