

IN REPLY REFER TO

FILE No. Personal



DEPARTMENT OF STATE

THE FOREIGN SERVICE  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

August 28, 1938

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Dear Dad:

Your description of a good old American home cooked meal made me a little jealous. I like the food here better than most of my colleagues, but anyone gets tired of restaurant cooking all the time, even if it were American cooking. I was a little puzzled by your reference to Janie's "job", as I had not heard anything about her having one, except as a relief guard at the swimming pool, and I gather that is not what you had in mind.

They are having a big time in Stuttgart right now. It is the annual Auslands Deutschen Tagung, the biggest regular event in Stuttgart's history. I don't know exactly how to explain the word "Tagung". It can be used to describe any kind of a meeting, but none of the English words I can think of fit this particular kind of a meeting. It is not exactly a convention, although that is probably what they would call it in America. Whatever it is, it is a session which lasts about a week to which all the Germans living in foreign countries are urged to come. It is frankly a party meeting and is used to indoctrinate the Germans living outside the Reich with the "true spirit" of modern Germany. Several big men are coming, or, I should say, are already here for the occasion. The biggest is Rudolph Hess, the personal representative of the Fuehrer, who is, probably, the second or third most important man in Germany. There is occasional speculation as to whether he or Goering would succeed if anything should happen to Hitler; however, such speculation is rather futile, for in the normal course of events Hitler should live for many years yet, at which time the situation would be entirely changed.

Hess is staying here at the Graf Zeppelin, just two floors below and one room to the right of me. I had a good opportunity to watch his arrival last night, as he came out of the station across the street and just about a block down the street from the hotel. Although he did not arrive until 11 o'clock, by seven a crowd had begun to gather. About this time a sound truck was sent out to announce that Hess would not arrive until later and that it was useless to wait at that time. Almost an hour before he was expected the guards began to march into the area in front of the hotel and along the street where Hess was going to walk. Immediately opposite the door where he came out they had a squad of the regular army, with band, and the rest of the way was lined solidly with SS men and local police. The SS men formed a line in the street about six feet from the curb on each side. The police were right along the curb and held the crowd back, thus leaving a space of about six feet

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vacant on either side. This ideal arrangement was not allowed to last until the big man arrived, however, as the crowd jostled the police and eventually pushed them back to where the SS men were. However, there were still two solid lines between Hess and his admiring followers, and every other man was facing inwards to spot any possible assassin.

I have somewhat spoiled the story by telling you that Hess walked. I had expected that he would ride in an open car, of which there are a large supply on hand here. Instead he walked very slowly for about a blocked, just a step ahead of his entourage. There is no denying that the crowd was very enthusiastic; after he entered the hotel most of them stood around in spite of the tactful discouragement of the police the yelled for him to come out. They have little rimes which they shout in unison, but which I could not understand in detail. Finally he threw open his window and saluted the crowd two or three times to the accompaniment of thunderous cheers. I got quite a kick out of it, for as my room is almost directly over his, I could easily imagine that the people were cheering me. However, I suffered no delusions on this score.

Today there have been crowds around all the time, watching for him to go in and out of the hotel. It has been rather hard for me to get in and out; once I had to come in a back door. Right at this moment the black shirts are lining the street again, waiting for Hess to return from the speech he is making this afternoon, but at the present moment the poor devils are not holding back any crowds, as it is raining so hard that even the Germans, who don't seem to mind rain as much as we do, have run for shelter, leaving the ever-loyal SS standing ruefully almost alone in the downpour. I must admit that my third floor room, while more comfortable, is not the best place to look from. All I can see is the top of his head (or hat) as he walks in and out. I just looked out again, and notice a touching sight. A nice middle-aged lady is standing down there holding her umbrella over one of the guards.

The decoration of the city for the occasion is really marvelous. I do not think anything like it has ever been done in America. In the first place, every building flies at least one flag, and most of them several. I have a huge one just below my window. Then ropes of evergreen entwined with gold have been draped very attractively over the fronts of the buildings on the principal streets; several have large evergreen wreaths ~~at~~ spots. Facing the station they erected two poles recently, and then surrounded them with square boxes covered with chicken wire. I wondered what on earth they could do with such ungainly looking objects, but I soon found out. They filled the gaps in the wire with evergreen sprigs, and so thoroughly did they cover it that not a single piece of wire is visible. The whole things looks like a solid column of evergreen. On top they placed a large, fierce-looking German eagle, gilded, and ran strands of gold down through the evergreen. The whole business is very beautiful and impressive.

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Last night I took a walk through the park, which has also been lavishly decorated for the occasion. Everything was illuminated: fountains, trees, statues and everything. Every walk was outlined by little candles set in the grass in little tin pans. Amongst the shrubbery were thousands of little vesper lights, very pretty, although many of them looked so old and cracked I have no doubt they originally belonged to the king before the war. Besides German flags, many of the street are decorated with the banners of the cities of old Wuerttemberg, and others from town all over Germany. As I said before, I don't think anything like it has ever been done in America. It's like the Christmas decorations and the Fourth of July all together, but somewhat more tastefully than is usual in America. Naturally, it must cost fantastic sums to do all this. Those big evergreen wreaths cost money, unless they collect them for taxes. On second thought, they probably get them from the big lumber mills in the Black Forest, where trees are being cut for next winter's overcoats. It also takes a small army to put them all up and take them down when it's all over. And the tax payer pays it all!

I had originally intended to send Janie a present for her birthday, and was, in fact, right on the point of purchasing something. But several people have discouraged me by saying that it would cost you as much duty, or more, than I paid originally over here. Pending an investigation as to the duty rates, I am enclosing a withdrawal slip for \$5, which will enable the little girl to buy something for herself. Of course I realize that this will arrive a little after the event, but better late than never's my motto. Wish her many happy returns for me! I am terribly far behind on my correspondence; it would take me five minutes just to write a list of all the people I owe letters to. I will follow your suggestion to write to Betty; I have since received a letter from her. In the meantime, go out to see her once in a while. She says she rarely sees any of the family, and you might also read her my letters. My time and eyes simply do not allow me to write to every member of the family every week, as much as I would like to. I prefer to write long letters and try to say something when I do write. Last night I wrote a letter to Grandpa, from whom I heard a couple of weeks ago.

One of the grafts of the consular business is observing all American holidays and all those of the country in which the Consulate is located. Consequently, I will have Labor Day off from labor, and I intend to use the holiday to go to Geneva to see the town and visit Al Highley, an old Fletcher School friend, who has been there for a couple of years now. He received his doctor's degree last July and is now working for the I.L.O. (International Labor Office). Harlan Clark, from Zurich, thinks he will come down to, so we ought to have a pretty good time. As it has rained every week-end for the last four weeks, I am hoping for, but not expecting, good weather next week. For the last several weeks it has been unpleasantly cool here.

I am enclosing a packet of pictures of Stuttgart, somewhat more recent than that German chap brought around. Give my love to Janie, Dorothy, and all the rest. With love,



*P.S. You haven't told me what I owe you for insurance, etc. yet.*

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