

IN REPLY REFER TO

FILE NO.



DEPARTMENT OF STATE

THE FOREIGN SERVICE
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
S-25 P1/3

AMERICAN CONSULATE
Stuttgart, Germany
February 26, 1939

Dear Dad:-

Your letter of February 12th arrived yesterday; you certainly can't complain this time about not getting a prompt answer! I'm sorry to hear that business has been so bad, although I had more or less expected it, as you have mentioned it several times. For once Newark seems to have lagged behind in the stream of recovery, as from all reports, things are considerably improved in the country as a whole and the forecasts bright for a balanced improvement. In the long run, however, I am sure the country is headed for the rocks, since public opinion will not sanction the pursuance of any consistent policy in national affairs. Only by having a definite program and sticking to it can we hope for any permanent improvement, and since the country is not yet willing to make any sacrifices, but insists on eating cake and having it too, I fear that eventually we will be faced with a revolution like that of the Nazis in Germany, only constructed along purely American lines. It appears to take a national disaster to impress upon people the need for action; and it is my personal conviction that the next generation will see such a disaster develop. We were perilously close to it in 1933. It remains to be seen whether the leader of the next "New Deal" will be as fundamentally conservative as Roosevelt in his approach, and whether he will stand by and allow his program to be wrecked by local interests.

I am enclosing some pictures taken by Hugh Teller of parties at his house. The ones in which I am wearing my tux was New Year's Eve, and the other one was a few weeks later. Dr. and Mrs. Fishburn, who figure in the New Years pictures, are a very fine couple of whom I am very fond. Howard is one of these naturally slow moving, slow talking persons whom you would identify as being a typical Southerner, although actually he is from Kansas and Nebraska. His wife is quite a contrast - lively and always on the go. In spite of his slow ways, Howard is supposed to be one of the up and coming young doctors in the Public Health Service. As you may have inferred from other letters, the Tellers have always been among my favorites here. Mrs. Teller is German, and has a thoroughly delightful personality - witty, and probably the most successful hostess in our Consular group. The Tellers have recently bought a puppy, who appears in two pictures. It is a dachshund - longhaired - and one of the cutest things I have ever seen. Both the Tellers are crazy about it and take care of it as if it were a baby.

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Dr. and Mrs. Cameron, who appear in the other pictures, are also very fine people, although Don is a little inclined to be very quiet. Mrs. Cameron, who has the unusual name of Cuma, is a tiny little thing, but full of life and energy, and quite a master of the sly remark technique. Frank Lane, who is in both sets of pictures, is the Vice Consul I have mentioned before as having been sent down here from Bremen to help us out. He is none too well satisfied here and would like very much to go back to Bremen, where he has lots of friends. He has spent practically all his life in Germany and speaks German just like a native - in fact, better than most. He was very glad to see 1938 pass, as it has been a very unhappy year for him. His mother died in July, and this was rapidly followed by a divorce from his wife, from whom he had been separated for some time.

The main event here since my last letter has been the annual celebration of Fasching. It is customary in most European countries, especially where Catholic influence used to be strong, to have a big blow off before the beginning of Lent, and that is what Fasching is. For sheer abandon it beats anything we have in America by a long way, the only thing with which it can be compared being the week between Christmas and New Years. About a month ahead they begin having big balls and dances on the week-ends, and during the last week, there is something big on every night. In case you hadn't noticed it, Lent begins on Ash Wednesday, which was February 22 this year. Every cafe is specially decorated for the occasion, and during the last week most of them have little orchestras. People usually reserve tables and stay all night in one place, but many just wander around from place to place, getting drunker and drunker all the time.

At the big balls, of course, they have bigger orchestras, and in one place where I was they had not less than four orchestras all at once in difference. The majority of people dress up in costumes, and lots of confetti and paper streamers are thrown around. Since there are quite a few more women than men available, lots of girls go alone and are very willing to be picked up by almost anyone, and plenty of that is done. The halls are fitted out with lots of semi-dark booths where German champagne (Sekt) is served and there is a lot of promiscuous "necking". It seems to be the only time of year when the Germans really forget themselves and have a real good time. My own celebration was very limited, as I have been too tired to go out much, and besides, you know it practically takes dynamite to move me from my settled course anyway. I doubt if I would have done anything had not one of my colleagues got the grippe and asked me to take his wife to a party to which they had been invited by some German friends. I was bored to death during most of the evening, but they all went home at 2:30 and I started out to look for some other friends who were at another place. I finally found them and from that time on enjoyed myself very much. After the dance was over we went to one chap's apartment for coffee, and all told, I didn't get home until 6:30 A.M. As the next day was Washington's birthday and the office was closed, I didn't have to work, so it turned out very well.

