

dump of thousands of tons of ammunition. Noel Vincent met us and invited us to dine with him at the RAF Officer's Club, located in a palace once owned by the Rothschilds. Motoring there, we noticed that everyone walks—no vehicles other than Army equipment.

The delightful dinner in the fine RAF mess cost our host 20c.

In Brussels and Bremen

Saturday, August 4.

Up early, toured and inspected Brussels. Breakfast in the mess at the Palace Hotel: sausage, tomatoes and tea.

Visited the Guild Hall, the famous building of Brussels, and also saw the grand palaces of the king. Everywhere on the streets one sees charming flower stands. Visited the fountain place of the famous mannequin. Did not have time to go out to the famous battlefield of Waterloo, 15 miles away. Saw the Palace of Justice which the Germans destroyed by fire. Visited Leopold's palace with its garden of gracefully-interwoven trees, and went to the superb Royal Theatre.

The American mess hall is underground in an uncompleted railroad station that was being built before the war, similar to the underground installation of Grand Central in New York. The officer in charge told us that they were feeding 5,000 American leave troops per day. Huge steam kettles; enormous amounts of food being consumed by our soldiers. Brussels is a popular spot for all G.I.s on leave.

Reporting to the office of General Koenig, with whom we were to have lunch, I noticed a chart which reported 60 cases of infantile paralysis in Brussels in the last week—the plague had increased from 10 cases the week before.

At General Koenig's luncheon, he expressed his views that soldiers should be taught morality; they should not be allowed to smoke or drink, and should be made to go to church.

Speaking of equipment, he told us the British were in a bad way for commercial planes after the war, as they had manufactured principally fighter planes, while we, the Americans, had manufactured bombers and large aircraft which could be converted into commercial carriers. He said he would sell every pound of equipment to the Belgians and give nothing away. Telling of the returning American prisoners of war, who are referred to as "ramps", he said their service records were lost and that AWOLs were mixed in with the released boys, and there were some 85,000 of these. He told of the difficulty in feeding these liberated American boys. Immediately upon their release, he said, they demanded steaks and other coveted meats they had not seen. The doctors had found that such a diet would, and did, kill some of the boys, so they were placed on a baby diet of chicken broth, strained foods, etc. This caused great discontent among them, and all were waiting the day when they could "tear into" a big steak and French fried potatoes.

Motoring to the Brussels airport, we departed at 12:20 p.m. for Bremen. We flew up through Nijmegen, the scene of heavy fighting last December; crossed the Waal River, and proceeded westward, crossing the Rhine at Emmerich, which is completely devastated.

American Headquarters at Bremen

The farms beneath us, as always, looked perfectly manicured. We flew in a northwesterly direction cutting off a corner of Holland, entering Germany again at Schuttorf, continuing on to badly-damaged Bremen.

Col. Daley, of Chicago, met us and motored us to the headquarters of the Bremen enclave. Bremen, including Bremerhaven, is in the American zone of occupation—a zone about 90 miles long and 30 miles wide with a railroad running down the southern part. Eventually it will become the sole port