

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 Oeynhaus—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 beau-

tiful 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 cigar-maker. 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.