As it is now time to eat, I think I shall sign off till the next time. Things are going better at the office, and are approaching normal again, although of course there is still lots of work. Please give my best to all friends and relatives. With love,

(over) William

I forgot to say that my good friend Spalding is to be transferred to Cairo, Egypt, about May 1. We will miss him very much. Please keep the pictures, as they are the only copies I have.

S-25p3/3

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~~to~~
I'm talking, but no one is listening, as usual.
January, 1939.

I'm talking, but no one is listening, as usual. January 1939.



Dr. Cameron is mildly amused.
January 1939.

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Dr. Cameron is mildly amused. January 1939.



Left to right: S-20
Frank Lane
Howard Fishburn
Alma Fishburn
Name it and you can
have it.
New Year's Eve, 1938-39.

Left to right: Frank Lane, Howard Fishburn, Alma Fishburn, Name it and you can have it.
New Year's Eve, 1938-39



Not asleep, just blinded
by the lights.
January 1939
S-21

Not asleep; just blinded by the light. January 1939



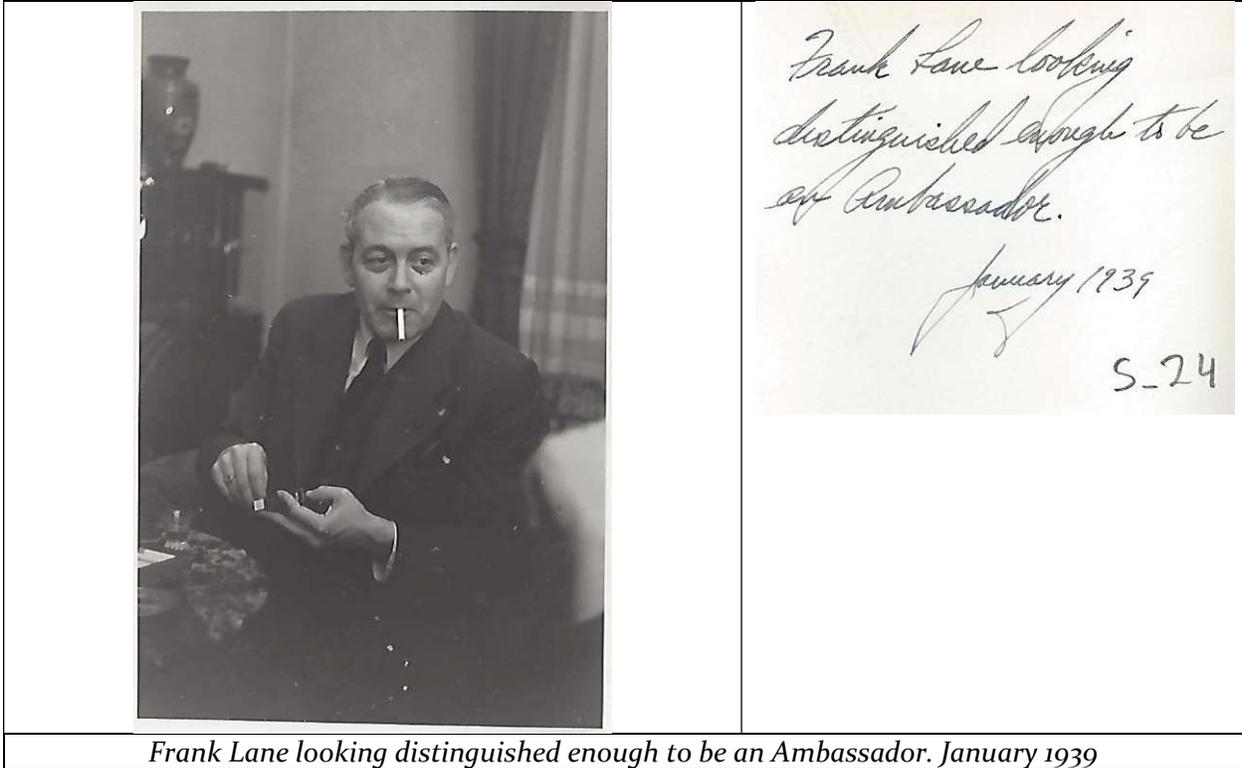
*Mrs. Cameron with
Bobby, the dachel.
January 1939
S-22*

Mrs. Cameron with Bobby, the dachel. January 1939



*Mrs. Teller with Bobby.
January 1939
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Mrs. Teller with Bobby. January 1939



Frank Lane looking distinguished enough to be an Ambassador. January 1939

