

TRIP TO PARIS

19/6/74

I hear Pan Am and TWA have made some sort of deal regarding sharing their flights to London and Paris. Well, TWA has a long ways to go yet. I went to the ticket desk at Logan and everything was in order, asked if there was a special meal on the plane and was told there was - a low cholesterol meal. After I got on the plane an announcement came over the intercom that people with special meals should please identify themselves. I was advised that there was no low-cholesterol meal. They assured me, however, that the chicken on the menu would undoubtedly be all right. Then the captain came on and said they were having some mechanical difficulties - or rather electrical I guess - with a relay and that we would have a short delay. I went to sleep with my ear cup on my ear. Incidentally, at least every two out of every three seats in the plane were occupied so I had a little bit of elbow room to my right but no chance to stretch out at all. I went off to sleep and finally the hostess woke me up and here was my chicken dinner. There was a fresh vegetable salad with lettuce tomato and a little cucumber, and there was the chicken and all the vegetables just completely inundated by gravy. I pushed the tray aside and took out my peanut butter and Promise sandwich from my bag, ate it, and went off to sleep again. I woke up and looked at my watch and we were already late for Paris. The captain came on about then and explained it would be another half hour before we got there. I quickly went into the head and used my electric razor and while I was back there I talked the hostess into getting me an orange juice, since I had slept right through breakfast.

The airport is a new very fancy airport with the main terminal being almost doughnut shaped with moving ramps one floor to the next above and with the center section going in all sorts of angles. There is also an elevator hidden in the outer periphery. I had gone on this trip with just a briefcase and a flight bag, so I just walked off the plane and out through the Nothing-to-Declare gate and looked around some because I was in no big rush. Finally, I took the bus which took me to the airport terminal building at Port Maillot.

There was a very light drizzle, not enough to require an umbrella at all, so I decided to walk from there to the hotel which is only a short distance. I walked down to the Arc de Triomphe which was only maybe a quarter of a mile from the hotel. When I walked in to the hotel desk the lady started to give me a form to fill out when the telephone rang. She was very surprised and said the call was for me. It was Aimee Fux' secretary calling to make arrangements for us to get together that night. So I got checked into the hotel finally - up on the fifth floor overlooking a very packed block of old buildings with the one across the street an Ecole des Garcons.

I ate some of my own food and decided to go out for a walk - one reason to look for the place where our meetings were to be held and another to just look around and get some exercise. It started to rain fairly hard and so I beat it back to the hotel. This time I looked at my papers and found that I did have a Telex from Maarten Niermeyer saying when he was arriving, so I called Aimee to give him this information since the secretary had suggested we all eat dinner together. Maarten's plane was not due in to ^{Orly}~~Cile~~ Airport until about eight o'clock. Aimee suggested that he could pick me up at quarter after seven and we would pick up Maarten and then go to his home where his wife had cooked dinner for us. Well, Aimee didn't show up until almost eight o'clock. He was in a taxi. Apparently his car had failed to operate. We both went up the block a little ways and got into a taxi and went over to the airport terminal where we thought we would meet Maarten. We tried to contact him at the airport unsuccessfully, waited for the buses to come in from the airport unsuccessfully, having called back the hotel a couple of times finally Aimee found that Maarten had gone to the hotel and in fact had come in by bus to the airport terminal.

As we were only a short distance from his home we went out by Metro and walked the two or three blocks to his home for supper. Aime had done a masterful job of keeping the meal in shape but nobody had told her about the diet I am on so the egg souffle I couldn't eat much of - I did a token because it was ten o'clock by the time we got there and I certainly didn't want to turn down her

food at that time. Then we had a fish dish but it did have some egg, so again I could only eat a small amount.

As Aimee and I were waiting for Maarten I asked him about his car. This was the third time it had failed to start and the garage had given him different reasons each time. This time he had left it at the same garage that had worked on it the time before. After listening to him I suggested he needed a new battery and he might investigate that carefully if they again said there was nothing wrong with it.

About midnight I decided I had better be getting back to the hotel, so Aimee walked me to the Metro station and I took the Metro back to the Charles de Gaulle Station under the Arc de Triomphe and walked to the hotel. I could have transferred to another Metro line and gone closer to the hotel but it probably would have taken me longer and by this time it was not raining - still wet but no rain in the air.

As soon as I got back to my room I ate another couple of slices of bread with a lot of margarine and honey and went off to sleep.

Thursday Morning - cloudy and hazy but not raining. I met Maarten and several of the others of the working group at the breakfast table. I had eaten and just went down to talk with them. At noon the French Group took us out to a very nice restaurant where we had first a dish of cold cuts and some raw vegetables - I ate the vegetables, and then we had a beautiful piece of roast beef and a few boiled vegetables but small quantity, which vegetables I ate, then for dessert a number of pastry kind of thing and by some kind of accident they didn't have enough to go around by just one - me. So I asked for some fruit and got a big dish of red raspberries.

This evening Aimee Fux came to pick up Maarten and me at the hotel but he couldn't stop close enough to the hotel so he sent Gerry Gleason down to meet us. Fortunately we were outside and saved Gerry a few steps. We went to a very nice restaurant where we found Aimee's wife and Bill Comstock, one of the men of the French organization, waiting for us. Here I had an opportunity to order and

with Aimee's help I had a broiled sole with no butter, a nice salad of fresh tomatoes with no dressing, a dessert of currant ice made without any milk at all and very tastey - so a good low-cholesterol meal.

