

# Diary of a flight to occupied Germany, July 20 to August 27, 1945.. 1945?

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### JULY 20 TO AUGUST 27, 1945

## diary

by

## of a flight to occupied GERMANY

#### **RICHARD E. BERLIN**

INDEX OF SUBJECTS: Flights,

	PAGE
The Diary Begins	7
Take-off from Washington	8
Stops in Maine and Newfoundland	9
To the Azores	11
Take-off for France	12
Arrival at Paris	13
G.I. Revelations During Hop to London	15
Conditions in London	17
A Message to Honey	19
The British Elections	20
In Paris Again	23
The Petain Trial	24
Re-deployment Operations	26
Secrets of Transport	27
Conquest of Antwerp Bridging the Rhine	29
Code Words of the Invasion	31
From Paris to Reims	33
Where the Nazis Surrendered	35
Visit to Le Havre	36
Shipping the Boys Home	37
Flying to Germany	39
Region of the "Bulge" Bomb Explodes	40
Entering Germany	41
Blonde Children-Hitler's "Aryan Race"	42
Interview with Montgomery	44
Montgomery on Battle of El Alamein	45
Monty Admits He Has Memoirs	46
Displaced Persons	47
Account of Potsdam Conference	48
Through Bad Weather to Brussels	49
Sights in Antwerp	50
In Brussels and Bremen	52
American Headquarters at Bremen	53
Rehabilitating Steamship Europa	55
A Crowded Chapel	55 56
	50
An Army Without Hatred	58

DD Scenes, Interviews...

PAGE	
Across North Germany to Copenhagen 59	)
Slaughter of Gestapo 60	)
Sights in Copenhagen 60	)
Strafing on the Flight Back to Bremen	5
Russian Conviviality 65	)
More Fraternization Talk	)
Scenes in Frankfurt 67	1
Newspapers and Radio	\$
Problem of Displaced Persons	)
Recaptured Treasure	
Bad Fogs to Berlin	
What Happened to Hitler	
Russians in Berlin	
Terrible Conditions in Russian-held Territory 78	3
More Observations in Berlin	
Coal and Food Famine	
Take-off for Munich	
With American Boys in the Alps	5
Where Patton Lived	
Scenes in Austria	,
Hitler's Hideaway 87	,
Another Hitler Abode	\$
Concert in Salzburg 90	)
Horrors of Dachau Prison Camp 92	
A Cremation Fraud	
Visit to Cardinal Faulhauber	
Hitler's Beer Hall	
Human Contacts in Munich	
Over the Danube and Rhine to Paris	1
Flying from Paris to Naples	;
Naples Caserta Rome	)
Audience with His Holiness 101	
Confidential Chat with Count Umberta 104	,
An Evening with the Italian Cabinet 106	,
Travels Around Rome 108	
Talks with Generals in Paris 109	,
The Flight Home 110	1

#### How the flight started

John Hanes and I were invited by the Secretary of War to make a trip of inspection to Europe.

The Secretary wished us to see what the Army had done and was doing in Europe, and the part the American G.I. had played in winning the war.

The War Department officials said they were very eager to have publishing executives observe the scenes of the War and the conduct of the occupation so that they would possess background material for their publishing activities.

In short, the Army is proud, and rightfully so, of its splendid job and is eager to have the press observe freely and report accurately the accomplishments.

To: Mrs. Richard E. Berlin, Port Chester, New York, U.S.A. From: Claridge's Hotel, London W. 1.

#### 24th July, 1945

#### Dearest Honey:

Here we are in London and, strange as it may seem, enjoying gorgeous Californian weather. The air is balmy and springlike, just as we enjoyed it in Beverly Hills last March.

I miss you and the children more than I can tell you and while the trip is intensely interesting, our Rye place will appeal to me as more delightful than ever. When we complete this junket, I will be perfectly happy to stay put until we take a flight together. With all my love, DICK

Thinking that you would like a diary of our eventful European trip, I will start it by your dropping me at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel Friday morning, July 20th, where John Hanes and I were met and driven to the Newark airport. There we had a considerable wait—found it hard to pass the airport's armed guards. After much arguing we finally got through the gates, but then were held for weather clearance over Washington. It was 11:30 when we took to the air in a private airplane—"Commando" (C. W. 20). A twin-motor job, it cruises at about 225 miles per hour and is indeed superb. It is fitted as an executive-type ship, with luxurious seating accommodations for 12 persons. It had a beautiful table for dining, working, etc. and also four very comfortable three-quarter beds.

#### Take-off from Washington

We arrived in Washington at 1:30, had luncheon at the Carlton Hotel, and started on our round of official visits. At the Army Transport Command we received our orders and instructions to check in for briefing. Immediately we ran into No. 1 difficulty we had not received our final typhoid inoculation. It was promptly administered, much to Johnnie Hanes' sorrow.

I told the Lieutenant—who formerly worked for our company to tell the medical officer maybe I could stand better an inoculation of ice-water rather than that sickening typhoid puncture. Don't know what I received, but I did not feel it.

Another difficulty was that we had no French visa—the French Embassy told us that they could not give us one for 72 hours. A little official pressure was applied and our conducting officer took our passports to the French Embassy. That evening our passports were given back to us, properly stamped.

The Lieutenant gave us advices about our trip, and we purchased insurance (\$10,000 maximum). Then the Lieutenant said he was very much embarrassed, but was required to ask for 50c to cover our meals while enroute to Paris. I told him this was rather exorbitant, that I had never before spent a half-dollar to get from America to France!

After clearing all official papers we returned to the Pentagon Building—miles and miles of floor space—it would take a week to orient oneself and ascertain how to get from one office to another.

#### Saturday, July 21

8 a.m. breakfast. Arrived at the airport at 10 a.m. There we were shown a very delightful motion picture on "ditching"; the film shows, if the plane is forced down over water, how to handle yourself on the collapsible life rafts, adjust your Mae West lifebelt, etc.

Our plane was on the field—a Douglas C-54, what the Army calls a "plush-seat" job. They have two types of planes for over-

seas transportation: the plush-seat job and the bucket-seat job, the latter being a rather hard riding plane because one is required to sit on a tin seat across the ocean. We were placed in the plushseat one, which has chairs like the reclining chairs on the transcontinental air lines.

Leaving Washington at 11:05 a.m., we passed the Statue of Liberty at 12:20 p.m. and then headed directly north up the Hudson River, following the Hutchinson River Parkway. Strange as it may seem, at 12:25 we flew directly over our house—I could see it very plainly from the air. Now I know that all those big four-motor planes that are continually flying over our house are transports going to and coming from Europe, as the pilot told me that it is on their direct route. (How I wished I could have dropped a note to you, Brigie and Richie!)

#### Stops in Maine and Newfoundland

We had a calm and lovely flight, our first stop being Presque Isle, Maine, where we arrived at 3:30 p.m. We were met at this airport by a young Captain who formerly ran a restaurant across the street from our Boston American. He is a friend of many of our Boston executives.

Presque airport is an Army base of the Army Transport Command with a staff of 2,500 and is not a scheduled stop for the European planes. It is about 10 miles from the Canadian border and was originally built as a destination point to fly our planes before we went into the war. U. S. planes were then taken to a little border village called Holden and were then towed across the border into Canada, the English buying and taking title to the planes at Holden.

The place is perfectly equipped. There is ample amusement for the men: the green countryside is beautiful indeed, and there is excellent fishing and hunting. The temperature in winter, however, goes to forty degrees below zero. It is exciting to see the planes coming in with returning airborne G.I.s from Germany—big, fine-looking kids—and to see their happy expressions when they deplane. This is the first time they have set foot on home soil since going to Europe. Indeed, it made an indelible impression on me to see those youngsters pile out of the plane and almost weep with joy to be on mother soil again.

The Army Transport Command had a schedule of returning 50,000 airborne troops per month, called the Green Project. Last month they did 131 per cent of their quota. The Captain told me that the previous day a General deplaned with Goering's diamond baton which he was bringing as a gift to President Truman.

After servicing our plane (one engine had been missing) we took off for Stevensville, Newfoundland.

Stevensville is another American Transport Command base with 2,500 men. The Major who met us took us to the hotel, where we dined well. It is a beautiful building, erected by the Army for the accommodation of ranking officers and V.I.P.s (Army lingo—very important persons). After dinner we walked across the road to an officers' club where a dance was in progress with a 28-piece service orchestra. The music was just as good as at the Stork Club and the boys were having a wonderful time whiskey \$1.75 per bottle, cigarettes 5c per pack, food (no one ever ate better) 20c per serving. The girls were mostly from the village and were quite attractive. The Army officers had a gala evening.

We went later to the enlisted men's clubroom—just as enjoyable in its way. Some 1,000 enlisted men were having a dance, and good-looking girls were plentiful—plenty of alcoholic refreshment, but no intoxication. Crap games were going on all over the place.

#### To the Azores

At midnight we took off for our first over-water hop of  $81/_2$  hours, flying to Santa Maria in the historic Azores. We practiced adjusting our Mae West belts which are self-inflating by means of a cartridge similar to the Sparklet used in charged water bottles.

On our plane were seven good-looking young Lieutenants who had just come from Okinawa and were enroute to a deployment centre in France to instruct our G.I.s in Europe on Pacific warfare. These boys were decorated with the Purple Heart and various ribbons for meritorious action under fire.

It was a perfect moonlight night, the air was calm, and the sea was mirrorlike. Indeed, the ride to the Azores at 7,000 feet was more comfortable than a Super-Chief ride across America.

Near the end of this  $8\frac{1}{2}$  hour flight, we sighted Ponta Delgada. It is about 8 a.m. E.W.T. and approximately noon Sunday, Azores time. The beautiful sunshine lit the lovely farms of the Azores beneath us. I wished that I could be put down to spend a few days in the charming environment.

There are three main islands in the Azores; we deplaned at Santa Maria, an island 150 miles from Ponta Delgada, and were met by a Lieutenant, a Belgian by birth; he heard last spring his parents had been killed by rocket bombs.

Again we were treated royally: at each stop a Lieutenant or a Captain would come aboard the plane and call for Messrs. Hanes and Berlin. We were the first passengers to deplane and were taken immediately to the officers' quarters where we were served good meals. The War Department had seen to it that we were properly cared for.

Santa Maria has a beautiful airport built by Pan-American engineers. We were told that the British had refused to let Americans land at Ponta Delgada, therefore the Santa Maria airport was constructed by our people and will no doubt in the future be used as a Pan American base. Here there are some 2,500 Army personnel. I counted on the ground 40 big transport planes, four-motor jobs such as we were in, with propellers spinning, arriving and departing to Europe and home. This airdrome is  $51/_2$  hours flying time from Casablanca.

Again we saw G.I.s going home all excited. They were all carrying German pistols, camera, binoculars and other loot—this war is exactly like the last war in that soldiers and sailors inevitably are souvenir-collectors.

Seated alongside us at breakfast were some Egyptian delegates —in flowing robes—returning from the San Francisco conference. There were also Chinese, Indians—a conglomeration of nationalities—all being conveyed by this most efficient Army Transport Command to and from various ports. At each one of these ports the hotel was called Hotel de Gink, the name given to airport hotels.

#### Take-off for France

The temperature at Santa Maria is enjoyable—semi-tropical, never too warm and never cold. After staying on the ground about an hour, we then took off for an eight hours' over-water flight to France.

We left at about 9 a.m. Sunday, our time. Incidentally, last night there was only about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours of darkness. Again we flew over a calm, beautiful sea in gorgeous sunshine, flying at 7,000 feet, our engine functioning perfectly.

A beautiful over-water hop, our first land call was Brest, France. It gave me a thrill because in 1917, as a young Naval Officer, I was making monthly troop-carrying trips to this port of debarkation.

We flew over Brest at 3:45 p.m. I could easily discern the main street, Rue de Siam. Apparently there was not a great deal of damage, yet the airfield we were over had been completely bombed. The field looked as if it had undergone a severe case of smallpox. Two bridges were completely wrecked, one bridge looked as if it might be about half the span of our George Washington Bridge. The countryside was green and beautiful; every inch of land seems to be under cultivation and it looks as if the French peasant is going to eat.

#### Arrival at Paris

We arrived in Paris at 5:24 p.m. E.W.T., approximately 30 hours out of Washington, with 6 hours on the ground at scheduled stops, making our flying time 24 hours.

Deplaning at Orley Field, our Army's airdrome in Paris, we were met by Kingsbury Smith (INS Manager), Joe Willicombe, Jr., and Lieutenant Watts of the Army, our future conducting officer.

I told a friend returning home on our ship to be sure to put his blankets on the floor at the rear of the plane alongside the door, thereby enabling him to stretch out and get a good night's sleep. This I learned from a Colonel who monopolized this coveted spot coming over.

What a great sight at Orley Field! It is now 11:24 p.m. Sunday, Paris time. There must be 3,000 people sitting about the air terminal, mostly soldiers, all waiting to fly somewhere. The untiring Red Cross girls pass out coffee and the great American doughnut to the boys.

Johnnie Hanes and I stood fascinated, and never moved. The boys took care of our passports, papers and baggage, and in about half an hour we were escorted to a car and told we were being taken to our billet—the George V Hotel. Lieutenant Watts is a very efficient young man.

At the George V, two beautiful rooms awaited us in which were

two bottles of champagne and a tray of sandwiches. Johnnie and I each had a sandwich and a glass of champagne or, shall we say, two glasses—and then off to bed.

The hotel looked exactly as it did in pre-war days. Headquarters now of the Army General Staff, the service is perfect. We were among the very few civilians who have been admitted. Had a wonderful night's sleep. Waking, I telephoned for breakfast and a WAC's voice told me it was not customary to serve breakfast in the room, but exception would be made for us as we arrived late. Within ten minutes came orange juice, ham and eggs, toast and coffee. Our shoes were cleaned in the customary pre-war French manner, and a valet took care of our clothes.

Kingsbury Smith came around with a car to take us to the office. Again, a springlike morning. One would never know Paris had been at war except for the lack of motor transportation. There is not a car on the streets of Paris apart from Army cars. Everywhere one sees the inevitable jeep; and the city, with doughboys everywhere, looks as if it were an Army camp in America.

We went to the Hotel Scribe, which had been taken over for the use of American correspondents. We saw the briefing room for the American correspondents, and I met any number of newspaper boys I knew. One youngster with the United Press insignia on his shoulder came up and spoke to me. He was one of the boys who used to come to my home in Smithtown.

The briefing room was interesting beyond words—the walls were covered with maps. Here during the war the Army briefed the correspondents each day, showed them the progress of our advances in France and Germany.

Went over to Harper's Bazaar office and met old friends. Was told there is nothing in Paris to buy for you—an evening gown costs \$1200.

Joe Smith drove us about Paris with a photographer who took pictures at the Place de la Concorde and other spots. Saw very little damage other than one or two official buildings bombed by the Germans. Everywhere the streets were crowded with American G.I.s—it was to me a complete reenactment of Paris as I had seen it in the last war.

Back to the George V for luncheon. We were introduced to General Lee, Commanding General of Command Z and General Eisenhower's aide in handling the Paris district.

The General, very gracious, told us that he was delighted to have us at the hotel. He hoped, however, it would not be a precedent for more civilians to come. He had received letters from General Somervell and Secretary Patterson asking him to extend us full courtesies. Accordingly, the courtesies of the European theatre were ours.

Having asked for accommodations to London that afternoon, we were told the plane would be at the field at 4:30 and that the car would call for us.

At 3:30 Lieutenant Watts took us to Orley Field. While we waited for the plane, another of our C-54's (the same plane in which we flew to Paris) came in, and General de Gaulle, with a French escort, deplaned amidst much fanfare.

#### **G.I.** Revelations During Hop to London

Our plane was a paratroop one with two rows of seats against the port and starboard bulkheads—tin seats, and not very comfortable riding. On this plane were thirty G.I.s who had just come down from Germany and were going to England for a seven-day leave. All had had a big night in Paris and looked a little weary. They told us they had blown in a month's pay in one day in Paris. In the usual G.I. fashion, they were loquacious, grumbling and happy.

One youngster said, "This is a blankety-blank war when you are going to get killed some way and I suppose I will get mine in Japan where I am told I will be ordered immediately upon my return from leave."

Another soldier, when Johnnie and I (the only civilians) came

in the plane, sounded out that we looked like two Congressmen. For the hour and forty minutes from Paris to London, we chatted with the boys.

Their stories were fantastic. They say the Russians are spending money even more wildly than are our G.I.s in Germany. One kid said a Russian soldier paid him \$650 for a \$20 Swiss watch. Another kid said a Russian soldier paid him \$200 for an old suit of civilian clothes from a man traveling in Germany.

This, of course, is all Russian Occupation money and apparently Uncle Joe is liberally distributing Occupation money to his soldiers—who are buying everything in Germany. (They don't steal!) All this merchandise will be carted back to Russia and then, I presume, the Government will confiscate it and the Occupation money will be declared worthless. This is another example of *collectivism* working full force.

One G.I., an intelligent law student of the University of Virginia, said, and all of his pals agreed, that no American G.I. wants anything to do with Communism, and that the whole Russian system is all wrong. These kids may not exactly know what they are talking about but their heads seem to be properly placed on their shoulders.

Another boy commented that fraternization orders or no fraternization orders can't keep the G.I. away from the German girls and said, "Them German girls are tops. In Paris the girls charge you 1000 francs. In Germany it is love. Hitler taught them that they must propagate the German race, and they are continuing that program with us."

Another smart comedian chirped up: "You know, in the next European war all we will have to do is to send over the uniforms because we are going to leave enough American soldier babies in Germany to supply the manpower."

One boy told me he met a fraulein in Germany two days before, aged 22, unmarried, five children. She had been awarded a top Hitler decoration for propagation. He was sure he was going to be responsible for No. 6.

All this is very amusing but I dare say it carries a lot of truth.

The youngsters were all asking—"When are we going home?" This is the inevitable G.I. cry all over the place.

On this flight from Paris to London, we flew over Cherbourg and saw terrific damage, with bomb craters all over the fields. One cannot discern much damage to the buildings but wherever there is a semblance of an airfield it is completely peppered, as with smallpox.

Arrived at Bovington Airdrome at 6 p.m., U.K. time. Ben McPeake met us with his car at the airdrome: cleared immediately through Customs, we were taken to the Claridge, where Ben had engaged a lovely suite for us.

#### **Conditions in London**

#### Tuesday, July 24

Up at 8:30, delightful breakfast, eggs (furnished from the farm of a friend of John Hanes). Eggs are almost impossible to obtain here and the food situation is more acute than during the war.

McPeake for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours drove us through the blitzed, devastated sections of London. The West End, comparable to our Fifth Avenue district, doesn't seem to have been severely damaged, except for an odd building here and there.

We went to the Moorgate section which is in the City and here the damage was terrific. You see entire sites of blocks completely obliterated. In this section 135 people were killed standing in line to purchase fish rations. Business buildings and homes have been completely wiped out.

Any number of people who went to their shelters during the blitz were drowned by water bursting from sewer mains. McPeake said that one house out of every three in London received some sort of damage. The worst casualties resulted from flying glass when a bomb or rocket hit it blew the glass out for blocks around and caused untold damage and injury. We saw the rear of St. Paul's Cathedral which had been hit although the damage to St. Paul's itself was little. A number of beautiful old Christopher Wren churches have been obliterated. Fleet Street, the newspaper district, had been mangled. I stopped at our old magazine office, 153 Queen Victoria Street, which holds many happy memories. It is blown almost beyond recognition. We visited a spot in Chelsea where 130 American soldiers were killed by a rocket bomb while in morning parade.

In the Battersea section the Germans, trying to destroy a huge electric power plant, destroyed everything surrounding it but never hit the plant. It reminds me of a story one of the correspondents told me of the accuracy of their bombing in Europe. For three days they tried to bomb a certain bridge—he figured the safest place to be was in the middle of the bridge, so he parked himself there and came through safely.

