

January 5, 1962

This letter is written generally, not to a specific person. It is for the purpose of recording thoughts for the future???regret??? Anyway, a nice young lady, Carol Parenti, drove me to New York. She is a very good driver and did a very nice piece of work which I appreciate. The Airport was Idlewild. I advise people not to go there for they will get lost. Anyway, I did. The impression had been imprinted on me that there would be a customs inspection imposed on me. The gentleman just waved at me and said "Go along Nick" and I did. I arrived at 6 P.M. The plane was to leave at 8 PM. Well, it was going to be two hours late. This immediately brought up the old problem of supply and demand. Would there supply of Manhattans be able to take care of my demand for them for four hours? When I was advised that there were to be supplied to me as I wished, for nothing, and by the Lufthansa, I was immediately sure that they would not have enough. The personnel of the Lufthansa was very fine. No, I guess that I should say, beautiful, Each female was more beautiful than the previous one. And they were all beautiful. I could only think that I wish that Art Schmidt were here to appreciate all this, but if he had been, I would never have arrived in Germany. He would never have gotten by the first one. I don't Talk German but the name Schmidt, seems to an Open Sesame in this country. From now on I am going to use the name of Schmidt. Anyway, after all "Ms" and reading thru four magazines, the Plane was finally announced. I couldn't find the thing. I wasn't lost. The plane was lost. I knew where I was. Inbetween I had my troubles with Pulchra and Tude. They had it. Between them, they got me on the plane. In the meantime I had had a ham and egg sandwich with the Co-Pilot of the Plane, Flight 403. He was a rough, tough, fine looking boy. He said, I will get you to Germany. He did. I question whether I should call these things that one travels thru the air in a plane. Brother – Whooooo-oop, that's it. You are there, I must stop in passing, and mention the stewardess on the plane? rocket? whatever it was, (it burned forty tons of oil to get me here). She had the stupidist hair do that I have ever seen. If it was possible, I would describe it. But it is truly impossible. As I have said, the plane got lost. If finally found me, all five hundred ton of it. I went to get aboard. Big commotion. I had to travel in a special part of the plan? rocket? or whatever it was. I was in First Class. Well, Pulchra and Tude, finally got me into this vehicle? You call it what you will, and put me in a seat and strapped me in. Then I did begin having troubles. In my right hand Champagne. In my left hand Schnapps. In front of me food. they kept me so busy eating and drinking that the next thing I heard was Cologne. Any here I am.

Now a new Pulchra met me. Now think back and consider. I was to go to Germany. I had a ticket that so said. After that I knew nothing. On the (vehicle) that brought me here I just sat back and laughed. What is going to happen to me next?

Well, a new Pulchritude met me at landing, and if Schmidt had been with me, that would have been the end of the trip. Bang, I am to meet you. I will introduce you to your, I think that she said companion, (but what she meant was Baby Sitter). Not talking the language, I need one. Now this Baby Sitter that I have to care for me is six feet, four at the least. A very fine person he is, (not she). I said to him you must be six feet four. He said "I don't know, we are on the metric system, how much is six feet four." Anyway, I like him. He thereupon advises me that here is your car. (A brand new Mercedes). It will be at your disposal while you are here. This is your chauffeur, Paul. Tell him when you want him and he will be there. This is your hotel and this is your room. I am sitting on the Rhine. More about that later. Now I am going to have a nap

Well, now I have had the nap. To speak of this Rhine River. It is really a highway. I gaze out the window. upon it. It is a very nice river but what surprises one is the fact that it carries so much traffic. At one time I counted nineteen barges or canal boats whichever you want to call them in front of me at one time. They amaze me. Half going one way and half going the other. They don't pass one on the right and one on the left. They just sort of filter thru. I have been waiting for two of them to crash together, but so far it has not happened. But I'll keep watching. It just has to happen sometime and I want to be around to see it. You see, not like the rivers in the U.S. the Rhine flows north. And it flows very fast. Now here in Bonn on January 7, it is like April in Connecticut though it is probably further north in longitude than Hartford, There are no leaves on the trees but the grass is greening up,

Well, six foot four met me, and here I am in the hotel. I just cannot describe this river. While I have written the last paragraph at least fifty canal boats (self-propelled) have gone by. One loaded with at least a hundred Mercedes. I checked them thru my binocular (made in Japan).

I just called the desk for ice. The lady said Herr Nichols. I didn't have any clothes on and had just been looking at my chest as I was typing. I wondered how she knew that I had hair on my chest, over the telephone until I remembered that Herr meant Mr.

This Federal German Republic is a very practical Nation. First everyone does a days work. No one tries to chisel out of doing a day of work, and if they have to, they will do two days work in one.

So, anyway, six feet four, (my baby sitter) takes me to my room, and asks me if there is anything that I wish. Well, after looking out of the window and seeing the Rhine and all that there is on it, I wished that I had brought a polaroid. Ten minutes later I received in my room, a brand new Polaroid, with six packs of film. Now, up to this time I have not spent a penny. I want a drink. Appears a bottle of Cognac with ice and ginger ale. I said to six feet four (Because I had been so impressed by this country) that I wished that I had a typewriter so that I could record my thoughts, I have this brand new Smith Corona, (on which I am recording my thoughts). But I sure wish that it was electric.

I really don't know what this is all about, however, six feet four said to me, "So that there will be no difficulties, we are providing you with German money, and gave me an envelope full of money". I haven't opened it yet, hell, I can afford this trip on my own. But apparently I am a V.I.P. OK, I feel wonderful. I haven't had to answer the phone for thirty six hours. Wonderful.

Now things began to happen. Six feet four suggested that a nap might be in order. Having been strained, drained or mained by four hours of M's the night before, it appeared to me an appropriate idea at the moment, and I complied. He would see me at 2:15. Now I left Idlewild at 10:00. Damn this typewriter, at 10 PM. That is easier to write, and because I lost six hours, because I flew toward the sun, I still don't know what time I arrived. Well anyway, six feet four suggested we go for a ride. Where did I want to go. Now you must understand that I have a very brilliant Baby Sittler. He takes care of me and handles me perfectly. I have a typewriter, a Polaroid, and a bottle of Cognac. He must be smart; he would make a very fine sergeant.

He suggested that we go to Cologne. Phooey, what did I want to go to Cologne fore, we went. We went to the Cathedral. Wow. It is unbelievable. What a tremendous structure. Manno. Apparently the Kings of Germany started to build in the 11th century, and about the 17th centruy some other kings (they must have been new ones by that time) said what is the matter, lets get this thing finished. They really went to work about it. But it still isn't finished. But when a character like myself says that this structure is "unbelievable" you know that it must be something. Yesterday, the day that I was there, was a sort of special day. Something about the three Kings. The deep powerful sound, resonance or what ever you should call it, of the bells, made your trouser legs jingle about your legs. A person assimilated a feeling of strength and sureness and confidence from its deep bass. Well, anyway, I was impressed.

Now, the German problem in connection with this cathedral. I have to stop. Six feet four is coming for me and I have to be ready. But I still haven't got up to 3:00 yesterday and here it is noon Sunday.

I am still watching and none of those Canal Boats have bumped another yet.

TOOTH BRUSHES:-

I said to six feet four that I forgot to bring my tooth brush. He said we will buy one. Since then I have had tooth brushes coming from all directions. Anyone want a tooth brush? I wanted to brush my teeth, and I pointed to my teeth when the maid was in the room, I thought indicating that I wanted a tooth brush. She came over and gave me a kiss. Now why didn't I do that with Pulchra and Tude? This maid is not beautiful.

I forgot a comb. I refuse to mention it. After the experience of the shower of tooth brushes, I know that I wouldn't have room in the luggage. I hate to think what will happen when I run out of lighter fluid.

So, after seeing the Cologne Cathedral, 3:00, I just returned from having dinner or lunch as you may choose to call it, with the Count. Oh yes, I guess that I have forgotten to tell you that I am his guest, Herr Count Dr. Von Brentano Di Tremezzo. He has been Secretary of State since 1954, for Western Germany, resigning just recently for the purpose of forming a new Cabinet and Government. Well, anyway, I still have not seen two of those self-propelled boats crash, and I have been watching. The Count is a very learned man. He knows his country and he is going to take care of it ahead of himself. Six feet four is very brilliant. He is the kind of person that one would like to marry his daughter, (if he had one). I mean a daughter. I don't have one. Well anyway.

No, those barges have still not crashed. This little tug is hauling four. They fascinate me.

Well, anyway, after seeing the Cathedral, six foot four and I went across the street for what is generally known as the Coffee hour. It seems to be the practice here to gather at the coffee shops on Saturday afternoons and exchange all of the gossip. Not being able to understand German, I am not able to say who said what about who. The coffee was good. I assure you that with the cooperation of six feet four, I settled all the problems of the world.

Now this letter cannot follow a sequence. I can only type when my BabySitter, Six feet four, is not hauling me here or there. I have learned what my itinerary is for tomorrow. That is Monday. I will go to Darmstadt, where the Mayor will greet me. I will not go by the Auto Bahn (something like the Merritt Parkway) but I will go by the roads along the Rhine so that I will see things. Intelligent these Germans know that going by a Parkway, you do not see things. Thereafter, I am going to go thru the Mercedes Benx Plant. I do not want to see the cars, I want to see the machinery. Its modernity is very important tome and to the United States.

Thereafter, Paul, that is my chauffer, will take me to Kitz Buhl, Munich, Salzburg, Vienna, Ulm, Landsberg, Stuttgart, Mannheim and other German cities. I will be back in Bonn, noon, Satruday coming.

Oh, yes, I only got as far as the Cathedral of Cologne. Well after that, well fortified by the bottle of Cognac that had appeared I went to dinner. Well, perhaps it is not correct to say it that way. Having had my stomach removed by one Dr. Mylnarsky up on the advice of one Dr. Wise of New Britain, I eat very little. (They are in possession of my stomach which until they took it, had been a very enjoyable part of my body). I do not go for a dinner anymore. I just go for a snack.

This dinner to everyone else, (snack to me) seemed to be sort of like a meeting of the Presidents Cabinet. They were a group of very intelligent men. (I know that they were very smart because they laughed at my jokes). Who and what they all were I do not know. But I will affix hereto, a resume by six feet for, as to just what was said and what happened. I think that I behaved well, but I am not positive. How can one know when he has gone through a Martini, red wine, white wine, and then Brandy. (Schnapps, Calvados, and Champagne are sandwiched in between). Well, if this board of Directors, of the Federal German Republic, did not enjoy themselves, I enjoyed them. They were more than a superior group. I am able to say that (page 5 begins) they were exceptional. I noted three that will be heard from more in this world. there was one elderly gentleman, (probably only two years older than me) who carried power, weight, and authority.

