

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

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-boxes—relics 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