Inspected the Air Raid shelters and were impressed with their construction and efficiency. In the poor sections we saw the shelter known as an "Anderson" of corrugated iron, built like an Eskimo igloo and installed in yards of cottages on the outskirts. Though all the homes around would be demolished, we could see block after block of these shelters intact. You don't have to draw on your imagination too much to realize the privations of these people, being compelled to sleep night after night in small, crude air-raid shelters, through London's cold, clammy winter weather.

A friend who came in for tea told me the windows of his flat were blown out three times, or rather, twice blown in and once blown out. The rocket bombs created a void and in many instances, the concussion pulled the windows out of buildings rather than blew them in.

You see thousands of buildings with the entire window structure bricked in and then a little peep-hole, so to speak, comparable to that of our speakeasy days, sufficing for a window. Everyone you talk to, however, has kept his sense of humor. One marvels at the fortitude of the people who receive some consolation as they all tell you, "We had nothing compared to the havoc you will see in Germany."

After lunch with McPeake and our lawyer, discussing business and tax problems, we went to our magazine office to meet members of the staff. Fortunately the office was never hit. Four different buildings which we have occupied here in London were all razed, but the present location came through.

I recall that when we rented the present quarters in 1935 our manager said to me, "If we ever have another war, this will be a fine spot for air bombing, as it is almost adjacent to the Victoria Station (a leading railroad station comparable to Grand Central), with Buckingham Palace a short distance away." Fate decreed otherwise. The building we moved from in Queen Victoria Street was wrecked and the present building undamaged.

McPeake's home was occupied during the war by General de Gaulle and family. The waitress is profuse in her praise of de Gaulle. She says, "He is a fine family man with three children and a lovely wife who remains always in the background."

#### A Message to Honey

Dropped in at Rainbow Corner—one of the large American Red Cross clubs here. Had a nice visit with Rebecca Stickney, who is managing the canteen. Rebecca looks very well, sends her love to you and tells me that she is going to return to New York in the not-too-far-distant future.

Honey, the only thing lacking here is your presence and how you would be interested in seeing everything we are seeing! We will certainly do it next year together. I am told there is an absolute ban now on non-essential travel over here, unless one happens to be on an official junket like ourselves, and I am further told that ladies are taboo—that in the George V Hotel in Paris they are not admitted except occasionally as dinner guests with the permission of the Commanding Officer.

Have eaten just as well here as at home, because we are Army guests, and the Army receives top priority on everything. We go to Paris Friday evening. General Lee will then brief us over Germany, assign us a conducting officer and send us on our way.

It seems incredible but I am told there is a plane leaving every twenty minutes for home from Paris.

My friend, Noel Vincent, plans to meet us in Paris this weekend. He is a British Wing Commander comparable to a colonel in our Army, and has received many top decorations for a superb war record. He now flies a Mosquito plane which does 400 miles an hour. Ben McPeake tells me that Noel is eager to show me a lot of Europe in his plane. If Noel takes us about (which I am sure he cannot) I can please you and see Europe from the air in two or three days, but I do not know what the Army plans are.

#### Thursday, July 26

With a few days to spend before taking off for Paris, this morning I walked over to the tailor who used to make suits for me. The price formerly was \$60 to \$70 per suit; today it is \$120 with a 6 months' delivery date. I was told by the firm that they now have 18 tailors working where formerly they had 400. A lady's tailored jacket and skirt in London today costs about \$320.

There is little for purchase in the shops—London has really felt the war as far as consumer goods are concerned. During the winter, a fresh peach cost \$2.50.

#### The British Elections

About noon the election returns began to come in and it was quickly seen that Churchill was badly defeated. This was a great surprise. Many people thought the Labor Government would win but with only a slight majority. No one expected a landslide.

In the afternoon I went to the INS office. We had a 20-minute scoop on the election as Churchill admitted his defeat at 2:20 and we were privately informed through the Daily Express at 2:00 p.m. that Churchill was conceding his defeat. There was great excitement in London and most everyone would ask you, "What will America think of this?"

My reply was that America would feel that this was ingratitude on the part of the British electorate toward their war leader, but that we had no fixed ideas as to which party should be elected; that it was a matter for the British public to decide and not the American public; that we had not felt too kindly towards Britishers who injected themselves into our presidential elections, as that was a matter for our decision, not theirs.

Everyone in England laid great stress on the fact that the Labor Government in England was not communistic and that while its members all advocated Government ownership of the railroads, mines, etc., the party in itself was not dominated from Moscow. After they told you this, then you would be asked how the Labor advent to power would affect future credits from America.

Later in the afternoon I visited the air-raid shelters in the basement of our office building, which were well constructed. The entire staff spent nights in the cellars during the blitz.

I was continually being told by intelligent people that America was such a rich country. I explained to them that we had invested to date about 250 billion dollars in the war—the greatest public debt of any nation; that our rationing was strict; that our public was asked to forego all such luxuries as motor transport during the war, and that we did not see steaks and foodstuffs such as the British imagined we were living upon. In short, I tried to impress upon them that America could not continue to support the world.

Usually my comments were countered by the statement, "Your debt is not bad, since you owe it all to yourself."

My reply was, "What difference does it make who it is owed

to—a debt is a debt that has to be paid, and it does not make any difference whether our bonds are purchased by an American national or a British national." I then said that I could not see eye to eye with Lord Keynes' philosophy.

#### Friday, July 27

Still in London. Visited with Alexander Korda, the motion picture executive, and discussed with him yesterday's election. Like everyone else, he was greatly surprised at the overwhelming defeat of Churchill.

In London one sees American troops everywhere, mostly men on leave. Allowed 7 days' leave from Paris, many men come back to England to visit friends they had made when stationed here.

Rainbow Corner, the Red Cross club at the corner of Piccadilly, feeds about 7,500 soldiers per day, a full meal being 25c. Some 2,500 English girls have married G.I.s, and at Rainbow Corner classes are held daily for the English wives, with motion pictures, instructing them about life in America. The English girls ask many questions such as—"How do you think my new mother will like me when I go to America?" I was told that one English girl presented herself with a negro baby and told the Red Cross worker that her future home was going to be in Alabama. She hoped that her husband's parents would like her.

Many people in England ask you to bring them French Vermouth, which they cannot buy. Laundry in the hotel requires 2 weeks for return. Soap is synthetic, with no lather. Synthetic fruit juices are served.

Left the Claridge Hotel at noon by car for Bovington Airfield, a large airdrome operated by the U. S. Army Transport Command. It sends planes on approximately half-hour schedules to Paris. DC-3's are used mostly. They hold 21 passengers and are called "Bucket-seat jobs," having two longitudinal seats constructed down the port and starboard fuselage. They were used for paratroopers, for carrying freight, and as a general utility ship. One officer said that the DC-3, commonly known as the Dakota, and the jeep, really won the war. The Army Transport Command moves personnel all over Europe on a regular schedule, as the railroads are not in adequate working order. All Army passengers must move from place to place by plane—this operation is an excellent piece of work.

We had luncheon at the airport's snack bar and ate Army food —exceptionally good—served by English waitresses, American make-up. The lunch cost about 20c.

The plane was announced as ready for take-off about 2 p.m. When everyone was seated, we were told that we had a flat tire. We laughed and piled out of the ship, saying that it would be difficult to explain to anyone that you had a flat tire on an airplane.

We finally got off at 3:30 p.m., flying over the beautiful English countryside in perfect sunshiny weather. The fields were green and cultivated. Passing over dozens of airports, we observed hundreds of airplanes parked in neat rows. One could see considerable bomb damage, or craters, as a result of the German blitz.

We flew south across the channel over "Omaha Beach"—one of the landing beaches in France for the Army of Invasion on D-Day. "Omaha Beach" has quite a high cliff and, from the air, it seemed almost impossible that an army could effect a landing. An air officer told us that two or three days before D-Day, there were 6,000 Allied planes in the air over Germany.

#### In Paris Again

From the coast into Paris all of the little French cities where there are railroad terminals, airfields, and plants, were badly damaged. Landing at Orley field, the plane puts down on a steel matting which has circular holes. The engineers lay the air strips very quickly with these steel mattings made in America.

There is no Customs in Paris or anywhere else in Europe when you are traveling under Army orders. One merely presents the A.G.O. card issued in Washington prior to departure. Motoring in from Orley field we saw many German tanks along the road destroyed or overturned.

As arranged in London, met my friend, Commander Noel Vincent, R.A.F. He has to his credit some 70 air missions over Germany, and wears the American D.F.C. as well as the British D.F.C. I took him to dinner at the Ritz—the only meal I ate in Europe away from the Army mess. We were served cheese souffle, peas, ice cream made from water, and a bottle of champagne—\$60 for 3 people.

We were again quartered at the George V Hotel. One of the employees told me that during the war the hotel was occupied by Field Marshal von Runstedt and his staff of 50 officers. I asked the employee what kind of a man was von Runstedt. He replied that he was a quiet, dignified person who bothered no one. His food was served him by a German Mess Sergeant. The officers did not disturb the hotel and were, generally speaking, well behaved. It did not seem to make much difference to hotel employees as to who were occupying their hotel—Germans one day, Americans the next. They bow to everyone.

All the French papers today have big headlines proclaiming the great popular victory of the English elections, indicating that France is Left and progressing further that way.

#### Saturday, July 28

Walked to the headquarters of the Army to arrange our trip through Germany. Strolled through the Champs Elysees, visited the Scribe Hotel headquarters for the war correspondents.

#### The Petain Trial

An obliging reporter drove us in a German captured motor car to the Ministry of Justice to see the Petain trial. I had obtained a reporter's pass through our Hearst office. The courthouse where Petain was being tried was on the Left Bank, close by the Notre Dame Cathedral. As we passed Notre Dame, saw workmen removing sandbags from its front—in this vicinity occurred the most serious street fighting when the Germans evacuated Paris.

Presenting my pass, I was immediately admitted to the courtroom, in which were about 300 people. Boldly and hurriedly I walked to an advantageous position and stood about 6 feet from Petain. He sat at a long table, with two or three counselors on one side, a guard on the other, facing the judge. The jury were 30 feet away. Three men in white robes sat at the judges' table, and on each side were two men in red robes.

Petain wore the tan uniform of a Marshal of France. He did not wear glasses. He has a pink complexion and soft, steady hands perfectly manicured. His moustache is pure white, and he has sheer white hair and a bald crown.

He seemed to be in a lackadaisical mood, but one ascertained by close scrutiny that he was simulating drowsiness. He held his left hand to his ear as if he was placing his finger in the ear, but one could see that he was studying every word of testimony. When I entered, one of the French generals was making an impassioned speech. Officials—and at times members of the jury interrupt. One juryman cried out in open court that the trial was a farce. Petain had previously announced that he would refuse to testify in his own behalf.

It indeed was an interesting sight. The court was held in a beautiful French room decorated by lovely paintings of angels on the ceiling, and by two beautiful crystal chandeliers.

Returning to the George V, we passed the Cafe de Prix where hundreds of G.I.s were seated drinking beer, just as we had done in 1919. Some 50,000 American troops are given liberty in Paris each day. We saw them everywhere.

The Army has taken over virtually all of the hotels.

#### **Re-Deployment Operations**

At the Majestic Hotel, headquarters of U.S.A. General Staff, the Colonel in charge spoke for an hour about the invasion on D-Day, and plans for re-deployment. He told us how landing boats built in the States were constructed specially for landing on difficult "Omaha Beach." He explained how pipe lines were built to supply gasoline all the way from "Omaha Beach" to the Rhine; how the Army had lost 40 days coming down through Normandy, due largely to bad weather, and then had beat their schedule 50 days in getting to the Rhine. At times the Army moved so rapidly that gasoline had to be flown by airplane to front line troops.

The Colonel also explained about re-deployment centers particularly located at Reims and Le Havre, where the boys were being assembled in 3 categories: (1) directly for shipment to Japan, (2) for shipment to Japan through the States, and (3) for shipment to the States for discharge.

He told us how the clothes and equipment of the Army were all being renovated, every man being issued renovated uniforms, etc. The coal situation, we were warned, was most acute and Europe is going to face a serious winter, the transportation facilities being very poor.

After one hour's briefing, we returned to the hotel and met some of the newspaper boys. One of our correspondents who had been with the Army since D-Day said that our soldiers seemed to dislike the outfit fighting next to them more than they did the enemy. In other words, the spirit of competition between the various outfits was intense. He cited, for example, that in Normandy he came in one evening and told a group that the company next to them had been captured. The reply was, "Those dumb So-and-Sos ought to be captured—they never did have any brains."

The point our newspaper boy was making was that the American soldier has great initiative, and that the football spirit is always predominant, whereas German soldiers fight by the book. He quoted General Patton as saying one day, "If von Runstedt wants to get his neck in a meat grinder, I am the guy to turn the handle." This correspondent said that it was extremely important to have Patton remain in Germany, as the Germans had great respect and fear of him.

Dinner at George V. After dinner back to the Scribe Hotel to talk with the correspondents. Since there are no taxis in France, one rides about on a bicycle or in a one-horse open carriage. The driver wanted \$8.00 for a ten-minute ride. We compromised by giving him 3 packages of cigarettes and \$4.00. Cigarettes are international currency.

One of the French newspaper men told us that butter last winter was \$12 a pound, and eggs 40c apiece. The cold was frightful as there was no coal.

Visited with Lowell Bennett at the Scribe. He is our Hearst reporter who parachuted out of a bomber over Berlin and was made a prisoner of war. Having just brought his wife and two babies over from America, Bennett had been out foraging food and had managed to find two cans of peaches which he was taking home to his babies.

Walking to my hotel at 10:30 p.m., watched huge trucks picking up soldiers to take them to their camps, the soldiers having finished their leave-stay.

#### Secrets of Transport

Sunday, July 29.

Up early and to church in Paris.

Had a long talk with Major General Ross about the African campaign. He is in charge of transportation for the Army and told me how he had worked very closely with the medical office in evacuating the wounded. They had problems in unloading freight at Cherbourg—not too good a base. The Le Havre channel, he said, had a 27-foot tide and drivers could work only 30 minutes a day cleaning up wreckage. He said that Antwerp was the best port in the world and its capture was the big windfall for the American Army since Antwerp could handle 42,000 tons of freight per day.

General Ross explained that one of the biggest problems in handling the terrific quantity of supplies was training men not to worry about the other fellow's job. He said the man who had charge of the unloading of the ship at the dock was always worrying about how the freight trains were going to move the freight off the docks and vice versa. The freight men were worrying about the ship being unloaded. He said he continually drilled his officers to worry only about their own job—that one fellow should get the ship unloaded and forget about what was going to happen to the freight after that. Another man was told to move the freight off the pier into freight cars and to forget about how the trucks were going to move it after that. He said that American railroad men should send talent scouts to the Army for young men, as it had developed the world's finest crew of transportation experts.

As to newspaper men, General Ross said that never during the campaign had the press violated a confidence—he felt he could always talk freely to reporters.

The Germans, he went on, made many serious transportation mistakes. A minor but important one was made when they were blowing up locomotives—they did not destroy the same part of every locomotive. In short, they would blow the left side out of one locomotive and the right side out of another one. Americans, he said, reassembled these locomotives and from the spare parts built new locomotives; whereas if the Germans had destroyed the same section of each locomotive, our experts would have been in trouble, as they could not have assembled new carriers from undamaged parts. He also said that the Germans had sunk ships longitudinally along the docks. In turn our engineers had built a platform over a sunken ship and in many cases had used the hull as a quay site.

He told how the Redball Highway—a one-way truck highway through France on which thousands of trucks moved supplies from the Beach to the Rhine—relayed drivers at specified points so the trucks kept continually rolling.

I was told that there are about 335,000 German prisoners of war working for the Americans today. There are no guards necessary for these prisoners as they are very docile.

In the afternoon I motored out to Versailles with one of the officials of the War Surplus Material Bureau. We were told that none of the war surplus material would be shipped home, that it would all be sold in France. The Army was trying to negotiate with the French Government to sell the surplus war material at cost, plus 25 per cent. The French Government made a law that no resident or national of France could buy surplus war material other than from the French Government, which would purchase it—or rather, hope to have it given to them by the American Government.

After dinner in Paris one of the colonels took us up on the roof of the George V Hotel to let us look at the city through captured German submarine binoculars. They literally turned night into day.

Later I walked down the Champs Elysees, where one sees thousands of American troops. I never saw an intoxicated American soldier. When I mentioned this I was told it costs too much to get "tight" in France.

#### Conquest of Antwerp . . . Bridging the Rhine

#### Monday, July 30.

Early breakfast in Paris . . . went immediately over to Army Transportation Headquarters to be briefed on the work of the Transportation Corps. A group of Congressmen have today arrived from America. They are telling the soldiers that they are going to see to it personally that they get home immediately.

At the briefing we learned how 1,300,000 American troops were put on the "Omaha" and "Utah" beaches, with 2,300,000 tons of supplies and 250,000 vehicles. The figures are all astounding. The Hollywood terms of "terrific," "colossal," etc. can be properly used here. We were told that Lieut. Col. John B. Morgan wrote the plan for the "Omaha Beach" invasion, and that this was the greatest decision of the war . . . that Antwerp was the war's greatest prize with 600 cranes intact, 2 locks undamaged. It was open for traffic on November 28th for 32,000 tons a day and can now handle 40,000 to 45,000 tons.

Antwerp eliminated 650 miles of hauling to the front and cut down the transportation haul to 60 miles. Winning it shortened the war by at least 6 months. We were told that General Brehon B. Somervell informed the Army engineers that Caesar had put a bridge across the Rhine in 10 days and that Somervell expected our Army to beat it. The British staff said that it was impossible to bridge the Rhine under 6 weeks—our engineers did it in 9 days. We were told how the bridges were constructed at various places along the Rhine in order to move the Army. Of these the XYZ Highway was a super-Redball Highway development on which some 13,000 tons of freight were moved daily by truck— 10,000 supply trucks feeding 5 Armies.

At Paris a Major General in charge of Engineers told us proudly of the accomplishments of the Éngineering Forces during the War. How the U.S. Engineers had constructed or rehabilitated the 546 bridges in France and Germany; laid 19,000 miles of single track railroad; constructed 268 highway bridges; rehabilitated 1,245 miles of conquered highways; cleared 941 miles of inland waterways; laid 1,306 miles of 4" oil pipelines in France and Germany, 2,251 miles of 6" pipe-line, and 20 miles of 10" pipeline. In all, the American Army laid 3,577 miles of pipe-line to carry gasoline to our troops in France and Germany. We learned from the Engineers that the popular story that the Americans had laid a pipe-line across the English Channel previous to Invasion Day was incorrect—all gasoline was taken across the Channel in ships.

The Engineering Forces are indeed the unsung heroes of the War. Continually subjected to shell-fire, they repaired cratered airfields during the French invasion. Wherever the fighting Army went, the Engineers were alongside or ahead of them. After learning what the Engineers had accomplished in Europe, it was impressed on me that our Engineer Forces were well equipped to supervise the building of flood control such as TVA, Missouri Valley, etc., and much better equipped for this work than could be any civilian political force.

At Paris, one General told us of the secrecy maintained as to the exact date of V-Day. Very few officers knew the date. They were known as "bigoted" officers, which was the code word.

#### Code Words of the Invasion

We were told of the various code words used during the war. The Normandy invasion was always referred to as OVERLORD, the North African invasion TORCH. Important officers returning to America for consultation with the War Department were referred to as EVERSHARP.

We were told that there were only 26 officers on Eisenhower's staff who knew the exact date and point of the invasion, that thousands of man-hours were spent drawing maps of the coastline from Belgium to Bordeaux so that the printers and workmen would not be able to ascertain that the invasion was to be on the "Omaha" and "Utah" beaches. Generals have told me that when they talked among themselves as to the intimate phases of the invasion, they almost locked themselves in vaults so they could not be overheard.

