

Sunday, September 12.

It is still summer here. The trees are in full leaf, there are flowers everywhere; women are wearing short skirts, white and very colorful clothing and sandals with bare legs. There is lots of red being worn.

On Sunday afternoon we went to rue Pierre Leroux to pick up the printer and a bunch of office supplies and other miscellany that we had left in the storage unit of my friend Barbara. It was an ordeal dragging the printer and bags and boxes in arms and on a little grocery shopping cart that we bought to go to the outdoor market. The bag is secured by Velcro and comes off easily so we had a flimsy dolly to roll the printer and file box about a mile and a half. We thought it would be simpler than to order and wait for a taxi.

The plan was to meet Barbara at 6 p.m. at a café at the corner of Sevres and Roussellet. She would be coming from running several errands in preparation for a trip to Amsterdam she is making on Monday.

We went there on Blvd Montparnasse, which was full of people strolling, eating, drinking and smoking outdoors at cafes and soaking up the sunshine and enjoying the last days of summer. We passed the little park adjacent to the church on Blvd. Montparnasse that I photographed last winter and as spring was beginning to come. Here it is in full summer regalia.



Walking was problematic, so we decided to come back, fully laden, another way.

We were early and settled in for a glass of white wine to wait for her. It soon became apparent that they were getting ready to close. We inquired and they said that on Sundays they close at 6 but not to worry. We should take our time and finish our drinks.

Soon after that Barbara came rushing in explaining breathlessly that there had been a disaster. She left her black jacket at the Internet Café and needed it for her trip and had to go back for it as soon as we

were done. So we gulped down our wine, paid and followed her out the door the half block to her apartment building. I noticed how nice the entry way is. In the hallway she opened a door leading to a winding stone staircase leading to the basement. The door to her cave (storage space) is a very old wooden door. There were our treasurers just as we had left them in April. She said she hadn't been in it since then.

So we carried the 3 packages up the stairs. In the hallway we first loaded the printer on the dolly then the metal file box on top of it and Ernie started pulling this uneven load. There was also a large orange plastic bag holding the two waste baskets stuffed with office supplies and other things we left behind that we thought would be useful on our return trip.

We proceeded slowly along side streets and managed to get to our apartment and avoid the busy main street. Fortunately, most of the curbs had curb cuts but there were cracks and holes in the sidewalks to be navigated. Ernie thinks it was actually shorter than going the direct way.



Going this way we learned about the little streets. We learned that rue Notre Dame du Champs is a long street that intersects our street, rue de la Grand Chaumière. Intersecting Blvd. Montparnasse is Rue du Montparnasse, a street full of creperies. There must have been 8-10 on one block. All of them were full of people.

By the time we got back (about 45 minutes of struggle) we were so tired we decided to leave the opening up of our treasurers until morning.

Here is the pousette with its bag attached for carrying groceries. It has turned out to be quite useful.

