20, RUE DE LA BAUME
PARIS. 8e

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. Strode and Lewis Hackett had luncheon as our guests at the Rompannean Restaurant, and I introduced Peg and Lewis to Coquille St Jacques, (this is a food, Ruth) In the afternoon Mr. Wimant 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 early afternoon ~~a~~ naps were 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 skiing companions.

The climax of the day was the evening. We went to a restaurant across from the Opera, ~~an~~ 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. I got in in her fur coat and remained in the background in the Opera House until we

were safe in our seats.

The ~~pla~~ opera was L'Aiglon. Any opera or play 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. ~~We~~

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.

~~To me~~

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 sole and venison, but balked at adding crêpe Suzette. M-m-n..

With love
Wilbur

Tell Ruth we are working hard, but forgot to mention it. She had better begin working on Peg to get her a job in Geneva.

He thinks