

Handwritten original is reproduced beginning on page 3.

WILLIAM L. KRIEG
197 HUDSON AVENUE
NEWARK, OHIO

May 26, 1938

Dear Dad:-

I have at last arrived in Stuttgart, bringing my long journey to a close. The train came in at 6:40 M.E.Z. (An hour earlier than I expected. Perhaps this is why no one met me.) I hoped there might be someone to meet me from the consulate, but no one was, so I took a taxi to the Hotel Victoria. It developed that there were no rooms available because there is a convention of engineers in town, and after some difficulty they got me a room without bath, at the Marquart. I am just about as well off without a bath, though, as they don't furnish soap, and I forgot to pinch some aboard the ship, in spite of being warned.

My trip to Paris was only a moderate success. The last night aboard ship I had the misfortune to get in on a birthday celebration of one of the assistant bar-tenders at which I drank several scotches (free) and stayed up much later than I should have. As a result my stomach didn't feel very good the next morning and I wasn't really in top-form. Added to that, it proved harder on my digestion to be off the ship and without that continuous motion and vibration than it was to get used to it. It felt as if the ground was rising and falling, just like a ship, and the whole business was very distressing.

I had quite a time getting my cigarettes through the French customs. I talked more French to better purpose than I ever had before in my life and finally convinced them that there was no danger since I was only going to be in France one day. They had a special boat train to take us to Paris, and we arrived there shortly before noon. I went to the Hotel Regina, which Sarah recommended, and had no trouble getting a room. It was about this time that I began to feel badly, so I slept for a while and then dragged myself out to try some snacks. On the way I passed an American-type drug store with a window display of Alka-Seltzer. Need I say I rushed in and had a dose, which, incidentally, cost only one franc (3¢)? At the American Express I bought up \$30 worth of marks, at almost 25¢ each. I got 100 R.M. in travelers cheques and 20 R.M. in silver coin at a slightly higher rate. This will give me enough to hold one until my salary begins, I hope. I have only used \$10 out of my travelers' cheques, the rest being the cash I took with me. This feat was made possible by my having won about \$35 in bingo, which was played every other night in the grand salon. This is gross, not all winnings. I think the cost probably amounted to six or seven dollars. In any case, it was very nice.

After getting rid of all but \$2.50 of my American money, (I also had 500 fr.) I walked around Paris, feeling much better although the place was still pitching and tossing. I went through the Tuileries gardens, which are near the Hotel, and was going towards the Arc de Triomphe when it began to pour down rain. I stood in a doorway for a while hoping it would stop,

but it didn't so I got in a cab and went back to the hotel. As it kept on raining intermittently, I didn't venture out again but had dinner at the hotel restaurant, which was nothing extra.

This morning I got up early and went to the Gare de l'Est where after a minor misunderstanding I got located on the car for Stuttgart. It went right through; I didn't have to change at all. The German border was reached about 3 o'clock, at Kehl. The platform was alive with bright uniforms, for the German customs and finance control officials wear gaudy outfits with high red caps. They didn't even touch my bags, or that of a woman who was in the compartment, but barely looked at our passports. The lady spoke English and helped me considerably with the finance man, who seemed rather stupid. I declared my \$2.50 American and 272 fr. which were left from the 500. On looking over the copy of the declaration I have, I see he copied my name from my passport as Laurenza William, which may or may not do any harm. As the whole sum involved is only about \$11.50, it wasn't a killing matter.

And then to Stuttgart. The country is really beautiful, there is no doubt about it. The weather was fine, and most of the trees are in bloom, indicating a somewhat later season than we have. It's cool this evening, and I can see most of the people in the street are wearing coats. There was no time change between here and Paris, altho ordinarily I think there ought to be.

There are hundreds of things I could tell about, but few of them would fit this remnant of paper, the last of what I brought from home. I hope I will hear from you before you get this. Please write the time in transit of this one, too. I will mail it tomorrow. Best of luck and lots of love to you, Janie, Dorothy, Betty, Grandpa and the rest. Regards to Mrs. E.

Sincerely, William

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1938-05-26

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green outfits with light red caps. They didn't even touch my bags, nor that of a woman who was in the compartment. She merely looked at our passports. The lady spoke English and helped me considerably with the finance man, who seemed rather stupid. I declared my \$2.50 American and 272 fr. which were left from the 500. On looking over the copy of the declaration I have, I see he copied my name from my passport as *Suzanna Williams*, which may or may not do any harm. As the whole sum involved is only about \$11.50, it isn't a killing matter.

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