

*By Irene Corbally Kuhn*

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# P A R I S

EVERYONE who has ever been in Paris has fallen under its spell and has written about it. It may be only a postcard or a letter home; it may be an opera, a song, a book, a poem. In its historical Carnavalet Museum alone, there are more than 400,000 books which have been written about Paris. For this is a city, 2,000 years old, with a story that is ever new, a charm that is imperishable, a spirit that is indomitable, a lure that is irresistible.

French men love Paris with Gallic fervor and passion; women yield to its fascinations with joyous abandon. It is all things to all men of whatever country or calling, a city foreigners love almost as well as their own native places. It has inspired musicians and painters, sculptors and writers — and where does one begin to tell the story of a city with as many moods as a woman?

How does one select choice bits from such a treasure house of culture and taste, whose people have their own particular brand of exuberance

and ironic gaiety; who are volatile, emotional, sentimental and shrewd; thrifty and mercenary with money and goods; generous and even extravagant with beauty and feeling; logical and practical and rigidly moral by the double standard; people who can be delicate and fine and also coarse and robustly vulgar? The French are proud and sensitive, too; and they have built a peculiarly individual and magnificent culture that could only be French.

Paris was always the most important stopping place on the "Grand Tour" that the well-to-do Briton and Continental sent his sons on as part of their education. The Americans adopted this custom as we began to be strongly aware of ourselves and our place in the world from the middle of the 19th century and even earlier. Now everybody goes to Paris, in de luxe ocean liners, in student caravans, by car and bus and on bicycle and foot from the ports and the provinces, in planes that fly in the stratosphere and span in hours the distance that used to be measured in weeks and days.

There's a cocktail at the beginning of that pleasant take-off from New York's International Airport, champagne over Newfoundland, and breakfast in Paris.

From the air the eye sees and the heart leaps. Below is the grand design of the city, marked by broad avenues and easily recognized monuments and memory markers, the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe, the vast square of the Place de la Concorde, once the "New Place," where the knife of the guillotine fell and Marie Antoinette's head rolled. Round the Egyptian obelisk from Luxor one generation of French and Americans celebrated the November Armistice that ended World War I in 1918; and another generation of French and Americans celebrated the day of liberation from Nazi tyranny, V-E Day, in May, 1945.

AND BY the Place is the Seine, winding and turning in fluid curves and bends, flowing like molten silver under its many bridges. No river seems to love a city in just the way the Seine loves Paris. River and city seem inseparable, like the young lovers walking hand in hand along the *quais*. For nine miles the Seine wends its way through the different *faubourgs* and *quartiers*. The Seine is Paris and Paris is the Seine; one is conscious of the river everywhere, of the life along its banks and on its bridges and barges; the happiness it gives to the fishermen who

cast their lines into it from so many places in the city. They do not catch fish — they catch contentment.

No better way exists to see Paris than to stroll through its streets and alleys, to wander down its broad boulevards and into its odd corners. There is a special quality to Paris streets that makes one want to walk in them endlessly; and the curious fact is that one never gets tired. Only by walking can one savor the majesty and grandeur of the city's design, the generous vistas of the wide avenues; admire the use of trees for shade and ornamentation, planted with as much care as an artist composes a picture. Only by walking through them can one experience the sense of timelessness that runs through the old quarters which survive untouched from antiquity — the "Paris that is Paris," the medieval, even ancient, city so often unnoticed and unvisited by the tourist, to his infinite loss.

Cross the Seine to the Left Bank and you will come to this old Paris, to the rue de la Huchette. Here in 1795, in a room under the eaves, in a "furnished rooms hotel" known as the Cadran Bleu, quite near the rue de Petit Point, lived an artillery officer for a time. He used to take a meager lunch at the Café Cuisiner on the corner of the rue Saint Andre des Arts near the Point Saint-Michel, and he never paid more than a modest 25 sous for dinner here or at one of the other cafés

nearby. Times were hard for him then. It was a period of misery. His star had not yet risen. When you stroll beyond the house that harbored him, into the narrow Street of the Fishing Cat, and eventually to the Church of Saint Severin, the University church with its beautiful stained-glass windows, your thoughts may well dwell on this young officer. He was the master of all Europe for a time, and he left his mark on history, for this was Napoleon and it was in memory of this unhappy period that he re-opened the Church of Saint Severin.

