

August 20 [1940]

Well, I'm out of the Monday dumps.

We had a fine big party here last night with champagne nature (very good and dry, *not* the bubbly kind, and only 5 francs a bottle!) and had five people. The party was in honor of Schmitt<sup>1</sup>, our professional soldier-aviator friend whom I have mentioned in letters before, especially when he came back from Finland. He just came back from being a refugee. Only he couldn't come to the party at the last moment, and we were very disappointed. Nevertheless we had a fine time because a girl from Maine whom I like very much was there, as well as a White Russian boy who worked with Jimmie at the Library. Tom Esten dropped in, and our neighbors. The girl from Maine, Kay Herrick, was with the N.B.C. here until she became a refugee<sup>2</sup>. While in Bordeaux some frantic English people left here a brand new Plymouth, two Ambulances, two fur coats, a radio, a set of tennis rackets, two bags fully packed with nice English sweaters for women, etc. and a set of Polish license plates. She tried to refuse responsibility for the things, but the English girls just left them all with her and sailed off to England. Also their sugar cards, which is perhaps best of all, they left with Kay. She stayed six weeks in a chateau near Cannes, because while in Bordeaux she met four girls (French) who had this nice home in Cannes, but no way of getting there. Kay, on the other hand, had a car and no home.

We were sorry to learn that our Australian friend Flip is in semi-concentration in Marseilles where they are putting British subjects in the "collar" as a retaliation to England's doing that to French citizens who don't want to join the army.

Heavens to Betsy! Hulot is Back! Jimmie just called up and told me he has seen the Great Hulot, whose shirts he has been wearing for many a moon. In case you didn't remember, Hulot is Bab's husband, the "reformed Frenchman" as she puts it. My goodness, at last I shall see him, who is the apple of Bab's eye, as Jones is of mine. How lovely for her. I can't imagine not seeing Jones for five months! It must be simply ghastly!

Lucky us. We just got 5 kilos of sugar absolutely without a card. (That's 5 months rations for six 2 people - 11 pounds!) Now we can make puddings and put two lumps in our coffee without a qualm. We also got four bouncing boxes of rice (unobtainable now), all from the Embassy. Deary me. But we can't use them till winter, because now all sorts of nice vegetables are in season, and the winter will be hard and full of cabbage. We now have nine fat kilos of sugar stored away for the lean years.

I must start to get beautiful, it is five o'clock.

---

<sup>1</sup> **Schmitt**: see letter F-42, February 22, 1940.

<sup>2</sup> **Kay Herrick**: An article by David Darrah in the *Chicago Tribune* contains a reference to Ms. Herrick in a June 4, 1940, article titled, "Silence of German Radios Hints Reprisals Have Begun; Raiders Drop 50 Tons Of Bombs On Paris District; 45 Killed, 200 Hurt in French Capital and Suburbs." In a part of the article subtitled "Radio Staff Escapes", Darrah wrote, "In the apartment where the National Broadcasting Company has its office, windows and doors were blown off. NBC Paul Archinard and Kay Herrick, of Bethel, Me., escaped injury."



August 20

Well, I'm out of the Monday dumps.

We had a fine big party here last night with Champagne nature (very good and dry, not the bubbly kind, and only 5 francs a bottle!) and had five people. The party was in honor of Schmitty, our professional soldier-aviator friend whom I have mentioned in letters before, especially when he came back from Finland. He just came back from being a refugee. Only he couldn't come to the party at the last moment, and we were very disappointed. Nevertheless we had a fine time because a girl from Maine whom I like very much was there, as well as a White Russian boy who worked with Jimmie at the Subway. Tom Esken dropped in, and our neighbors, The girl from Maine, Kay Herrick, was with the N.B.C. here until she became a refugee. While in Bordeaux some Spanish English people left her a brand-new Plymouth, two ambulances, two fur coats, a radio, a set of tennis rackets, two bags fully packed with nice English sweaters for women, etc., and a set of Polish license plates. She tried to ~~disclaim~~ refuse responsibility for the things, but the English girls just left



them all with her and sailed off to England. Also  
their sugar cards, which is perhaps best of all, they  
left with Kay. She stayed six weeks in a chateau  
near Cannes, because while in Bordeaux she met  
four girls (French) who had their nice home in  
Cannes, but no way of getting thro. Kay, on the  
other hand, had a car and no home.

We were sorry to learn that our Australian  
friend Flip is in semi-concentration in Marseille,  
where they are putting British subjects in the  
"coolies" as a retaliation to England's doing that  
to French citizens who don't want to join the  
army.

Heavens to Betty! Hulot is Back!!  
Simmie just called up & told me he has seen the  
Great Hulot, whose shirt he has been wearing  
for many a moon. In case you didn't remember,  
Hulot is Babs' husband, the "Reformed Frenchman"  
as she puts it. My goodness. At last I shall  
see him, who is the apple of Babs' eye, as Jones  
is of mine. How lovely for her. I can't imagine  
not seeing Jones for five months! It must be simply  
ghastly!

Lucky us. We just got 5 Kilos of sugar



absolutely without a card (That's 5 months rations for (6)  
2 people - 11 lbs!) Now we can make puddings (F-65)  
and put two lumps in our coffee without a qualm.  
We also got four bouncing boxes of rice (unob-  
tainable now), all from the Embassy. Deary me.  
But we can't use them till winter, because now all  
sorts of nice vegetables are in season, and the win-  
ter will be hard and full of cabbage. We now have  
nine fat kilos of sugar stored away for the lean  
years.

I must start to get beautiful, it's fine October.

August 23 '40

Our man came back from Siberia today. He only  
got 59 Francs to the dollar, unfortunately. That gives us  
enough to pay off debts and rent, and have about  
800 Francs left over. Ho-hum.

We had Hutok + Babs over to dinner last  
night, and a fine merry time was had by all. Babs  
and the Baron (he is one, actually) are well matched,  
both being successful, gay, snappy, and unintel-  
lectual. Babs is good and generous, and efficient  
at almost everything she does, which latter  
fact is belied by her person. She has approximately