

Sgt. Robert Davis 18109121

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P.M. May.



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Mrs. R. L. Davis

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Muskogee, Oklahoma

AIR

26 February 1946  
Strasbourg, France

Dear Folks:

Here is a day by day itinerary  
of my Swiss furlough.

- FEB.  
16<sup>th</sup> Sat. nite: Drove from Ingolstadt to Munich @  
9 p.m. Slept at the R.R. station.
- 17<sup>th</sup> Sunday: Left @ 6:30 a.m. on train for Strasbourg.  
3rd Class Coaches, rotten traveling. Had a  
chicken dinner in record quick time at  
Karlsruhe Germany. Got into Strasbourg at  
8 p.m. Slept at Transient Camp.
- 18<sup>th</sup> Monday: Left Strasbourg for Muhlhaus  
Muhlhaus, France, close to the Swiss border  
at Basle. Spent the day in lines, being  
oriented, getting VISAS, getting money changed.  
Saw a movie in the evening, slept there.
- 19<sup>th</sup> Tuesday: Went into Switzerland, passed  
the customs at Basle. Took train to Zurich, slept  
there.
- 20<sup>th</sup> Wednesday: Left Zurich, went to Flims, in the  
mts, stayed there Thursday, Friday and Saturday.
- 24<sup>th</sup> Sunday: Left Flims, went to Basle.
- 25<sup>th</sup> Monday: In Basle.
- 26<sup>th</sup> Tuesday: Left Basle, went to Muhlhaus, and

entrained for Strasbourg, where I just arrived an hour ago.

I wrote you elsewhere what a depressing spectacle ~~the~~ France was. It is a sad sight, even in comparison with Germany. In Germany everyone works like ants, and the universal presence of our troops provides all Germans with those elements of luxury to which the French were once used; cigarettes, candy, army food rations (all of which are a very significant item in the present German economy.) Coming into France from so fat and prosperous a country ~~and~~ as Switzerland only makes the comparison worse. Somehow, the ghastly picture of French decay makes being ~~a~~ in France slightly repellent, much as I like and admire the people. But then one only sees the pimps and black-marketeters, most prominently, I mean.

Love, Bob-