

tioned in Berlin. The handsome Press Club is located in a "liberated" house; the former home of "Strength Through Joy" Dr. Ley.

Still later, we attended a concert in the auditorium of the Harnack House—a conglomeration of state opera and vaudeville conducted in German but given for American officers. The talent was good. At the end of the program, the combined chorus sang with gusto what the Master of Ceremonies called a new composition—"Berlin Will Rise Again." The theme was that again will rise the Potsdamer Platz, the Alexander Platz, the Leipziger Strasse, etc. Many of the American officers left in disgust. Parenthetically speaking, Berlin may rise again but it's going to be a late rising, for they are a beaten nation and fully realize it.

Take-off for Munich

Sunday, August 12

Departed early for Templehof Airfield. Took off for Frankfurt-an-Main, where we arrived at 9:45 a.m. Capt. Mullikin, a former associate, met and motored us from Frankfurt to Bad Nauheim. Lunch at the hotel of Dr. Groudel (famous heart specialist).

The shops were all closed—no merchandise.

Bad Nauheim is a gorgeous spot. This famous watering resort was used as a hospital center for the German air force during the war. Just one bomb hit here—it struck the Kurs House which housed Radio Frankfurt, and destroyed the radio station.

This place is going to be used as the headquarters for the American Army to write the history of the war. You can imagine no lovelier spot to be billeted for such a job.

After lunch we returned to Frankfurt and took off at 4 p.m. Arriving at Munich 6 p.m., we were met at the airfield by an officer who motored us to Bad Weisse—a village in the Bavarian

Alps on the Tegernsee—a lovely lake. Here are the press headquarters for the Third Army.

Motoring down the autobahn through the glorious pines in the foothills of the Bavarian Alps, we saw hundreds of destroyed Nazi planes. We also saw a U. S. Army airfield, on which were parked, wing to wing, approximately 500 superforts—as far as the eye could see.

What an impression—to leave the dead, cold, rainy, clammy Berlin at 8 a.m. and then be in this charming country, 35 miles outside of Munich, for dinner.

With American Boys in the Alps

Strolling around, we met up with a G.I. who was a shell-shock patient. Entering a German beer garden, we went to the second floor where there was a sign displayed, "Civilians not allowed." The MP, thinking we were German civilians, wanted to throw us out, but when we laughed and joked with him, the boys began to realize we were Americans from home. We identified ourselves by showing our Army cards and passports and from then on were the center of attraction. They asked us questions galore. Boys from California, boys from Omaha, Brooklyn, etc., all had just one thing in mind—WHEN ARE WE GOING HOME? We spent an enjoyable evening buying them beer.

Monday, August 13

Having promised the G.I.s of the previous evening I would join them for breakfast in their mess, I arrived at 8 o'clock. We ate cafeteria style—2 fried eggs, bacon, orange juice, bread and coffee. Never have I eaten a better breakfast—the American Army certainly eats well. I promised many of the boys to write to their parents telling them they were well and enjoying life in this gorgeous Bavarian setting.