

20, RUE DE LA BAUME  
PARIS. 8<sup>e</sup>

Dec. 18, 1937,

Dear Margaret,

I met Peggy at the  
crack of dawn on Wednesday  
the 15th and we had a happy  
day together. At noon Dr. Stode  
and Lewis Hackett had luncheon  
as our guests at the Romaneau  
Restaurant, and I introduced  
Peg and Lewis to Cognille St Jacques,  
(this is a food, huh?)  
In the afternoon Mr. Winant  
called at the hotel and  
had afternoon tea as our  
guest. Lewis Hackett and  
Mr. Bates joined us. It was  
a very pleasant occasion

with lots of discussion of everything  
from the war in Japan to  
the Harvard philosophers. Narrative  
never lags, when Lewis is present.  
In the <sup>early</sup> afternoon a nap was in  
order as the previous night  
had been short for both of us.  
~~Then we took~~ To continue our  
backwards account of the  
day I must mention the  
forenoon's shopping with Peg,  
who needed gifts for her  
skating companions.

The climax of the day  
was the evening. We went  
to a restaurant across from  
the Opera, ~~and~~ just Peg + I,  
and ate French. We started

with escargot. And were they good! You hold them in tongs and hook out the animals with little two-pronged narrow forks. If any juice escapes you sop it up with bread or drink from the shell. Then we had sole, and ~~at~~ after that, turkey ~~with~~ great helpings of chestnuts. At the end there was a mousse.

We walked across the street to the Opera. Evening dress was compulsory. I had been warned at the hotel, and was cross examined in the foyer, as I had on my overcoat. My got by in her fur coat and remained in the background in the Opera House until we

Feel Ruth we are working hard, but forgot to mention it. She had better begin working in the day to get her a job is better.

were safe in our seats.

The ~~the~~ opera was L' Aiglon.

Any opera <sup>play</sup> in which Napoleon figures, even if only in shadows on the clouds, is an event of tense enthusiasm in Paris. So

we enjoyed it greatly. ~~the~~

We had breakfast together

the next morning and parted,

Peg left on the noon train.

Mr. Winant is enthusiastic

about Peg, but there is no

need of telling you how good

she is. You can't fool a mother.

~~Time~~

Last evening the outstanding gourmet of the Paris office Dr. O'Brien

took us to the Escargot on Rue

Montorgueil, one of the best eating places

in Paris. We ate snails and followed

it with <sup>sole and</sup> venison, but balked at adding

crêpe Suzette. M-m-m...

With love  
Willam