Well, anyway, it was nice to have dinner with a group of men. Just Honest to God men that you felt you knew were men. Well, anyway, Paul and Six Feet Four brought me home. I got into bed myself. They did not have to help me I just fell. That gets me to last night. This is tonight. I still have a whole day to record. And sitting here at my window, not one of those darn self-propelled barges has hit another.

Incidentally, Pay Neri, with all of his men working 24 hours per day, year in and year out, could even keep the pigeon----- off the Cologne Cathedral. It is-----Mammoth? There is no word to describe it.

Well at 2:00 A.M. I am now out from under six feet four. He is probably very happy to get rid of me. He is now free from me until Saturday at noon when I come back to Bonn. From now on, Paul, my chauffer has to suffer. Paul is as short as Fredrick is tall. I will call him Five feet. Just to keep things up to date, not one of those barges has run into another yet.

Well, anyway, six feet four, seemed to be interested in taking me somewhere tonight. I had lunch with Count Heinrich von Brentano, and of course, six feet four. Boy, what a wonderful Baby Sitter he is. I said to six feet four, let us go Pub Jumping. He said I don't know any pubs. We found them. (Five feet told us where).

Now this became very interesting. We went along to this place in Cologne,---a postage stamp floor, for dancing but a mammoth number of chairs and tables. Everyone was friendly but, of course, I did not know what they were saying. I like the ladies that I was sitting with, but Six Feet Four seemed to think that he saw something more interesting. She was blonde and five feet ten, just about right for him. She could not speak English so I could not make any time with her. But the other ladies at the table, they were interesting. Now I have never seen a night club like this one. If you didn't sing when they did you were hauled up to the mike to sing along. Each table was numbered. Each table had a phone. I could from table 26 dial any table in the room. If I saw a lady at table 21 that I thought that I would like to dance with I just called her on the phone and asked her. The ladies always said yes. The whole thing seemed like a family gathering. Most of these people spoke English to some extent and were generally quite well educated. It appeared that they were just out to laugh and sing for the evening, and they did. None of them drank too much. The orchestra could play, could play music, not like in the U.S. where they just make a loud noise.

Now I must get ready to leave by car to go to Darmstadt. On the way I will visit the I.G. Farben works at Frankfurt. Later I will go to the Mercedes plant near Stuttgart. Most of today, I will spend in Darmstadt visiting the Courts. The mayor is to meet me at the hotel there where I will stay. Five feet speaks enough English so that I will get along alright. And If he did not, I would get along anyway with sign language.

January, what day I do not know but it is probably Monday. Traveled along the Rhine all morning. Though I have seen the Rhine many times before and have traveled on it in boats, I was never before in the Cologne area. It really travels in a gorge between two mountains covered with vineyards and so steep that if a grape falls, it rolls into the River before it stops. There is a castle every half mile. I asked Paul how they ever got water to them. He said they are modernized. Now I know that they did not have electric pumps in 1100 A.D. I have not found that answer. I will work on it. I have seen at least 100 castles in one day. Boats---on the Rhine there are so many that if a person could take a fifty foot step, he could walk from the English Channel to Switzerland on boats. They are that close together and that numerous. Count von Brentano, advises me, "It is an international highway," and I noted that the boats carried the flags of all nations. But I still have not seen two of them bump together. I can't understand it.

Back to the machine. I have just been interviewed by the press. They were a couple of nice men. Oh, something I forgot to say, every time that I take out a cigarette, 10 people jump to light it for me. Apparently, one never lets a person light his own cigarette here. I do not believe that the Germans will understand my attitude on this matter, but if I want and if my mustache is going to be singed, I want to do it myself.

Another thing that I forgot to mention. If all of the renovators in the Town of Plainville were to work eight hours per day, day in and day out, they could not even keep the pigeon dirt off of the Cologne Cathedral. That will give you a better idea of the size of the place.

So anyway, Paul picked me up at 8:00 this morning to drive to Darmstadt. Now the Rhine River (that I thought I knew all about) is most unusual. I understand that there is no bridge over it for about 200 miles. There was the Remagen Bridge, but that has never been replaced. The Rhine is about the size of the Connecticut at Hartford and never seems to grow any larger or smaller as one goes up and down the thing.

Oh yes, castles. Boy have I seen them. Apparently there were two brothers. They got mad at each other so thereafter they were known as the fighting (Bruders) brothers. In the course of the fight, each of them built a castle to fight from. Now these two castles are not over fifty yards apart. Each brother could throw a rock in his brothers bedroom window. But if he wanted to give him a punch in the eye, he would have to climb a half mile down and another half mile up. I never did find out who won the fight, but I am still doing research on the matter.

Right now, I am out of the sight of the Rhine so if two of those boats bump together, I will miss it. If I miss that sight my trip will be a failure.

Now let me see, I was traveling up the Rhine. Paul was driving. The river is about two hundred yards across. On the other side is a highway and a railroad. On my side is a highway and a railroad. I think that Paul is racing this train on my side but I cannot be sure. He says that the trains are restricted to a speed of 100 miles per hour. He can beat them. Now I know why they have hand grips on the inside (page 7 begin) of the Mercedes, I used them. Arrived at Darmstadt on time. Stopped for a cold glass of beer, "to put out the fire" and of course it was warm. The girl that drew it from the tap was 11 years old, and she had such a head on it that it was 3/4 foam, and I had to wait ten minutes for it to strain thru my mustache. Darmstadt. It is more modern than Hartford. You see everything was smashed in the war so all of the buildings are modern and new. One could not find a more modern city. The Bahn Hoff Hotel, the only liveable place when I was here last, now looks like an old decrepit beggar woman. Oh, yes, the mayor, Herr Dr. Engel, met me at my hotel, we conversed and pictures were taken. At 3:30 I am to go out to see Frankenstein's Castle. I have been there before, but I want to see it again. My gosh, is this letter full of castles.

4:30 A.M. Tuesday

Well anyway, I have lived this long. Having used electric typewriters for so long it was hard to get use to punching this one but I am now doing much better.

Darmstadt: So modern. Everything. I mean all of the buildings are new and modern. None of them existed in 1946. They were all burned out. They do have street cars. Reminds one something of Boston. But they are much more quiet. There are many, many cars on the road. But contrary to the U.S.

where one quarter are foreign built, here none are U.S. built. This is very practical because I would not be able to get my Ford around some of these corners; they are so sharp.

My baby sitter in this town (I had one assigned) took me for a tour of the city. Here most people live in apartments. It is not as in the U.S. where most people own their own homes. Everyone here lives in an apartment. It is odd to see the advertising signs. Esso, Shell, Veedol, I.B.M. etc. The same names as in the U.S.

The rebuilding of the city has been very practical. No house, store, or building has French windows. Everything is the largest piece of glass that can be installed. I guess because they are easier to clean. As a result, the buildings practically have glass walls. Neon signs are universal. It is not unusual to see all of the buildings in a block outlined by Neon signs, as some people do their homes at Xmas in the U.S. There seems to be no shortage of anything. The food is more than one could ever want to eat. Any variety, I have eaten food that I did not know existed. But of course, I have to date, sort of been living on the "Banquet Circuit." As far as drinks, I have had every kind of wine that is made. I do not know what they cost either. Everything just appears before me.

The boy brought me a bottle of Cognac. He put the ice in the glass. He spoke little English. Then he asked me if I wished him to mix the drink. I said yes. He poured the glass half full of Cognac. I said to him, "do you want to kill me all at once?" He said "Ya." Well, I am still not dead. Of course, he did not realize what I had said.

Well, so, my baby sitter was to pick me up at 3:30 to take me for a ride. The phone rang. I thought it was him. No, it is the press again. The Echo this time. If Schmidt had been with me the trip would have ended there. Pulchritude again. Because there were two of them, ladies, I thought that there would be no objection to (page 8 starts) talking in my room rather than in the lobby. So, we adjourned to my room where they asked me questions. The problem is that I will never be able to understand what they said about me because I cannot read German. Oh, yes, another thing, these Europeans (female) are a little reckless about disclosing that part of their anatomy known as legs. And these too, seem to be constructed on the most modern and approved lines.

Well, so to a nap, after seeing the city. One hundred forty thousand this city is. Then to another banquet.

Here I met old friends. Herr Ahl. Former chief of Police. The orders were that he was to be shot, but the Americans came, one day before his deadline or perhaps deathline better describes it. He is now a very hale and hearty man, though 16 years older. At this banquet there was a colonel. I know that I have served with him somewhere. He seemed to me someone that I knew very well, but I cannot remember where.

That is another thing. Because I have so much difficulty remembering names and faces. (I have never tried to, because in the infantry, you made a friend, and Phooey, he is blown sky high the next minute---it is better to know him just as a number and then one feelings are not hurt.

Well, to complete the thought that I started that Paragraph with, a banquet here the host and the guest of honor do not sit at the head of the table. They sit each halfway down a long table, facing each other. Because of my poor memory for faces and names, I have now learned that I can identify my host by the fact that he will be sitting just opposite me.

As I have said, at the banquet there was the retired Chief of Police, the mayor, Herr Erling, and many people that I have had appointed to the German and Civil and Criminal Court System, to get it started again, after the war was over in May, 1945.

It appears that I am supposed to have done a very good piece of work in reconstructing these courts. Let me declare here and now, I did not. I just said to Herr Dr. Peter Hansen and to Count Dr. Heinrich von Brentano, set up these courts, and promptly went out hunting with Herr Ahl, the Chief of Police. When they reported back to me, I would just say, "Ser Gut, Ser Gut." I think that means very good, very good, and kept my mouth shut. I wouldn't have known whether they were doing a good job or not. For the record, they set up their own court system. And why in tarnation shouldn't they. They were their own courts, and I was not going to practice in them. (I didn't have any clients here.) But I herewith deny any credit for setting up this court system. (Oh, yes, I had the responsibility, but I do not deserve the credit if the reconstruction was a success.)

So, the piece de resistance. When I was here before, I had a ring made. It is a very heavy silver ring. 950 fine, the Silversmith, a very old gentleman, I think he was eighty four in 1946, had been hammering silver from the time that he was twelve at the same bench. He asked me what design I wished on the side of the ring. I said the American Eagle. He asked what I wanted on the other side. I said, put anything that you wish to there. Now the war was five months over. But what did he do? He put the German Eagle there with a Swastika in its claws. Now, this has always made me chuckle, but this poor old gentleman of eighty four, what did he care about war, (page 9 starts) but to the Germans, this is a tremendous, riotous joke. They sit back and roar in riotous laughter when they look at that ring. I don't care, I liked the old gentleman, and I have always loved the ring. But it was sort of funny for him to put that eagle there with the Swastika.

