

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 invest-

ment. 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