Every harbor from Belfast to London was loaded with ships for the invasion, we were informed. The plan was to put 18,000 men a day on the Beach. If you could continue to keep putting more men there than the Germans could bring up against you, then, as one officer described it, it is like squeezing a big piece of soft bread dough in one's hand—it is bound to seep out between the fingers. What with knocking out the German forts and their supply lines in the rear, our 18,000 men a day broke out like squeezing the dough in one's hand.

There was a surplus of many thousands of tons of what was regarded as unnecessary supplies over and above the maximum requirement put on the Beach. This, they told us, proved to be a life-saver, for the worst weather that had ever been encountered in the Channel came down on our invading army a few days after D-Day, making it necessary to use up the reserve supplies.

Very little is written or said about the Supply Corps but after being informed as to its thousands of jobs—such as hauling food, supplies, ammunition—one quickly understands that its work is equally as important as having the men to fight.

Later, at the Finance Office, we were told that 73 per cent of the soldiers' pay in the European theatre was sent home in allotments, War Bonds, etc. This is easily understandable for there is nothing to spend money for in Europe. The Paris Finance Office says they are taking in as much money as they are paying out—a healthy state of affairs.

We ascertained that our Government printed the occupation money for the French, Italians and English in Europe and also the Russians. Seemingly stupid, the slick Russians insisted that they be given duplicate plates of the occupation marks for Germany and accordingly they are printing occupation marks and giving them to their soldiers, informing them that these marks will *not* be interchangeable in rubles when they return to Russia.

Thus the Russians are looting Germany by buying everything they can put their hands on with the occupation marks they print, which in reality cost them only the price of paper. Such occupation marks are then interchanged into American funds at the rate of 10c per mark. For instance, a Russian soldier will pay \$500

in Germany in the black market for a dollar Mickey Mouse watch. The seller in turn converts the Russian occupation marks into American funds, sending the money home in the form of a Money Order. Accordingly the American taxpayer is out \$500 and also a watch, which goes back to Russia. We afterward saw black market performances going on in the Tiergarten in Berlin.

Later in the day I met our INS reporter, Jim Kilgallen, who had just come from Berlin; I also talked to Mme. Corsant about buying some lingerie to take home. Was informed that the price of slips was 8,000 francs or \$160.

#### From Paris to Reims

#### Tuesday, July 31

Left the hotel early by motor car on a beautiful ride to Reims. Passed the American cemetery of the past war . . . the British monument at Fleury where some 30,000 British soldiers are buried from the last war . . . through Chateau Thierry, where we saw the same bridge blown out in this war as it was in the last. German tiger tanks lay demolished all along the road going up to Chateau Thierry; and we saw pill-boxes that were relies from the first World War. Chateau Thierry was the same sleepy little village, full of American troops, it was in 1918, although it did not suffer in this war as in the last.

At Reims we were met by Major General Royal B. Lord, who commands the assembly area here. We lunched with him.

Reims is the re-deployment center to which American soldiers are shipped from all over Europe, preparatory to being sent home or via Marseilles to the Japanese theatre. There are some 18 camps, each with a capacity of 15,000 to 25,000 men, the area being about 100 miles long and 60 miles wide.

We inspected Camp Cleveland, one of the large camps. The boys all live in tents, and everything possible is done for them. We inspected the kitchens and the mess—saw tons of food—beef.
fresh eggs, bananas, oranges, ice cream. There are U.S.O. shows, motion picture theatres, boxing arenas, and Red Cross headquarters with the inevitable doughnuts and coffee. Parenthetically, the American Army is the best fed, best cared for group of men in the world. None of the boys lift a hand. Some 3,000 German prisoners of war do all the work while the boys play baseball, indulge in sports, read and loaf.

There is a special Post Office that wraps souvenirs for them to be sent home; hospitals, dentists, dental clinics, libraries—a huge city all under canvas filled with thousands of boys all griping and asking the eternal question, "When are we going to get home?" The Commanding Officer tells us that when the boys get into the camp, they will not even go on leave for fear that a call might come for them to be sent to a port for transport home. They all know, however, that they cannot stay here more than a few weeks at the most, as this is the first step toward being shipped.

The Commanding Officer of the camp, Col. O. P. Bragan, lives in a trailer. He is an Infantry Colonel who fought all the way across France—a real tough he-guy, every inch a soldier. These officers take great pride in showing you their installations, and well they should, for they are indeed a credit to our Army.

When you consider the engineering force that has built these tent cities that hold up to 30,000 men . . . installed sewerage systems, electricity, running water . . . and supplied the camps with all the conveniences humanly possible in a flat, dust-ridden area, you marvel at the efficiency of it all.

General Lord, an able, competent and young Major General, made a pertinent observation when he said, "I want these boys to spend their last month in Europe in as much ease and comfort as possible. They are a fine bunch of youngsters, they won a war, and we want to send them home with happy memories. Selfishly, as an Army officer, I realize we are going to be working for them in 6 months and we want their good will."

34

## Where the Nazis Surrendered

After examining Camp Cleveland, we went to "the little red school-house" where the Germans surrendered. It is not a little red school-house; it is a fairly large building built of red brick, rectangular in shape, and resembles one of the buildings at Stanford University at Palo Alto. The surrender room is about 40 feet wide and 60 feet long, and has maps all over the wall. It was formerly staff headquarters for our Army. They took pictures of us standing behind the surrender table.

Afterward we inspected the large salvage depot where all of the soldiers who come into the camp turn in their clothes, shoes, guns, equipment, etc. Everything imperfect is re-salvaged. All the equipment is used wherever possible and nothing is wasted. Old, worn-out tires are used to half-sole the shoes of prisoners of war. Clothes are re-woven; all uniforms laundered and cleaned; guns oiled and put in shape; raincoats repaired. One sees blood-covered tunics and cartridge belts being reprocessed; also typewriters captured from the Germans that had been made for the conquered countries.

After visiting this marvelous installation, we went to the Cliquot wine cellars and were told that the supply of champagne was adequate in Reims; that the Germans had to move out so fast they could not remove it, and that wine shipments to America would commence shortly.

We dined with General Thrasher in a villa owned by the owner of the Veuve Cliquot Company—a gorgeous home indeed.

General Lord, who also occupies a beautiful home owned by the owner of the largest grocery chain in France, at luncheon told us there is a crying need for USO shows and that the American public should support the USO more today than ever, as it is most important to keep the morale of the boys at a high pitch. After the excitement of war, idleness in these camps is devastating to the men.

### Visit to Le Havre

#### Wednesday, August 1

Departed from George V Hotel, Paris, at 6:15, and flew from Orley Field to Le Havre, arriving there at 10:40. The country was cratered between Paris and Le Havre, as this had been combat country.

Deplaning at Le Havre, we inspected a processing camp similar to those at Reims, except that the boys are shipped from the large camps at Reims to the camp at Le Havre where they spend from 3 days to a week before embarking for home. This is the G.I.s final jumping-off place.

The camps are all named after cigarettes—Lucky Strike, Philip Morris, Old Gold, Camel, Chesterfield, Raleigh, Wings, etc.

Camp Wings is a beautiful spot alongside the ocean and Col. Kennedy, Engineer Officer in charge, is an ingenious person. He turned a captured German bomber into a G.I. saloon, with kegs of beer for the soldiers. There are movies, chapels, recreation rooms, libraries. There is a big PX store where the soldiers buy souvenirs, perfumes, etc. to take home. They consume 240,000 doughnuts per day in this area. The mess halls are fine; everything is spick and span; there is even a beautiful sundial which Col. Kennedy has constructed; flowers grow all over the place, and the camp itself is really a gem spot—the loveliest we have seen.

There are some 15,000 German PW's in and about Le Havre in these processing camps. Col. Kennedy says he will not even allow one of the soldiers to pick up a bag—the German PW's do all the work. Polish D.P.s guard the German camps. The Poles make wonderful guards.

Taking a trip through the port area saw that Le Havre had been terrifically mangled by bombers. The harbor was completely destroyed; some 8,000 civilians killed. Big concrete gun emplacements were everywhere, as this was one of the principal fortified areas on the French coast where the Germans expected an invasion. The Colonel in charge said that it was good the invasion was not a year later, as the Germans were developing the coast to a point where it would have been almost impregnable at a later date. Their concrete gun emplacements seemed absolutely impervious to air attack—the concrete is from 10 to 15 feet thick, reinforced with steel. The harbor was mined and signs were everywhere warning you not to walk on the beach. It has taken 6 months to get the port in working order. Today this is the principal evacuation point for returning soldiers to America.

After the capture of Antwerp, of course, Le Havre was not as necessary as a supply port. The English surveyed the harbor installations, threw up their hands in despair and walked out. Again our engineers tackled the job and did a wonderful piece of rehabilitation, even to the extent of re-building the locks, which were completed December 16th.

We inspected the German prison enclosure at Camp Wing. The prisoners slept in bunks, all stood at attention when we walked through with the Colonel, and were rigid and frigid in their salutes. They were cooking their noonday meal—it was thick potato soup with meat. They are fed well—about 2,000 calories a day, as they do hard work. Here, as everywhere else, the Germans are great workers—they work 12 hours a day.

It is a great sight to see the American flag flying over Camp Wings!

# Shipping the Boys Home

At the office of the Port Command we were briefed for an hour on how the troops were handled. Lucky Strike, which is the largest camp, will hold up to 65,000 people. Philip Morris, Pall Mall, Tarryton, Home Run, and the other camps, some 15 in all, will have a capacity up to 300,000 to 400,000 men. Here the boys are shipped on barges and coast steamers across to England where they are put on the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth for home. We pay the British \$100 per passenger and furnish our own food—but our own U. S. ships are carrying 89 per cent of the boys back to America. The officers tell us you cannot pack too many men in a ship—you can wedge them as they do in a New York subway. The men say they do not care so long as they can get home.

Since V-E Day 415,000 men have cleared through Le Havre the port authorities can ship 20,000 men a day. We were told how each man's papers, financial reports, health certificates, equipment, clothes, etc. are checked. Everything is done in a most systematic and thorough manner.

G.I.s who were slightly wounded and wanted to stay in France were sent to universities at Biarritz, the Sorbonne, and various schools if they desired education while in France.

After a delightful luncheon at the Officer's Club, we inspected the docks and saw the large pontoon piers constructed by our engineering force—some 3,192 pontoons being used to berth 3 ships. We inspected the German blockhouses with machine guns and heavy artillery guns inside, the walls 20 feet thick. We examined the concrete piers that were towed from England and sunk in order to make loading piers for the ships—we were afterward told that these piers were worthless.

Saw the famous submarine pens that were used for German E-Boats, the fast motored torpedo boats comparable to our PT's. There were 7 E-Boat pens, each pen about 160 feet long and 46 feet wide. These pens had living quarters, large washrooms with 40 basins in a washroom, mess halls, sleeping quarters—all inside 20 and 30 foot concrete walls that withstood aerial bombings. A portion of this E-Boat pen was destroyed by a French patriot who planted dynamite in the pen and then set a detonator so that when the telephone rang it set off the explosion which wrecked about 20 of the buildings.

Visited the old French Line piers from which I have sailed many times before—they were a complete wreck. Saw the SS Paris lying on her side completely demolished. Hundreds of German prisoners were being marched to and from work policed by negro sentries. A Victory ship, the Montcalm, carrying 1,400 troops, was sailing for home—we watched her pull out. A phonograph truck on the pier played, "Give My Regards to Broadway," "Auld Lang Syne," etc. It brought a lump to my throat remembering similar occasions in France during the last war. There was a sign on the Montcalm put up by some ingenious G.I. —"Ferry from Yonkers to Jersey."

Everywhere one see jeeps. Every G.I. has a sign on his jeep such as Honey Chile, She's My Baby, I've Had It, Salty Joe, Texas Pete, and every other conceivable name.

At Camp Philip Morris we were met by Col. French, a neighbor from Rye. We visited the officer's mess, saw the meals being prepared by German cooks; the Mess Sergeant was eager for us to taste the apple cake, which was delicious. For dinner they were having hamburgers, beans, coffee, and apple cake. Here was a camp that has been built in less than 3 months and will hold upwards of 25,000 men, all under canvas. We inspected the hospitals, dispensaries, sleeping guarters, shower baths. While one would not call this place the most comfortable spot in the world, it certainly is modern and sanitary to the nth degree. Again the engineers have constructed sewerage, streets, telephone lines, water systems, etc. Col. French, an aviation officer, said that the engineering forces were the unsung heroes of the war-they built air strips under fire, built docks under fire. Though their ranks were continually being decimated, they never stopped work-no job was too big for them.

We took off from the airfield at 9:30 and arrived back in Paris at 11:30 p.m.

# Flying to Germany

#### Thursday, August 2

There was a note for me from John Brebner, Minister of Newspapers for Great Britain, that an appointment had been made for today to visit Field Marshal Montgomery at the headquarters of the British 21st Army in Germany. I inquired about my hotel bill and was told that we owed 280 francs, which is \$5.60 for food. This is at the rate of about 25c per meal—the regular Army mess charges.

Departed at 8:30 a.m. for Ville Coublay airfield where we enplaned with a special aircraft, C-45 twin-motor Beach Craft. On the way to the airfield we saw people aimlessly walking—many old persons—lines of people were awaiting their food rations.

The airfield had been badly beaten up—bomb craters peppering the field; hangars destroyed; many German planes strewn about. Our efficient engineers had laid metal ground strips to make the field usable.

# Region of The "Bulge" . . . Bomb Explodes

Lieut. Wesley from Bakersfield, California, was our pilot. We flew northwest over the charming French countryside-below us, as everywhere in France, the farms, worked by peasants, were under fine cultivation. We flew over Chateau Thierry, the Argonne woods, Soissons-many of the famous old places of the last war. We could see miles of concrete trenches and pill-boxestelics from World War I. Flew directly over Bastogne-a badly beaten-up village. This is the section where the "Bulge" occurred last December. Everywhere on the ground one sees wrecked tanks and planes-and terrific devastation from last winter's fighting. The little city of St. Vith was entirely wrecked-as badly demolished a town as I have seen in all Europe. Here was some of the fiercest fighting. We flew over Neufchatel and the little town of Bouillon which has one of the most gorgeous castles I have ever seen. The pilot flew us about 50 feet from the ground, taking pictures of the devastation.

In a field immediately outside of Bouillon, a bomb exploded beneath us. This is not an uncommon sight, as the countryside is full of unexploded bombs, mines, etc. This explosion created a terrific blast, throwing debris 100 feet into the air and leaving a circular crater 50 to 75 feet in diameter. Here one receives a definite impression of the devastation of a bomb when it hits a building. Planes were strewn all over the fields indicating intense aerial engagements. One sees German as well as American and British fighter planes on the ground. We flew over the Ardennes forest, which was a scene of heavy fighting last winter.

# **Entering Germany**

We entered Germany at the little town of Zulpich, which was completely smashed and knocked out. The pilot detoured, taking us to Cologne, on the Rhine. We circled the city—altitude about 100 feet. Cologne is rubble and shambles except its magnificent historic cathedral which, from the air, miraculously seems untouched. The bridges over the Rhine were destroyed and here we got our first view of the complete destruction of a large city. Flying up the Rhine for a few minutes, we saw beneath us ruined bridges, sunken barges—all the wreckage of war. The roads were smashed, bridges over the autobahn (main highway) were all out. Most of this damage was done by the retreating Germans.

We flew over the city of Wuppertal—badly mangled. To the left we could see the complete wreckage of Dusseldorf. Passing the little towns of Witten and Bochum, we flew directly over Dortmund—not so badly damaged. The countryside, green and beautiful, is well cultivated and there is very little hurt to farms and country. As in all Germany, the major damage is to the cities.

Flying northwesterly over the town of Kamen, we crossed the autobahn. Thousands of bomb craters dot the landscape; all telephone and electric light lines seem to be out. In the city of Hamm the industrial section is badly hit but repairing seems to be getting the factories back in order. Underneath us we could see hundreds of motor trucks and cars, all with a big star on them, indicating American vehicles being used by the British—we are in the British zone of occupation.

Flew over the little town of Gutersloh—not badly hit—and continued on, flying over the city of Bielefeld—badly damaged. Here a long bridge was completely wrecked. Again we flew over the autobahn, which is a 6-lane highway, 3 lanes in each direction with a space of about 15 to 20 feet of shrubbery dividing the two highways—this makes for excellent night driving. Someone said that the one thing Hitler will no doubt be remembered for will be the construction of the wonderful autobahns throughout Germany.

I was sitting in the co-pilot seat when we arrived at our destination, the little town of Buckeburg, at about noon. Our Lieutenant asked for permission to land. The Air Control Officer told him to come in from a certain direction. Our pilot started to complain and told the Air Control Officer that he was ordering him to land down wind. Accordingly the control tower changed the directions and told him to land against the wind.

We were met at the airport by a Major North, aide to Brigadier General Treadwell, and were driven a distance of about 20 miles to the little town of Minden. Here we were held up 20 minutes crossing the Weser River, as the bridge had been demolished. There was a temporary pontoon arrangement. Here one sees thousands of Germans aimlessly pushing carts, or riding in small horse-drawn vehicles. All seemed to be going nowhere.

# Blonde Children—Hitler's "Aryan Race"

Continued on the highway from Minden to the little town of Bad Oeynhausen—staff headquarters of the British Army of Occupation. The countryside is beautiful; everything is under cultivation; and the German people look exceptionally healthy. Here we get our first sight of the blonde babies, the most beautiful children one could ever hope to see. Ninety-five percent of the children are completely blonde with blue eyes and pink complexions. They seem happy and well fed. Everywhere along the roadside we see mothers with 3 or 4 of the always-present blonde babies and are told that these represent Hitler's Aryan race.

Stopped at the Victoria Hotel, where we were met by Brigadier General Treadwell, a charming English officer. We were given a delicious lunch with excellent Rhine wine. After luncheon Brigadier General Treadwell motored us to Herford, where we visited the headquarters of the British communication system. In the news room we were briefed—and then we inspected the communication system of the British headquarters. Around the British radio tower we noticed children playing, but they ran from us as if in fear.

We motored back to Minden for tea in a beautiful German home which had been "liberated" from an affluent German cigarmaker. The term "liberated" is a common one. Throughout Germany when British or American officers want to occupy a home, they throw out the owner and occupy his premises, telling you that they have "liberated" the home. One usually learns that the German owner is living in the garage, stables, or in one of the servant's houses.

After tea we drove to the little town of Melle—the headquarters of Field Marshal Montgomery—and motored directly to his home. We were informed that Montgomery does not like to live adjacent to his staff but prefers to isolate himself in the country. He lives in a palatial castle which he "liberated" from one of the German squires. The squire, we were told, was a rather docile individual, but his wife is very sour and complains bitterly about the British occupation.

Arriving at Field Marshal Montgomery's headquarters, we were greeted by his aides and told that Monty was in the garden walking with his dogs. Monty came into the house 10 minutes before his appointment with us. We were taken into his office and introduced to him. He is a slight man, thin, weighs about 140 pounds, height about 5' 6", sharp blue eyes, sharp features, age about 53. He was wearing tan corduroy trousers, a blue sweater over a tan Army shirt. His collar was open at the neck, no tie. After being introduced Monty walked over to a bird cage, opened the cage, and a canary perched itself upon his forefinger while Monty fed him lettuce.

During the bird feeding he turned to us and said, "What do you want of me?" We explained to him that we had called to pay our respects and would like to discuss the present situation in Germany.

When we were seated in comfortable chairs, Monty began to talk. He said, "We are facing the battle of the winter which we must win. We have 25,000,000 people in the British occupation zone, which, as you know, is the Ruhr. Ordinarily these people consume 12,000,000 tons of food yearly and gross 8,000,000 tons. To start off with, they are going to be 4,000,000 short this winter. These people must live off their fat. Their bridges, canals, and transportation system have been knocked out. Ike (meaning Eisenhower) has the scenery; I have the Ruhr.