Herr Dr. Engle with his humor (we would say friendly needling) completed the banquet. I talked, Of course I am not a good speaker. The American Colonel said I did not say anything wrong. This probably meant I talked but did not say anything important. Had I said anything important, he would have said, "Wonderbar." Oh yes, it is now 6:30 A.M. I am having tea and marmalade and toast. My favorite breakfast. (I never get it at the Coffee Shop---just sleasy jelly). Well, anyway, I had my picture taken so many times yesterday, that I will have no use for this new Polaroid that I have not yet taken out of its box. I expect to take a picture of Frankenstein's Castle with it today though. Now these reporters seem to be the same as they are the world over. They taken otes. The only real trouble is these notes are in German and I can't read them. But is is tough to know what someone is talking about you but not to know what they are saying. Schmidt, you should have seen those reporters. (Both female). Well anyway, you didn't and you won't.

I still don't think that Ray Neri could make money contracting to clean the pigeon dirt off ov the Cologne Cathedral.

Ausburg, Ulm, Landsberg, and Salzberg. I haven't seen five feet since noon yesterday. We agreed that we would figure out how to use the Polaroid today. It is super, super modern, mine is ten years old. This one almost scares me. Six rolls of film, no less. The Editor of the Darmstadt Echo gave me the pictures his reporters took yesterday. I have not looked at them yet. I am afraid to. They were nice girls. I advised them that I did not like to have my picture taken with my hat off. I was ashamed of my bald head. They were nice. they agreed that I was bald and that it would be better if I had my hat on. Someday I will look at those pictures.

Now as I have said, everything is very modern. That is the architecture and everything else too. By modern I mean all very square like the All Nations Building in New York and all glass. Hartford looks like the City Dump compared to this city.

The little reporter asked me if I did not think that it was "Beneficial," perhaps for a city to have a National Calamity and as a result, be built up entirely new. Now just where do you ever think she got that Brainstorm? (She was still a nice little reporter.)

Herr Ahl, the former Chief of Police, has now retired. The Local American Colonel, Burford, has been adopted by him as his hunting companion. Wild Boar, pheasamt, fox, deer, etc. I remember that here I once got seven Pheasant with seven consecutive shots. A wonderful hunting country.

Speed of travel reduced my opportunity to type. From Darmstadt to Vienna is a very long way. This is Wednesday. We left Darmstadt Tuesday, and it certainly was impressive the revover, no the word is reconstruction, that they have accomplished. I wanted to go to Frankenstein's Castle and see it again. It was more interesting this time than it was the first. Five feet had never heard the story of Frankenstein so I told it to him. I think he got some of it. He had never heard the word Frankenstein before. When I got to the part where the servant dropped the bottle with brilliant brain in it, was afraid to tell his master so substituted an idiots brain for it then (page 10 begins) I think five feet thought I was out of my head. He looked at me oddly for the next two hours. We went whaling down the Autobahn 110 kilometers per hour All bridges had been rebuilt, all damage repaired. Where I used to see fighter planes and night fighters by the hundred backed under the trees for camouflage, there was not a sign that they had ever been there. During the way they took the islands out of the center of the Autobahn, put in cement, painted that spot green, and used it as a runway for fighters. We were away from the Rhine now, and finally crossed the Danube near Ulm. I have to repeat again, it is always surprising to

me that the further south one goes in Germany, the colder it gets. But you are climbing, and the altitude is higher, and when you finally get into the Bavarian mountains it is really cold. It was almost spring in Bonn. I have mentioned before my surprise that there are still steam locomotives in Germany. I had seen them here when I was here last, but now on the Autobahn has countless trucks and trailers on it. the trailers are longer than ours, have four sets of wheels and carry a larger load. The tractor also has a full body and carries a similar load. A noted difference, it appeared to me, was in the landscape. Whereas it used to be that you left a town, and there was no building until you entered the next town, now there are structures in between. In other words, the towns had no outskirts, the buildings were wall to wall until you passed the last building, then there was nothing until you came to the first building of the next town. This situation has changed considerably. Well, anyway, Frankenstein has waved good-bye to me and I was on my way to Vienna (Wien, it is spelled here). Going thru Ulm, passing Stuttgart, going thru Munich, which I enjoyed, and of which I shall probably say more later, and generally bowling along. In the course of the trip, I learned that five feet, my chauffeur, had been put in the Paratroopers two weeks before the end of the war. Imagine, fellows a five foot paratrooper. So, taken a prisoner, he worked for the English and learned how to speak English. And drove a truck for them and when he came back he went to work for the German Government, as a chauffeur, and a very fine one he is. He is a lot better driver than I. He sees things that are going to happen in the traffic pattern far ahead of the time that I would see them. He takes the right action. Perhaps I should take a drivers test. Well, anyway, I had to note the road signs don't say slippery pavement ahead, they have two marks, a vehicle above. They don't say rough pavement, the sign has two bumps. They don't say narrow road ahead, they have two vertical lines with two closed together above them. Now, in the cities, and don't kid yourself, these are beautiful cities, the pedestrian signs don't light up and say don't walk, instead there is the silhouette of a man in yellow, in a square of red, and he is standing still. When you are allowed to cross, it changes to the silhouette of many yellow on green walking. Very practical. A picture is worth a thousand words, so the Chinese say.. And it is true. Well, anyway, this finished page eleven of my letter.

Now for page twelve. I am going to paragraph this one.

There is a street, each house on the street has a very strong and solid something on top of it. Not anything obnoxious, ungainly or dislikeable. What is it? I finally discover in my (Pidgeon Deutsch) that it is the electric light wires. They run from the gadget on one house to the gadget on the next house. I have explained why (page eleven starts) I do not remember names and faces. But I should have at least deserved that there was no telephone pole. OK, then, electric light poles, in the streets, what a saving of money.

Well, anyway, we are driving south. If I were to drive to Florida from Hartford at this time, I would be taking off my suit coat. Phooey, not hear, five feet has said that there might be ice and snow. Living in the U.S. ????? go south, get warmer. Nicht Hier. The further south you go the higher you get, and the colder. Let me mention it now and let me mention it again, and don't be bored about it, please. Everyone is friendly and cheerful. They are a happy people. I go somewhere they don't know me, they speak to me in German, with a smile that they mean, I do not answer, they say something else, I say? "Ich ferchstav Nicht," meaning I don't know, and then everything goes my way. They have someone that they can do something for. They are so happy when they are doing something for someone that they don't have to do. That seems to be practice or habit of theirs, doing something for someone that they don't have to. It is 8:00 A.M. Thursday. I have not recorded the things that I have seen for a day and a half. I have to do it fast before I forget them.

It is getting colder as we go south. Yes, south. Now, I am surprised. All of the trees are covered with ice. But there is none on the road. It seems that there is so much moisture in the air that it freezes on the trees. It makes everything look very beautiful. The same as we would call an ice storm in Connecticut. But it only adheres to the trees. Now the road has snow on it and the further south I go, the more snow there is. Now where reduced from one hundred kilometers per hour to fifty. There is snow everywhere. We came to Munich. I must have been here before. At this crossroads as one comes to Munich, there was when I was here before, an American gasoline depot. Jerry cans of gas as far as one could see. I recognized the field. We fooled around going thru the city. The last time that I was

there was not a window pane in the city. The U.S. Air Force had blown them all out. They are all back now. but and I think that I have said this before, they are all now full of panes. Not French windows with twenty panes of glass. Just one pane. Easier to clean I guess and everything is clean here. The cities here are not as modern as they were in northern Germany. They were not smashed as badly. Northern Germany cities were 80 per cent destroyed. They were therefore, reconstructed. Here with just the windows blown out, they were renovated.

I have not seen the sun since I left the U.S. We take the sun for granted. Not so here. This moisture in the air that freezes to the trees and makes everything look so beautiful sort of smothers the sun.

The mountains, the black Forest. Now I am in Salzburg. I go to my friends Home.

Page 13. Well, 13 has never been unlucky for me. Perhaps something lucky will happen on this page. I met Gretchen. That is my friends dog. I had met her before. Gretchen is like my Kinjo. I guess a dog is a dog anywhere. Now, I am in Salzburg. The snow is deep and traveling is bad. My friends, Yarko and Marishka (Jerry and Marie) will travel with me the Vienna (Wien) Paul, (five feet) is worried I can see. He has run into snow and ice. He knows that I wish to go to Kufstein and Innsbruck, before I return to Bonn at noon Saturday after which I will go to Le harve, Paris, and Marseilles. (page 12 starts) Now in spite of the fact that I have been traveling south all of the time ([erhaps like driving from Quebec to Washington) it has grown colder all of the time. Now I am almost in Alaska in January. The radio advises that Innsbruck is snowbound. Five fee is very happy to meet Jerry. They converse in Deutsch on the way to Vienna. From Salzburg to Vienna is perhaps 200 miles. Hartford to Philidelphia. What in the devil am I doing traveling so much and so far. But here I am. Why? Count Heinrich von Brentano asked me.

And so, Yarko, Marishka, and I went to Vienna. We left Gretchen with a neighbor. I forget just how it is said, but "Neither snow, ice and this or that will stop the U.S. mail." Well, we traveled thru all of it. We come to the border that is we move into Austria, The customs again. A seventeen year old soldier looks at my passport. He looked like a very nice lad but I do not think he could read. And so I went on.

Now, the money changes again, etc. the postal rates are about three times as much here as in the U.S. I wish to buy stamps for Fred Mansfield. After 20 minutes of conversation I still do not know why I was only able to get him one Austrian Stamp.. Something about buying them in series. Anyway today on my way back to Salzburg will work that out with Marishka. Oh yes, I am now in Vienna, and have been since 1:00 P.M. yesterday. I just haven't gotten that far in my writing. It is now 7:00 A.M. and I leave here at 8:00.

Now, this city of Vienna which we more or less slid into, thru beautiful mountains, and on ice and snow, and only thru the grace of the driving of five feet. It is what is known as a Free City. Suppose that you took the City of Hartford, and made it equivalent in power and authority to Fairfield county. That is its position in Austria. Because of this fact it is ancient. That is it can do as it wishes. The inhabitants apparently do not want this city modernized. So what was bombed out has not been rebuilt ultra modernly, as in other cities. It is tilll "Vienna." There is the inner city. (Only a city map or observation on the ground would show us whatthat means.) But inside this area, everything is very very old. And the way that it was built, it could last the same way for twenty more centuries. I saw it all. There was the place where President Kennedy had an appearance on Television that we saw in the U.S. I can't remember the names so I do not put it down. Anyway, there are also the famous White Horses. These horses apparently when they are born are black and as they grow older they become grey, and finally white. They are very intelligent horses. Apparently they even waltz, and have been in Madison Square Garden. Jackie Kennedy was very impressed with them. I believe that I remember seeing them on television.

