

# Hotel Graf Zeppelin Stuttgart

GEGENÜBER DEM HAUPTBAHNHOF  
VORNEHMES CAFÉ - RESTAURANT IM I. STOCK  
LEITUNG: A. REICHERT · FERNSPRECHER 22 431/34

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Transcription  
on pages 5-6.

ABSENDER IST NICHT DAS HOTEL

July 8, 1938

Dear Dad:-

I think I will write by hand tonight, as my eyes get pretty tired these days, and I think it would be less of a strain on them to write rather than to type. Your letter ~~of~~ of June 27 arrived today, and I hardly need to say that I was mightily happy to receive it. I am glad that you let Jamie take the trip with Molly. It will be good experience for her to travel around a bit, something she misses by going to school so near home, and I have no doubt of her ability to look out for herself.

As I said in my letter to Jamie, I went to Zürich over the 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> of July. I left here Saturday at about 1:30 P.M. and arrived in Zürich at 6:00. It is, as you see, a comparatively short trip, and the expense was small.

My friend Clark appeared very glad to see me, and I stayed in his apartment with them. He lives in a magnificent place, which costs him much more than his next allowance. As a matter of fact, he has not been living within his salary at all, but has been drawing money from his private funds.

By contract I am writing a check for \$150. tomorrow to the Park National Bank, to be added to my savings account. I wish

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you would send me some withdrawal blanks, as well as the number of my account. Now I will be able to pay you for the insurance and any other incidental expenses which may arise. If I come back to Europe, of course, I will have to open an account with one of the large New York banks, but at present I think I can get along.

Getting back to Zurich, we went to a very attractive night club Saturday night, accompanied by one of Spelman's friends, a young Britisher. As the night clubs close at midnight and earlier, we stopped in to a large tent, fully a block long and two stories high in the middle, where a celebration was in progress to raise money for some kind of a workman's organization.

At one end was a raised platform where an orchestra was playing for dancing, while the rest was filled with plain board tables where beer and Swiss foods were being sold. The place was jammed with people, and after a time we met some friends of Spelman's - part of the working men - and had a wonderful time drinking beer and talking. I have a vague recollection of talking, laughing and clapping for hands. What I talked about in my feeble German I don't know, but we got along fine. I do remember that we did not know the words to the songs the others sang, but here again we got along very nicely.

On both Saturday and Sunday it rained like the devil, so that we were unable to go sailing on the lake, as we had planned to do. Instead we left cards at the Consul-General's home and in the evening made the rounds of a few bars. Monday morning dawned fine and clear.



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and on going down to one of the bridges across the river we looked out and saw the majestic peaks of the Alps in the distance. It is the first time I have ever seen snow capped mountains, and there is no denying that I was greatly impressed. Zurich itself is a very fine city, and one of the best ports in the American Foreign Service. It serves as the visa office for Switzerland, and they do a lively business in German refugees now. Of course they never approach the volume of business we have here, but neither are they equipped to do so. They also have a large amount of protective, commercial and citizenship work, which makes their work much better balanced than ours. Here I will learn visa work well, but little else. I left Zurich Monday, July 4, in the afternoon, being unable to stay for the large American party to be held that night. I have heard since that it was very good.

In my letter to Jamie, I promised to say something about what work I am doing now. For the last two and a half weeks I have been on the hard examining aliens immediately previous to the issuance of the visa. I sit all day in a small room with wretched light seeing from 80 to 95 people going through. As the documents have already been approved from a medical point of view by a consul, I do not have to look at them. They are gone over by an inspector from the Dept. of Labor, who sits on one side, and a clerk on the other prepares the documents

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and acts as interpreter. If the inspector suspects fraud of some kind, he questions the applicants very closely, but the majority of time they are only asked routine questions. My main job is signing my name. I have to sign each visa seven times at least, and in many cases eight. In other words, to issue 95 visas, which was our record, I write "W.L.K." over 700 times a day. You can imagine I don't have time for much else! What is really tiresome is after the interviews are all over, and I sit signing the completed forms. This operation usually lasts until 6:30 or later, and because it takes a long time to make up the forms: seals, stamps and red ribbon, etc., and the poor clerks really work harder than we do. Strangely to say, it is not my hand, but my back that gets tired, leaning forward over the table all day - writing, writing, writing. It has the advantage of allowing me to hear lots of German, and speak it whenever I want to. I get quite a bit of practice this way which I am very grateful for, and am so tired at night I don't feel like sitting down and studying German - or any thing else.

Enclosed are some tickets I found in my pocket. You gave them to me the night of the U.W.P. Picnic in Granville, and afterwards he decided to drive. I should have said above that my hand book should be in my desk, in the drawer to the right of the center. I received notice today of Bob Clausen's wedding to Jean Christie. Apparently it came off as planned, in Northwood, N.C. I will send them a little gift as soon as possible. Meanwhile my love to all the folks and regards to all my friends. It certainly looks business will improve, things seem to show some signs of upswing. All my love. William



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All my love, William.