"The displaced person problem is a serious one. We have 1,500,000 D.P.s (displaced persons) roaming the countryside. These people are Poles, Czechs, and other slave laborers who were brought into Germany from the conquered countries. They believe that they are entitled to live off the Germans. Accordingly there is loot, rape and murder ever present. This winter the problem will be intense, as the German soldiers who are being discharged and are returning home to their farms are bound to organize bands of brigands of about 50 men to repel the looting of the D.P.s. They will use knives, clubs, and, in many instances, cached forbidden firearms.

"We must feed the Germans, as they are human beings.

"An Army usually loots for 2 or 3 days after conquering a territory—Russia has been systematically looting Germany for 3 months.

"The Axis made two major mistakes:

1) The Germans invading Russia,

2) The Japanese war on your country.

"The Germans subsequently made three great battle mistakes:

1) After we landed in France, they should not have defended Normandy but should have dropped back behind the Seine,

2) They never should have created an offense at the Bastogne bulge,

3) They should not have defended the west bank of the Rhine but rather should have dropped back to its east bank and made their stand there."

# Montgomery on Battle of El Alamein

We asked him to tell us about the African battle of El Alamein. He said that all of the writers of books and all of the so-called reportorial strategists had never given the true facts of this battle, that he alone had all of the facts.

"The German line," he went on, "had integrated companies or divisions of Germans and Italians side by side. The Italians are notably bad fighters. Rommel was expecting an attack from his flank on the sea and this attack would have been tough on him. I hit him on his right, or sea flank. He pulled all of his good German fighters from out of his integrated line to his sea flank, then I gave him a left hook and ran around to the left. Rommel was not as good a General as von Runstedt, who is the best General I ever fought against.

"Generals must practice morale building. Before the invasion of France, everyone knew there was going to be an invasion, as it had been in the newspapers for three months. I rode on the hood of a jeep throughout England talking to troops, building confidence, telling the men that they were not going to be killed, impressing my men with what they knew, namely that I would not waste men in an engagement. My men know I will not fight until it is good business. Men must have the gleam of battle in their eyes. Generals do not win battles unless they meticulously plan their campaign and subsequently follow through. I always plan a major campaign for three months.

"In the Normandy campaign I laid down the plan last March. I planned the feint on Caen using British troops to suck in German reserves and especially their motorized strength. With this having been done, the Americans could hit the Germans on the right flank and encircle them.

"I now am the Field Marshal of the British Armies. I have charge of air, sea and land. I am now engaged in finance, agriculture and business—all are things I know very little about."

#### Monty Admits He has Memoirs

Monty went on to say that the Ruhr is a war machine. The German people can never use all the civilian goods that they produce from the Ruhr. The factories that made guns can produce millions of bicycles, refrigerators, etc.

Again he stressed that America and England must import against future exports. He further said that it gets very cold here in winter with 12 feet of snow, and again stressed that this would be the battleground of the winter, as there was no coal.

I told the Field Marshal that his was a wonderful story and that he should record it immediately. He admitted that he had kept a diary. He said, "If I published it, it would start another war. You cannot deal with five nations and not have disagreements, and you cannot tell about these disagreements publicly. I think it is wonderful that we have agreed on as much as we have. Potsdam has been very successful." I again pressed him about his memoirs, saying, "Don't forget what happened to Pershing's memoirs. He delayed publishing his story for 4 or 5 years after the war, then the public had forgotten about it."

"Did he write his memoirs? Is he alive? How old is he?" Montgomery asked. He said he had had many offers from many publishers but did not wish to publish his memoirs at this time.

We left Montgomery and had tea with his aides. The gardens of his palace are stunning. An extraordinary sight are the large mirrors in the gardens with peacocks strutting before them admiring the reflection of their plumage. There is an artificial lake with ducks and swans—a magnificent country estate indeed.

### **Displaced Persons**

Returning to Bad Oeynhausen we stopped on the road to see a train of about 40 flat cars. Hundreds of DPs were on these and gondola cars—some covered by tarpaulin rigs. Children, baby carriages, foodstuffs, bedding—people with all of their earthly belongings—going where they did not know. We were told that they were mostly Poles whom the British were trying to get back into Poland. Many of these Poles do not want to go back into Poland because they do not wish to be inflicted with Russian domination.

Along the road we see fat pigs and good crops, cattle, and plump well-looking people. We see German soldiers in trucks going home to their farms. The British use the available railroad system to send the demobilized men home, then carry them by truck to within 10 or 15 miles of their farms where they shift for themselves and walk home.

Here one gets an idea of the absolute defeat of the so-called German Superman. Here you see soldiers with their packs on their backs aimlessly making their way homeward. They pay little or no attention to you, and resemble whipped dogs. None of the so-called German arrogance or fighting expression is left in their make-up. They are a whipped, defeated people and they know it.

# Account of Potsdam Conference

We dined with Col. Saunders, in charge, under Brigadier-General Treadwell, of British Press Relations. He tells us he flew in an hour before from Potsdam, where he witnessed the close of the conference last evening. He was eager to allow all of the newspaper men, British, American, etc., to see the close of the conference, as reporters had been forbidden admittance during the entire proceedings.

Saunders said he spoke to Attlee, Churchill's successor, who agreed that it should be done. Attlee asked him to speak to President Truman, and Truman said he was quite agreeable. Saunders then asked Molotov, but no one in the Russian delegation seemed to have any authority, and all dodged the question. Saunders then asked Truman if he would speak to Stalin. Our President said, absolutely no; that he had too many things to trade with Stalin on, and that he did not wish to discuss this minor point which the Russian would be apt to call a major concession. Saunders then said he went to Stalin himself, who said he would be agreeable, and the correspondents were accordingly admitted. He mentioned this incident to show how everything must be passed on by "Uncle Joe."

Col. Saunders also told us how he rescued, in the Russian zone of Berlin yesterday, the mother of a British Army Officer who had been interned in Berlin during the entire time of the war. The Colonel said when he presented himself at her door, the old lady was delighted to see him. When she asked him in, she brought out the fine laces she had hidden, produced a treasured "tea bag" and poured tea with all the grace and charm of former days.

48

We had an excellent dinner in Saunders' headquarters, which was the fine residence of a German doctor—again, another "liberated" house.

#### Through Bad Weather to Brussels

#### Friday, August 3

I walked through the village of Bad Oeynhausen, down through the public park in the city. My path led to beautiful bathhouses, this being a famous watering resort in Prussia. There was very little damage here other than indications of some street fighting. As I passed the British Tommies, they looked at me in disgust as if I were a German; but when I greeted them with a "Good Morning," their expressions warmed immediately.

After breakfast we motored through Minden back to Buckeburg, where we were to go by special British plane to Brussels. The weather this morning was misty, with low-hanging clouds. When we arrived at the airfield we were told that the weather prevented flying. After about 2 hours waiting in the mess tent, having tea and a sandwich, the pilot informed us that although it was still very misty he could see the end of the runway and we would take off. This I did not particularly care for; I dislike flying in bad weather, and besides this, the airfield in surrounded by hills 300 or 400 feet high, and I did not relish crashing into one of these hills. But we went, and the pilot made a perfect take-off, circling the field through the soupy fog, and in a few minutes flew up into the sunshine over the clouds.

We flew for a matter of about an hour and a half; then dropped down under the clouds with a ceiling of about 500 feet. Beneath us was the beautiful Albert Canal. In about 15 minutes we came down at the airport in Brussels. This airfield had been badly beaten up. The Germans raided the Brussels airport early New Year's Day this year, figuring that the British would be sleeping off the New Year's Eve celebration. The officer who told us said that the Germans were pretty near correct.

Major Nims motored us to the Palace Hotel, a leading hotel, which had been taken over by the British Army. We were given excellent rooms, but no hot water, no towels, no soap.

People told us that you can buy anything you wish in Brussels —if you have the price to pay. Food shops quote butter at \$8 a pound. One does not see much of the famous Belgian lace but small handkerchiefs are \$15 apiece. The Belgian franc is 44 to the dollar.

#### Sights in Antwerp

After luncheon in the Army mess, we motored to Antwerp which, we have been told, is the finest port in the world. Here we met Col. Noble, in charge of the port, and were told that the Belgians deserved unusual credit, especially the civilians who worked to put the port in shape. 12,000 Belgians worked on the port under fire last winter at \$4 per day. An aggregate of some 5,000 V-E bombs landed in and about Antwerp, but immediately after a bomb would hit, the workmen would return to their jobs and assiduously perform their duties. Col. Noble spoke in the highest terms of the Belgians.

Motoring on the splendid highway from Brussels to Antwerp, approximately 32 miles, one sees nothing but huge American trucks hauling supplies. We passed a convoy of huge trucks hauling trailers—on each trailer was a huge Sherman tank. These trailers perform invaluable service, as they save the roads by taking the tanks up to the front so that their tractors can not chew up the roads. There is very little, if any, bomb damage in Brussels with the exception of the airport. The Belgian people, after our invasion, said:

"We never believed you were coming but then when we saw what you brought with you in the way of tanks, equipment, motorization, etc., we realized why it took you so long to get here."

Antwerp, with a population of about 400,000, has handled 3,500,000 tons of American supplies. Col. Noble told us that during one of the worst V-bomb raids they had a munition ship alongside the dock. They moved it into the stream instead of keeping it alongside the pier, as an explosion here would have literally wrecked the entire town. Two hours after they had moved the ship and placed a flour ship alongside the pier, a V-bomb hit and destroyed the flour ship.

We passed a theatre in which a V-bomb exploded one Saturday afternoon and killed 500 people.

Saw a floating chapel in one of the harbor basins. The General Motors plant, their largest assembling plant in Europe, was completely wrecked, while the Ford plant, directly across the street, was untouched. Officers facetiously tell you that Ford employees must have been flying the airplanes that wrecked the General Motors plant.

Many thousands of engines and airplanes were being assembled for the Japanese theatre. We visited six huge basins that accommodate up to 35 ships at one time. Went aboard a German E-Boat, the pens of which we saw a few days before in Le Havre, and examined the engine-room in which the big motors total 60 cylinders. The E-Boats have two torpedo tubes at the bow.

We examined a captured unexploded buzz bomb—it looked like a small airplane with wings on the bomb, and a seat for a suicide pilot.

The port installation at Antwerp is indeed another tribute to our engineers and our transportation men who so effectively reconstructed the damage and made the port responsible for shortening the war by 6 months.

Motoring back to Brussels in the late afternoon we passed a

dump of thousands of tons of ammunition. Noel Vincent met us and invited us to dine with him at the RAF Officer's Club, located in a palace once owned by the Rothschilds. Motoring there, we noticed that everyone walks—no vehicles other than Army equipment.

The delightful dinner in the fine RAF mess cost our host 20c.

### In Brussels and Bremen

#### Saturday, August 4.

Up early, toured and inspected Brussels. Breakfast in the mess at the Palace Hotel: sausage, tomatoes and tea.

Visited the Guild Hall, the famous building of Brussels, and also saw the grand palaces of the king. Everywhere on the streets one sees charming flower stands. Visited the fountain place of the famous mannequin. Did not have time to go out to the famous battlefield of Waterloo, 15 miles away. Saw the Palace of Justice which the Germans destroyed by fire. Visited Leopold's palace with its garden of gracefully-interwoven trees, and went to the superb Royal Theatre.

The American mess hall is underground in an uncompleted railroad station that was being built before the war, similar to the underground installation of Grand Central in New York. The officer in charge told us that they were feeding 5,000 American leave troops per day. Huge steam kettles; enormous amounts of food being consumed by our soldiers. Brussels is a popular spot for all G.I.s on leave.

Reporting to the office of General Koenig, with whom we were to have lunch, I noticed a chart which reported 60 cases of infantile paralysis in Brussels in the last week—the plague had increased from 10 cases the week before.

At General Koenig's luncheon, he expressed his views that soldiers should be taught morality; they should not be allowed to smoke or drink, and should be made to go to church.

Speaking of equipment, he told us the British were in a bad way for commercial planes after the war, as they had manufactured principally fighter planes, while we, the Americans, had manufactured bombers and large aircraft which could be converted into commercial carriers. He said he would sell every pound of equipment to the Belgians and give nothing away. Telling of the returning American prisoners of war, who are referred to as "ramps", he said their service records were lost and that AWOLs were mixed in with the released boys, and there were some 85,000 of these. He told of the difficulty in feeding these liberated American boys. Immediately upon their release, he said, they demanded steaks and other coveted meats they had not seen. The doctors had found that such a diet would, and did, kill some of the boys, so they were placed on a baby diet of chicken broth, strained foods, etc. This caused great discontent among them, and all were waiting the day when they could "tear into" a big steak and French fried potatoes.

Motoring to the Brussels airport, we departed at 12:20 p.m. for Bremen. We flew up through Nijmegen, the scene of heavy fighting last December; crossed the Waal River, and proceeded westward, crossing the Rhine at Emmerich, which is completely devastated.

#### American Headquarters at Bremen

The farms beneath us, as always, looked perfectly manicured. We flew in a northwesterly direction cutting off a corner of Holland, entering Germany again at Schuttorf, continuing on to badly-damaged Bremen.

Col. Daley, of Chicago, met us and motored us to the headquarters of the Bremen enclave. Bremen, including Bremerhaven, is in the American zone of occupation—a zone about 90 miles long and 30 miles wide with a railroad running down the southern part. Eventually it will become the sole port of entry for supplies for the American Army of Occupation.

At the old Reich house, headquarters of the American Army, we were briefed for an hour on the workings of the Bremen enclave, and were then taken for a motor ride to inspect port and city.

Many of the large harbor basins had been put out of service with ships sunk across the entrance. Most of the cranes in the basins were destroyed—out of 25 cranes, 5 were working in one section. The port is 75% in working order. Among demolished warehouses and factories, we watched them pumping out a sunken cargo ship and learned that it had just been floated. A grain elevator that held 75,000 tons of grain had not been hit. Of 119,000 buildings in Bremen, 50,000 had been completely destroyed and 15,000 partially demolished. The big Roland Muhl flour mills were intact—they have a storage space of 50,000 tons and a milling capacity of 20,000 tons monthly.

Everywhere on the walls we could see Werewolf signs, but we were told that the Germans are thoroughly docile and that nowhere had anyone seen any signs of the once-feared Werewolves.

Approximately 250,000 people are now living in Bremen. The people knew nothing of what was going on in other parts of Germany—that there was absolute Nazi censorship.

Visiting the submarine ways, we saw 16 German submarines under construction. These had been fabricated all over Germany and shipped here for assembly.

The Weser River from Bremen to Bremerhaven was mined and had not been cleared and was to date impassable.

Saw cone-shaped air raid shelters 50 feet high, holding from 2,000 to 5,000 people. These bee-hive shelters were the most effective—a direct hit of a bomb would slip off the bee-hive and not cause as much damage as on a square-shaped shelter.

Of the 8 large harbor basins, when under the Nazis, 5 were maintained for industry while 3 were used for war work. There are some 5,000 or 6.000 D.P.s in the Bremen enclave.

Motoring from Bremen to Bremerhaven we saw farmers working everywhere and the entire country under cultivation. We were told that the British, upon their arrival here, killed most of the cattle.

We saw the fishing harbor, the largest in Germany.

Bremerhaven was almost wholly demolished by one air raid lasting 20 minutes.

We dined with Col. Connor, the Port Commander at Bremerhaven. He is living with his officers in a large assembly house formerly headquarters of the German admiralty. We had an enjoyable dinner—the steak was served by waiters formerly of the SS Bremen and Europa. The musicians—all from the German liners—played Viennese waltzes. Due to their ship training, the servants spoke perfect English.

## **Rehabilitating Steamship Europa**

After dinner we motored out to the basins in Bremerhaven which are undamaged. Here we saw the Europa, which is being converted into a troop transport for the U. S. Navy. We went aboard and made a complete tour of the ship. Col. Skinner, in charge, tells us that the Europa's engines are in fine order—are turned over at least once a week. The ship, covered by netting had been camouflaged to resemble a farm.

We saw the Bremen sunk in a basin, demolished and gutted by fire. Col. Skinner told us that Capt. Sharf, formerly captain of the Europa, whom I knew in pre-war days, is working with him on the rehabilitation of the ship. Every stateroom on the Europa still carries the German markings of the proposed German troop occupancy of each room for the British invasion.

We saw cranes working, one crane unloading a locomotive from one of our Victory ships, handling the locomotive as if it were a match-stick. In this port is the largest floating crane in the world, undamaged; also the world's largest dredge.

A ship-load of German soldiers was alongside the dock, having just returned from Norway. They, like all German soldiers, looked absolutely beaten and, crowded on the deck, they stared at us with expressionless faces. They would be put in the prison camp for the night and the next day entrained to their various homes, in the same way the British handled them.

Motored on the autobahn back to Bremen and spent the night as guests of General Vaughn, Commander of the Bremen enclave. Again we saw a beautiful "liberated" home, belonging to the owner of a large flour mill.

# A Crowded Chapel

### Sunday, August 5.

Up early and off to church. I walked from the General's home to St. Joseph's Hospital in which there is a small chapel. It was built to accommodate not more than 75 to 100 people, but there were at least 300 people attending Mass. The faces were all sad. Virtually the entire congregation received Holy Communion. After Mass the priest gave Holy Communion to a young girl who was on a stretcher in one of the aisles; probably another casualty of a war bombing. I spoke to the priest after Mass; he asked me if I would tell his brother in New York that his mother and sisters were alive and were awaiting a letter from him.

Returned to General Vaughn's home for breakfast and then toured the city with Col. Daley. Saw the famous old Hillman Hotel—entirely demolished; visited a theatre with 1,500 seats intact, taken over by the Red Cross for an amusement center of the G.I.s; went to a large athletic stadium known as Ike Stadium, where all G.I. athletic competitions are held; visited a fine terrace club on the Weser River, used by G.I.s.

Here as everywhere one sees beautiful blonde children. They are very friendly and, unlike those in the British zone, they shyly come up to you. The officers and men pick up the babies and give them candy and gum. One of the German towhead babies had learned to count to ten in English—very cute. When our army occupied Bremen, Col. Daley said the Germans crowded the sidewalks and watched miles of American motorized vehicles enter the city. Following the American troops came the British, all in American vehicles. Later one of the German residents with whom he had contact reported to him that the comment of the Germans was— "They told us America had no rubber; they told us America was torn with strikes. Look at the equipment; the most marvelous we have ever seen!"

Visited the German Rathskeller known the world over-it is undamaged. Here is a G.I. restaurant. The Americans having captured 2,000,000 litres of beer, free beer is served to all G.I.s from 5 to 8, every afternoon.

Lots of people ride bicycles. Sad people everywhere. Food situation is very bad—women stand in line from 4 o'clock in the morning until 10 and are able to buy only enough food for meager sustenance.

General Koenig told us in Brussels that the American venereal rate was much higher than the British. Col. Cohen, Commander of the Medical Corps here, says that is not correct; that the British do not keep records; that sometimes he musters his men at 2 a.m. for medical examinations.

The Colonel in charge of Bremerhaven Port says the Army should allow German civilians one day's rations in order that they may work, for there is a big job to be done. The Army, of course, doesn't issue rations to civilians for fear of repercussions from home. I told the Colonel that he should issue a statement to the effect that they are feeding German civilians working on the Europa in order to get the work done so that the American boys can be returned home quickly. A statement of this kind would offset any later criticism.

The North German Lloyd's big laundry was being used to wash the Army's clothes. A German demolition expert had reported all the piers in Bremerhaven were mined but at the end the steamship industrialists prevailed upon the Nazis to evacuate and cut the demolition wires, thereby saving their shipping investment. The Army used 35,000 sacks of cement to repair the Fughagen airport, now used by the Americans.

