

west bank of the Rhine, over Reims, Verdun and the Argonne Woods, and here again below us were the trenches of the last war.

We arrived in Paris in early evening.

## *Flying from Paris to Naples*

*Saturday, August 18*

Awakened in the glorious sunlight of a Paris morning. The weather is gorgeous indeed and it seems strange to be again in an undevastated city.

Leaving Orley Field at 4:20 for Naples, we headed south down Rhone valley through Dijon, Lyons, and Valence—the source of lace—to Marseilles. The waterfront of Marseilles—we could see from the air—is badly beaten. Refueled at Marseilles, and had dinner at a snack bar. Took off at dusk, flying directly over Toulon. We could see in the harbor the half-sunken remnants of the sacrificed French fleet.

Our plane companions were Australians enroute home; six Chinese newspaper men who had been working in Paris; and a Norwegian pilot who had been interned in Norway and was returning to Naples to try to find his mother.

The steward on our plane was a boy we had flown with many times before on this flight across Europe. He had come with us out of Bremerhaven to Frankfurt; again we met him enroute to Berlin—a Greek-American boy, Nick Panos.

We flew over the French Riviera. The historic isle of Corsica was next, but it was dark when we flew directly over the seaport Bastia—principal city of north Corsica.

Corsica passed, we flew over Elba off the Tuscan coast, place of Napoleon's first exile. Saw the lights of Rome at 9:40 p.m.