The Danube flows by the city. So to keep commerce moving, they built a canal from the Danube thru the city. Sort of like a side track on a railroad.

Blankets: So far, I have slept under feather beds.

Towels: They are as large as blankets in the U.S. Just why I have not been able to figure out, but they are.

Water: I drank my first glass since leaving the U.S. yesterday. Here you drink wine. And it is not a bad idea. But I do love a good cold glass of ice water, one once in a while.

(page 13 starts) Coffee Houses: Apparently at about 5:00 P.M. people go to them and drink coffee with pastries that we in the U.S. could not comprehend. There they exchange gossip and I guess discuss everything in the world. Because my German is limited, I cannot tell you what they were talking about. But there were groups of men and groups of women and mixed groups.

I wanted to hear some Bavarian Music. We went to what might be termed a night club. There was an accordion, a violinist, and a man with something that was part banjo, part base violin, and part guitar. I never did hear them play because I got mixed up in some sort of game at the bar that an American would call "Chug a Mug." Now this place was sort of a night club, but one would find men there with their wives, groups of women, but many more groups of men. They just seemed to come there to talk and have a good time. Now that term, having a good time, has now a new meaning for me. I do not know how to explain it. I cannot call it relaxation because I have not seen anyone in Austria who was tense. But it was remarkable to me to see a group of ten men at a table all so sociable, all so interested in the conversation, and all so unquestionably enjoying themselves. One does not see the same thing in the U.S.

So I can recommend Vienna. But do not do it fast as I have done. Take your time. No one hurries here. Why hurry when it is so much more fun to take your time.

The shops. There is nothing one cannot buy here as well as in Germany. The window displays are not as impressive as in the U.S. but somehow at the same time they are more so. They make much better use of Neon lights than the U.S. Now it might seem that all I am doing is talking about how wonderful everything here is. Not so. There are many things not so good. For instance, who would expect to travel three hundred miles on the New Jersey Turnpike without finding a Howard Johnsons, or at least a place to take care of one's human needs. Not so here. Who would expect to find a modern hotel room without soap in the bathroom, and other things. Just to say that everything is not perfect.

This is either Page 15 or 16

The next one will be 17.

The last letter was Vienna. I believe I told of the fog freezing on the trees and making the country look like a Fairyland. We experienced every type of weather, and when near Innsbruck, had to leave that place out because of the roads. After being away from this machine I am not able to handle it again. Vienna is a very old city. It was damaged in the war, But everything has been repaired. There is scarcely a sign anywhere of the war. It is comprised of the Inner City and the Outer City. Several hundred years ago, its population just had to start living outside. The Inner City, composed of tremendous old buildings, and the Schonburn, from which Kennedy was on T.V. last summer, is maintained that way because the people want it to stay that way. Though Austria is getting along very successfully, her prices are lower than in Germany. I do not know whether this is because she is not a member of the Common Market, or not. All those members who are, it appears, are bowling along in prosperity. But Austria is not permitted to have any political ties with any other Nation, by the treaty, or treaties she signed with other nations, including Russia, who does not want her in the Common Market. Vienna to me was not all song and dancing. Their music is beautiful, I would like to hear some in the U.S. But of our true kind of night club, there was none. But the people were friendly and intelligent, and for the most part, very well educated. I was lucky, I got lost trying to find my Hotel, and as a result, drove along and around in the Inner City all Afternoon, and saw every building at least three times. I would name them, but I can't spell in this language yet.

Waitresses, they have a system here that is new to me but apparently sensible. She takes your order. She brings it to you. You want to pay your bill and go. The system is, she personally is charged with whatever is delivered to her from the kitchen. They are blessed with fabulous memories. They will come to your table with a perfectly blank page and write down everything that you had. But if she doesn't trust herself, she will graciously ask, did you have anything else, and after the service you have had, you would be a fool not to tell her if you had had anything else. So she adds ten per cent (they don't have a per cent sign on this machine) for the tip. This she splits with the dishwasher and others, so she ends up with about five per cent. So you leave something so that your conduct will be reasonable as her attention has been. Gracious living is the work for Austria. No hurry, no holler – but they enjoy so much, everything. Particularly, living, being friendly and having fun.

Coca-Cola---I have seen it advertised for one thousand miles of traveling and found my first bottle today. Now you will understand this better when I explain that when you sit down to the table, you are expected to drink wine. Who would drink water with a dinner? Well, anyway, I found a bottle. Precious stuff.

Storehelp. If a girl is to be a clerk in a store, she has to serve a three year apprenticeship. At very low pay. In that time she sweeps the sidewalk, and washes the windows. All that stuff. She doesn't start at 1.25 minimum. (There is no dollar sign on this machine.) Jerry and Marishka, helped me no end in my knowledge. Of course, the Danube flows by Vienna, but I have crossed it so many times (page 17??? begins) seeing it once more would be no thrill. The Inner City was. I was home early that night and up at 4 writing, but now I have forgotten what I wrote, and the page that I stopped on.

Trucks: Have I seen a mess of them today, (that is a sign of prosperity). When one sees a trailer, no, not a trailer truck, hauling along behind it another vehicle that carries as much as it does, commodities are moving. Five feet (that's Paul) is invaluable. When he would pass a string of ten of these trucks, with trailers, at a time, he didn't know it, but I was marveling. They caused no tie up in traffic, they hold no one back, no one is a hog on the road, I have never seen such road manners. Now I have covered the distance from Hartford to Denver in the past four days, and never once was there a time when five feet has his eyes off the business of driving. HE is the best driver that I ever rode with. There was only one car that ever passed us, and Paul said that was a Proch. I think, whatever that is, I have not yet seen an accident. I have seen slowages on the Autobahn, but that was just because a vehicle had "Blooped" out on the spot, and caused everyone to move in one lane. (That is a word I just thought of on the spur of the moment). I have watched closely, and I have only seen one dented

fender, Only one person held us up. It was a woman. I said something to five feet, and he said to me, "American Officers Wife" and by God the markers proved it.

Latrines: If the worst Health inspector in the U.S. were to inspect these, 3/4 would be condemned. What a situation that would create. We in the U.S. are spoiled. Those trucks and tractors again, they were practically a train, railroad train, from Manheim to Bonn, but they did not hold anyone back. Yes, perhaps they take three days to carry what ours do in two and one half, but when they arrive, they have twice the load, saving and driving time, the vehicle time, and the labor time.

Enough of trucks, I will never mention them again.

Anyway, I am back at Bonn again, and these Canal boats are still going by. Six feet four will take me in town. (I have a belly ache, this stomach of mine.)

Well, anyway, don't take your wife to Vienna. The shops, they are small but irresistible. For a man it is easy to walk by, if you took your wife, you would have only been on a shopping tour. The same is true anywhere here.

So back to Salzburg, to the home of Jerry and Marishka. Marie takes me shopping (that is Marishka). Now this town is in the side of and at the base of a mountain, and other mountains. The castle (as usual) is up there on the mountain. But finally the people built a row of houses at the foot of the mountain. And when they built them in the 14th century, they built them. Well, the population increased, (as it always seems to do), so they had to build another row of houses, Now the first row of houses was about a mile and a half long, so the second one had to be too. You see, they built them wall to wall so (page 18??? begins) they would be sort of a wall of a fort. Well, now they had the problem that if people in row No. 2 wanted to go up to the castle, they had to walk 3/4 mile around the edge of row No. 1. They solved that by making twenty tunnels through row No. 1. Queer, if I wanted to go from 4th avenue to 5th avenue, I walk thru a tunnel of houses in between. But that is the truth. I saw the home of some character who wrote music. Sort of like that fellow, Irving Berlin, who wrote so many hits in the U.S. but this fellow's name was Mose Art.

Well, I don't know anything about music, but I like Viennese music and German music. (Where else can you find two clarinetists that play background to a violin?) These shops were enchanting. (Don't take your wives there).

Now, I have been watching but no two of those barges have bumped together, yet tonight. Yet Marie tells me that two weeks ago there were twenty collisions in one night. (It was a foggy night). So if I had been there I wouldn't have seen it anyway.

Well, so, I couldn't sleep in that lousy bed in Wien, (here I go talking the tongue) Vienna, I meant to say. I therefore got up and wrote the last section that you have received, (Marcia – reverse that I and E).

And so, Marishka, (Marie to you) went shopping. Being restricted to bringing home---the devil, no dollar sign again. One hundred dollars I restrained myself, and her too, (for every woman is a natural shopper) and went home empty handed.

Now let me tell you about Jerry. (No I can't for that would take another forty pages, and on this machine, it is work). I have Watched closely but I have not seen an electric typewriter in Europe yet).

And a small man like me has four. (I hope that my secretaries appreciate me.)

Alright, Landscape, let us get that out of the way as far as this section of Europe is concerned.

(France may change my ideas). But northern Germany is drab and dull. Everything is the same color, a dull grey. But southern Germany is rich in color. The pastel shades that we have in Connecticut are everywhere. They even have pictures painted on the sides of the houses. That is a story in itself.

But do you people think that I am going to give you a free trip thru Europe? To tell you that they are building factories of Ober Amma Geu, (I think that is the way it is spelled). Come see it for yourself. But I am not here to look at mountains. I am here to see for you what is what, and how is how.

These little notes:

Coffee houses: About five each day, they get together. Gossip and all. (Marcia, I am used to a light finger on the typewriter. Fill in the spots).

The last time that I saw Stuttgart, Wurtemberg, it was not bad (page 19??? begins) off, it is now thriving. I will speak more of that later. The Mercedes plant is there.

Well, anyway, all thru the Bavarian Alps, the Black Forest. And, then I got smart and thought that I could go into a Gasthaus and have my order for dinner along. Was I stupid! Well, I have not completed my stipend for the day, but I can never sleep, I have so many troubles, so I will work on this at 5:00 A.M.