We were also told that the British did a great job of sacking the city when they arrived first. Apparently looting is not only confined to the Russians; the British and Americans also engage in this great European pastime.

Visited a large concert hall Sunday morning, in which 200 to 300 soldiers were attending divine services.

We were informed that about 45% of Germany is occupied by the Russians, 25% by the British; 20% Americans, and 10%French.

The streets of Bremen are piled with rubble. There is a large church standing in Bremerhaven—everything else about it is entirely wrecked.

Colonel Skinner, in charge of rehabilitating the Europa, told us that they are flying the dining-room and galley equipment from the United States, as all the silverware and china from the Europa had vanished—the Germans no doubt have buried it somewhere.

# An Army Without Hatred

Col. Cohen, the medical officer, said, "I am a Jewish fellow. I should hate these people but I cannot. A little girl came yesterday for medical attention for her father. I gave it to her."

There is no indication of any American officer having any hatred for the Germans. First they give you the impression that they are terribly tough. Then, after you talk to them a while, they say the German population must be fed, and tell how the Germans are industrious workmen; how we are using them for the conduct of civil affairs, etc. Before the conversation is finished, you get the impression that our Army has no hatred. Our boys have done their job, won the war, and forgotten hatred.

Everywhere in Bremen, as in other parts of Germany, you see

discharged German officers and men still wearing their uniforms, with all insignia and marks of rank removed.

All Americans in the Army of Occupation carry side-arms. They tell you they have no need for side-arms, as the people are meek, but they may need their guns this cold winter when hunger is rampant.

# Across North Germany to Copenhagen

We left Fughagen airport at 11:45 for Copenhagen. Sitting next to me on the plane was a Capt. Reilly from Lake Placid, who had been hit in the head by shrapnel in Normandy. Three days later he awakened in a hospital in London and now is completely well. He says the American doctors have done a wonderful job. The Captain, stationed in Norway, told me the Norwegians did not suffer during the occupancy of the Germans as much as our O.W.I. led us to believe.

One of the common expressions used by the American Army when something is accomplished for you is "LAY ON!" For instance, you "lay on" a plane; you "lay on" a trip; "lay on" a dinner, etc.

On this Copenhagen trip, almost everyone in the plane was British. Flying over the delightful countryside of north Germany, we arrived at the Copenhagen airport in an hour and a half. Here my friend, Noel Vincent, met us, having flown his Mosquito up from Brussels to spend Sunday with us in Copenhagen.

We had an excellent lunch at the airdrome in Copenhagen. It was a beautiful warm day as we motored to the city—some 10 to 15 miles from the airport. We rode in a dilapidated taxi powered by a wood-burner that generates gas from chips of wood.

In the city we passed the Shell Oil Building, which received the only bomb damage in Copenhagen. They tell this story about it:---

### Slaughter of Gestapo

The Shell Oil Building is about 10 stories—a modern office building. Here the German Gestapo were quartered during the German occupation. Through the Underground—the British having dropped a parachuter in Denmark—arrangements were made with the Danish patriots to bomb the Shell Oil Building on a specific day in February, 1945.

When the day arrived, it was foggy, which made flying impossible, so new contacts were established and the raid was "laid on" for the following month.

The Nazis held a number of Danish patriots as hostages on the top floor of the building, doing this to preclude the possibility of bombing. The British were so informed and were asked to try to hit the side of the building, to save the Danish patriots.

They sent 18 Mosquitoes—2 Rolls engines, 2,000 H.P., liquid cooled, built by Packard Motor—which carry 2 bombs, 4 20mm cannons, and 4 machine guns. Then the Mosquitoes came in, bombed the side of the building and killed 120 of the German Gestapo, while the Danish patriots on the top floor escaped. Of the Mosquitoes, 6 were lost.

The Danes and the British bemoan the fact that on the day of the raid there was a funeral of one of the important Germans, and so many of the Gestapo were out of the building, but the Danes were delighted that the Gestapo headquarters were destroyed, and give the Australian wing of the British RAF the freedom of the city whenever they come to Copenhagen.

# Sights in Copenhagen

The British Town Major arranged for our hotel and mess in Copenhagen—at the Terminal Hotel. We observed as we walked about the city that the people all looked exceptionally well. While one sees no one expensively dressed, there appears to be no poverty.

Never had I seen so many bicycles. There are hundreds of thousands of them (official count, 400,000 in the city). Most everyone in Denmark owns a bicycle, regardless of financial station. They carry no license plates, are left parked about the roads and streets, railroad station, etc. No one seems to steal them, for stealing a bicycle in Denmark is as serious as rustling cattle in our West.

During the occupation by the Germans, the King rode horseback through the city each day without guard. When asked why he did not carry a guard, his reply was, "The bicycle riders of Copenhagen are my guard. They will never allow anything to happen to me."

The Danes were great patriots. Except for a few, they never bowed to the Germans.

We had tea at a sidewalk cafe—the most delicious prawns, or small shrimps, I have ever eaten. We dined later at a small restaurant, the Coq d'Or, where we were served an excellent meal with the finest smoked salmon I have ever tasted, and well-prepared, delicious chicken.

We inspected a large air-raid shelter, which one sees everywhere about the streets. There were assembly halls, washrooms, sleeping quarters, etc. in the shelter, again built on the principle of the beehive.

On Copenhagen streets you see thousands of boys admiringly examining our Army trucks.

Copenhagen restaurants, theatres, etc. close at 9 p.m.—they are conserving electricity on account of a serious coal shortage. In the hotel there were no lights in the hallway, no hot water.

Commander Vincent tells us some of his many flying experiences in 70 trips over Germany. He says flying a bomber is like operating a taxi-cab. Never did he see another plane in all his night bombing missions—friend or enemy. A curious incident happened when he was returning from a bombing raid over Bremen. One of his pilots saw a suspicious farm wagon moving down the German road and swooped to "shoot him up." A farme standing in his front yard, fired a rifle, which made a lucky hit on the magneto of one engine and made that engine useless. The boy managed to limp home safely with one engine.

## Monday, August 6

We toured the shops. They have excellent merchandise not too expensive, although much more expensive than in our shops. The food stores are loaded with delectable foods, and every shop is immaculate. The railroad station was clean as any other place. We visited the Tivoli Police Yard in which the quisling HATJO was interned, and were told he would have his neck stretched.

Copenhagen has a population of 1,000,000 people. There is a definite coal shortage. When you are allowed only one bottle of beer in the restaurants, it is explained that it takes coal to brew beer—accordingly, the shortage.

I asked to see the poorer sections of the city and was taken to see a series of beautiful blocks of modern flats about 7 stories high. Each small apartment has a flower box on a small veranda. The small flats for the workmen cost about \$20 per month. Unskilled workmen get about \$3,000 a year. We are told there is no poverty in Copenhagen. The Government collects high Income Taxes on over 6,000 kroner per year, which is roughly \$1,200.

The Germans, we were told, marched out of Denmark after V-E Day—a march of about 175 miles to the border. There are about 2,000 D.P.'s in Denmark.

One sees amusing sights on the street—nicely-dressed women pedaling bicycles, and in many instances a little pram was attached to the rear of the bicycle in which a baby was taking its airing.

A Danish patriot, Mr. H. Blandholtz, drove us about the city, showed us all the points of interest—the docks, the boulevards, the Angliterre Hotel (the best in the city). Then he drove us out to his home—a modern, very clean, middle-class home, perfectly appointed in every respect. Our host said to me, "We are a clean people. We teach our children to wash always before meals. We preach cleanliness."

He said, "We need coal very badly. We are forced to burn peat and unless we can get coal, our industries cannot function for export."

Our host then drove us out to a little suburb called Klampenborg, and we stopped at Bellevue Terrace, a beautiful hotel on the Baltic. Here we could see the Swedish coast, fifteen miles across sea.

Wherever one goes, he is given beer. First you drink schnapps, which is a distilled caraway seed drink, fiery like vodka, and then after your schnapps, you drink beer as a "chaser."

The British are everywhere in Copenhagen—they are again starting to do business. Britain, of course, buys butter, bacon, and farm products from Denmark.

In the evening we entertained RAF officers and their girls at the Coq d'Or restaurant—the check for the fine meal for twenty, with appropriate wines, etc., was \$100.

All over Europe you are told that Copenhagen and Stockholm are the two best cities in Europe today.

#### Strafing on the Flight back to Bremen

### Tuesday, August 7

Noel Vincent, with another marvelous Mosquito, flew us to Bremen. We flew over the gorgeous Danish farm lands, across the Baltic, and entered Germany at Lubeck. The Mosquito will only accommodate two persons—the pilot and the navigator. The navigator sat on an oil can between my legs while I sat in his seat alongside Noel, the pilot. We were cruising at 350 miles an hour at an altitude of about 200 feet. When we came over Germany, Noel asked me through the intercommunicating system if I wanted to see how they strafed. I said, "Of course." He took me down to about 50 feet above the road and flew down a long road showing me how they manipulated their machine guns on the road. This was indeed a thrill.

From Lubeck we flew directly to Hamburg, and circled two or three times at a very low altitude. Here again you see a city laid waste.

The airfield at Bremen was too short for our Mosquito— Vincent barely managed to squeeze in. There was quite a bit of excitement when we landed, as this is an American Army airfield and permission had to be requested for a British plane to land. All of the American fliers at the field came out to inspect the British Mosquito, for which they have profound respect.

There were 176 raids in Bremen and the big raid was April 26th, the last day of the war for Bremen. After the raids the Germans used a machine which they put into the rubble to detect the heartbeats of imprisoned persons.

Every house in Bremen has a raid shelter. A German delayed bomb in a building exploded 3 weeks ago and killed 23 civilians, including some Americans.

No cigarette stub ever hits the street in Germany. It is picked up the moment it is flicked away.

Lunched again in the Rathskeller and visited the Kaiser's room with its lovely mahogany panelling. It is indeed a splendid restaurant with its six huge beer vats and it is fortunate it was spared.

When we went to the Finance Office to change some money the sergeant stared at us and asked if he might feel our clothes we were the first American civilians he had seen.

The soap, formerly 80% fat content, is now 20% fat. There is no coffee.

Leaving Bremen at 2:40 p.m. we arrived at Frankfurt-am-Main at 4 p.m. The cultivated German countryside showed very little bomb damage, but an engineer sitting next to me in the plane told me that all of the bridges over the Rhine were destroyed. Arriving at the air field in Frankfurt, we saw a great commotion—General Patton was about to enplane. The General puts on a big show—many aircraft, cars, sirens blowing, tin helmets flashing in the sun, and much fanfare.

Motoring through the ruined city of Frankfurt, we noted the churches, the railway station gone; the Opera House, the Carlton Hotel and the Excelsior Hotel still standing. Schumann's, across from the railway station, is badly beaten.

The I. G. Farben Building is the headquarters of our Army of Occupation. This fine structure was formerly the office building for the leading chemical company of Germany. It has 7 floors and 6 wings—one damaged wing has since been rebuilt. Everything surrounding it is completely demolished.

Assigned to quarters at the visitor's guest house in a suburb of Frankfurt called Konigstein, we were told that this "liberated" house was the former home of a Jewish doctor and had been then taken over by the German Postoffice after their building had been destroyed. It is a beautiful up-to-date home with large dining rooms, 20 to 30 bedrooms, and lovely gardens with pools. The gardens overlook gorgeous mountains resembling our Adirondack country.

We dined with the officials of the UNRRA, and at dinner they told us about the many problems of the D.P.s. Up to August 1st, 4,100,000 D.P.s have been repatriated, but there are still 2,157,000 left in Germany requiring repatriation. Of these, there are 1,000,-000 Poles and 500,000 Slavs, with 260,000 Italians. Many of the Poles will not go home, and there are also many supposedly "White" Russians who will not return home.

## **Russian Conviviality**

In a camp adjacent to Frankfurt are some 800 Russian D.P.s, 500 of whom are in the hospital as a result of drinking buzz-bomb juice (the wood alcohol that went into the V-E bombs). The Russians who drank it at the beginning became uproariously drunk and many of them died. Some of the remaining Russians did not drink the buzz-bomb juice so rapidly. Finding that nothing apparently happened to them, they all drank the liquid. In the course of 3 weeks, 500 of them were down with paralysis, and are now in the hospital.

Everyone says the Russian D.P.s are the hardest to handle they fight with German soldiers returning home. The UNRRA appears to have a terrific job. (A personal—and I might add an editorial observation—is that I do not think they are equal to it, and am afraid they are not efficiently administering the American taxpayer's money.) We were told later that food is being sent into Yugoslavia by UNRRA; that it does not reach the civilians but is fed to Tito's communistic army. This and many other similar stories lead me to believe that the work of UNRRA should be done by the Army, or administered by the Red Cross.

Frankfurt received its heavy beating from bombers that came over enroute to Berlin and, when the weather closed in, dropped their bombs on Frankfurt. Hanover got 20,000 tons of bombs, compared with the 40,000 tons dropped on Britain during the entire blitz.

#### More Fraternization Talk

One hears much talk in Frankfurt about fraternization between the G.I.s and the German girls. Some G.I. made the wise-crack— "Maybe the German girls ain't got as much as the American girls, but what they got is here."

Another fellow said, "I hate those German dames. Their men shot at me in Africa and in France." But a G.I. remarked, "This guy is married and has a wife in America. Other guys with not so much mileage on them may feel differently." Another G.I. said, "I dream at night that those German bastards we are fighting now are all my own."

And still another, "Next war we will only have to send the uniforms—we are leaving enough American babies here."

Another wise-cracked: "Fornication without conversation is not fraternization."

So it goes-from our fraternizing, always wise-cracking American soldiers.

## Scenes in Frankfurt

#### Wednesday, August 8

Walking about Frankfurt, we first go to the railroad station and see people hopefully awaiting trains. A big American tank carrier is parked outside the railroad station. The driver, a private, tells us that it weighs  $571/_2$  tons, carries a crew of 7 men and that he—only a buck private—is charged with all this responsibility.

Visit the Post Office, which was completely razed. In the cellar we find an efficient working switchboard taking Army calls and are told that telephone lines, for the Army, had been repaired.

In front of the Farben Building flies the American flag and the guards on the door are of the 81st Airborne Division. Their white silk mufflers are made from their parachutes.

A reliable authority told us that Prime Minister Bierut of Poland had been deported three times from Poland for being a communist pre-war and an undesirable alien—he is now the President and Prime Minister. The Soviets have allowed this eminent Polish patriot to become Vice Prime Minister, and the Russians also made him Minister of Agriculture. We are told the Russians have stolen all the agricultural implements from Poland and that when winter comes, the Poles will evict their patriot Minister for being unable to feed them, and then, it is predicted, the Russians will say, "You see—we gave you your Minister, but he could accomplish nothing." Authorities say conditions in Poland are ghastly.

#### Newspapers and Radio

We visited Bad Homburg, a suburb of Frankfurt, the location for the American control headquarters of press, radio, and motion pictures. Here we gathered this information:

The Americans are issuing licenses to German newspapers recently one has started in Frankfurt. It is managed by a 7-man Board: 2 Socialists, 1 Catholic, 1 neutral, 2 Social Democrats, 1 Communist. These Germans run the paper as a partnership, retaining 80% of the gross receipts for operations. The other 20% of the receipts is placed in a blocked fund for possible re-distribution to the former owner of the paper for the use of his plant, etc. In my opinion it is not workable. That 7 oddlyvaried people can run a newspaper seems dubious, yet this is the plan for re-establishing German newspapers.

All radios were closed, as they were controlled outright by the Nazis. Now they are being operated by the Americans who believe the time for turning them over to the Germans is a long way off.

The radio was and is handled in 3 phases:

- 1) Closed all radios;
- 2) Replaced German radios by American operation and propaganda;
- 3) Some time in the far-distant future, they propose licensing the Germans to operate their own stations.

Currently on the radio is crop information in German, innocuous politics, etc. (I am suspicious that a little communistic material slips in here and there.)

The newspapers also went through 3 similar phases:

1) Closing of all newspapers.

- 2) Replacing them with 9 papers printed and edited by Americans.
- Now a licensing of the Germans, under the system mentioned above, to do their own publishing, subject to censorship by Americans.

There are 16 movie theatres open in the American zone showing two kinds of films—news and American features—no propaganda.

### Thursday, August 9

Visited Hanau D.P. camp. Hanau—about 15 miles from Frankfurt—was completely wrecked. Here was a large Dupont tire factory; also an I. G. Farben plant. 84% of the city is utterly wrecked. Its peacetime population, 50,000, is now 4,000.

Here the Germans are building a baby submarine for the American Navy. Our Navy captured one of these submarines and lost it. The Germans are replacing it—building it to be sent to the United States for study by our submarine experts.

Here is where the Russians who drank buzz-bomb juice are in the hospital.

12,000 people were killed in Hanau in one raid on March 19, 1945—with not even an air-raid signal being sounded as the American planes flew in on the tail of returning German fighters. The first the population knew of the raid was when bombs began to rain on them at 4 o'clock in the morning.

#### **Problem of Displaced Persons**

Visited the Displaced Persons camp and saw a beautiful Polish chapel. Was told that the Polish priest stole it from a German church. He is now marrying thousands of couples who were living together unwed while the camp was being run as a German concentration camp.
Visiting the kitchens, saw people being fed bowls of rice soup in which were chunks of meat. There are 8,000 persons in the camp: 2,000 Poles, 4,500 Russians, the rest Lithuanians. In one room we saw 5 beds in a small room inhabited by Poles. They were eating, cooking and dancing in the same room. One man was pressing a dress and laughing at us. In another room we saw 10 beds—women, men and children—maybe families and maybe not—they all sleep in the same room. In most instances the quarters are clean. The Poles say, "We pride ourselves in taking care of our place." The Russians' quarters are filthy.

We are told that you cannot mix the Poles with the Russians as a big fight always breaks out.

Visited a building made into a Boy Scouts headquarters. Here children of D.P.s are taught to read and write.

This D.P. problem is one of the most serious problems in all Europe. Returning from the camp back to Frankfurt we stopped at a railroad crossing and saw a camouflaged train passing. Thousands of D.P.s were riding in open cars in the rain—household belongings, prams, all kinds of bedding, etc. were packed in the cars, everyone sitting on belongings. The train was moving in the direction of Poland. We were told that when it got into the Russian zone the people possibly will be thrown off the train to start endless wanderings. This prospect of hardship is one of the reasons why the Poles do not like to leave the American zone. There are approximately 700,000 D.P.s in the American zone at present.

Returning to the Farben Building, we lunched with Gen. Adcock. During luncheon we were telling some of the officers about General Montgomery's account of the battle of El Alamein.

Every American officer says the same thing: "Yes, Monty won the battle of El Alamein with the help of George Patton and his tanks." Generally speaking, Monty is not too well regarded by the American officers. They feel he is a showman. We were told many times that the British were war-weary and that the infusion of our new Army's fresh troops turned the trick.

## **Recaptured Treasure**

Visit the Reich Bank, conducted by Col. Bernstein, Finance Minister for the American Army. Here we see untold quantities of German gold bullion, currency of all nations, art treasures, etc., all captured from the German salt mines. We are told there is two and three-quarter billions of Reich marks in currency; two million dollars in U. S. currency (greenbacks); and three hundred million dollars in gold bars from Germany and Hungary —each gold bar estimated to be worth about thirty-eight thousand dollars (I found one of them rather heavy to lift).

We saw the Hungarian crown jewels—thousands of sacks of currency from all countries of Europe, even some of our own gold pieces—some 87 suitcases (common, ordinary, cheap suitcases) of which 2 or 3 were filled with gold teeth taken from the dead of the prison camp . . . wedding rings . . . thimbles . . . babies' picture frame . . . watch cases and various things of gold . . . 900 bags of Russian rubles in currency . . . 87 monstrances . . . huge rooms full of securities of German corporations . . . spacious rooms filled with priceless paintings of old masters. One authority said that the Hungarian Royal Crown, which I lifted, was valued by an antique dealer at over a million dollars. There were sacks and bags of bracelets and every other conceivable kind of gold trinket. We saw rooms filled with silver bars, sacks of gold coins of every country, weighing about 100 pounds each, all of which was indeed an impressive sight.

