

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.

The boys took me about and proudly showed me their homes. They were living in "liberated" Bavarian houses—schlosses that have lovely decorative paintings on the outside walls representing fairy tales, religious themes, etc. We looked up to Bavarian gables that were quaint, artistic sights.

The little village looks as if it never knew there was such a thing as war; the only evidence of it is the presence of the G.I.s.

Where Patton Lived

General Patton lives across the lake in a "liberated" villa. Patton was away—we did not see him.

I observed kindling wood piled neatly against a house. It was the most orderly stacking of wood I have ever seen. The edges looked as if they had been filed, so neatly were they arranged. The village as usual was spotless.

We motored down the autobahn through the beautiful Bavarian country, passing the Chiam See, large mountain lake.

All the bridges on the way were blown out by the retreating Germans but our Army had quickly constructed detours. We were continually greeted with signs, "This detour constructed by the 101st Engineers," etc., etc., showing that our Army engineers have great pride in their work.

Scenes in Austria

Arrived at Salzburg, Austria, in time for lunch and were quartered at a fine hotel with attractive rooms. Everywhere we saw lines upon lines of American trucks. There were hundreds of demolished German planes on an airfield there. The only damage done to Salzburg was to the beautiful cathedral.