

Bad Kissingen, Germany
Sunday, September 9, 1950

Dear Folks,

I don't know how to start this letter and write all I would like to but I will try. First of all Marion, please save your money so that you can come over next year. Honestly where we are, a resort town, is supposed to be one of the spots in Germany and I can assure you it is simply beautiful. I insist that you come so start to prepare yourself by saving and also see if you can teach yourself some German. If you do all this you will never regret it. I am so sorry my German isn't better but I intend taking lessons.

Since the last letter when we were in Bremerhaven much has happened. As I wrote we went to the Supensky's for a day and they have a lovely house. It was good to see them. Bremerhaven, my first sight of Germany, is a large city, very odd looking naturally, and pretty well bombed although much has been repaired. The Germans are very industrious and clean.

At 7:30 in the evening (our time is different from yours) we took a train for Frankfurt arriving there at 6:30 the next morning. We left there immediately for Wurzburg which is close to here. Wurzburg is pretty sad, completely bombed, and it gives one a strange feeling to see so much ruin.

While waiting at the Wurzburg Railroad Station who should phone to say he was picking us up but Major King. Do you remember Marge King who played bridge at our house at Fort Eustis that day I gave the party for you? It seemed so good to know someone that was at the same place. He gave us a ride here to Bad Kissingen, about two hours.

This place was never hit at all and is very cheerful looking. At present we are living in the Kurhaus Hotel and have

ourselves a suite of rooms, maid service, and go to the dining room to eat.

I'll try to describe this place. It is fairly small, a town in a valley surrounded by hills. It is very well known. President Roosevelt, Bismarck, and Churchill all have stayed here. There are six different types of mineral water here supposedly very healing so people from everywhere come here. All around are beautiful big hotels, gorgeous stores, parks, and so on. As I look over the desk I see the "Garten" with the figure of an animal spouting mineral water from his mouth. The flowers are lovely. Across the street is a magnificent park with beautiful flowers of all kinds. There is a long archway where all the fountains of water are.

There is a band concert every morning. I have never seen such beauty in my life.

The P.X., library, and snack bar were formerly a huge German library. The floors, ceilings, walls, lighting, etc. are beautiful. I honestly haven't a large enough vocabulary to make you see it on paper. The flowers alone have me crazy.

I have no idea of paintings but can easily see these are worth a small fortune. They are not for sale. Right now there is an art exhibition and one of Meissen China in one of the buildings. I hope to get to them. Meissen is all the rage over here.

The stores we are told are 20% higher than those in Berlin, Munich, etc. as it is a resort place. The prices are really fantastic but the store windows are breathtaking and Germany doesn't seem poor to me. It couldn't be but I am told there are two distinct classes, the rich and the peasants.

We are supposed to be getting an eleven room house and through the grapevine it is beautiful. I do know the houses are

similar to Beverly Farms. I'll write more on that when I find out. But save your money!

This is a small unit and all the men are married. The wives play golf (on our own golf course), go horseback riding, play bridge, etc. so you see for me it is super.

This morning we went to church in the convent chapel and as there is only one Mass had to take the kids. We separated with big Joe and the boys sitting up front and Patty and I in the last row. I almost died when three nuns came and sat in the same row. One of the nuns was the organist. Well my chum was fair but the Sister next to me would keep turning her head and saying "Sh" to Patty. I was glad when it was over. I felt very homesick there though because the Nuns look like ours and sing the same songs. The Priest is a retired German who was slated to be killed by the Nazis but our boys came just in time so he loves all of us. It is very sad because he is old and he tries so hard. His English is very good though and he came and shook hands with all of us. Everything is in German, Stations of the Cross, etc.

This is a Catholic section and many of the houses have shrines in their yards or on street corners. All these we passed on the way up from Wurzburg. We also saw many peasant villages and would have to slow down for geese crossing the street or for cows. I saw a shepherd with his sheep, oxen pulling wagons, and peasant women doing all the work. So different from our country. The mode of travel is mostly bikes or motorcycles. Around here everyone walks as everything is located right around the large hotels. In the rural sections the streets are mostly dirt and no cars whatsoever.

We have extra special horse drawn cabriolets which are used for sightseeing tours.

Sometimes I feel so sad when all I hear around me is German that I wish for the good old U.S.A. My maid service speak no English although the majority of them do to a certain degree. But I intend to learn fast.

Guess who else is here? Becky Porter. Remember she and Virginia Ketchum, you and I played bridge in Sussex Hampton your first summer in Virginia? You liked her. There is also a Marge Farrington and a Mrs. Nash who were at Fort Eustis. So you see it is a small world.

Last night the Kings invited us to their house for cocktails and then to the club. The club is beautiful and was also one of the German beauty spots. There was a German floor show and I enjoyed myself immensely.

We are indeed fortunate to be here as there are no large factories nearby and I'm sure no one would want to bomb such a beautiful spot.

Marion, start to save and take out some German library books.

Love to all,

Rita