

August 8, '40

Dear People

Exactly 20 Morning Glory blossoms, 10 sweet peas, 3 petunias. And no more ants, because I slew them ruthlessly and happily. We had had a plague of them. Wonderful garden.

A calendar of events: A week ago we went to the movies with M. Lepetic, our Magoslav [sic] friend, to see a Spanish film, unfortunately (for me) doubled in French. It was rather good comic opera stuff. Saturday night we had a party, a lovely party. Jones and I provided the food (olives, sandwiches etc.) and the people brought the wine. Babs (the American girl), a Russian American boy from the Church, M. Lepetic, a man from the Visa department, and our neighbors came. It was very gay, and we had Asti Spunaute [sic] just like they do in Hemingway books! M. Lepetic had to go at 11 of course, but the rest stayed on till one, and everyone stayed overnight here, the Russian American on the floor, Babs in the spare bedroom, the Visa man on our big sofa. We all cleaned up in the morning then had a big merry breakfast lasting for hours. In the afternoon Jones and I went to the theatre! We saw a rather dopey comedy and had a lovely time. (We have bought tickets for next Sunday's matinee to see Sacha Guitry as *Pasteur*, which is having a successful run here) In the evening after supper at the Church we came home and exchanged English-French lessons with our neighbor, who is a crippled poet. Both he and she are very nice. He is 30, she about 45. They have been "living in sin" for four years, but Paris being Paris, nobody gives it a second thought. She is a photographer and pianist. He speaks beautiful French, and Jimmie is profiting by his lessons, which occur daily.

Last night after dinner we wandered up to Montparnasse, which we found gay and crowded in an almost pre-war way. We sat down at the Dome with an American boy. We borrowed two recent copies of Life, which set us off in a fury (July 22 and 15th) I think America is going stark mad.

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