5 Ayem Sat.

I was really exhausted when I stopped writing last night. My thoughts were not clear. At Ober Amma Gau, I took a picture of the Passion Play house and it was good. There for the first time since I have been in Europe, the sun shone. That is of course high in the Bavarian Alps. I just had to stop at Landsberg, and see again the prison where Hitler wrote "Mein Kampf". It was exactly the same. North thru the Black Forest. Before that, we follow this Auto Bahn, (Dual Parkway to Merrit Parkway, same thing), you hang on the side of a mountain. Funny thing. When you go south, you hang on one side of the mountain. When you go north, you hang on the other side. The two strips of the highway, at this point are separated by a mile or two.

As I have said, it was most surprising to me to see the most modern factories at of all places, Ober Amma Gau. (I don't think that I spelled that right). Now these highway signs, they intrigue me, they are all in pictures, and are so sensible. It is almost like looking at an instructive Cartoon. From thereon, to Bonn. Under the genius guidance of Paul. So much of this it is impossible to put on paper.

Mannheim, The last time that I saw it it was a mess. At that time it was like new Britain Manufacturing and more of the same, except that it had been laid flat as a rug. As I understand it, from the bomber pilots that I have talked to, when they had a mission deep in South Germany, if they got hit by flack, or had motor trouble, etc. so that they could not complete their mission on their way home they went over Mannheim, and dumped their load of bombs, just on general principals. As a matter of fact, they were just stirring up the rubble. Mannheim was already rubble, and I have seen dozens of wrecked American bombers in the area of Mannheim. They must have come to ground, screeching, scorching wrecks. I remember that at the time, I shivered and thought "I am glad that I am in the Infactory where I only have to worry about 88's and bullets." As nearly as I can make out, now the factories are all rebuilt, but they moved them out of town. Think of our most modern factory, and you have the new German industry.

As I have said, this is a very prosperous. Country. None of the machines are older than 1945, (some of ours are as old as the first world war). Apparently, France is better off then even Germany. They did not get to moving until DeGaulle stabilized the currency. That was about five years ago. So that their "Modernity" is sort of super modern. That I will see for myself. I must see more of Mannheim. Cigarettes: 55 cents a pack. German or American. The American companies have lost the market. There was a time when everyone smoked American, but now the Germans and Austrians prefer German though all (page 20??? begins) of the American cigarettes are available. Because of the price, people here do not smoke much. (Except Count Heinrich von Brentano--he is a chain smoker like me. They put them up in packs of ten, twelve, and twenty.

Housing: Apartments are the usual housing unit. Apparently you purchase an interest in a large apartment house, and then pay after, so much per month. It is some sort of a cooperative arrangement, which I do not quite understand, and it seems to cost about fifty per cent of what the same floor space would cost in the U.S. only about ten per cent seems to own their own homes, whereas, in the U.S. I think that the average would be eighty per cent. What with the narrow streets, parking is a nuisance. There just isn't any.

Policemen: They will do anything for anyone at any time, and always with a friendly attitude. Everyone here likes everyone else, anyway.

The Post Office: Here it cost me a dollar and a half to send home a letter. Here they are self sufficient. In the U.S. to send a letter to Germany, Air Mail I put on twenty four cents. I suspect that that is about one fifty of what it really costs to send it here. Apparently the U.S. pays the rest. The U.S. Post Office always runs at a deficit. What was it last year? Ninety million? Almost a Billion. Apparently the U.S. pays most of the cost of the American mail service. No wonder I get so much useless and unwanted advertising in the mail. At least two thirds of our mail these days is advertising. But as long as

the Government is paying for it the merchant would be a fool not to make use of it. One question in ones mind whether this is good or bad. Certainly the free flow of information is good.

In contradistinction to yesterday, the weather where I am now is similar to April 15.

Money: In Austria, the Schilling is the basic unit of money. It is worth about 4 cents. One runs around with a pocket of paper and other minor coins. In Germany, the basic unit is the mark, which is worth approximately 25 cents. It is silly, but when I crossed back the border back into Germany and got back only sixty marks for about hundred and fifty schillings. I felt cheated.

Borders: I am not positive yet, but apparently you can move as you please in the common bmarket countries. In otherwords, a person from Rome can come and work anywhere in this group of countries as long as he pleases. It is sort of like in the U.S., among France, Germany, Italy, and the others, now. no trade barriers, and they are all prosperous. In some ways it explains the purchase of Underwood by Olivia ris I believe the name was. Only Austria is different, and I believe that there is some sort of a discount arrangement within five or ten miles of the border. All of this, I do not understand entirely, but anyway, it is now 7:30 and I have to get ready to see Six feet four.

Toilet paper: They have a very practical holder here. Even a child could change the roll. Not like ours where a person had to fight with the thing to put a new roll on. And they have a gadget right there that holds an extra roll, so that one never runs out.

Lightswitches: They never put them in the same place. Try to find them, but I really don't believe that they hide them on purpose.

(page 21??? begins)

Other gadgets: they have a cute little holder for your cigarette while you are on the job. I am going to buy some. Very practical.

Barbers: You see the sign, "Friseur, Herren, and Damen" which means men and women. Haircut, forty cents, (this is in Austria). I am going to remind Freddie of this the next time. This two dollar business seems a little more than right.

Hairdoes, (I don't know how to spell it) Some of the women have it practically like the men, except it is left mangy looking around the neck. Others have it puffed on the head like a haystack. How that is accomplished, I do not know, but I have watched, and I haven't seen one of them fall flat yet. But hairdoes on women are like hats, intriguing and inoffensive, and they have to do something with the stuff. Now when you are bald like me, there is no problem.

Motels: I haven't seen one yet. I would estimate that in the ten miles of the Berlin Trunpike, there are fifty. Here, before you travel, make reservations. Where in the U.S. can one not find a satisfactory motel within a reasonable distance? But no here.

Paul, the chauffer: It appears that his position is akin to that of Gov. Dempsey's private Chauffer. Who is generally a state trooper. It appears that his pay is about the same. But in this case, it is a trade, and he knows his trade.

Retirement: They retire at sixty five, and the maximum that they can draw is about two hundred thirty five dollars. I believe that our maximum, if I remember, is one hundred twenty seven. What is the matter with us?

Salzburg, Austria: Population of about eighty thousand, I believe. Americans living there---there about eight hundred families. Why? Their income is fixed by their social security or other income, and a dollar goes about forty per cent further. The best steak for sixty cents. It would cost me two fifty in the U.S.

Everywhere I go, Austria, and Germany, I see new factories. These do not seem to be for the purpose of replacing former factories, wrecked in the war, but for new industries. Even in Oberamagan, where the Passion Play House is.

It is eight forty five and the sun is just about to come up over the mountain. I believe that the longitude of this city is about ten degrees north of New York City, but the weather has been that of North Carolina. They have snow here, "Once in a while."

Automobiles: The only American vehicles that I have seen here were those driven by American military personnel, or their families. Yet one out of ten vehicles in the U.S. now, is of foreign make .What is the matter with us? The french Peugeot, (Pronounced Pi Jo) is very popular. It appears that France,

since DeGaulle stabilized the currency, is coming back very fast. I will know later. (Heck, I thought those two barges were going to bump---but they didn't). The (page 22??? begins) Rhine, the International highway. I suspect that I would marvel at the traffic on the Mississippi, in the same way, were I to see it.

Now, Cestrick, (I mean Austria) again. The young people there, do not want to come to Germany to work, (this is as I understand it from Austrian conversation) because it is too much like the U.S. Go, Go, go. I do not know that there is a labor shortage in Germany but apparently, there is plenty of employment. I get the impression that if the U.S. were to throw open its immigration quotes to free immigration from Europe that the number would not increase. That is, the number of immigrants. They would prefer to stay in Europe, because it offers more. I am going to check this much further. I am advised that Italy, which is in the common market, is advancing tremendously. This I will not know by personal observation. My observations to date are based on a comparison of 16 years ago with today.

The wall in Berlin: No one here seems to think much of it. that is to worry about it. It apperrs this way. I Eastern Germany, they (subsidize) the education of the young people. Here, East Germany has educated a person. And then that person goes to Berlin, gets on the subway, rides to West Berlin, and then is flown out to West Germany., where there is a solid currency, (worthmuch more than East Germany money) good, no, more than that, competition for his abilities, and those things he wants in life. In other words, East Germany was training these people, and as soon as they were trained, they took off for West Germany. East Germany had to stop this and therefore, the Wall. West Germany seems to accept this as a sensible, practical thing, that East Germany just had to do. I may be wrong on this, and I am going to check on it further. But and I do not wish to seem redundant, to see West Germany, it is immediately apparent that East Germany cannot compare in any way. So it appears that West Germany has gained, I believe, about four million, in immigration, from east Germany, since the war, and these the skilled and trained people. Itapparently got so bad that East Germany just had to stop it. Therefore, the wall. But common sense tells one that if they want to come, and won't come thru Berlin, or can't come thru Berlin, then they will find some other means of getting here. Why worry about the wall? As long as we are on these matters, it is more important that England get into the Common Market. Those countries that don't will be functioning under a handicap. Now, I am not clear on all of these matters, yet, but I will be before I leave here. Universally, you can't have something without giving something. So these people have given up their tariffs and immigration and in compensation, they have prosperity. There used to be tariffs between New York and Connecticut. Why a prosperous and progressive U.S. for the past one hundred fifty years? Because fifty nations, fifty states, have no immigration restrictions, no immigration laws. (Quotch oder Nonsense: Am I becoming a Historical Philosopher oder, or, a Political philosopher). I did not mean to get on to the subject until I got home, but what appears to me important at the moment, I must set set down. And at the moment, I have the time, (No barges have bumped yet--Perhaps I will hit the Jack Pot, perhaps three will bump together).

(Page 23??? begins)

It would be so pleasant to have Herr Dr. Iannotti, Herr Schmidt, Herr Walsh, Herr Wasley, Herr Palmer- (That Ferry is cutting between two barges – I hope he don't get squished),and that man from Plainville Casting, and others to see. To see is to know. A pictured is worth a thousand words.

I have just taken two pictures of the barges on the river. Right now there are ten in view. The span of the Camera would not get all ten. In between there is a ferry- clipping back and forth. Now those going up the river, do not stay to the right and those doing down don't stay on their side. They just go anywhere. But they don't bump.

Deer: Near Salzburg- I saw two herds of about fifty each. If there was that many in view of the road, how many must there have been, back in the forest. Ducks, plenty, Pheasant, many.

Now, in the time that it has been daylight, over on the side of the mountain has passed, at least fifteen locomotives, (Steamers, that is how I can recognize them.) Commerce, goods must be moving. That barge is Beligique, That one is French. I don't recognize that flag, probably Swiss. I look up and down the river by sticking my head out, there are at least twenty barges in sight. What traffic.