The cases of gold teeth were in themselves an everlasting recollection of the fiendishness of the Nazis.

The Germans meticulously catalogued everything, which is of great assistance to our officials.

## **Bad Fogs to Berlin**

We took off from Hanau airfield for Berlin at 4:25 p.m. This was the worst flight of our entire trip. The weather was completely "socked in"-thunder and lightning all the way.

Going into Berlin we dropped down to what appeared to be a 500-foot ceiling, and the pilot headed for Templehof Airdrome. Just as he was about to circle the field for a landing, the field completely closed in. He turned around and headed for another airport—Gatau. When we arrived there, that also closed in. In a momentary lifting of the fog, the pilot slipped back to Templehof and made a landing with about a 50-ceiling. We put on the ground in a deluging rain.

I said a prayer of thanks for a safe landing. Incidentally, we were the last plane into Berlin for five days, as the airport was entirely closed in after our arrival. Our Army is very strict on allowing admittance into Berlin, and we were among the first civilians allowed in.

Pete Huss, Manager of the INS Berlin Bureau, met us at the airport along with an accommodating Army officer. We had dinner in the mess-room at the Templehof Airdrome after going through the Army Inspection Bureau. We had here our first sight of devastated Berlin. The famous Templehof was badly wrecked.

After dinner we motored to the Harnack House, located in the American zone. It is a professors' home—formerly occupied by the German scientists who developed the V bombs; here also they were working on the atomic bomb. We were met by our friend, Herman Phleger, from San Francisco, serving on the War Crimes Commission. Herman says, "There is a new kind of legal work. You call your secretary for dictation and say, 'Take a law!'"

A reception was being given at the Harnack House for Ingrid Bergman, Jack Benny, and other motion picture actors who were in Berlin doing a USO show.

We were told not to drink the water as it was contaminated; we were given insect-repellent powder and warned there was malaria from mosquitoes, caused by wrecked sewer mains, uninterred bodies, etc. At breakfast an officer told us, "We captured all the German records and the books of their corporations. Russia has the manufacturing plants."

Touring the city, a block away from the hotel we saw evidences of street fighting. There are beautifully-kept Russian graves at street intersections between the sidewalks and the curbstones, which the Germans are required to care for. The Russians buried their dead where they fell.

Motored towards the center of Berlin, past the headquarters of the former Ministry of Labor that had been headed by Dr. Ley. Incidentally, he was in charge of the "Strength Through Joy" movement. This organization regimented all of the young unmarried women of Germany for breeding purposes. Everywhere in Germany are unmarried girls who have as many as 4 and 5 children, this being an honorable contribution to the State for which Hitler decorated the girls with medals.

On all sides we saw overturned tanks and cars. In an area of about 10 miles wide in the center of the city every building is smashed and destroyed. Berlin ordinarily has a population of 4,000,000 people. Now it is estimated there are 3,500,000 population, living in cellars, hovels, and anywhere for shelter. Everyone shudders when he speaks of the winter with no coal. They say that if the medical authorities can control the epidemics which are bound to come with winter, it will be a superhuman achievement. It is estimated there are at least a hundred thousand bodies still buried in the debris—the stench testifies to these figures.

Continually you see food lines—hundreds of people standing in queues for food.

Passed the Sport Palace—completely wrecked. Here is where Goebbels made his speeches. Graves are everywhere alongside the sidewalks. The old Haus Vaterland, famous restaurant of pre-war days, has vanished, as has everything else in Potsdamer Platz. Saw Himmler's and Goering's headquarters—completely smashed. Architects estimate it will take 12 years to tear down and remove the rubble and another 25 years to reconstruct. Familiar landmarks such as the Kaiserhof Hotel, Wertheim's Department Store, Anhauser Railroad Station—are all obliterated.

This vicinity is still mined and full of booby-traps. We are warned to be cautious.

## What Happened to Hitler

At Hitler's Chancellery offices—completely smashed—a Russian guard (small Mongolian type; looked about 15 years of age) stopped us. When we gave him a few cigarettes he passed us in.

The roof was completely gone. The rain fell on the walls of pink Italian marble. Everything was in shambles. Hitler's large desk was overturned and its marble top smashed. We observed warnings and looked overhead for falling masonry and girders.

Pete Huss, the INS correspondent most familiar with the building, took us to Hitler's private office, showed us where the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo Axis was signed in the ambassador's room. Here we saw the ruins of beautiful crystal chandeliers hanging from a wall. Went through Hitler's private offices and walked out into adjoining gardens. Huss warned us to follow closely behind him, as the gardens had been mined—two Germans were killed there last week by booby traps. We carefully followed Huss to two large pill-boxes. There we came to the entrance to Hitler's underground air-raid shelter.

Huss displayed a map drawn for him by Hitler's chauffeur, whom he had recognized and picked up on a street in southern Germany. The chauffeur vowed that Hitler unmistakably committed suicide just before the surrender of Berlin. The chauffeur drew for Huss a complete diagram of Hitler's air-raid shelter. The man confessed Hitler had said he would never allow his body to be displayed in Moscow Red Square as a museum piece. Hitler ordered his adjutant and chauffeur to await in a small reception room in the air-raid shelter adjacent to his private sitting room and told them when they heard two shots to enter and carry out his body and that of his wife (Eva Braun, whom he married 2 days before his death), dig a grave, cremate the bodies with gasoline, and bury them in one grave in the gardens. The chauffeur said the grave could be seen just outside the air-raid shelter. Six blue jerry-cans of gasoline were used to cremate the bodies. He also stated the blood of Eva Braun would be visible on the sofa in Hitler's private sitting room; that Hitler shot himself bending over with his head on his knees and was picked up from the floor, while Eva Braun was shot on the couch. I saw the grave—I saw the six blue empty jerry-cans, and went on to see the other evidence.

Strange as it may seem, no Russian guard was at the entrance of the air-raid shelter, though the electric lights were burning. Huss said, "The stupid Russians—they must have left for lunch they do things that way."

We toured the shelter completely, saw the small waiting room, about 15 feet long and 8 feet wide; went into the small personal sitting room and saw the couch with bloodstains at the head of sofa—the blood the chauffeur claimed was that of Eva Braun. We then went into Hitler's small student-type personal bedroom. His bed was made of cheap laminated wood and the wood had curled from moisture. Personal effects were strewn throughout the place. It looked as if very few people had visited that historic shelter.

Adjacent to the small sitting room, on the opposite side from Hitler's bedroom, was a small bedroom and dressing room and bath used by Eva Braun. Here we saw her personal effects combs, perfumes, etc.—strewn on her dressing table. Everything was damp and clammy, with about 4 inches of water on the floor. Pictures had been taken from the wall. Dishes and silverware had been thrown about, indicating that the Russians had done some looting, but that souvenir seekers had not been in the place. Visited the kitchens. The entire shelter was ventilated with an air-conditioning system and must have been quite habitable.

Huss states that the Russians moved Hitler's remains to Moscow. Hitler's dentist, taken to Moscow, identified his dental work. Hitler's adjutant also went to Moscow to testify. Huss says Hitler is unmistakably dead but the Russians, in their usual manner, wish to envelop his demise in mystery; the Russians will surreptitiously release a news story that Hitler has been found in Spain ... another story that he has been discovered in Argentina, then one that he is in Manchuria, Japan, etc. This causes great embarrassment, as State Departments write notes of inquiry to countries mentioned and this engenders bad feelings among various nations. Merely another form of Russian chicanery.

We picked up a few things in the Hitler air-raid shelter—just like any G.I. souvenir collector—things that had no intrinsic value; letter-heads, combs, keys, etc.

### **Russians in Berlin**

Leaving Hitler's fatal shelter, we motored throughout the city. Everywhere we saw complete destruction. The beautiful horses are shot from the Brandenburg Gate . . . the trees of the Tiergarten have no leaves, the branches destroyed by shellfire. I saw 50 corpses exhumed in the Tiergarten almost under the Brandenburg Gate.

There is a black market going in the Tiergarten—from 6,000 to 10,000 people, mostly Russian soldiers, buy watches or anything that one has to sell as I explained in my remarks about Russian-printed Occupation marks. One of our party sold a \$20 wrist watch for \$460. He subsequently cashed the \$460 in Russian Occupation marks into American funds. Watched women selling calico—and Russians buying everything.

I was wearing an expensive wrist watch, worth about \$500.

The Russians offered me the equivalent of \$200. They did not like it as well as they did a dollar Mickey Mouse watch because my watch did not tick loudly.

Someone tells a story—amusing though possibly untrue: One of our soldiers sold an alarm clock to a Russian soldier for \$500. Ivan purchased the clock because it ticked loudly. After the exchange he strapped the clock around his neck and immediately the alarm went off. In great fright the Russian threw it into the street and shot it, thinking it was a time bomb.

After inspecting the black market, we motored about the town, driving up and down the Kurfurstendam. The beautiful tower of the Wilhelm Church is destroyed; about the only thing that remains standing on this street is the infamous Femina Night Club, which is still doing business (opens at 4 p.m. daily), along with the Am Zoo Hotel where the British have press headquarters. Leipziger Strasse is completely gone—there was terrific street fighting here. The street on which all the embassies were located fronting the Tiergarten—is entirely demolished. The only building standing is that of the Japanese Embassy, constructed of Italian pink stone.

I walked down the Unter den Linden, the famous Fifth Avenue of Berlin. The beautiful State Library, the Kaiser's old palace, the Adlon Hotel, the ever-famous Dom Church, the beautiful State University, and the historic monuments are in utter ruins. All the beautiful churches of all denominations are wrecked beyond redemption. I saw at least 30 to 75 unexploded dud shells imbedded in the street. One has to pick his way very carefully, as portions of the city are still heavily mined.

Strange as it may seem, one of the few untouched buildings in Berlin is Radio Berlin—we examined the flak towers that caused the Allied bombers so much damage. Everywhere one sees huge placards, "Hitler and tyrants like him come and go yet the German people go on forever." They were signed—"Stalin." There are huge pictures of Stalin, Roosevelt, Churchill and then of Truman, on the wide parkway from the Victory Arch to the Olympic Stadium. On top of the Victory Arch flies the French tri-color put up by the French July 14th last. The Reichstag and the Kroll Opera House are completely demolished.

You get a sickly feeling of nausea from the stench of body decomposition and the devastating wreckage all about. You see old women on the street faint from malnutrition. You never see a smile on the face of a Berliner.

Later we motored to Potsdam. Here too is entire destruction. Kaiser Wilhelm's palace is demolished. When the Russian guard standing on duty at Sans Souci, the palace built by Frederick the the Great, refused us admittance, we tossed him some cigarettes and continued unmolested into the palace. It is undamaged. In the courtyard we saw huge trucks—the Russians were removing the contents of Sans Souci. Everywhere you hear the Russians have looted Germany as no nation has ever been looted before.

# Terrible Conditions in Russian-held Territory

It is difficult to find anyone who knows exactly what is going on to the east of Berlin as this region is in the hands of the Russians and travel is positively forbidden to the Allies. I pause in the diary to include some authoritative reports which came to me from Count von Preysing, Roman Catholic Bishop of Berlin. I learned the following:

The situation between the Elbe and Oder rivers is intense. There are about 8,000,000 persons in the woods and on the roads without any supplies—no food, medical care, etc.

Great numbers of women are infected with gonorrhea as the result of rape. Hundreds die of dysentery and typhoid fever. From one Silesian refugee group of 2400 persons, more than 1000 died. In the forests around Berlin dozens of corpses are hanging from trees. More than an entire generation of Germans have become prisoners of war in the hands of the Russians. Another report from Count von Preysing on the situation in Koenigsberg: Plunder, destruction, cruelties, starvation everywhere. Claims the Russian soldiers took even the shoes and clothing of the Germans who were then expelled or imprisoned. Russians plundering entire territory.

Another report from the same source on East Pomerania:

Forty per cent of the landowners and almost one-half of the peasantry fled before the Russians. Of the remaining population three-quarters were killed, deported or put in prison.

The Count's report contains the testimony from Frau von Zitzewitz of Buetow about her own personal experiences—husband killed, daughters raped and family robbed. This woman says the Russians on the whole are relatively well disposed whereas the Poles behave like wild animals. The Poles drive the German population out of the occupied territories, ransacking, raping and killing. She claims relations between the Russians and Poles are very tense.

Much darker is the picture east of the Oder. All of the priests of East Pomerania were deported. It is assumed they are toiling hard in some work-camp. The civilian population of Berlin was frequently plundered by the Russians. A large number of women were raped and infected—a considerable part of the Russian soldiers had venereal diseases.

The report continues: The Church today, after three months of peace have passed, enjoys no more freedom under the Russians than during the Nazi regime. The Russian military authorities support the Communist party, which does not as yet show its anti-Catholic, anti-Christian face, but tries to place obstacles in the way of the Church wherever possible.

Another report states—during the battle and siege of Berlin the Russians, on the whole, respected ecclesiastical buildings and the clergy; sacking and burning of churches was the exception.

Another report—of the Episcopal Chancellery of Berlin—states that during the Nazi regime three priests of Berlin were executed for alleged political crimes, four died in prison while many others have been imprisoned. Estimates that the destruction of church property in Berlin is fifty million. (The report does not say whether marks or dollars. I assume marks, valued at twenty million pre-war dollars.)

A German physician's report: "The condition is almost unbearable—increasing death rate; spreading disease; starvation, which medical science can no longer combat. The hospitals are crowded with sufferers many of whom show symptoms of extreme starvation. Adults weighing about seventy pounds are no rarity."

In a radio address by the Rev. Peter Buchholz on July 20, 1945, anniversary of the Generals' Putsch, he describes his experiences in the House of Horrors, the Berlin prison, where he performed his priestly duties for the last twenty years. He bitterly attacked Hitler and the Nazis. He referred to them—"those who spoke of God and meant themselves . . . Eternal justice was trampled on and with unequalled injustice thousands of our best fellowmen were imprisoned, tortured and murdered."

Father Buchholz told of his experiences among those sentenced to die, such as the simple woman condemned to death because she dared to write her son at the front—"It can't last long—this murder will end some day." And also the young girl student "who sacrificed her life on the gallows like a saint of yore."

The priest dedicated a portion of his testimony to the men who died during the wave of terror following the attempt on Hitler's life July 20, 1944, including Field Marshal von Witzleben, Major General Hoepner, Major General Stieff and other members of the general staff. He met and talked to these commanders before Hitler issued specific orders depriving his victims of religious ministration.

He also mentions Dr. Goerdeler, Count Moltke and some of the eighty-five persons executed in the prison in connection with the attempt on Hitler's life.

Father Buchholz continues: "The Lord is crying—maybe for our country and our people who so blindly hailed the man hailed almost like a God—a man who thought he might secure his Reich for a thousand years by brute force and blood . . . Then came the end, the final judgment. . . . "

Occasionally a stray traveler who gets through the lines from a Russian-held region says that the Russians remove everything humanly possible from buildings, even down to the wash bowls, the bath-tubs, doorknobs, toilets, etc. They strip the factories completely. After having stripped the factories they detonate, and say it is a casualty of war.

One hears explosions continually in the outskirts of Berlin. You are told that these explosions are the Russians demolishing factories. One authority reports the Russians stripped a large electric bulb manufacturing plant outside of Berlin of all of its inventory and machinery, then demolished the factories. The city has no electric light bulbs at present.

Berlin is truly a "dead city." Clammy atmosphere and stench of death exist everywhere. Words cannot describe the horrid and pitiful existence of its people.

## More Observations in Berlin

From Potsdam to Harnack House for dinner, stopping to inspect the Press Camp at Zehlendorf. In the camp is an impressive British poster addressed to troops called in Africa "The Desert Rats." The poster read: "If You Do Not Wish To Be A Desert Rat, Drink The Water In Berlin And Become A Sewer Rat."

The Olympic Stadium has been wrecked. In the last days the Nazis tried to take off in their airplanes from the wide boulevard Hitler built from the Brandenburg Gate to the Stadium.

Passing a garden close to the Press Camp, we were told that what was grown there last week had already been harvested and that the ground today is planted as a truck garden. The Germans, if possible, do not allow an inch of land to remain idle over night. The Russian officers begin work at 6 p.m. In contacts with the Russians, American officers are treated with extraordinary civility. There is bowing and saluting, procrastinating and procrastinating till the Americans are worn out and fail to accomplish what they requested.

#### Saturday, August 11

Met with the generals in the morning, who explained the civil administration of Berlin.

Lunched with Major General Gavin, Commanding General of 82nd Airborne Division. He lives in a beautiful "liberated" house of Berlin. I am told he is the youngest Major General in the Army -36 years of age. A jumping paratrooper, he made 6 jumps during the Bulge of the past winter in Holland and Belgium. His men admire him, as he is a fighting soldier.

Gavin explained the physical conditioning of the Airborne troops—marching the men for 18 hours simulating actual warfare ... hardships undergone, etc. He showed us a huge sterling silver tureen captured from the Germans. It is a ceremony among the parachute divisions to drink on occasions from a receptacle of this type nick-named "Prop Blast." One who jumps from an airplane feels the blast from the propeller; therefore, the beverage in the punch bowl is said to give one a jolt like the "Prop Blast."

## **Coal and Food Famine**

Visited General Draper, Deputy in Charge of Industry for the Army of Occupation. The General tells us, as does everyone else, the big problem in Germany is coal. Transportation normally is 30% by water on the rivers and canals; now the barges are sunk. The Ruhr is the principal coal producing section, but the Germans can expect no coal from the Ruhr this year. It ordinarily produces 130,000,000 tons, the Saar 50,000,000 tons. The Ruhr formerly had 400,000 miners, 75% of whom were slave laborers. It is now on a 10% production schedule, using prisoners of war.

The army is giving German civilians who work in the coal mines 2,000 calories of food per day, requiring them to eat at the mines. Even then the men hide a portion of their food to take home to their families; therefore, they are under-nourished and cannot work.

General Draper went on to say that strange as it may seem, 80% of the German prewar production could be achieved in a few months' time with repairs. While the factories look completely destroyed, much machinery is intact. For instance, the Farben plant at Essen looks entirely destroyed and yet when walking through it the other day, his engineers estimated that 80% of the machinery could be made operative shortly.

The railway bridges on the Rhine are all destroyed. The Army needs railroads to move military food. The civilians are not getting food or fuel in the large cities. The German people are now under-rationed at about 1,000 to 1,250 calories a day. The winter will be desperate. Germany must get food from the United States to prevent starvation. Silesia, which formerly exported food into western Germany, is now in the hands of the Russians and no food will come from there.

Germany has a debt of 45,000,000,000 marks. Eighty percent of the money in the banks was invested in Government war bonds. Seventy-five or eighty percent of the production of Germany is outside of the big cities. Only 5% of the factories are working. The Germans are now depositing their money in their own banks.

Visited a U. S. civilian Deputy for Trade and Finance. He was one of the few persons we met in our European travels who could not or would not give us information. (The Army always welcomes you and gives full access to any information requested and at all times volunteers full information and examination of their records.)

Dined a short distance from where we were quartered—the former home of a German industrialist—as usual a splendid "liberated" house set in charming gardens.

In the evening attended the opening of the Press Club and talked to all the representatives of the various newspapers stationed in Berlin. The handsome Press Club is located in a "liberated" house; the former home of "Strength Through Joy" Dr. Ley.

Still later, we attended a concert in the auditorium of the Harnack House—a conglomeration of state opera and vaudeville conducted in German but given for American officers. The talent was good. At the end of the program, the combined chorus sang with gusto what the Master of Ceremonies called a new composition—"Berlin Will Rise Again." The theme was that again will rise the Potsdamer Platz, the Alexander Platz, the Leipziger Strasse, etc. Many of the American officers left in disgust. Parenthetically speaking, Berlin may rise again but it's going to be a late rising, for they are a beaten nation and fully realize it.

