

LIFE



HAIR STYLES
POODLE vs. HORSETAIL

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AMERICAN FEET on Paris street are shod in the same sort of low-heeled shoes that identify teen-agers at home. But this group goes along with Paris styles and usually wears nylons instead of hobby socks.

AMERICAN FACES on a Paris bus look unaffected by the French environment. This group, which is headed toward the Arc de Triomphe, is going home from Saturday afternoon football game in the Bois.



'WOW, QUEL BABES!'

U.S. TEEN-AGERS TRANSPLANT THEIR OWN WAY OF LIFE TO PARIS

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY GORDON PARKS

Along the boulevards of Paris now it is not uncommon to hear a Frenchman—particularly the harried conductor of a bus (*opposite page*)—mutter with a sigh, "Ah, ces gosses américains" ("Those American kids"). The sources of his sighing are members of one of the world's most fortunate colonies of displaced persons. They are American teen-agers, about 150 in all, who have moved to Paris in recent years with fathers whose careers require that their families live overseas.

These exuberant young Americans are living against a background that ordinary U.S. tourists ransom their life savings to see. Like tourists they have visited the Louvre, viewed the enchanting city from the Eiffel Tower and taken weekend tours by bus to Versailles and the Normandy beaches. They

love the adventure. But they still prefer their own way of life. While a few of the older girls pay some leg service to Paris sophistication (*above*), they all prefer the casual clothes of a high school in Terre Haute to the *haute couture* of the Champs-Élysées. The boys have imported American football to the Bois de Boulogne (*below*). Neither boys nor girls think much of frogs' legs, but they know every place in Paris that makes hamburgers and hot dogs and, while having a snack at a sidewalk cafe, are inclined to dream of the old corner drugstore. They have fractured the French language with teen-age abandon. Instead of using "what," they use the French "quel," and when a boy admires a passing girl, the bystanding boulevardier may be startled by a bilingual "Wow, quel babe!"



IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE a Saturday afternoon football game is watched by girls and a father (*left*). Occasionally a few French boys join in the game.



ON THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES, after watching a Saturday afternoon movie from Hollywood, seven American girls stop for some Cokes at the Colisée Café.



JAM SESSION in the shadowy cellar of *Vieux Colombier* attracts a crowd of Americans (*foreground*). Their compatriot, Clarinetist "Mezz" Mezzrow (*left*), is the big attraction. On such forays, the boys save money by dividing a bottle

of champagne eight ways. In Paris, American teen-agers ignore Eckstine and Sinatra records as *démodé*, prefer French Crooners Charles Trenet and Yves Montand. They have a favorite French tune, *Fox de Vous* (*Crazy About You*).



IN COSTUMES FULL OF INTERNATIONAL FLAVOR, TEEN-AGERS SNAP AT APPLES AT SCHOOL PARTY

BISTROS AND BARN DANCES

The American teen-agers in Paris are mostly the children of U.S. diplomats, military men, ECA officials and businessmen. Inexpert in the French language when they arrive, they seldom mix with French teen-agers. The Americans quickly observe that their French contemporaries have less freedom and live more with their parents, that French girls seem less mature than American girls and wear no make-up until they are 18, that French teen-agers have quieter, more formal parties, spend more of their time studying and going to concerts, and think the Americans are a little crazy for drinking so many Cokes. "The whole French outlook on life is different," said one girl. A boy who attended a French school felt miserable because "they just sat and stared at me as if I were a strange animal." "They're really more cultured than us," concluded one American boy.

The centers of teen-age society in Paris are the American Community School or "A.C.S." (dubbed "Association for the Corruption of Students"), the American Church and the canteens at the U.S. Embassy and the American Legion. But the boys do not neglect the bistros on the Left Bank, the hangouts of French and foreign university students. And the whole community holds many parties. Three times a month there is a barn dance, an ordinary dance or a movie at the church, whose facilities also include bowling alleys and a basketball court. Most teen-agers get along on a weekly allowance of 1,000 francs (\$2.85). Their homes usually have several servants, and one girl thinks "when we get back to the States, we'll be the worst-spoiled kids that ever hit America." There are few who want to go home soon, but one boy (*below*) can't wait to leave. Naturally, he comes from Texas.



FRENCH LOOK gives Ed Perreaux, from Connecticut, the reputation of being "a character." He wears a beret and pack, rides a bike which he bought at the Flea Market.



TEXAS LOOK is preserved by homesick 16-year-old Earl Nesbitt of Wichita Falls, whose jeans and boots are standard apparel, whether he is in class or at home studying.



GIRL TALK about a boy friend turns Toni Riddleberger's phone call into the acrobatics familiar to all U.S. homes.



SOME GIRLS TEACH SUNDAY SCHOOL AT AMERICAN CATHEDRAL.

THE HORRIBLE SIX

Among many cliques in Paris teen-age society, the best known is a group of girls, 15 to 18 years old, who named themselves the "Horrible Six" when they got together early in the 1950 school term. They have a strict code of dress. Sweaters must be worn loosely, not snugly. One strand of pearls around the neck is all right, more are banned. Scarves are proper adornment with sweaters or shirts. Sloppy shoes are not tolerated, boldy sox are taboo. Girls must diet if dumphy, and clipped nail polish is forbidden. This rigid self-improvement is maintained with the help of mutual criticism, but does not prevent a lot of teen-age fun. By every girl's admission, the goal is to keep the dates coming in Paris, build charm for college years in the U.S. and ultimately lead to a nice, home-grown marriage to the right man. Right now the girls don't think that he'll be a Frenchman.



"LEMON SQUEEZE" is what girls call this monthly self-improvement session at which they analyze their faults. Being analyzed (center) is Jackie Wolf, 15.



EYEBROW RAISING is an art practiced before a mirror by the "Horrible Six" during a slumber party at Anne Montgomery's home. From left are: Jackie Wolf,

Sally Slayton, Tira Faberty, Tat Stoesser, Anne Montgomery and Toni Riddleberger. They think that a deftly lifted brow gives them a mature Parisian charm.



CONTINENTAL HAUTEUR is barbaled by Anne Montgomery, who pretends to sign autograph like Marlene Dietrich. Although the girls kid foreign

ways, they share an affection for Paris. "In the States," says one, "we were just some more Americans, but here we're different and it's a nice feeling."