

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

discharged German officers and men still wearing their uniforms, with all insignia and marks of rank removed.

All Americans in the Army of Occupation carry side-arms. They tell you they have no need for side-arms, as the people are meek, but they may need their guns this cold winter when hunger is rampant.

### *Across North Germany to Copenhagen*

We left Fughagen airport at 11:45 for Copenhagen. Sitting next to me on the plane was a Capt. Reilly from Lake Placid, who had been hit in the head by shrapnel in Normandy. Three days later he awakened in a hospital in London and now is completely well. He says the American doctors have done a wonderful job. The Captain, stationed in Norway, told me the Norwegians did not suffer during the occupancy of the Germans as much as our O.W.I. led us to believe.

One of the common expressions used by the American Army when something is accomplished for you is "LAY ON!" For instance, you "lay on" a plane; you "lay on" a trip; "lay on" a dinner, etc.

On this Copenhagen trip, almost everyone in the plane was British. Flying over the delightful countryside of north Germany, we arrived at the Copenhagen airport in an hour and a half. Here my friend, Noel Vincent, met us, having flown his Mosquito up from Brussels to spend Sunday with us in Copenhagen.

We had an excellent lunch at the airdrome in Copenhagen. It was a beautiful warm day as we motored to the city—some 10 to 15 miles from the airport. We rode in a dilapidated taxi powered by a wood-burner that generates gas from chips of wood.

In the city we passed the Shell Oil Building, which received the only bomb damage in Copenhagen. They tell this story about it:—