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AIR

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1619 BOSTON
MUSKOGEE, OKLA

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Dear Folks:

München-Beimwald

The period at Fries was really an exile. It is a mountain resort town, in the Rhine valley. The region is called the GRISOVS, and is very romantic.

We got on a Swiss bus that looked like an American school bus, but was the modern car I have ever seen, having been built in 1944. It was a curious, smooth-running combination of an old model, with wonderful new devices.

Of course, the first impact of vast mountain scenery is always a ravishing experience, and tho I went unwillingly to this resort town, and with the premonition that it would be a less interesting experience than a similar stay in the cities, I allowed myself to be delighted.

The village itself was quaintly charming, with a lovely profile at a distance, before one got close enough to notice the ugly face of commercialism. Standard Alpine

stuff. Our bus passed several nice hotels, wound up several steep hills and came to a less nice hotel. Unfortunately, it was to be my billet for the next four days. HOTEL NATIONAL. It was a sizable hotel, but rated 4th or 5th in the town.

The landlady spoke tourist English, and there were a pair of stupid waitresses who spoke ROMANSH, the 4th official language of Switzerland. It was a fairly unsatisfactory local. We arrived in town at one o'clock in the afternoon, promptly ate a meal which was to repeat itself in various patterns twice a day for the remainder of our stay. At 2 o'clock we all ~~filed~~, in humble obedience to the tour schedule's recommendation, we all filed by a tiny hut marked "G. I. Ski Equipment," and paying in \$3.00, recieved a pair of skis, shoes, and ski-stocks. That afternoon I began to ski.

All the time it had been snowing with increasing intensity. It was to continue unbrokenly for the next three days of our vacation in the mts.

Love, Bob