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.