Here it is Friday night about ten-thirty. Around six o'clock Thompson's wife had suggested that we might all three go to a special Light and Water Symphony - I'm not sure that's the right name. We would eat first. I ate some of the food I had here. When they didn't show up by nine o'clock I became a little concerned and I was a little fidgety by nine-fifteen. The show started at ten and we were planning on walking which would take us forty-five minutes at least. Just that time Bob called to say they had just gotten back from dinner, it was raining hard, and they had decided they were not going to the Light Show. I thanked them for protecting me from getting too wet - for I would have been out on a walk when it started to rain and both soles on these darn boots have cracked open on me.

Going back a little - today we got together ambitiously this morning and by one-thirty we had resolved all the questions and agreed on the proposed standard. It had not been easy. There had been a lot of real difficult arguing and very frank talking. Lunch was after the meeting was officially adjourned and seven of us got back together after lunch and went through step by step and reconstructed the proposal to be sure everybody agreed and we finished this up maybe five-thirty. The men attending this wrap-up discussion were the two Germans, the two Americans, Maarten Niermeyer and Jim French. So we should have a final agreement without much trouble when the Secretary's report goes out.

Well, here I am sitting in Satellite 3 of de Gaulle Airport. Apparently it rained very hard last night but by eight o'clock when I started for the airport the sun was peeking through a few places in the clouds. It was a twenty minute walk to the terminal building, Port Moillot. I got on the bus to Charles de Gaulle and hit the Pan Am counter a little after nine o'clock. My first problem came when the girl insisted that I check my briefcase and that I could only carry one thing aboard the plane. I explained that the other bag was very

light and that it all would go under the seat. When she still insisted I took out my Frequent Traveler Card and suggested we talk to her boss. She walked away and talked to somebody for a little while and came back and said, "OK, but I will have to tell them at the gate so they won't take the bag away from you."

As I waited in the Lounge for boarding Gerry Gleason walked up. He is going back on the same plane. I had a chance to tell him the results of the meeting yesterday.

The standard practice in Europe on carry-on luggage and security check is to do the checking in the walkway to the plane. If you have a camera they insist that you take a picture. I don't know what picture I got but I very carefully turned it on the bulb, opened the lens wide and focused it as close as I could and pointed it at the guard's face and took an exposure. The body check is very thorough, in fact he found the pedometer I had attached to my belt and I had to pull it out and show him what it was.

Pan Am has really filled this plane. I was early enough that I got a window seat. Gerry didn't get a window seat in a non-smoking area so he took an aisle seat and it turns out that his aisle seat is right across the aisle from the row I'm in. Fifteen minutes before flight time all three seats in my row are filled but fortunately there is not a big man next to me. Maybe I'll at least have my area. Next to me was a girl in her late teens or early twenties going back home near Delaware to await her fiance's return from Europe so they can get married and go back to live in France for six years as he completes his medical schooling. This was the second plane she had ever been on, the first one was going over to Europe, so she was quite concerned about take-off and landing and had all sorts of questions about Customs, then she left me pretty much alone to sleep, which I did my usual seventy-five or eighty percent of the time. I woke up about the time they brought the hot meal and told the hostess she had a low cholesterol meal for me as far as the girl at the check-in counter was concerned. She checked and found there was nothing like it anywhere, so since

the spinach had been cooked separately from the gravy-covered chicken she brought me a large dish of spinach and then went up front and came back with an apple and an orange which she later said came from the crews' lunch. That, along with the hard roll, was my meal. Later on as we were coming fairly close to Boston they passed out a snack consisting of completely forbidden sandwiches and a sweet roll. There was a slice of cooked carrot on top of one of the sandwiches I could eat, so I reached down in my bag and pulled out the granola I still had and got a cup of tea to go with it. The hostess was quite apologetic but of course I didn't criticize her particularly because she can only serve what is brought aboard. Guess I'll have to ask Al Bock to get Pan Am and TWA to explain what they mean by "a selection of meals" that is available. This trip sure indicated to me that there is no such thing as a selection.

Incidentally, this flight was completely sold - every seat filled from one end to the other except in first-class where I would guess there must have been four or five empty seats.

After we landed I got my jacket down off the shelf and my passport out of the pocket before getting in the aisle, so I was far from the first passengers off the plane. I was in about the sixth row back in the Tourist section. As soon as we got out of the plane I started passing people. They have a very wide spread passport control section and by going far down to the end I was able to go straight through while other people were standing in line at the closer desk. Then I went rapidly down to the baggage area. Having no checked luggage I went directly to Customs. They were walking around with nothing to do. A London flight had come in just behind ours and apparently nothing else had come in for some time. The thing that slowed me down in Customs was that one of the guys was telling the fellow that I walked up to about his problems with a re-evaluation of his house on the North Shore and first thing you know I was in the conversation too, so maybe I spent ten or fifteen minutes there talking to them. The luggage hadn't come down to the carrousel even then. Apparently this fellow's evaluation had gone up by a factor of four. He said he had checked with a friend that was

a licensed appraiser and the friend told him that his house was still worth about twice what it was appraised at. He has pretty well decided to sell the house, quit his job and go to Florida. I suggested he might check the prices of houses in Florida before he changed.

Outside I found Murray wandering around. He had come in to pick up Gerry Gleason and also Earl Pitt from London. Well, it turns out that Earl's wife was with him and also Earl Kelly's wife was with them, but Earl Pitt's whole family had come to meet them, much to the surprise and pleasure of both Earl and his wife, so Fred ended up bringing Mrs. Kelly and me back to Foxboro, leaving Gerry in Sharon. One reason I had been so happy to get a ride with Fred was that Peg had said she would be working on Saturday and of course Allen is always working. We got to 30 Water Street and here was my car indicating Peg was home, Grant was there working on the Maverick, and even Allen was home - only Link was missing!

And so ended my commuting trip to Paris.