In southern Germany. I passed several interesting places. Bad Tolz. This was the place where Hitler's Minister of News of Publications or something like that had his summer home on the lake near there. The General had his headquarters there, I believe. That is the General in my division. I can remember walking on those beautiful floors with my shoe-paks. What a mess we made of the place. That afternoon, in my headquarters, (couldn't) find the house, though I looked), a group of Russians came. (Liberated) all excited. I was finally able to determine that what they wanted was transportation, but for what I did not know. They were so insistent, though, that I finally got into my jeep, and agreed to take them where they wanted to go. They then ran Helter Skelter everywhere but soon returned with buckets, washtubs, and everything. They directed me. We came to a valley. As I remember it. There were a few cars there but not a person in sight. They led me to a door in the side of a hill. It was a huge wine cellar or storage place. We went in but it was dark. It was a tunnel. There was a room shining in the light of my mate, (He was probably five feet two. but in the dark?), said to me, "Say Boss, where is all this cognac". So we went along after the Russians and came to a room, and in the room were three large casks, about eight feet high, lying on their sides, and about three feet above the floor. I think that each one said sixty thousand letters, but I may be mistaken. The Russians were there (This was May 5th the day the war was over, or was it the 7th) anyway, the Russians had shot holes in the ends of the casks and the cognac was squirting out and they were catching it in buckets and washtubs and what have you. I stepped down from the tunnel into the room. Of course, the Russians were not (page 24??? begins) catching all that was squirting out of the holes. When I stepped down I stepped into Cognac six inches deep. I can say that I have waded in Cognac up to my shoe tops. (so can those Russians). We drove back, and they insisted on drinking the stuff. They did not understand that with a water glass, and cognac, you only pour in two fingers. No, it had to be full to the top. What was the rest of the glass for? The next thing that I know, they were all on the floor, I poured the rest of mine down the sink and went to bed. One water glass full of Cognac is enough at any time. They had three or four. I don't know how many I had had, but pride would not permit me to allow anyone to out drink me. I never saw the Russians, the washtubs, and the buckets, and what have you thereafter. (Nor the Cognac either) But this was "V" Day, so what.

What a beautiful day. It is the first time that I have seen the sun since I arrived. All that I wish to do is sit here and write.

Six feet four, my baby sitter, has not shown up yet. However, he will. There is a castle on a hill near here. Apparently there is a restaurant? Coffee house or something there. It is sort of a place of observation. You see all of the surrounding country from there. I hope to get there this afternoon. Now I know what they mean by "The Low Lands". That is northern Germany, Belgium, Denmark, etc. I was in the highlands yesterday. Snow two feet deep. Four hundred miles north (north no less) it is spring. In the winter I like to go South to play golf. (Where it is warm). These people go south to ski (where it is cold). You figure it out. Well, my baby sitter is going to take me to the Castle, the most dominating point in the area for lunch. (He doesn't know that I have been eating french fries for half an hour) so I won't eat anything, but I will have a bottle of white wine.

This idea of Bitte and Danke. They both seem to mean thank you. I had thought that "Bitte" meant please. One person says "Bitte" and then the other says "Bitte", and then the first one says "Bitte", again and so on. They have some system by which they know when to stop saying it, but I haven't figured it out yet. I am going to do a little research on the problem. I thought I had it solved by saying "Aufwiedeseim" I think that is the way it is spelled, when they said "Aufweiseim" to me, but it didn't solve it, they come back another "Aufwiedeseim". Now am I supposed to come back with another? As we used to say in the 36th, "It beats the --- out of me." Anyway, when I get tired of saying it, I just go. They never seem to get tired. Ce Le Vie, Ce Le Guerre. Such is life, such is war. One person can't know all that there is to know in this world, but it seems that I should be able to learn the answer to such a simple thing as that. But I haven't. It is now 11:30 and my Baby Sitter is coming at 12:00 so I have to put some clothes on, and I know that I will enjoy myself. He has a lot of questions to answer. 4:00 p.m. Well, we went to Dragons Rock. We had dinner. The place dominates the country and the view both up river and down river was (page 25??? begins) perfect. From there one looked down on Herr Adenauer's residence. There was a policeman both front and rear. I saw them through my bin-

oculars. (Made in Japan). Six feet four wanted to look at the scenery in general. To me the important thing was the traffic on the Rhine. I left the camera in my room because I knew that all palaces have post cards that are better than any picture that I could take. Sure enough, they were just out of them. Now in the middle of the river, looking south, toward the cold part of this country is an island. More about that later. But down the side of it was coming almost a fleet of barges. One cannot call them ships. I said to Six Feet Four, there must be twenty of them. He said no, more than that. We took a rough count and there was probably forty in view. Traffic, the sign of prosperity. We did not look north, down the river to see how many there were there. Some were going up in the middle some going up on the right, and some going up on the left. And those coming down were doing the same thing. I still don't know how they miss each other. I asked Gottfried Pagenstart. He said I don't know. (I know he had never thought of it before). I don't know, but when you are allowed to drive in the middle and on the left, all going the same way, and the people coming toward you are allowed to do the same, I just don't know.

That boat is French. I can tell by the tricolor. This one I don't recognize. Tomorrow, I will be in Dunkerque. Brussels and also Amsterdam. After that I will go to the Le Havre. And then to the places where I fought. The Rhone Valley, St. Die, Colmar, Strassbourg, etc. I have already visited the places after that.

My time in the Rhineland is not ended. My tour ends up in it, I have planned my time so that I will be back here Thursday. I want Friday to do a few things in, and to close the books of this mimeograph. The whole thing is Quotch, I know but I love to make noises on a typewriter. Questions? Is that Ferry going to miss that tugboat? It did.

Today was Sunday and we started early for there was nothing to be done in Bonn. The first town of any consequence that meant anything to me was Aachen. It was a famous town during the war, the fighting went on there for months, but the town doesn't show it. At least the parts that I saw didn't show it, and I made sort of a quick Cooks tour to see. Apparently it produced the electricity for a large area of Germany, and therefore, was important. The next city was Masstrich, it was an old town for the simple reason that it reminded me of Old Baltimore, as one used to travel it on Route 1, that is thru the city. Long rows of housing units, all the same building. One couldn't tell whether he was going into his own house or the one next door. And whether he was going into his own house or the one next door. And immaculately clean. It had not been damaged to badly either. This is 9:00 Sunday night. I am writing. Now the territory had changed and we were in Holland. Five feet said, "Everything clean now," and it was. Holland was clean as a whistle. We had to change our money at the border. This was gruit country. The land was level. The farms were good. We began to see horses, massive one, like those that used to hail beer wagons. The farms were neat and the houses were neat. I noted that motor cyclists used the sidewalk. When they come to a cross street the curb is ramped, so they just went (page 26??? begins) buzzing along. It is above the name for them. Or Girls. We sent along to Antwerp. There I traveled pretty well around the city and particularly went to the docks. There is not a sign that anything had ever happened there. Those old massive buildings, like Cathedrals, and museums, etc., of course, could not easily burn, and such structures are still there, but they look funny along the side of new buildings, in the mode of the United Nations Building in New York or the buildings in the redeveloped section of Hartford. Antwerpen, as they spell it, was smashed, but it is fully recovered. The activity is tremendous in the Harbor and the city. From there we went to Gent or Shent, which had taken its share of pounding. From there to Ostend. The country was immaculate, the farming land of the best. Five feet said, "All the farmers here are wealthy." We crossed the Albert Canal. The churches were beautiful. Some showed scars but mostly they were in perfect condition. It is spelled Ostende here. It being the last place in Europe for a bomber to drop its bombs, if it had to about a mission, it was stirred up like rubble. But as the others, it was a new city, practically. Auto Bahns, that is highways like the Wilbur Cross. You can't depend on the maps here to show them correctly. What you take for an Autobahn because of its deep red color, on the map may turn out to be what we would consider a secondary road. However, it never seems to slow one down. The next two towns had been thoroughly wrecked. One was Dunderque, and the next Calais. They must have both been 95 per cent destroyed. They have not only been rebuilt, but have doubled their size. Now

consider that all of these cities have miles and miles of apartment houses, each holding about one hundred families, all brand new. There is nothing like it anywhere. The factories are, as I said, built like the United Nations building, are moving outside of the city proper, and even more numerous than I have seen before. Now Calais and Dunderque are in France. I had known that Germany would do a job or rebuilding, but had not expected it of Belgium, Holland and France.

These aren't things that they are doing. They are already done, but they are continuing on at the same speed. I did not appreciate that Dunkerque was a manufacturing city. But the fabrication of large steel girders and many other types of manufacturing is carried on there. The amount of factory construction being carried on is unbelievable. The same is true of Calais. We drove out to the beach to see if we could see England, but it was hazy. There I was the only evidence that there had been a war. The German cement block houses still existed. I think they must be planning to use them in some way from the new bridge that they are building to the beach. This is so far for Holland, Belgium, and as far as I have moved in France. If the rest of France has made the same progress, well, I can't believe it. Now to pick up some loose thoughts that occurred while I was riding. In northern Germany, the buildings were a drab grey, sort of cement color. In southern Germany and Austria, they graded to pastel shades. Now we came to red brick. So everything in Belgium was red brick. The canals of the Low Land Countries for Centuries.. The ground is so level they are easy to construct, and they don't wear out. One barge carries an almighty (page 27??? begins) lot of goods. Today beign Sunday, there were no trucks on the highways. The nature of the vehicles is that the makes used have changed. I have checked on the matter, and I am told that there is a bridge about every 25 miles over the Rhine. I did not see them, but I am yet. It appears that the highways (like the Wilbur Cross) are built with the thought that you will soon be able to travel anywhere in Europe by Autobahn. What this common market has created, has been a U.S. of Europe. If England comes in that will make it a unit of over two hundred million, a pretty large package. And they seem to be very serious about it, certainly have been successful in it, and perhaps we ought to be in it. You have probably noted that the writing has become more serious as it went along. It hadn't intended to be so. Noted, of course, that various service we passed, Belgian, German, French, and Hollanders. Other notes, there are no French windows in Europe, where any bombs hit. They have all been replaced with single panes, easier to wash I guess, but this was particularly noticeable today. the weather is now like April again. I fear that my recent writing has been very boring. But this is what I see and feel. I am just recording that which I have seen. Dunderque is in Pittsburgh, brand new. Where there was a mile and a half of Le Havre, totally obliterated, there is now the most modern mile and a half of city in the world. After the night before, at Boulgne, I made up my mind that I would go only to the best hotels.

