

Our host said to me, "We are a clean people. We teach our children to wash always before meals. We preach cleanliness."

He said, "We need coal very badly. We are forced to burn peat and unless we can get coal, our industries cannot function for export."

Our host then drove us out to a little suburb called Klampenborg, and we stopped at Bellevue Terrace, a beautiful hotel on the Baltic. Here we could see the Swedish coast, fifteen miles across sea.

Wherever one goes, he is given beer. First you drink schnapps, which is a distilled caraway seed drink, fiery like vodka, and then after your schnapps, you drink beer as a "chaser."

The British are everywhere in Copenhagen—they are again starting to do business. Britain, of course, buys butter, bacon, and farm products from Denmark.

In the evening we entertained RAF officers and their girls at the Coq d'Or restaurant—the check for the fine meal for twenty, with appropriate wines, etc., was \$100.

All over Europe you are told that Copenhagen and Stockholm are the two best cities in Europe today.

## ***Strafing on the Flight back to Bremen***

*Tuesday, August 7*

Noel Vincent, with another marvelous Mosquito, flew us to Bremen. We flew over the gorgeous Danish farm lands, across the Baltic, and entered Germany at Lubeck. The Mosquito will only accommodate two persons—the pilot and the navigator. The navigator sat on an oil can between my legs while I sat in his seat alongside Noel, the pilot. We were cruising at 350 miles an hour at an altitude of about 200 feet.

When we came over Germany, Noel asked me through the intercommunicating system if I wanted to see how they strafed. I said, "Of course." He took me down to about 50 feet above the road and flew down a long road showing me how they manipulated their machine guns on the road. This was indeed a thrill.

From Lubeck we flew directly to Hamburg, and circled two or three times at a very low altitude. Here again you see a city laid waste.

The airfield at Bremen was too short for our Mosquito—Vincent barely managed to squeeze in. There was quite a bit of excitement when we landed, as this is an American Army airfield and permission had to be requested for a British plane to land. All of the American fliers at the field came out to inspect the British Mosquito, for which they have profound respect.

There were 176 raids in Bremen and the big raid was April 26th, the last day of the war for Bremen. After the raids the Germans used a machine which they put into the rubble to detect the heartbeats of imprisoned persons.

Every house in Bremen has a raid shelter. A German delayed bomb in a building exploded 3 weeks ago and killed 23 civilians, including some Americans.

No cigarette stub ever hits the street in Germany. It is picked up the moment it is flicked away.

Lunched again in the Rathskeller and visited the Kaiser's room with its lovely mahogany panelling. It is indeed a splendid restaurant with its six huge beer vats and it is fortunate it was spared.

When we went to the Finance Office to change some money the sergeant stared at us and asked if he might feel our clothes—we were the first American civilians he had seen.

The soap, formerly 80% fat content, is now 20% fat. There is no coffee.

Leaving Bremen at 2:40 p.m. we arrived at Frankfurt-am-Main at 4 p.m. The cultivated German countryside showed very little bomb damage, but an engineer sitting next to me in the plane told me that all of the bridges over the Rhine were destroyed.

Arriving at the air field in Frankfurt, we saw a great commotion—General Patton was about to enplane. The General puts on a big show—many aircraft, cars, sirens blowing, tin helmets flashing in the sun, and much fanfare.

Motoring through the ruined city of Frankfurt, we noted the churches, the railway station gone; the Opera House, the Carlton Hotel and the Excelsior Hotel still standing. Schumann's, across from the railway station, is badly beaten.

The I. G. Farben Building is the headquarters of our Army of Occupation. This fine structure was formerly the office building for the leading chemical company of Germany. It has 7 floors and 6 wings—one damaged wing has since been rebuilt. Everything surrounding it is completely demolished.

Assigned to quarters at the visitor's guest house in a suburb of Frankfurt called Konigstein, we were told that this "liberated" house was the former home of a Jewish doctor and had been then taken over by the German Postoffice after their building had been destroyed. It is a beautiful up-to-date home with large dining rooms, 20 to 30 bedrooms, and lovely gardens with pools. The gardens overlook gorgeous mountains resembling our Adirondack country.

We dined with the officials of the UNRRA, and at dinner they told us about the many problems of the D.P.s. Up to August 1st, 4,100,000 D.P.s have been repatriated, but there are still 2,157,000 left in Germany requiring repatriation. Of these, there are 1,000,000 Poles and 500,000 Slavs, with 260,000 Italians. Many of the Poles will not go home, and there are also many supposedly "White" Russians who will not return home.

### ***Russian Conviviality***

In a camp adjacent to Frankfurt are some 800 Russian D.P.s, 500 of whom are in the hospital as a result of drinking buzz-bomb