

Frankfurt, Germany
20 April 1948

Dear Family,

I don't like this kind of a letter but it seems as if this is the only solution to tell you all about my furlough. It was indeed the best one I ever had. My girlfriend and I got a flight to London a week ago Friday. Don't worry about the cost, as it was a navy plane and we flew free of charge. It took us 3 hours even to make the trip, a little longer than it should have as we ran into a hail storm, which made the majority of passengers including myself air sick. Oh well, it was worth every bit of it. Came through customs all right. I was worried there as I had 8 new pair of nylons and I was afraid I'd have to pay duty, which is a dollar for each pair. But we had a very nice inspector who didn't even open our bags. From the airport we came in on an army bus to Grosvenor Square and got our money changed at the finance office. We didn't have hotel reservations, so we called the Embassy & they got us a double room and bath immediately. We were very tired from the plane ride etc. so decided we would take a little rest before eating supper. We both fell asleep and woke up at 2 AM to roll over and go to sleep again. The next morning we went down to Mrs Franklin's hotel. She hadn't left a message there for us, so I called Miss Thompson and she insisted we come up and wait for Mrs Franklin as she was at the hair dressers, so that we did. Miss Thompson was very nice and when Mrs Franklin came in, she had only a few minutes as she was going to inspect a prison. She asked us both ~~back~~ back to attend a meeting where she was a guest speaker in the afternoon. It turned out to be a meeting of all ex service people who were going to London, Oxford, and Cambridge University and proved to be very interesting. Mrs Franklin spoke on the political view at home and how we are taking democracy too much for granted. After that they had a discussion and then tea. It was all a younger group, so we really enjoyed it and everyone was very friendly. However, we did get a kick out of a couple of the boys when they asked if WE were Mrs Franklin's bodyguards, imagine??? Before the meeting started Mrs Franklin told us if she left before us, to come up to her apartment afterwards. However, she stayed until it was over & then shook hands with most of the people. Then we went up to her room again where she was entertaining 2 other ladies. She introduced us but we didn't get their names-- too excited probably. She introduced me, as my daughter is Anna's god mother & she use to live on our estate in Hyde Park. The conversation was mostly Germany and Russia, and I didn't feel too dumb on either one. I was most surprised to hear Mrs Franklin think that we were treating the Germans too good too. I thought maybe I was the only bitter one left., but her opinions were the same. After the other 2 ladies left, Mrs Franklin said she thought she had heard from most of my family at Christmas time, and I guess it had some changes since I left. Mr. Boettiger is in Europe and she told him if he came to Frankfurt to look me up. Mrs Boettiger is running the paper alone while he is over here. We were getting ready to leave when Mrs Franklin hands me a seat reservation for the unveiling of the President's statue! I was so surprised, you can't imagine how thrilled I was. She ~~ag~~ gave my girlfriend a letter so she could get in the Embassy ~~xxx~~ and watch the ceremony from the window there. You can't begin to know how kind she was-- just like a Mother. Then she insisted we come for tea Sunday at ~~five~~ five. I politely refused thinking we had used too much of her time already but ~~she~~ wouldn't take no for an ~~answer~~ answer. Imagine anyone of her importance being so thoughtful and kind to a little insignificant person like me. Now for Sunday which was spent entirely sight seeing. My girlfriend had never

been to London before so I took her around as much as I could. That's the usual places, Buckingham Palace, change of guards there, Westminster Abbey, Big Ben, Parliament, 10 Downing Street, Scotland Yards, St. Pauls Cathedral, Piccadilly Circus etc. Then it was time to go back to the hotel and wash for tea. The conversation this time was Hyde Park, Drew Pearson and his slams, and some of Mrs Franklin's experience in general. Again she insisted we come for tea on ~~next~~ Monday night. She said it would be just Miss Thompson and she & they would be more than glad to have us if we could possibly make it. I was beginning to think we would wear our welcome out, but Miss Thompson said, that Mrs Franklin wasn't busy and she always liked to entertain, so come along. We took in a show that night too.

