

of bad weather over the Alps and instead we visited several damaged churches and mingled with the people praying. Always one sees homecoming German soldiers, and always they have the same funereal expression. Their utter dejection reflects absolute docility.

Any one in Munich will work 12 hours a day for food. At the hotel, when I asked to have clothes pressed and laundering done, the maid, as always, said she would rather have payment in cigarettes and soap instead of money.

We stayed about the hotel, watching the life around it. A German girl was selling etchings her father—a well-known artist—had made. She told us of the privations suffered by the people during the Nazi regime. Her fiance, a German naval doctor, is a prisoner of war in Bremerhaven.

*Friday, August 17*

Waiting for clear weather, we visited the press headquarters of Munich, the military government installation, and various other buildings. Then, when told it was improbable that we would get off to Naples today—as the weather was still extremely bad over the Alps, the Brenner Pass being closed—we decided to fly to Naples by way of Paris. The route to Paris was via Frankfurt—it's a 1½ hour flight from Munich to Frankfurt.

### ***Over the Danube and Rhine to Paris***

We left at 3:30. Flying over the romantic Danube River, we arrived in Frankfurt for refueling, and took off immediately for Paris. The Rhine River at Bingen, where we crossed, is very beautiful. It winds through hills and cliffs, and the adjacent forests from an air view appear all cut in lovely patterns. We flew over the

west bank of the Rhine, over Reims, Verdun and the Argonne Woods, and here again below us were the trenches of the last war.

We arrived in Paris in early evening.

## *Flying from Paris to Naples*

*Saturday, August 18*

Awakened in the glorious sunlight of a Paris morning. The weather is gorgeous indeed and it seems strange to be again in an undevastated city.

Leaving Orley Field at 4:20 for Naples, we headed south down Rhone valley through Dijon, Lyons, and Valence—the source of lace—to Marseilles. The waterfront of Marseilles—we could see from the air—is badly beaten. Refueled at Marseilles, and had dinner at a snack bar. Took off at dusk, flying directly over Toulon. We could see in the harbor the half-sunken remnants of the sacrificed French fleet.

Our plane companions were Australians enroute home; six Chinese newspaper men who had been working in Paris; and a Norwegian pilot who had been interned in Norway and was returning to Naples to try to find his mother.

The steward on our plane was a boy we had flown with many times before on this flight across Europe. He had come with us out of Bremerhaven to Frankfurt; again we met him enroute to Berlin—a Greek-American boy, Nick Panos.

We flew over the French Riviera. The historic isle of Corsica was next, but it was dark when we flew directly over the seaport Bastia—principal city of north Corsica.

Corsica passed, we flew over Elba off the Tuscan coast, place of Napoleon's first exile. Saw the lights of Rome at 9:40 p.m.