All around this section of the Left Bank are history and tradition and places of artists' and students' yearnings and achievements. Its Latin Quarter has been the home of the Sorbonne — the University of Paris — since the beginning of the 13th century. The Quarter is bisected by the Boulevard Saint-Michel, known all over the world as "the students' boulevard." The students love to hang around the "Boul'Mich'" in their leisure time and the Place Saint-Michel dominates the whole district.

**I**N THIS PART of Paris, Saint-Germain and the Quais, the stroller can really stroll or spend hours poking around in the antique shops that abound. The descendants of the noble families live out their years here quietly.

The oldest stones in Paris are found here in the church of Saint

Germain-des-Pres; the groundwork of its tower is the most ancient edifice in Paris, dating back to the beginning of the 11th century. Near the famous old church are three literary cafés, famous ones, "Café des Deux Magots," "Brasserie Lipp" and "Café de Flor," standing on the very ground on which stood the fortified place of the old monks of Saint-Germain. Dine somewhere here — anywhere — for even the "chauffers' bistros" serve magnificent food — and come to these cafés, or to the Dome or the Rotonde for an after-dinner coffee and liqueur. The café "types" will all be on hand — students reading or arguing; boulevardiers ogling the pretty girl tourists; businessmen making a deal.

On another day, let your walking take you to the Île de la Cite, in mid-Seine, dominated by Notre Dame, the great cathedral of Paris, like lace carved in stone, surrounded by its flying buttresses, watched over by its gargoyles, a magnificent Gothic structure and, except for the groundwork of the belltower of Saint-Germain-des-Pres, the oldest monument in Paris. Its famous rose windows of the Port du Cloître and the Porte Saint-Etienne as well as the stained glass of the chancel, let only a soft, many-hued light filter through into its dark, imposing interior, inviting to contemplation and meditation.

Wait for the end of the day here and as dusk comes on outside, and before the mist rises from the river,

you will see Paris suffused with a pure light, a light with a special, unique quality. Blue-violet in tone, mysterious and enchanting, it holds a pale, soft luminescence, half-gold, half-silver, that seems to have been drawn up from the warmth of the heart of Paris, and all the sparkle and glitter of the city. As darkness takes over, change your mood and your direction, for Paris comes alive at night like a blaze of light coming up suddenly out of the black. Get into gala clothes to match your mood and dine in one of the "big" restaurants in Paris, and eat like a Roman emperor, circa 200 B.C.

FRANCE is a nation of gourmets and no one should leave Paris without experiencing what French genius can do with all the products of the earth. Fouquet's, Maxim's, the Tour d'Argent, the Ritz Hotel, the Plaza Athenee, all these and many more will give you something to talk about for years. The experience will be expensive but it will be worth it.

On any day, see and sample the elegance of the Place Vendome and the rue de la Paix where that other facet of French genius is displayed — high fashion. From the Parisienne's domain, in the rue St. Honore, where milliners make the inimitable Paris hat, under the arcades of the rue de Castiglione, are the wonderful temptations in feminine finery which make this section the heart of fashionable Paris. Here

are *haute couture*, perfume, all the oddments and tidbits of lace and loveliness, the airiness and firmness of chiffon and silk, the supple, soft bulk of furs, the shimmer and sparkle of jewels.

The currently popular designers, those who have emerged and won great success since the end of the war have moved "uptown," on the streets off the Champs Elysees, near the hotel Georges Cinq and the Rond-Point.

Here, on the days preceding the grand openings, American and other foreign buyers and fashion writers crowd the narrow streets, jam stairs and tiny "lifts" and jostle the wives of millionaires and royalty, for places up front to see the guarded secrets of the great designers emerge on the incredible bony slimness of the French mannequins.

Dior and Balenciaga are crowding each other for top place; Balmain holds steady. The Greek, Desses, who dresses Marina, the Duchess of Kent, and patriotically produced a cut-rate wardrobe for the Greek Queen Fredericka's American visit recently; Griffe, the protégé of the well-remembered and beloved Vionnet of the fluid line and artful drape, all these and others make exciting news each spring and fall.