I wanted dinner. I forgot my French. It said "Hotel de ville". I got there and found that it meant the City Hall. Everyone was out to lunch. They take a two hour lunch here. Even the garages. We had a flat tire and had to wait until two to get it fixed. Five feet wouldn't move until we had a spare. But I took his advice, he knows. As a shipping center Le Harve compares. There was nothing there when I saw it last, but brother, you should see it now. Five feet got the tire fixed, I got my dinner and a clipping. On the beach where I land three hundred men and one hundred fifty trucks, there was a postal card stand. A Frac is worth about twenty-five cents, now, since DeGaulle stabilized the currency. The coins issued before then are worthless. How was I to know that these sharp keepers keep the old five franc pieces, (worthless) and pawn them off on a Country Bumpkin like me for and as though they were five good francs. Shade of Don Quixote. Everybody laughs, and say "Ha, Ha, Ha, Chinese money," It is funny to everyone else, of course, it isn't their money.

I note a tendency, here in Europe, to change. One tendency is that there are now building homes outside of the towns and along the road. There are also some very neat and beautiful developments of private homes. Sort of like Cape Cod style, but still European. But the majority of housing is apartment houses like the UN building. They are like a slice of bread, stood on edge, but colored in pastel shades and with windows like the UN building. To remind myself, all of the ports of northern France, were busy beyond belief. One normally hears of LeHavre and Calais but there are many others. I wonder why New Haven is not a busy port? Not one sign of any warfare any(page 28??? begins)where. The only way that you know that anything ever happened there is that a new house is

next to an old. That is one problem that the Germans had, they wondered if they built the most modern buildings next to the Cologne Cathedral, would it not make a paradox. They did not have to worry. That Cathedral "It Dominates". The pillars in it must be twelve feet in diameter. What a building? Structure, is the better term. So on the hedge row country, that so many Americans know.

But before I get to this, what do you think? While I was eating by dinner tonight, I could hear the people behind me (I understand a little French) and they were discussing what to eat. Beefsteak, 8 Francs, Veal 7 Francs, Chicken, 24 Francs. "But is it that good American Chicken?" they asked the waiter. Heck, chicken is so cheap in the U.S. that I buy it for my cats. You figure it out, and you will find that it is cheaper than cat food and they will eat it. Why not ship the excess chicken over here. Now the first two days I was here, chicken was served. Here it is something special. (They were giving me the best and I thought that it was the "Rubber Chicken Circuit.")

Farming: They keep their lands perfect. But probably the most noticeable thing, ahead of the rebuilding, is the number of power lines running from here to there. I don't remember seeing any when I was here before, but there must have been some. Another thing, why build five or ten of these U.N. apartment buildings on the top of a hill? But they do it. There must be a reason. I will try to find out, but I don't think that I will.

Prosperity seems to be the ringing note of all the countries that I have seen so far, Austria, Netherlands, Belgium, France, Germany. I do not expect to visit any others. So on to Alencon. It with Argentan, was once one of the key crossroads with Argentan, which Patton caught the Merman Army in. They had a term for it then, but I have forgotten it now. I mean the name. The last time that I saw it, there were tanks, guns, and everything strung all over. Not a sign now. Crossing the Seine at Rouen, over a bridge, Five feet said, "The biggest bridge in Europe." The Charter Oak would make it look like a Pigmy. But they are getting the idea.

Now the day I arrived in Darmstadt, and the Little Lady asked me, if it were not possible that is might not be possible, that perhaps, a great castrophe might be a good thing for a city. It struck me as funny, but after Le Havre? Dunkerque, and all of the others. I do not feel like thinking now, I will let that go for later years.

Now, one must think for a minute. There is a difference between a bombed city, and one that has been fought in. A bombed city (as Americans and English bombed, was a pattern affair). Whereas a city that was fought in, well, it was just different. The pattern bombing smashed everything, everthing burned, there was nothing left but the brick walls. But the infantry fighting, and the Infantry has Artillery, just knocks the corners off of buildings. Curdles the eggs of the stork on the chimney top so that they don't hatch and knocks in a few windows. (Page 29??? begins) Yes, one out of five houses in a town where there was tough fighting, burned out. But where there was an intentional bombing, Phooey, there was nothing left. Ce le vie, Ce le Guerre. Yes, we used to burn eight or ten houses in the town each night, intentionally, so as to silhouette the enemy when he attached, as usual, just before dawn. But bombing must plain wrecks everything. Now how did I get unto this subject: Well, anyway, those places that were wrecked the worst, seem to be doing the best.

Anyway, as we were about to reach Alencion, (Paul, that is Five Feet) was a driver in the Argentan Debacle, (Debacle for the Germans). All he can say is "What a mess, what a mess." He is enjoying the trip as much as I, for he has seen places he would never have seen before if I had not come. I don't know what he thinks of me. (I probably never will). Now you must understand that it is an odd scene, to a see a building, similar to the U.N. building, next to a structure, put together in 1200. But here you have it, believe it or not, they have said it, "What else can you do." and have done it, and don't forget this". Are still doing. They are not even asking for eight dollars an hour for a twenty four week. Well, as I said before, twenty miles from Alencion, we ran into a fog, and it was so bad that when I reached Alencion, the only picture that was worth taking was a picture of the sign, Alcencion. There was nothing to see, so we went along to Paris. Now I realize that I can make mistakes, and I had. From Le Haver I had had the girl phone for a reservation in Paris. She did. She said that there were two in my party, and that I expected to have friends. She had me a Suite, and I spell it with a capital because it cost me twenty-five dollars, with a plush or posh, or what have you, (Well if I were the king of Prussia and I had Napoleon then I might need it) but I sure didn't last night. Well, anyway,

I had dismissed Paul, and told him to have a good time. He could not understand that I did not want to tie him up. It was a long time since I had been in Paris. Because of the short daylight hours here at this time, it is hard to travel. It gets daylight at 9:00 and dark at 5:00. Well, anyway, you should have been with me then. I mean in Paris. I wanted to see the Rue Pigalle again. I didn't get that far. Paul thinks that he can speak French. I can do a better job. Well, anyway between us, we got ourselves lost five times and have seen more of Paris than even the natives know. Five feet is a Jewel. I have never done any rear seat driving, because I know that the driver, is thinking as much of his skin, as I am of mine. (And this is very important in Paris). I have heard Paul say "Stupid, Stupid" three times today. I have never heard him say it before.

He has the natural instincts of a gentleman. A man in this world who is going to do the job that he happens to be stuck into with all of his might. And he has done it.

Well, anyway, there was nothing to do between Le Havre and Paris, but let F.F. drive and not bother him. (Because he can see situations arising before him, that I cannot see). I have never seen him caught (page 30??? begins) in a fault yet. He is way ahead of me. So I end up in Paris. Look, Schmidt, you should have been with me, never mind the gold exchange balance changed right there. Enough said. Art, I will talk to you about this later.

Now to go on thru France, it is an agricultural country, what one isn't and they work hard Thier fields are immaculate, not as perfect as Western Germany, Netherlands, and Belgium but better than ours. I note by the papers that the Common market is settled. When I was in Bonn, a few days ago, people told me in Bonn, a few days ago what was going to happen. More of this when I get home.

Never mind what happened in Paris, but perhaps both you and Gerke should have been with me.

Well, anyway, in Paris I took a picture strictly for Marcia. But it didn't come out the way that I wanted. That was my fault. And so I go on from here. It is so funny to see these U.N. buildings next to old Paris. These U.N. factories everywhere.

So, here I am in Besancon. (But what I am worried about is that I cannot describe this in "Europe" as I see it. I am supposed to be an intelligent man, but I am incapable of describing "Europe". What is wrong with me?

Someday, ask me how I got home in Paris, and what it cost me, and I will tell you. Fifth Tee. Promise?

So, I am not interested in anything between Paris and Besancon. But it is fun to see what the country is like. Now in this country, at every crossroad, there is a crucifix. Well, anyhow, forget it.

Lawns: No one has one over here. Just think of all the work that we do cutting them to look as pretty as the Joneses next door. They do all have a balcony for each tenant. I am now in Pirmasans, Germany. The rule here seems to be that you drive with your lights so dim that you can't see yourself. (That is to be nice to the other guy---sort of an Alphonse and Gaston Act.) As a result no one can see anything. So when it gets dark at 5, we stop. Was at Besancon, St. Die and other places in France, that I had been in 1944, I covered them all. Everything seemed larger this time. The hills, higher, the mountains higher, the curves tighter. And I mean in the Vosges, they are tight. Finally came out at Konigsberg Castle, (Same place that I came out the last time), and the castle was still there. (It has been for centuries and I don't know why I should worry about it not being there.) That particular part of the Rhine Valley is nothing but vineyards, just like Connecticut Valley Tobacco fields. Except that they work right up to the road. If you were to lean out of the car window to far, you would get a bunch of grapes in the eye.

Now Silgolsheim, a town my battalion tried to take for 12 days, (and never did), is brand new. If there was an old house in the town, I didn't see it. Every night I used to send in phosphorous mortar shells to get the houses to burning good so that the fires would silhouette the enemy when he attacked at dawn. I think perhaps I have said (page 31??? begins) this before, but I won't take all of the blame, for the 3rd division that came after me did the same thing, I know, so this day was spent walking over old battlefields, and checking memories, etc. I won't bore you with that. It just made me know that if a town is worked on long enough by mortars and artillery, it will be as bad off as if the bombers worked it over.

The critical part of it is that it has all been rebuilt, and modernly, also.

A minor thought, if you ever come here, bring a flashlight. I paid, (Phooey, no dollar sign) twenty-five dollars just for the room in Paris at Ging George the Fifth. I think they gave me the bridal suite. But only one overhead light in the middle of the room. I couldn't seem to find the keys on my typewriter. I have yet to see a floor lamp in Europe. And bring your own salad dressing, and salt and pepper, but above all, carry soap in your suitcase. These people are very neat and clean, but we Americans expect soap in our hotel room.

Five feet five has had a wonderful trip. Vienna to Le Havre. It appears that he feels it is his duty to speak English to me. If we had spoken German all thru this trip, I could now be conversant in German. But it has been the reverse. He now speaks American. He is a gentleman but he doesn't know it. when will I ever use German again but it is very valuable to him to know English. I pick up a French newspaper and read it to him. (That is translate it into English for him). He cannot understand it. yet, I can't speak French. He does, just enough to get along. I can speak a little French, that is enough to get along. But when you speak German one day, and then French the next day, you start off, Je desire eine, (Oh, Oh, das is verboten) it should be Une, and then you are so mixed up, you just say Gotferdammerict mach and zurich. God dammit to Hell, theree and back). And say, Paul, do it for me. And so, I drink to all of you people, as I said I would, everytime I have one, which is seldom, here, and to Herr Dr. Count Heinrich van Brentano, and Dr. Erling, of Darmstadt, the Mayor.

