

Cardinal Faulhauber thoughtfully inquired about friends in America and gave me personal greetings for three or four American friends.

We spent about 20 minutes with the venerable cardinal. He grieved over the awful devastation and the pitiful condition of the people. Upon leaving his presence we were told by our Army officer guide—now Public Relations Officer of Munich—that 2 years ago the Nazis ordered the cardinal's arrest and he sent word to them that he would present himself for arrest in the cathedral the next day. As promised, he appeared at the cathedral clothed in his state robes for arrest, but in the square outside of the cathedral some 20,000 people had gathered as the word passed around that their beloved cardinal was to be imprisoned, and the Nazis were frightened off from making the arrest.

Upon the occupation of Munich by the Americans, Cardinal Faulhauber issued a statement to the effect that he was glad the Americans were in Munich and that he would work with them for the betterment of the people, but if they committed any unwise or outrageous act, he would be just as critical of them as he had been of the Nazis.

The cardinal gave an ironical touch to things at the beginning of the American occupation, when the unpopular fraternization ban was on. He refused to allow American Catholics to kiss his ring. "I want to obey the non-fraternization order," he said.

Hitler's Beer Hall

Motoring about the city, we saw that the charming old Four Seasons Hotel had been bombed. It is now a hotel for transient G.I.s. It interested us to note that the notorious Hitler beer hall—which had strangely escaped damage—is now a Red Cross recreation center. Everywhere about the gardens of the beer hall—where Adolph shouted his aims to the first Nazi recruits—we saw American G.I.s drinking beer.

The Peace Statue—one of the beautiful monuments of Munich—had a curious story: At the beginning of the American bombing, a wing from the Bird of Peace was shot off. The people of Munich rightly regarded this as a bad omen.

Visited the gauleiter's house (undamaged) where Mussolini stayed in Munich.

An ammunition dump we passed on the outskirts of the city had accidentally exploded only a few days before, and 30 soldiers were killed.

The interpreter who accompanied the escorting American officer told us that he is half Jewish and, because of this, has suffered extreme privations during the war—living underground. During a daylight bombing raid he happened to be in the fields. The pilot of an American fighter plane apparently spied him and came down, apparently to machine-gun him. Knowing that he could not find shelter, he stood up and waved a white handkerchief. The pilot did not shoot. Instead he circled and dropped a small thing out of the plane. It was a pack of cigarettes.

In the late afternoon, walking about the city in the rain, we saw sad-faced people combing the rubble of bombed buildings, hunting for the bodies of loved ones or for personal effects. The population of 830,000 had been reduced to about 600,000.

Human Contacts in Munich

Thursday, August 16

Awakened at 6 a.m. after a long night's sleep and, looking from my hotel window, I saw two Nazi soldiers with their packs on their backs coming from the railroad station, having just returned home. They paused here and there in amazement and dejection, examining the piles of rubble.

Our flight to Naples, scheduled for today, was cancelled because