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Dear Daddy:-

I really enjoyed your nice, long, newsy letter, and I am ashamed that I have taken so long to answer it. While I never get entirely caught up on my correspondence, sometimes I put on a drive and get a lot of it cleared up. Then I feel so sick of letter writing that I don't write any more for several days, and by that time things are just as bad as ever again. In the meanwhile, you will have learned from Mrs. Edelman's letter that I am all right.

I am very sorry to hear that you have a cold and neuritis all at once, and I certainly hope that they are both cleared up by this time. It would really be bad if you were to have a cold through the whole winter, as I remember how hard that cold you had a couple of years ago was on you. I am glad to report that my cold is temporarily over, at least, and I have nothing to complain about along the health line.

I am glad to say that my ballots arrived in the nick of time, and I voted and returned them the same day. The should have gone over on the Europa, which sailed October 30 and arrives in New York November 4. This should allow plenty of time to reach Newark before the election. As far as the county and judicial tickets were concerned, I didn't know much about them, except that you had hoped that John Bron would beat Holman for County Commissioner, so I just voted for the Democrats as usual. Please let me know about the outcome together with any political comments you see in the paper which are good. Of course I will hear about the gubernatorial and senatorial elections through the Paris edition of the Herald-Tribune, but the rest I will have to hear from you. I wrote to Billy Ashbrook and told him I had sent in the ballots and expressing confidence in his re-election. It certainly would be too bad if old "Pension Bill" were to be defeated by a bigger and better pension man.

Thank you very much for taking care of my request for shampoo, ink etc. If you don't think the hats are worth sending, don't bother about buying a new one. I can get a hat here that will be perfectly satisfactory. I hardly ever wear one except in the rain anyway. That is one thing that is nice about Stuttgart. You don't have to worry about being well dressed all the time. Around here anything goes. All the officers wear old clothes, and I have been wearing my old gray suit day in and day out. I only hope it will last until I have a chance to get out-

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side of Germany long enough to get a new one. I hope that I may be able to get over to England some time, but I seems highly doubtful whether I will be able to before late Spring anyway. Spalding expects to go back to the U.S. on leave in the Spring, so I don't even know whether I can get away then or not. I want to go to England for several reasons. Of course I want to see it; then I would also like to see Frechtling again; he would be able to show me all around Oxford. Further, Mardi Smith expects to be in London in the Spring doing research work, so that is an additional attraction.

I have at last got off the examining board where I had been since the 20th of June. Intrinsically the job is the most interesting in the office - the only one where you come in contact with people and can learn something of the language. The Consul General told me this morning that I had learned more German in four months than he had in four years. Of course I knew some when I came, so perhaps the comparison isn't quite accurate; but in any case being on the board has helped enormously. However, it began to get on my nerves. It is an awful strain to have to sit in judgment on people's lives all the time, and that is what it amounts to in many cases. By issuing an invitation to come and receive a visa we can get practically any one out of a concentration camp, and if the visa is refused they go back to camp and the living death that awaits them there. Even if they aren't actually in custody, they have no way of making a living, the children cannot attend the regular schools any more; in the small town they are in constant physical danger: during the crisis the ignorant people in some places, who believe all this stuff in the papers about International Jewry and Communists bringing on another war, said if war came they would kill every Jew in town. Many people fled into the cities on this occasion, for while Jews are certainly not popular anywhere, no one harms them in the cities any more. You can't help but think of this every time a visa is refused, and it is rather unpleasant to have to stand out against weeping and wailing, cajoling and threats.

However, I think the thing that got on my nerves more than anything else was the responsibility of signing the visas. It is impossible to describe in a letter how many tiny details there ~~must~~^{are} which must be exactly right - dates, numbers, signatures, stamps, seals etc. I have already made a couple of bad mistakes, although fortunately all have been discovered before the alien arrived in New York. I got pretty tired of it, and was

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glad to have an opportunity to change. Now I am preexamining affidavits of support sent in directly by the applicant, not from America and direct from the sponsor. The largest part of our mail comes direct from America, and they have two men working on that, while only one is required to keep the German correspondence up to date. As a matter of fact, we are about two months behind with our English correspondence, while in the German I am now working on the 31st of October. While it is not so exciting as the board, I like it for a rest; I suppose after a couple of months I will be tired of it, too, but the responsibility is not so great.

The last thing that caused a flurry around here was the attempted deportation of Polish Jews last weekend. I suppose you read about it in the paper, but in case you didn't, I will mention the facts. On Thursday or Friday last week the Polish government published an order requiring all Polish nationals residing abroad to report to the nearest Polish consulate and have a stamp put in their passports. If this stamp was refused, the pass would not be valid for return to Poland. This was an attempt to pull a "fast one" on Germany and other countries where there are a lot of Polish Jews whom no one wants, especially Germany and Poland.

Whatever no may say about the German government, they certainly can act fast. Friday night they started rounding up Poles, and in the course of a few hours they had thousands of them: all ages and sexes, hurriedly shoved into trains and trucks and on their way to Poland. In many cases the officials had not given them time to put on neckties or pick up their heavy overcoats. Only about 40% had ever been in Poland, being children of Polish nationals and consequently also of Polish nationality. It is said that only about 10% could speak Polish. The Polish frontier authorities only admitted a few, and the remainder were dumped in camps in gaps between the customs of the two countries. The Poles were completely out-manuevered, and hastily said there must be some misunderstanding, that there would be no difficulty about Jews getting the stamp in the passport, and then as a precautionary measure, they started to round up German Jews, of which there are a few in Poland, and possibly some non-Jews too. The Germans in turn hastily stated that there would be no further deportation pending negotiations between the two countries. And so the matter stands, which the unhappy Jews a football between the rival Fascists. I have a photostatic copy of the deportation order issued to one chap. Well, that's all for tonight. Good health and good luck to all of you.

William



Mit de Normandie über Havre
On Normandie at Havre (France)

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