## Take-off for Munich

## Sunday, August 12

Departed early for Templehof Airfield. Took off for Frankfurt-an-Main, where we arrived at 9:45 a.m. Capt. Mullikin, a former associate, met and motored us from Frankfurt to Bad Nauheim. Lunch at the hotel of Dr. Groudel (famous heart specialist).

The shops were all closed-no merchandise.

Bad Nauheim is a gorgeous spot. This famous watering resort was used as a hospital center for the German air force during the war. Just one bomb hit here—it struck the Kurs House which housed Radio Frankfurt, and destroyed the radio station.

This place is going to be used as the headquarters for the American Army to write the history of the war. You can imagine no lovelier spot to be billeted for such a job.

After lunch we returned to Frankfurt and took off at 4 p.m. Arriving at Munich 6 p.m., we were met at the airfield by an officer who motored us to Bad Weisse—a village in the Bavarian Alps on the Tegernsee—a lovely lake. Here are the press headquarters for the Third Army.

Motoring down the autobahn through the glorious pines in the foothills of the Bavarian Alps, we saw hundreds of destroyed Nazi planes. We also saw a U. S. Army airfield, on which were parked, wing to wing, approximately 500 superforts—as far as the eye could see.

What an impression—to leave the dead, cold, rainy, clammy Berlin at 8 a.m. and then be in this charming country, 35 miles outside of Munich, for dinner.

## With American Boys in the Alps

Strolling around, we met up with a G.I. who was a shell-shock patient. Entering a German beer garden, we went to the second floor where there was a sign displayed, "Civilians not allowed." The MP, thinking we were German civilians, wanted to throw us out, but when we laughed and joked with him, the boys began to realize we were Americans from home. We identified ourselves by showing our Army cards and passports and from then on were the center of attraction. They asked us questions galore. Boys from California, boys from Omaha, Brooklyn, etc., all had just one thing in mind—WHEN ARE WE GOING HOME? We spent an enjoyable evening buying them beer.

### Monday, August 13

Having promised the G.I.s of the previous evening I would join them for breakfast in their mess, I arrived at 8 o'clock. We ate cafeteria style—2 fried eggs, bacon, orange juice, bread and coffee. Never have I eaten a better breakfast—the American Army certainly eats well. I promised many of the boys to write to their parents telling them they were well and enjoying life in this gorgeous Bavarian setting. The boys took me about and proudly showed me their homes. They were living in "liberated" Bavarian houses—schlosses that have lovely decorative paintings on the outside walls representing fairy tales, religious themes, etc. We looked up to Bavarian gables that were quaint, artistic sights.

The little village looks as if it never knew there was such a thing as war; the only evidence of it is the presence of the G.I.s.

# Where Patton Lived

General Patton lives across the lake in a "liberated" villa. Patton was away—we did not see him.

I observed kindling wood piled neatly against a house. It was the most orderly stacking of wood I have ever seen. The edges looked as if they had been filed, so neatly were they arranged. The village as usual was spotless.

We motored down the autobahn through the beautiful Bavarian country, passing the Chiam See, large mountain lake.

All the bridges on the way were blown out by the retreating Germans but our Army had quickly constructed detours. We were continually greeted with signs, "This detour constructed by the 101st Engineers," etc., etc., showing that our Army engineers have great pride in their work.

### Scenes in Austria

Arrived at Salzburg, Austria, in time for lunch and were quartered at a fine hotel with attractive rooms. Everywhere we saw lines upon lines of American trucks. There were hundreds of demolished German planes on an airfield there. The only damage done to Salzburg was to the beautiful cathedral. When lunching with General Keyes, in command of the Salzburg area, he told us the population in the Salzburg area was around a million and a half and that there were some 400,000 Poles who refused to go home. Rumanians who did not like Tito's politics were also staying on.

## **Hitler's Hideaway**

Then came an important visit—to Hitler's mountain retreat. After lunch we motored to Berchtesgaden. Driving up the mountainside to Obersalzburg, Hitler's headquarters, we saw his home, which was demolished. The hotel where the Nazis stayed when visiting Hitler, and Goering's and Hitler's homes were in shambles. This Nazi center took a terrific beating.

We then motored up from Obersalzburg to Hitler's aerie, winding around the mountain through the most beautiful scenery I have ever seen. Arriving at a place 400 feet from the top of the mountain, we walked through a tunnel, 400 feet long and 10 feet wide, carved out of solid rock. It led to the entrance of a passage and we saw two solid bronze doors 10 feet wide. We entered a huge solid brass elevator and ascended through a shaft cut through solid rock 400 feet to the Nazi "Eagle's Nest."

The "Eagle's Nest" consists of a 60-foot semi-oval reception room. In the center is a huge table. Here Hitler laid out his maps and planned his campaigns.

To the left of the large reception room was a long beamceiling conference room with an immense table and 28 chairs where the staff assembled.

Adjacent was a breakfast room and toilets, and a kitchen with all modern equipment. A veranda ran around the entire house. A large fireplace in the conference room, 15 feet wide, was done in beautiful marble. In front of the fireplace was a large sofa and many armchairs. To the left, down 8 feet, we entered a "pickled pine" library about 25 x 20 feet, containing a sofa with 7 soft chairs. The kitchen was about 40 x 40; the breakfast room across from it had green benches and seated about 30 people. The table was about 20 feet long and 3 feet wide.

The view is most glorious from this "Eagle's Nest." I looked out on the gorgeous vista of the Konig See, the village of Berchtesgaden, and also the ruins of Hitler's home.

We again descended in the brass elevator through the shaft cut from solid granite, walking through the long tunnel. At the entrance was a sign "ERBAUT 1938," engraved on an oval shield. We then visited the Diesel engine rooms—used for heating and air-conditioning the Nest. After another look at the beautiful view from the mountaintop, we proceeded down the mountainside in our jeep, which is about the only motor car that can make the steep climb.

The circular road winding about the mountaintop had recently been covered with camouflage nets to obliterate sight of the road from the air. Descending about 3,000 feet, we visited Hitler's home at Obersalzburg, on the side of the mountain.

Everywhere we saw men and women carrying away evergreen trees and branches injured by bombing. They were laying in their winter's supply of wood.

## Another Hitler Abode

Hitler's home at Obersalzburg, built of steel and concrete, was a wreck. The interior walls of the entire house were of brown marble. We saw a large living-room  $80 \times 50$  feet. A big window  $-30 \times 18$  feet—at the end of this room afforded a magnificent view of the sheer mountainside, and of the peaceful valley below. Opposite the large picture-window a huge fireplace opened. The heating pipes—imbedded in the concrete under the floor with modern vents at convenient places—obviated any necessity for radiators. Imbedded in the floor at one end of the living-room was a mechanical motion-picture screen. At the other end of the room was an aperture for motion-picture machinery. The kitchen, with its latest equipment, was in ruins.

From the large hallway, stairs—some 30 steps—led to the second floor, where one entered a small hallway opening into a beautifully-furnished bedroom,  $30 \ge 40$  feet. Three windows and a balcony overlooked the green, charming countryside. The walls of concrete and steel 10 feet thick protected the sacred bedroom of Hitler.

Adjacent was a similar room—Eva Braun's. Strewn about Braun's once-dainty room were wreckage and rubble, but one could distinctly smell the perfume she wore to charm Adolph.

Outside, a few feet from the entrance to Hitler's room, stood the air-raid shelters—some 20 miles of tunnels built in the mountainside; carved in solid rock 64 steps down from the ground-level entrance.

Entering an air-raid shelter, we were warned as to booby-traps, as the place had not been entirely cleared. Here were large livingrooms, dining-rooms, hospital dispensaries, dental clinics, storerooms, motion-picture theatres, sleeping quarters, etc. These huge quarters were quite different from the cramped air-raid shelters we had seen in Hitler's chancellery in Berlin. Here also—ruins! The modern hospital equipment—sun-ray lamps, diathermy machines for instance—were riddled by bullets, and we saw marks of sabotage.

Walking through about a mile of the many tunnels, we returned to the entrance and motored down to Berchtesgaden village, a place of about 2,000 people. This quaint, pleasant Bavarian spot had, oddly enough, suffered very little bomb damage. The principal hotel, Berghof, was delightful.

At the outskirts of the village the German staff had had its headquarters. There, in 6 immense buildings, the Nazi staff lived during the summer. We visited one of these, now headquarters of General Tobin, district commander. It had been the summer home of Nazi General Keitel, and was one of the loveliest homes anyone could wish. Just now it had a curious addition. General Tobin showed us the stockade in which are interned 400 Nazi generals awaiting trial this fall at Nurnberg. General Tobin says these generals are very surly and complain bitterly about the treatment they are receiving.

Our Army have taken over all the buildings, and G.I.s seem to be enjoying themselves immensely in these beautiful and dramatic surroundings.

We motored home to the Hotel Osterreischer in Salzburg—fine old hotel. The river flowing through Salzburg passed through the gardens immediately beneath our windows, and from our window we can see the picturesque castle on the hill, and the bridges crossing the river.

## **Concert** in Salzburg

The population of Salzburg, ordinarily 150,000, by reason of the refugees teeming in, has increased to 400,000.

Having been invited by Major General Geoffrey Keyes to attend the opening night of the Salzburg musical festival—held for the first time this evening in 6 years—we dined hurriedly, as the concert began at 7 p.m. and the General was expecting us to join him in his box.

The Opera House, a beautiful building, has an interior decorated in soft brown trimmed with white. Over the musicians and audience gleam beautiful crystal chandeliers. The charming opera house accommodates approximately 700 people.

Seated in the box with us were two of General Keyes' aides— Col. Greeley and Col. Powell. In an opposite box the burgomaster of Salzburg sat with his wife and two daughters. They were plainlooking people.

The audience was composed mostly of American officers and soldiers, with a sprinkling of townspeople.

The famous Wetzelberger, with a 60-piece orchestra, conducted. Selections were rendered from Beethoven, Haydn, and Tschaikovsky, with a vocal selection by a noted Viennese soprano, Ester Rethy.

Our box was immediately over the stage. During the rendition of the Beethoven Symphony, I whispered to the General, sitting next to me, "What delightful music."

He replied, "Yes, these people should have stuck to fiddling instead of fighting."

Sitting in the next box to us was the commoner wife of the Belgian King—she lives with him in a villa a short distance from Salzburg.

During intermission, the General excused himself to pay his respects to this lady who is addressed as "Princess." When a photographer tried to take a picture of General Keyes with the "Princess," he cleverly turned off the camera-men—saying he did not think the "Princess" would like to have her picture taken with him.

The people paid a particular tribute to the first violinist, Karl von Baltz—formerly for 5 years first violinist of the Viennese symphony.

After the concert General Keyes invited us to his home for supper. He also is living in an attractive "liberated" home, recently the residence of a Nazi gauleiter. The General made a significant remark during the delicious meal—"The people who feed Austria will have Austria."

### Tuesday, August 14

After an early breakfast, motored back to Munich, past prisoners of war outside of Salzburg cleaning up rubble, and past women and children with pushcarts carrying wood. The people realize this is going to be a very cold winter.

After a delightful lunch at Bad Weisse we continued down the autobahn into the town of Munich. Covering the 60 miles from Salzburg to Munich, we presented ourselves at the military headquarters for assignment of rooms and were told that sleeping accommodations were very scarce in Munich, all of the hotels having been demolished. We were assigned rooms at one of the few remaining hotels—adjacent to the railroad station. It had been badly hit but had been repaired and was habitable. The business section is devastated, the once stately cathedrals and the treasured buildings were all wrecked by our aerial bombs.

After a good dinner at the hotel's Army mess, we walked about the city, inspecting the destruction.

The lovely Frauen Cathedral was gutted by fire. The railroad station was a shambles. Here we saw discharged German soldiers returning home in freight cars. Many D.P.s sitting among the wreckage and rubble of the railroad station ate their supper of black bread.

## Horrors of Dachau Prison Camp

### Wednesday, August 15

Visited Dachau, one of the infamous Nazi concentration camps, 8 miles from Munich. Enroute we saw hordes of prisoners of war in camouflaged suits clearing up rubble. The prisoners, being Hungarians, wear a different uniform.

We were met at the gates of the Dachau prison camp by the officer in charge, who furnished us with a guide. We saw here some 8,000 SS troops behind heavily charged electrical wire. The camp was built for 8,500 prisoners, and the Germans had as many as 32,000 prisoners at all times in this camp during the war. The prisoners were required to work 15 hours a day, their food being breakfast: black coffee; lunch: a plate of potato soup (two potatoes); dinner: 25 grams of sausage. The English-speaking Polish guard told us that when the Americans came he weighed 78 pounds. Now he weighs 150.

In the gas chambers—where the prisoners were told to take a shower bath, and were then exterminated—we saw a large skull and crossbones painted on the door of the deadly chamber warning the attendants of the danger; in this chamber 80 men were killed at one time in 4 or 5 minutes.

## **A** Cremation Fraud

The large cremation ovens resembled huge baker's ovens. Two bodies were cremated at the same time. In the cremation room was a large sign in German, "Cleanliness is your duty. Don't forget to wash your hands."

Then in the inspection of horrors we were taken to the room where the Nazis stored the ashes of the cremated victims. The ashes were placed in pots resembling small flower-pots—we were told that the Nazis sold these ashes to the families of the deceased for 1,000 marks. The families thought they were receiving the ashes of their loved ones, but in reality the Nazis had filled the pots from a huge vat containing ashes of all the cremated prisoners.

Going to the execution yard where the Nazis shot prisoners, we were told that the prisoners were placed behind a bamboo screen, through which the soldiers fired their volley, murdering their victims. We saw also the two notorious trees from which the Nazis hung certain victims. Wherever we went in the environment of the horror chamber, we smelled the sickly odor of death. The bodies, however, had been removed by impressed German labor.

We took time to visit the Red Cross building with its huge Red Cross signs on the roof. Here on the site occupied by workers of mercy the Nazis had maintained an arsenal of bombs, guns, etc.

We were sick at heart as we came away from the place of gas chambers, cremations, and other atrocities. It was all a pitiful, almost incredible sight. Leaving the dreadful place, we saw German prisoners being taken out of the camp to work on the roads or into the city to clear away rubble. The SS troops were heavily guarded, but the other prisoners did not require much watching.

Motored back to Munich through the devastation and observed that sixty percent of the city is in ruins. The Post Office, Opera House, financial district, Gestapo headquarters, and Hitler's old brown house are all "kaput."

In the large parade square of the Konigs Platz we witnessed the decoration of a number of heroic American soldiers. In this square we saw 8 bronze caskets containing the remains of the original deluded disciples of Hitler who were killed on the initial march on Munich when he assumed power.

We visited St. Luke's Cathedral, which was not badly hit. Here a priest, Father Meyers, upon being released from Dachau where he had been imprisoned by the Nazis, said Mass. Six thousand people attended.

# Visit to Cardinal Faulhauber

An appointment had been made for us with Cardinal Faulhauber, the one remaining cardinal in Germany. He had been ill and was not allowed by his physician to receive guests, but an exception was made in our case. His home, while not directly hit by bombs, was slightly damaged.

The cardinal received us in the large reception hall. His age is about 72. He is a kindly, benevolent man of large stature and appears, when necessary, to be very forceable. He spoke English haltingly. I told him that we were going to visit the Holy Father in Rome. He asked if I would take the message to the Holy Father that he, himself, expected to come to Rome in early October and that he hoped to be able to dispatch papers to Rome shortly through a diplomatic courier of the church. Cardinal Faulhauber thoughtfully inquired about friends in America and gave me personal greetings for three or four American friends.

We spent about 20 minutes with the venerable cardinal. He grieved over the awful devastation and the pitiful condition of the people. Upon leaving his presence we were told by our Army officer guide—now Public Relations Officer of Munich—that 2 years ago the Nazis ordered the cardinal's arrest and he sent word to them that he would present himself for arrest in the cathedral the next day. As promised, he appeared at the cathedral clothed in his state robes for arrest, but in the square outside of the cathedral some 20,000 people had gathered as the word passed around that their beloved cardinal was to be imprisoned, and the Nazis were frightened off from making the arrest.

Upon the occupation of Munich by the Americans, Cardinal Faulhauber issued a statement to the effect that he was glad the Americans were in Munich and that he would work with them for the betterment of the people, but if they committed any unwise or outrageous act, he would be just as critical of them as he had been of the Nazis.

The cardinal gave an ironical touch to things at the beginning of the American occupation, when the unpopular fraternization ban was on. He refused to allow American Catholics to kiss his ring. "I want to obey the non-fraternization order," he said.

## **Hitler's Beer Hall**

Motoring about the city, we saw that the charming o Four Seasons Hotel had been bombed. It is now a hotel for transient G.I.s. It interested us to note that the notorious Hitler beer hall which had strangely escaped damage—is now a Red Cross recreation center. Everywhere about the gardens of the beer hall where Adolph shouted his aims to the first Nazi recruits—we saw American G.I.s drinking beer. The Peace Statue—one of the beautiful monuments of Munich had a curious story: At the beginning of the American bombing, a wing from the Bird of Peace was shot off. The people of Munich rightly regarded this as a bad omen.

Visited the gauleiter's house (undamaged) where Mussolini stayed in Munich.

An ammunition dump we passed on the outskirts of the city had accidentally exploded only a few days before, and 30 soldiers were killed.

The interpreter who accompanied the escorting American officer told us that he is half Jewish and, because of this, has suffered extreme privations during the war—living underground. During a daylight bombing raid he happened to be in the fields. The pilot of an American fighter plane apparently spied him and came down, apparently to machine-gun him. Knowing that he could not find shelter, he stood up and waved a white handkerchief. The pilot did not shoot. Instead he circled and dropped a small thing out of the plane. It was a pack of cigarettes.

In the late afternoon, walking about the city in the rain, we saw sad-faced people combing the rubble of bombed buildings, hunting for the bodies of loved ones or for personal effects. The population of 830,000 had been reduced to about 600,000.

## Human Contacts in Munich

### Thursday, August 16

Awakened at 6 a.m. after a long night's sleep and, looking from my hotel window, I saw two Nazi soldiers with their packs on their backs coming from the railroad station, having just returned home. They paused here and there in amazement and dejection, examining the piles of rubble.

Our flight to Naples, scheduled for today, was cancelled because

of bad weather over the Alps and instead we visited several damaged churches and mingled with the people praying. Always one sees homecoming German soldiers, and always they have the same funereal expression. Their utter dejection reflects absolute docility.

Any one in Munich will work 12 hours a day for food. At the hotel, when I asked to have clothes pressed and laundering done, the maid, as always, said she would rather have payment in cigarettes and soap instead of money.

We stayed about the hotel, watching the life around it. A German girl was selling etchings her father—a well-known artist—had made. She told us of the privations suffered by the people during the Nazi regime. Her fiance, a German naval doctor, is a prisoner of war in Bremerhaven.

## Friday, August 17

Waiting for clear weather, we visited the press headquarters of Munich, the military government installation, and various other buildings. Then, when told it was improbable that we would get off to Naples today—as the weather was still extremely bad over the Alps, the Brenner Pass being closed—we decided to fly to Naples by way of Paris. The route to Paris was via Frankfurt it's a  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hour flight from Munich to Frankfurt.

## **Over the Danube and Rhine to Paris**

We left at 3:30. Flying over the romantic Danube River, we arrived in Frankfurt for refueling, and took off immediately for Paris. The Rhine River at Bingen, where we crossed, is very beautiful. It winds through hills and cliffs, and the adjacent forests from an air view appear all cut in lovely patterns. We flew over the west bank of the Rhine, over Reims, Verdun and the Argonne Woods, and here again below us were the trenches of the last war.