Paris is not just the capital of France; it is not just a Frenchman's adored city. It is everyone's city. The true Parisian will go further; he will tell you Paris is *not* a city at all; it is a world.

**In Paris Be Sure to See:** The race-track at Longchamps, manicured like an estate, with Parisian and foreigner enjoying the leisurely luxury of a day there. . . . Paris spread out below you from the top of the Eiffel Tower or the terrace of Sacre Coeur . . . the Punch and Judy shows in the Luxembourg Gardens, performances that are real masterpieces, their premiere reviewed by all the Paris newspapers . . . the Palais de Chaillot, an important modern monument left after the Exhibition of 1937, a product of the new French school of architecture, containing many museums and a remarkable theater at its lowest level, down flight after flight of thick-carpeted stairs . . . the headless statue in the arch on the east side of the church of the Madeleine, decapitated by a shell from a German "Big Bertha" in World War I.

**In Paris You'll Find:** "La Société Micologique," 16 rue Claude-Bernard, which organizes mushroom hunts and in mid-October has its own salon . . . an incredible number of restaurants, all good, where your true Frenchman makes a ritual of a meal, savoring each mouthful as if it were his last; where the same champagne is \$1.50 a bottle in an out-of-the-way place patronized by the natives, and \$10.50 a bottle in one of the luxurious English-is-spoken tourist traps . . . the Folies Bergeres with its believe-it-or-not family atmosphere . . .

**In Paris You'll Remember:** The insanely individualistic traffic patterns . . . Cadillac convertibles, Renaults, sports cars, jeeps, limousines, decrepit taxis, bicycles, motorcycles, motor-scooters, hansom cabs and horses . . . the city at night when all Paris is floodlit . . . Notre Dame, the Madeleine, the Place de l'Opera, the Hotel des Invalides, the Arc de Triomphe and more; and the fountains at the Rond-Point des Champs Elysees send up jets of crystal water, iridescent in the magnificent illumination . . . early morning at the Madeleine's flower markets at the top of rue Royale, or before the Prefecture de Police in the Place Louis Lepin; and the bird market on Sunday at the Quai de la Cite . . . the beautiful Bois de Boulogne on the western edge of Paris, bosky woods in the city . . . Sacre Coeur by moonlight . . . the great sweep of the Champs Elysees from the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile to the Louvre, once fields and market gardens, now a wide avenue that leads nowhere in particular, with France's Unknown Soldier resting under his Eternal Light at one end, and the Mona Lisa and Venus de Milo beckoning with eternal beauty to their galleries at the eastern end . . . the central food markets — Les Halles — at dawn, where the onion soup in the winter is ambrosia . . . the Seine, morning, noon and night, winter, summer, spring and fall — you'll remember the Seine.

BY EUGENE PAWLEY

## CAUSE OF DEATH



*Ask  
Gettler*



A MAN dies in an automobile accident. A girl is found in a furnished apartment apparently suffocated by gas. Where the cause of death cannot be determined, toxicology — the detection of poisons by chemical methods — is indicated.

The man who is generally acknowledged to be the greatest living toxicologist is Alexander Oscar Gettler. You will usually find him, a stoutish, businesslike-looking man in shirt sleeves, with a cigar between his lips, on the fourth floor of the dingy brick pile that houses the New York City morgue. Here he does most of his work, in a laboratory filled with glass apparatus and neat exhibits of the chemical results of assorted crimes.

There are less than one dozen cities or states in the United States where

toxicology is standard practice: New York City; Boston, Massachusetts; Essex County, New Jersey; Nassau County, New York; Maryland; Virginia; Cleveland, Ohio; Washington, D. C.; and Hartford, Connecticut. In the latter five communities, the toxicologists are former students of Dr. Gettler.

At present he is official toxicologist to the Chief Medical Examiner's office. He does chemical analysis on the organs of some 2,500 bodies a year, and since he is called to court to testify on murder cases about fifty times a year, he no longer has to be "qualified" as an expert. But there is nothing about his manner or appearance to distinguish him from the man in the street — a ticket agent, say, which he once was, or a good pinochle player, which he still is — rather than a chemist with an international reputation.

Highly technical sleuthing is often required in cases where circumstantial evidence points more than one