

Société Anonyme  
CAPITAL: 2,500,000 FRANCS  
R. C. Seine 90.162

NEW YORK  
**Herald Tribune**  
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Telegraphic Address  
HERALD - PARIS  
Chèques Postaux: 380-13 Paris

21 RUE DE BERRI 21

PARIS, March 23, 1938

Dear Ring:

The enclosed document has been lying around in my desk for some months. My collaborator, a French communist who worked in Hollywood for about eight years, has disappeared from his hotel (with my typewriter and 200 francs I lent him), and I am getting tired of waiting for him to show up. If you can do anything with it, such as entrusting it to a suitable agent, I should appreciate it. I have an idea that if I could sell the story Marcel Rivet, my colleague, might turn up again and I could get my typewriter back. Also, if you can discover anything about the past of M. Rivet, I should like to hear it. I met him through Dorothy Parker.

He had the original idea for the scenario and was looking for someone to help him with the writing, his English being very French, especially on paper. The plot has undergone several transmutations since we first discussed it late last summer and would go through more if I kept it around. There are too many scenes and the ending is a bit weak, but I am tired of the whole thing.

Rivet, who is swarthy and enthusiastic, claims to have been forced out of Hollywood after getting in the hair of a few capitalist producers (I suppose this is tautological). I believe he was at one time in charge of foreign language versions of Paramount Pictures. He is divorced from a communist artist, whose name I have forgotten.



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If you were not so many days away, I should indulge in some amazing predictions on the course of European events, but am afraid that by the time you get this letter the situation would be so different as to make me look kind of silly.

It is hard to tell what is going on in a distant land from reading periodicals and I suppose I am wrong in concluding that the pacifists face a solid front of McCarthyites and jitterbugs in the U.S., but please don't disillusion me.

Europe is always much closer to war in America than it is in Europe, but it certainly was uncomfortable for a few days. Not so much after the Polish ultimatum as during the Austrian business. Now I don't think there will be a general war for some time. It all depends on how cleverly Hitler works in Czechoslovakia. If he stops short of actual invasion, and I think he will find some way of doing it, France will jump at the opportunity of staying out. The Czechs are in for a tough time, though, if German starts cornering the Balkan trade.

I have been working very hard of late, both in the office and out. With John Elliott in Spain and Walter Kerr in Vienna, I had to handle the Austrian story locally, writing the lead and several other angles every night. It is almost three weeks since I have had a day off. John and Walter are back now, and things are easing up.



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In my spare time I have been studying German against a job in Central Europe which Webb Miller told me I would get sooner or later for the U.P., and Spanish history, mostly recent, against my vacation in about three weeks on the east coast. I have made tentative arrangements to write a short book on the Washington-Lincoln brigades, but I am not sure it is going to work out. I am also planning to do some pieces for the HT and possibly a magazine. I am planning to go to Barcelona, unless it looks entirely impracticable, and to Valencia and Madrid.

Silvia's piece was very good. It was so real that it made me a little homesick for Hollywood, which was no doubt not her intention.

Tom Wilson, my erstwhile roommate, has asked me to stand up for him at his wedding to a girl named Francie Bird, who worked in our office for a while. People are beginning to whisper behind my back: "Toujours le garçon d'honneur, jamais le marié."

Love,

*Jim*