We arrived in Paris in early evening.

## Flying from Paris to Naples

### Saturday, August 18

Awakened in the glorious sunlight of a Paris morning. The weather is gorgeous indeed and it seems strange to be again in an undevastated city.

Leaving Orley Field at 4:20 for Naples, we headed south down Rhone valley through Dijon, Lyons, and Valence—the source of lace—to Marseilles. The waterfront of Marseilles—we could see from the air—is badly beaten. Refueled at Marseilles, and had dinner at a snack bar. Took off at dusk, flying directly over Toulon. We could see in the harbor the half-sunken remnants of the sacrificed French fleet.

Our plane companions were Australians enroute home; six Chinese newspaper men who had been working in Paris; and a Norwegian pilot who had been interned in Norway and was returning to Naples to try to find his mother.

The steward on our plane was a boy we had flown with many times before on this flight across Europe. He had come with us out of Bremerhaven to Frankfurt; again we met him enroute to Berlin—a Greek-American boy, Nick Panos.

We flew over the French Riviera. The historic isle of Corsica was next, but it was dark when we flew directly over the seaport Bastia—principal city of north Corsica.

Corsica passed, we flew over Elba off the Tuscan coast, place of Napoleon's first exile. Saw the lights of Rome at 9:40 p.m.

# Naples . . . Caserta . . . Rome

#### Sunday, August 19

Arriving at Naples at 11 p.m.—about a 7 hours' flight from Paris—we were met by my brother-in-law, Lieut. Warren Johnson, and an Army conducting officer. Motored to the Parker Hotel, where we found an officer's dance in progress. Had sandwiches and beer, talked of home, and retired early.

Driving through the city, we visited the large assembly depot at the old Naples fair grounds, where our G.I.s are being assembled to be sent home. This depot is the best we have seen; it has swimming pools, large Red Cross installations, immense auditoriums. All of these are ex-Mussolini installations—now used by our Army. Thirty thousand American troops are quartered here.

From the fair grounds we motored to the Naples docks, from which we had a clear view of superb Mt. Vesuvius with a thin trickle of smoke rising from its cone. Turning to the immediate scene, we noted how efficiently the Americans had repaired the port installations.

The Nazis, when they evacuated Naples, sunk all the remaining ships alongside the docks. Our guide, Colonel Retz, told us that because the ships were so sunk, it was simple for our engineers to build a quay site over them. He said that if the Nazis had captured the ships and taken them out into the stream and sunk them, it would have made the use of the basins almost impossible.

After exploring the docks, we motored to Caserta, some 25 miles from Naples, and there visited the famous old palace, where we were greeted by Major General White who commands the Naples area. Along with his associate, Major General Lemnitzer, we lunched in the officer's mess and heard from them intimate accounts of the invasion of Italy, the difficulties with the Russians in Italy, the problems of occupation, and other serious matters.

After lunch we motored north toward Rome through the ex-

quisite but war-torn Italian country. Motoring up the Liri Valley, we stopped at Cassino—the worst demolished place yet seen. Here stood the famous Cassino monastery. The town commands a strategic position at the head of the valley, and one can see why the site was stubbornly fought over for many months.

General Keyes, in Austria, had told us that during the battle of Italy, when they were fighting for Cassino, someone brought in the battle maps and plans of Hannibal's army. In that ancient campaign, the General said, Hannibal was confronted with the same strategic problems our forces were up against.

The famous monastery at Cassino is on a mountain approximately 400 ft. above the city. The town and monastery are located on a bend of the Liri valley—a strategic military spot.

The northward-advancing American Army coming through the valley to the south from Cassino, with mountains on either side, had to pass Cassino to proceed through a widening plain to the approaches of Rome; hence the reason for this place being stubbornly held by the Germans.

Our conducting officer informs us that the entire population of Cassino had moved a few miles to the northwest—where presently a new city will be built. Knowing the habits of people, however, we feel sure the people of Cassino in the future will dig themselves out of the rubble and go back and rebuild their town and original homes.

We talked to persons who were setting up their little businesses in the sea of rubble. They said, "Bye-and-bye, we rebuild."

After leaving Cassino we proceeded northward on the Appian Way to Rome. There was not much damage to the country but every village seemed to have been stubbornly fought for—most of them were in ruins even to the outskirts of Rome.

Arrived in glorious Rome at 7 p.m. and went at once to the famous old Grand Hotel, now conducted as an Army hotel, billeting ranking officers and V.I.P.s. (Dinner, in Army mess, 25c; good Italian wine, 35c per bottle.)

## Audience with His Holiness

We were informed at dinner that an audience had been arranged with His Holiness Pope Pius XII for tomorrow.

#### Monday, August 20

After attending Mass at St. Peter's, a representative of the State Department conducted us to the Vatican. Stopping enroute at the Catholic Club, we purchased Rosary Beads and other ecclesiastical objects as gifts for friends at home, desiring to have them blest by His Holiness.

Passing groups of soldiers on the steps of St. Peter's, we motored to the left of the entrance to St. Peter's and into the Vatican entrance. Conducted to the chambers of His Holiness on the third floor, we walked through seven beautiful rooms. At each room entrance, Swiss Guards clicked their heels and stood at attention while we passed.

Ushered into the ante-chamber of His Holiness, we were met by the chamberlain who asked us to await our audience with the Holy Father. In this ante-room were two superb marble tables; there was a gorgeous gold clock on one. The gold chairs and the exquisite red silk tapestry on the wall were too magnificent for words.

Immediately adjacent to this room was a large chamber known as the Ambassador's room, where His Holiness receives dignitaries from foreign nations. While we waited, the Spanish Ambassador, in diplomatic dress, emerged from a private office of His Holiness. We were introduced.

In a few moments we were escorted into the office of the Holy Father. His Holiness wore a white brocade silk robe. He is a thin man, and has blue eyes—height about 5 feet, 11 inches. His hair is sparse and his face very sad. He greeted us warmly, shaking hands. As I kissed his ring I was impressed by his lovely long fingers. Seated at his desk, he spoke to us in English, and said how happy he was to see us. I gave him the regards Archbishop Spellman sent by me. His Holiness spoke very highly of His Excellency, Archbishop Spellman, particularly as to the ability of His Eminence, and was glad that the Archbishop was equally respected and liked by non-Catholics as well as Catholics.

Speaking to His Holiness about the condition of Germany, we told him of meeting Cardinal Faulhauber in Munich. He was most interested and spoke very highly of Cardinal Faulhauber. When I told him of the wreck of the Frauen Cathedral in Munich, he replied that he was heartsick at so much devastation. He inquired as to whether or not Cardinal Faulhauber's palace had been ruined; we were glad to say that the residence of His Eminence had been only slightly damaged.

I told him of the complete demolition of the Unter den Linden, Potsdamer Platz, and the main section of Berlin; of the damage to the Dom Cathedral, Lutheran Cathedral, and the many Catholic churches. He specifically asked as to the State Museum. When I replied that it was badly damaged, he said: "All too sad to think of."

I reported to him that Count von Preysing, Catholic Bishop of Berlin, was ill; that I therefore had not been able to see him, but that he had sent a personal note of felicitation to His Holiness and also to Archbishop Spellman.

His Holiness speaks excellent English. He spoke very highly of Count von Preysing. He labors a bit with our language, yet his enunciation and grammar are perfect. He has some difficulty in understanding English—one must speak slowly. Speaking and understanding seventeen different languages, he prides himself on addressing foreign visitors in their own tongues.

The Holy Father stated that he knew nothing of the conditions east of Berlin, but understood they are very bad. He was thoroughly familiar with the anti-Communistic work of our press. Also, he seemed thoroughly informed as to conditions in America.

We talked of personal friends in America, and he asked to be 102 kindly remembered to various friends. After about twenty minutes of delightful conversation, we arose to depart.

He asked us if we would accept a gift of Rosary Beads, and we said we would be delighted. He first asked Johnnie Hanes how many pairs he would like. John hesitated, and said, two, if not too many. He gave John two pairs and then he asked me the same question. I wanted to say a dozen but said two.

Then he asked Warren Johnson, my brother-in-law, who was with us, the same question. Warren also replied, two. His Holiness smiled beneficently at Warren and said, "You are a Lieutenant. In English we call you a Leftenant."

He asked us which we wished, black beads or white beads. We diplomatically replied by saying one of each. Upon arising to go, I asked His Holiness if he would bless some of the ecclesiastical objects we had brought with us. He replied "I bless you, your children, your family, your lovely country and your people."

Upon leaving he said to us, "I ask you not to publish anything I've said. I've spoken to you from the heart and not officially." Obviously, I have obeyed his request.

Upon leaving the Vatican, we were told His Holiness has not been outside his quarters for seven years; that during the War, he protected 1000 foreigners in the Vatican, including Russian officials. His Holiness indicated in our conversation he was fighting for freedom of religion in the world; not just Catholicism, but the privilege for everyone to worship God as his conscience dictated.

We were told that, in all of his encyclicals throughout the War, he never once referred to Hitler or Mussolini by name, but instead diplomatically criticized Nazis and Fascists.

From this inspiring audience with His Holiness we returned to the Grand Hotel, having been photographed with the Swiss Guards while in the Vatican.

In the afternoon we went sight-seeing about Rome, mingling with the American soldiers, who were everywhere. The Holy City has been spared the scars of battle.

### Tuesday, August 21

Visited the U. S. press control officers who supervise the Italian press. The censorship of the Italian press was explained to us—it is conducted along the lines explained to us at Bad Homburg in Germany. Later we visited the Allied High Command and had a splendid conversation with Admiral Ellery Stone, in command of the civil affairs of Italy. The Admiral explained to us the conduct of the Allied Occupation Command of Italy, and described the integrated command. The British, Russians, French, and other commissioners sit on a board with him and he in turn acts as Commander-in-Chief of the Civil Command of Italy.

The Admiral indicated that he felt their procedure was much better than that of Berlin as, by their procedure, the Allied forces in Italy could settle their problems behind closed doors and then an order could be issued by one Commander, and not by each of the Allied Commanders, as in Berlin.

We were told (not by Admiral Stone but by diplomatic representatives of ours and the British Government) that the Russians grab everything, and that it is most necessary for us to have 100,000 men here in uniform to insure law and order.

Our Army and Navy officials advise that we should stay out of the Italian politics; let the Italians run their own politics, but supervise the business of the nation, such as food supplies, transportation, etc.

Members of our High Command in Rome expressed great satisfaction that General MacArthur had been given supreme command in Japan. They thought it would be suicidal to allow the Russians to participate in the Japanese Command.

## **Confidential Chat with Count Umberta**

After a delightful visit with our Military Command we went to the palace of Crown Prince Umberta, and had a delightfully friendly and personal chat with him. The Royal Palace is a lovely building reflecting the grandeur of antiquity. Prince Umberta is a man of about 45 and thin. His face reflects a sad attitude. Speaking perfect Oxford English, he was entirely willing to talk with us off the record, and said it would be excellent for our Government to publicize amongst the Italian people the good features of our democracy, and offset the Russians who have so much opportunity to reflect continually in the press the benefits of collectivism, as is now the case.

The Prince, off the record, told us about many important political undercurrents in Italy.

He stated he would gladly step down if that is what his people wish; that though he had been trained from childhood to rule his people, personally he preferred the quiet of civilian rather than public life. He wanted, however, to do what was right for his people as they were then poorly fed and clothed.

He stated there were 22,000,000 eligible voters in Italy of which there were only 2,000,000 registered eligible for voting at the next election. The people of Italy, he said, were frightened to go to the polls. Dominated by Fascism for 17 years, they were fearful of hart to their persons if they went and voted as they felt. They must be trained in the ways of democracy and it would take time, patience and perseverance on the part of our Army officials. Prisoners of war, he thought, should come home before an election was held.

The Italian people, the Prince said, were saying, "Mussolini gave kilos of macaroni per week; under the democracy of the Americans we are getting nothing." He reflected the sentiment General Keyes expressed to me at Salzburg. The nation that feeds the Italians will have the Italians.

One of the members of the Prince's household said forcefully that the Americans should not leave Italy—that the "brains" of our Army, if only in skeleton force, should stay to maintain law and order; that if our Army departed they were intensely fearful of Communism.

# An Evening with the Italian Cabinet

The Minister of the Royal household, Lucifero, asked us to attend a small informal dinner party at his home that evening. A guest was Prime Minister Parri, a gentleman of a mild-spoken, professional type. During the Fascist regime he was regarded as a Liberal or Leftist. He indicated a definite antipathy to Communists.

Present also were War Minister Brosoi of the Liberal Party; Count Jacini, a member of the Catholic Party; and Minister Zanniboni, who at one time attempted to assassinate Mussolini. Apprehended, he served some 17 years in prison. Zanniboni seemed to be the hero of the hour—everyone toasted him and complimented him upon his liberation.

The members of the Cabinet present all indicated that they were definitely anti-Fascist and anti-Communist. We asked Parri what Italy needed most. He replied: "1. Bread. 2. Meat. 3. Coal. We need," he said, "a billion dollars to get our factories going. The elections should be postponed until such time as our economy is re-established, otherwise I am frightened as to the outcome of the elections."

I asked one of the ministers: "Why are you so disturbed about Communism, Italy being a Catholic country and the Church being so opposed to Communism?"

His reply was: "We are 45,000,000 people in Italy and all Catholics. The United States is a Protestant country. The Catholics in America realize that from time to time they may be called upon to fight and defend their religion. Not so in Italy. Our Catholicism comes to us at birth. We do not take threats to it seriously. Our people, many of whom are uneducated, do not know Communism is anti-Catholic, hence the reason we want the continuing of your Army of Occupation—until our people can be thoroughly educated as to the iniquities of Soviet dictatorship."

We asked the Ministers what they felt about Italy paying reparations. They said unanimously that Italy was economically ruined and could not pay any reparations. They said Italy should have returned to it one new battleship, and the three new ships taken from them by the Allies. They also wanted a billion dollar credit for the purchase of food; with such a credit, they said, they could build a Government that would satisfy America as to its stability.

The Ministers definitely claim they should not be deprived of Trieste—that no government of any party in Italy would subscribe to their losing Trieste.

Tripolitania, they said, is a desert and worthless to them; that they should be allowed to keep Eritrea as part of their homeland. They were also unanimous in their statement that they would be agreeable to an initial trusteeship of their colonies which would not include Russia.

Speaking of reparations, they said the territory they would lose —Ethiopia, Albania, Dodecanese—was in itself sufficient reparations, as Italy had spent untold sums in developing these territories and would lose them. They further stated consideration should be given the devastation of their country by bombing.

We were rather amused by the Ministers' request for rehabilitation funds, etc. They talked with us as if they were our allies and not former enemies, and urged to be treated as allies.

These gentlemen agreed that their hopes for a future Italy lay entirely in the hands of the Americans—not British. They wanted nothing to do with Russia. They said America went to war to help civilization, and that Italy was one of the great countries they had helped to build through immigrant Italians who had become Americans. They stated if America allows Greece, Italy and Spain to function on their own, European civilization will be in a complete mess.

Upon our leaving, the Ministers affirmed that they unanimously agreed that America must keep Russia out of Italy.

We returned to our hotel after a very thoughtful and enjoyable evening.

### Travels around Rome

#### Wednesday, August 22

Spent the day sight-seeing, visiting various towns of interest. Motoring to Villa d'Este, we saw the splendid old castle, with glorious waterfalls. The severely-bombed city adjacent to Villa d'Este was in ruins.

Visited all the points of interest in Rome—the Coliseum, St. Peter's, Pantheon. In the square adjacent to the beautiful Victor Emmanuel statue—commonly referred to by the Americans as "The Wedding Cake" (as that is what it looks like)—we saw an amusing signboard. On the walls of the buildings were painted grand Fascist maps of the Italian Empire—Ethiopia, etc.—glorifying the former conquests of the Italians. Over one of these beautiful designs was a realistic direction sign, "Allied Pro Station," meaning "Allied Prophylactic Station."

We saw with a lot of interest the balcony from where Mussolini made his speeches. Now, underneath the balcony is the original Fascist flag torn to shreds.

After dinner our conducting officer took us to the Excelsior Hotel, now an Allied Officers' hotel and officers' night club. The lively resort was filled with young allied officers all jitter-bugging with Italian girls. It reminded me of a typical Broadway dance hall—bad liquor was being consumed by everyone.

The Italian girls, we were told, are fascinated by the generous American G.I.s who show them some fun, unlike the Italian men who keep them at home. The Italian men, however, resent their girls going out with the American G.I.s and in many cases shave the heads of the girls if they have seen them with foreign officers.

# Talks with Generals in Paris

## Thursday, August 23

The next day, we enplaned for Paris, returning via Corsia, Elba, Marseilles, etc.—the same route we came by to Naples from Paris. At Marseilles we had engine failure shortly after taking off, and we returned to the airdrome, entered another plane, and arrived in Paris late at night.

Spent the next two or three days in Paris sight-seeing and renewing our talks to American officers. Visited with various Generals at the George V Hotel.

One General said: "I have seen looting in China in 1924. Nothing, however, like Berlin has been looted by the Russians—they not only commandeered the rolling stock, but also took up the rails."

Another American General lamented the unfortunate case of a thoughtless young G.I. who, on surrender, locked up hundreds of German prisoners in boxcars without ventilation. When the cars were opened, it was found that 165 Germans had been smothered to death. The same General said that during the German surrender it was impossible to handle all of the prisoners who gave themselves up to the Americans; that in one day forty German Generals came in and surrendered to him personally.

One of the Generals said: "Germany is finished. They will never start another War in our lifetime. Why are we dilly-dallying about the future? The people of Germany and all conquered Europe are hungry. We must make up our minds what we wish to do. If we want isolation, we should have it. If we want to mingle in European politics, we should have a foreign policy—America never has had a consistent foreign policy."

On Saturday we witnessed the pageant, parties, etc., commemorating the first anniversary of the liberation of France. The French were all having a gala day. Went to the American Finance office and had all our European money changed back to American currency. This had to be done, as occupied currency would not be honored in the U.S.

Visited the Paris Post Exchange in the Seine sector, conducted for the American G.I.s. Here was a large store almost resembling one of our huge department stores—thousands of our soldiers were buying American goods. We were each given permission to buy one Swiss watch, sold by the Swiss manufacturer to the American Army at manufacturing cost.

At 11 Saturday evening the bells of Paris tolled for one-half hour commemorating the freedom of the city.

#### Sunday, August 26

Breakfasted with Major General R. Smith, a high-school classmate, and chatted about old times and mutual friends.

Went to Mass and then visited Notre Dame. Went to the Cathedral Madeleine where Mass was being said at 4 for American soldiers.

## **The Flight Home**

Our plane took off from Orley Field for America at 8 p.m.

Had an uneventful flight to Santa Maria in the Azores, though we encountered severe headwinds which made us late. Hopping from the Azores to Stevensville, Newfoundland, we flew another  $8\frac{1}{2}$  hours against severe headwinds, arriving at 2 p.m.

When we took off for Stevensville we were told our plane was going to Washington instead of New York, much to the disgust of the New York passengers. The reason was, we were informed, that there was a staff officer aboard who had effected a change to the Washington destination. And so, flying over New York about 7 and circling the City, we were given an unwanted sight-seeing trip of familiar New York. The New York passengers complained bitterly—"Why not put us down at La Guardia instead of sight-seeing?"

Flown instead to Washington, we arrived there about 8, and had a two hours' wait going through customs, medical inspection, etc., finally flying back to New York. But the little annoyances at the end were soon forgotten as we reviewed on the way home the courteous attentions we had received on a most interesting and instructive trip.

We liked the G.I.s and their commanders and were tremendously impressed with the job they had done in Europe. All the same, how glad we were to be home and out of the horror and havoc in Europe. We found ourselves offering thanks that we are Americans who can live in peace and quiet.

AND SO ENDS THE DIARY.

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