

The Peace Statue—one of the beautiful monuments of Munich—had a curious story: At the beginning of the American bombing, a wing from the Bird of Peace was shot off. The people of Munich rightly regarded this as a bad omen.

Visited the gauleiter's house (undamaged) where Mussolini stayed in Munich.

An ammunition dump we passed on the outskirts of the city had accidentally exploded only a few days before, and 30 soldiers were killed.

The interpreter who accompanied the escorting American officer told us that he is half Jewish and, because of this, has suffered extreme privations during the war—living underground. During a daylight bombing raid he happened to be in the fields. The pilot of an American fighter plane apparently spied him and came down, apparently to machine-gun him. Knowing that he could not find shelter, he stood up and waved a white handkerchief. The pilot did not shoot. Instead he circled and dropped a small thing out of the plane. It was a pack of cigarettes.

In the late afternoon, walking about the city in the rain, we saw sad-faced people combing the rubble of bombed buildings, hunting for the bodies of loved ones or for personal effects. The population of 830,000 had been reduced to about 600,000.

## ***Human Contacts in Munich***

*Thursday, August 16*

Awakened at 6 a.m. after a long night's sleep and, looking from my hotel window, I saw two Nazi soldiers with their packs on their backs coming from the railroad station, having just returned home. They paused here and there in amazement and dejection, examining the piles of rubble.

Our flight to Naples, scheduled for today, was cancelled because

of bad weather over the Alps and instead we visited several damaged churches and mingled with the people praying. Always one sees homecoming German soldiers, and always they have the same funereal expression. Their utter dejection reflects absolute docility.

Any one in Munich will work 12 hours a day for food. At the hotel, when I asked to have clothes pressed and laundering done, the maid, as always, said she would rather have payment in cigarettes and soap instead of money.

We stayed about the hotel, watching the life around it. A German girl was selling etchings her father—a well-known artist—had made. She told us of the privations suffered by the people during the Nazi regime. Her fiance, a German naval doctor, is a prisoner of war in Bremerhaven.

*Friday, August 17*

Waiting for clear weather, we visited the press headquarters of Munich, the military government installation, and various other buildings. Then, when told it was improbable that we would get off to Naples today—as the weather was still extremely bad over the Alps, the Brenner Pass being closed—we decided to fly to Naples by way of Paris. The route to Paris was via Frankfurt—it's a 1½ hour flight from Munich to Frankfurt.

### ***Over the Danube and Rhine to Paris***

We left at 3:30. Flying over the romantic Danube River, we arrived in Frankfurt for refueling, and took off immediately for Paris. The Rhine River at Bingen, where we crossed, is very beautiful. It winds through hills and cliffs, and the adjacent forests from an air view appear all cut in lovely patterns. We flew over the