

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 sees 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 quarters, 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