Now I am going to put down some nonsense, tomorrow night I may put down some sense.

Did you ever see a two hundred pound woman, ride a motor bike with a baby in her arms? I have. Did you ever see the most beautiful homes without a lawn? I have. Have you ever seen people just plain happy to be friendly? I have. (Not to me, but to my Chauffeur it made no difference that I was present, they just wanted to be friendly, just nice. Quotch.) (Nonsense, to you) They just want to do their job and help you do yours, if they can.

I have never finally analyzed this "Bitte, Bitte, Danke, Shoerna, Dank, Bittle, Bitte. Deal) As the Texans say, Let's have a drink, and the Hell with the auf Wiedesehim.

Well, now I tell you in France, Petroi (gas to you) is twenty-five cents a quart (one dollar per gallon to you. Bud) But in Germany it (page 32??? begins) is only fifty cents per gallon. So, at Strassborg. (The Cathedral that all of the renovators would love to have the contract for) we went to Germany, had our passports inspected twice, but bought has for half the price.

So, we are back in France. And so we are back in German territory. Now I don't like to speak about this section. It was such a slaughterhouse on both sides. Lets forget it. I wasn't in it. But I came thru the wreckage in 1944 and it is so queer to see a cape cod next to a building that is 100 years old.

Well, I have had a drink to some friends today, who will never drink again, so? "Auf Wiedeseheim." Another thing, they don't know anything about "Swizzle Sticke" in Europe. I carry my toothbrush in my left hand shirt pocket, and use the handle to stir. Very practical. By nature, I am a stirrer and must have something to stir with.

Well, as the "is itsour not", decrees, I must return to the U.S. But I will be there before this gets there. But the Isitsoornot", says that one must live out his life, pay the one universal debt, to God, death. The only universal debt that I know. The only sure business, that I know is "Undertaking" He is gonna get us. We are sure business. But, someday, he is going the same way. Let him try to stop it.

Tellenburg, It is a very tiny mountain in the Rhine Plain. The last time that I saw of it, it was at 4:00 AM in the morning and it was burning, I mean all of it. The only building that I recognize in it now is the church. It is the same. The rest is the same. The rest of the town is new.

Back at Bonn. I have the typewriter on the window ledge so that I can see those barges bump if they do. They are really canal bosts self propelled canal boats. That Boat is Rheintank, Mannheim, it is a tanker going up river, that is south. On this past trip, I have been very tense. Now back at Bonn, I am relaxed. We stayed at Pirmanens, last night. I wanted to go to Kaiserlauten, but F.F. said "Nicht Gut." I took it that he meant it was a sleazy place. We stopped at a Petrol Station (Gas to us) and the attendant said Kaiserlauten, Quotch, and nonsense. The conversation was long as usual, and ended with the usual. Bitte, Bitte, Bitte, DANKE? DANKE, AUFWIFDESHEIM, Auewiedeseheim, Aufwiedeseheim, Auf wiedeseheim, Aufwiedeseheim, Wiedesehim, wiedeseheim. It takes that long. Well, I know enough to gather from that conversations that the station (page 33??? begins) attendant

was saying the hotels were lousy. Terrible, and that we would be clipped. I saw a hotel that was a new building, and I figured that we couldn't get caught too badly in a new hotel, and sure enough we had fine rooms, good food, and reasonable. Don't go to an old hotel in Europe, and don't go to a new one either. I always have to repair the plumbing before I can flush the john. This is the only hotel I have been in (The Elwha is going by with a load of scrap iron) in any wise treated right by the service. I don't mean the service of the people.. I mean the service of the mechanical things. Such as keys and door locks. A key as big as New York and the keyhole so close to the doorknob that you scrape your knuckles turning it. Being used to the U.S. when I look at C. that means cold. Don't trust it. I think that it means chaud and that is hot, in French. Most hotels have a red spot for hot and another color for cold. But in some of them, it does not make any difference you get cold out of both. And in some, you don't get anything.

Family life: Apparently, people go home when it gets dark, and stay home. They don't wander around the streets, not here or in France or Austria. I don't know how they do in the summertime. (But remember, the weather here now is like April in Connecticut). People here go for a walk, just for the fun of it. I wouldn't walk to the Town Hall unless there was a golf ball for me to hit when I got there. Can you imagine just going for a walk, to walk? (I was in the infantry too long, I can see that.) Well, we leave Pirmasens, (We had been at Bitch) a place where I personally got clobbered, (it is pronounced Bish), and I wanted to see it again. (My hearing isn't too good because of that place). Now, Paul, Mr. F.F., can really drive. (They don't put those hang-on handles on the doors of a Mercedes for nothing.) thought that I wanted to get to Bitch before dark, I wanted to get to a small village, short of Bitch named Lemberg. People ten kilometers away, said "No" that it was way up in Germany," and F.F. said it isn't here. I knew it was because I had been there. He said no, "It is not Possible. I said, its here. Pretty soon, we met a young fellow, we talked to him. Now it went like this, "Lemberg," this typewriter won't hold Caps, so I can't write this the way that I want to but anyway, we were putting the accent on the wrong syllable. Why you have to go thru it to get to Bitch. Paul said, "You have a good memory." Who does not have a good memory for the critical moments of his life, Lemberg, was where I said it was.

I had a picture that I had taken when Lemberg was burning. Burning. Suppose you looked down East main St. and saw 12 houses burning to the ground. I wanted to take a picture. Showing the same street now, but no, not me. I had to gimmix the camera up and get a blank. Phooey. And then there were other things to tell you about this "Village." But they are personal and if you wish to hear them, ask me personally. Anyway, I am still looking for a lawn in Europe. (Ich habe nich gefunden.) Now I didn't realize that Ludwigshafen, was across the Rhine River from Mannheim. I only remembered Mannheim. It was rubble. But apparently, Ludwigshafen, was worse. Perhaps it was so flat that I didn't notice it when I went thru it. Because I (page 34??? begins) had to go thru it to get on the east side of the Rhine. But at that time I did not notice it. Now I see. It is tremendous. It is like Hartford and East Hartford, East Hartford Mannheim, and Hartford being Ludwigshafen. (Apparently they made Bayer Aspirin there, and all of the drugs that you can think of)

Mr. Kennedy is making a fine impress in the country. And when I say country, I mean the Common Market. Six nations. John has the guts.

So we go thru Mannheim, and I can't recognize that mess of rubble. One wonders to himself, "Am I crazy?" I don't think so for this is the same piece of ground. I know it is for I was there. I just had to take pictures of it, I have them. Fabulous?

I still cannot find word for it. Ich merchte I gehabben an entronic machiner, (Ich could write besser dan). Oh: Oh: I think that those two are going to crash. No. They didn't, One blew his horn, or whatever it is, and they missed.

Now before I go on to reviewing this trip of mine, I have to say a word or two about Count Heinrich Von Brentan DeTremezzo. I had quite a problem. I had done all of the fighting I wanted do, but now I had a "Fragebogen War" on my hands. A "Fragebogen" is a Questionnaire, and then, after the German, had filled in the Questionnaire, the army, "F.B.I." checked the person out in full. Patton was re-livied, not of his Command, not of his duties, but of "A portion of his responsibilities" because he insisted that the Germans he had placed in certain postions were capable and satisfactory. (But the Army F.B.I. said these people were wrong people, so Patton got "The Works".

Now the Count got thru this "Fragebogen Deal", as clean as any man could. Apparently, he had no smirch on his record and that waw my opinion, he became Executive Director of the German Court System. He has been for six years, Secretary of State of Western Germany, and is now, what we would call, "Leader of the Senate". But let me make a note: He is not now, as when I first saw him, a tall slender man, (He was living on 1100 calories a day), He is a little heavier, a little less hair,--- (A man, as I see it, a little worried, Mostly dedicated, to the welfare of the European peoples---to all those who wish and want to cooperate with, and to mankind in General). Heir not the only brilliant man in Europe. Believe you got me, there are many brilliant men there. If you don't believe it, go and see. You will never get a cheaper education.

Now My Problem Is"

To tell you what there is in Europe: Just the truth.....

Notice these periods.

The Strongest currency in the world is the German Mark. The Second strongest is the French Franc. The English Pound and the American Dollar come after that. A surprise to you? A surprise to me too. But I know the Facts. The U.S.A. is Second Rate to the European "Common Market". They are prosperous.

Now I do not wish to bore people with all of my stupidity, so I will get along about the business of reporting my trip. (My stupidity is gross).

CONCLUSION

I am now back in Connecticut, U.S.A. I was truly so confounded by this trip, that I had to take a few months after it was over to think about it. I have observed a Revolution. Yes, the Revolution of Europe. Accomplished without anyone being hurt. The army was the Common Market. The enemy "Stagnant Customs and a Stagnant Heritage of thought". Six intelligent nations, Led by Who? I don't know, but I think that Count Heinrich von Brentano De Tremezzo, had a lot to do with it. And as it appears to me the U.S.A. had better get its britches into the thing as fast as possible, or we are going to be "Holding the Bag".

John Kennedy knows the score. He is doing his best to get us into it. And we belong in it with all of the nations of the Western Hemisphere. Thank God for an intelligent, capable, brilliant young man in the driver's seat at this time. Just a Man. Not a Politician. That is what we need at this time. He is Irish, Redheaded and tough. (And Oh those Irish ----- Can they be hard headed). But the females of the Species make good wives. (When they feel like it).

Well, anyway, the lights and the power went off for a few minutes and I couldn't write, for this is an electric typewriter. Now I have forgotten what I was going to say. But I think that I was going to say that this man, Count Heinrich von Brentano de Tremezzo, is a Statesman, not a Politician. I hope that I do not hurt his feelings with that remark, but that is what I feel and I know. I hope this Hail doesn't make holes in the top of my convertible. Well, anyway, I just love Europe and I advise anyone that wants to see the world, to go there. Learn how "The Best Part of the World", lives. Because there is no question in my mind that we are now second rate, "Second Rate", to the Common Market. And Kennedy knows it. (So does England). All the other nations have to follow. But Andre Schenker told me this in 1927. It is not new. What a brilliant man he was. He predicted all of what was going to happen in this World, in 1929. And it did. A tremendous man.

NOW LOOK PEOPLE:

I have to review what I have written and make remarks on it. I just plain want you to know what, how and why I felt.

Transcribed by Becky Rudolph, his great-granddaughter, June 22-26, 2010.