Monday, one of the biggest days of my life!! I wish so all of you could have been with me and had the honor of seeing all the Royal family and the President's monument. We left the hotel quite early as we knew the mob that would be there. It was a perfect day--the sun was shining brightly and the sky was as blue as could be. All during the ceremony there wasn't one sound to be heard from those thousands of people. I couldn't get over that. At all time one could hear a pin if it dropped. Mrs Roosevelt came ~~first~~ first, about 10:45, and then the Royal Family, King & Queen, Mother Mary, ~~Princess~~ Princess Elizabeth & Margaret, Duke of Edinburg, Duke & Duchess of Gloucester, Duke and Duchess of Kent. Of course ~~God~~ God Save the King was played about 6 times. The ceremony opened with the Choir singing the 23rd Psalm, then the King spoke as you no doubt read in the paper, so did Mr Douglas, our ambassador, and ~~again~~ again the choir singing The Battle Hymn of Republic, which I thought was very touching and sad. After that the King and Mrs Franklin came forward to the statue, which was covered by two huge British flags, she pulled the flags down, and there stood the monument. The sculptor did a superior job. It looks exactly like the President and the facial expressions are so real. Mrs Franklin looked very sad and depressed in my opinion and I truly understand how she must have felt. ~~The~~ During this time they played The Star Spangled Banner. The King laid a wreath, and then Major Hooker put one on for President Truman, and then there was one other from the Pilgrims. After the Royal Party and Mrs Franklin looked the statue over and left, it was open to us, that is the guest inside the Square. I imagine that included about 200 people. And then it was open to the public. Thousands upon thousands of people admired that statue all day and night. They thought nothing of standing in line for 2 or 3 hours just so they could go up close to the monument. It was wonderful to see a foreign country give so great a warm feeling to our President. All the time I couldn't help but think I wonder what Hyde Park is doing???? Mrs Franklin said she had a telegram from Elliot and he was having 100 guests, so I guess he took care to see that it wasn't neglected. I think it's a crying shame of the ~~President's~~ President's home town to care so little of him, but then that's only my opinion. We tried all that afternoon to get some pictures of the statue but ~~due~~ due to the thousands of people it was very hard to do. I did take beaucoup pictures which I hope come out good. Then it was time to go for tea again. We didn't even have to announce ourselves we were so well known there in the hotel. We had tea by ourselves except for Miss Jones, who was a very nice British girl being secretary for Mrs Franklin while she was in London. Again I can't stress how very friendly Mrs Franklin was. She ~~was~~ is looking some of you up as soon as she comes back, and I truly hope you'll be able to tell her how much of a honor it was for me, and how much I appreciated it. I think she sails the 20th, which is today. And too she asked me if I knew any other Service people in London or anyone who would like to come for tea. How thrilled that would have made some people, but I didn't know a soul there. I'm writing her a thank you note now, and I have some lovely handies I bought at the PX which I'm going to send her & if any of my pictures come out good, I'll send them later. ~~in~~

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also going to write Mrs Boettiger and tell her about the ceremony and send her a program. I know I can't express my appreciation enoght but I ~~can~~ try. The next morning Tuesday, we got a flight bakk to Frankfurt. I didn't make Kings or Maxwells, but I called Mrs King from London and she understood. For all those miles it seemed as if plane was the only way to travel. So I got the man at the hotel desk to mail my package to Mrs King and I'm now anxiously wondering if she got it. The plane ride back was perfect. No one got sick and it was beautiful up above the clouds. So in addition to attending the unvieling of the President's monument I had the ~~xxx~~ thrill of a plane ride to and from Loddon, all free. I am very lucky I realize.

So we got back to Frankfurt before our fulough was up, so we took off to Garmisch, which is the recreational center for the European Theater. I think Jimmy was there while he was over here. It is more beautiful then words can express. Our hotel was in a valley overlooking a lake, and as you look up, you see those ~~xxxx~~ beautiful mountains covered with snow. I've never seen the like of it before. It was so warm down at the hotel, that I'm as red as abeet, but yet the snow stays on the mountains all year. We took the cable car up to Zugspitze which is the highest mountain in Europe. And the food at Garmisch is out of this world--- so very good and it cost only 10¢ a meal, and our hotel bill was 50¢ a night. Again I realize how fortunate I am to be able to experience all this.

So today I'm back at the office and starting in wrong by writing you all, but I know if this isn't mailed soon, you'll have FBI looking for me. Sorry there are so many mistakes in my typing but my mind goes faster then the typewriter, and I guess it is still better then my writing, I hope anyway. So until later,

Love to all,

Dear Marg,

When I got back I had your package with the yellow sweater, and white dickies, all fit swell. Do I owe you any money???? Also what about my insurance?? Would you go in the New Yorker and buy ~~xxx~~ it for the 10, 11, and 12, 13th and send me My Day out of it?? How is Cecil? I do hope he is better. Many thanks for doing my shopping, and I'll write more later. Your letters are over to the billets, so I can't answer them now.

Love
Anne.

You can show Jeanne the program, as I only have 2 + 2 want to send one to Mrs Boettiger. Keep the pictures too, as I'm sending you all I have.