

WILLIAM L. KRIEG
FLETCHER SCHOOL OF LAW AND DIPLOMACY
MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

S-16 p 1/6

October 19, 1938

Dear Dad:

I am sorry to have to write this ^{by hand,} but the traveling man who lives in the next room about one week out of the month is just returned, and I am afraid I will disturb him by typing.

In your last note (Sept. 30th) you wonder if any letters had gone astray because I did not hear from you for about a month. I will tell you what letters I received and you can see if any are missing:

Mailed in Newark	Arrived here	Answered.
August 10	Aug. 20	Aug. 28
-	-	Sept. 11
Sept. 8	Sept. 19	Sept. 25
Sept. 24	Oct. 5	Oct. 12
Sept. 30	Oct. 13	Oct. 19

As I recall, I wrote that card to Dorothy Sept. 18, and your letter arrived the next day.

As far as the time for coming home is concerned, I haven't anything especially new. When I was in Washington on my way home from the Fletcher School, I talked to

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 boys who went out in the summer of 1937 will go in
 in January next. For my group they may either have a
 school in September, 1939, at which time everyone will
 have been out a year, or they may wait until January 1940.
 That was what I referred to in my letter to Billy Ashbrook;
 I consider it the latest possible date. September has just
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Last week-end I made the trip to Heidelberg I mentioned in my last letter. The weather was fine, a miracle in view of the invariable bad weather whenever I plan to go away. I had quite a time figuring out the time-table, as the German railway system is extremely complex and the tables cluttered up with hundreds of local trains of the type which are largely things of the past in America. Since the government controls all railways and bus lines, there is naturally no competition, but the service is frequent and, generally speaking, very good. I am sure unified control is far more economical than attempts to foster competition.

They make very good week-end rates on the railways, for departure after noon Saturday and returning Sunday or Monday. I went 2nd class, which is generally more satisfactory than third, and the entire round trip cost \$4.72, figured at the high rate. However, I was disappointed if I thought there would be plenty of room, as it proved to be very crowded. I had to change at one

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place and had to stand up all the way from there to Heidelberg. Returning, however, I came back on a very excellent thru train, which made no stops between Heidelberg and Stuttgart. I had a whole large compartment to myself, which made up for the overcrowding on the way up. (S-16 P4/6)

On arriving, my friend met me at the station, introduced me to some of her friends, and escorted me around the town. We climbed up to the old castle above the city, which looked even more vast and mysterious in the twilight. We also saw the two or three buildings which house the University.

Saturday evening we went out to Neckargemünd to the famous old Griechenland café, where we had a celebration for peace. The company was composed of two Germans, one Englishman, one Swiss girl, one Irish girl, and myself. Most of the people teach English in the Institute connected with the University, so we conversed mostly in English. It turned out that the English chap knew Louis Frechtling at Oxford. We had a bottle of Greek wine, which was sweet like port, but the evening was not highly successful, as several of the people were tired or felt as if they were catching cold. Frankly, I don't think they drank enough.

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to get a decent time started. It takes a little something to get a group of semi-strange people warmed up and unbenet, and I was not the only strange there, as the Englishman had not known all the others before.

Sunday morning the fine weather held, and I took a long walk down the Neckar valley. It was simply lovely; the river winds in and out among the hills, and you feel as if each turn must bring some startling sight into view. I wandered on and on, hoping to find a bridge so that I could cross over and walk back the other side, but there were none, so I walked back the same way.

I met my friends for dinner, and we ate in the old student Mensa - dining hall. It smelled just about like the Commons at Amherst, but in this case the smell is really ancient. Then we went up by funicular railway to the top of the Königsstuhl, a high hill or low mountain overlooking Heidelberg and giving a marvelous view down the Neckar towards the

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Rhine. The junction of these two rivers is supposed to be visible on a clear day, but Sunday the atmosphere was very hazy, so we could not see so far. However, the view was marvelous, and even more enjoyable was a little cafe perched up on top ^{where} we sat in the open in spite of the ^{late} season and had coffee. We took advantage of the surroundings to have an interesting discussion of the international situation. The boy had just come out of service in the army during the crisis, and was very hopeful that peace will be maintained. The Irish girl thinks no sacrifice is too great to make for peace, and I suppose she is right. Nevertheless, it is very irritating to see force prevail, regardless of the rights or wrongs of the situation. The way is now open for the economic domination of Southeastern Europe by Germany, and I sincerely hope they will now be content with the victories of peace. The prospects certainly seem better than at any time since the war for a generally stable condition to be reached, but it is painful to think that the decision lies with unbalanced fanatics. Hitler has a great opportunity to prove himself a statesman as well as a demagogue. I hope he will take it.

Love to all
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