Prologue to Eugenia Robb's German Diary - 1947

When I arrived in Germany in April of 1947, the Occupation there had been well established for two years. The Nuremberg Trials were well under way. The atmosphere was very different from the situation I had encountered in Japan in 1945. General MacArthur was the Supreme Commander of the allied forces in the Japanese islands, and worked with the British, Australian and New Zealand Governments. On the other hand, Germany was occupied by the British, Americans, French and Russians and was divided into zones.

In the Crossroads Club of the Red Cross we did not include the German people in our programs as we had done with the Japanese. We did take German guides with us on sightseeing tours. But the "talent" in the club was drawn from Red Cross girls and the GI's. Our club was situated in the Opera House. The Germans used the auditorium for their opera performances which were held almost daily. The need for Red Cross girls was becoming less necessary. The boys could visit Paris, Belgium, England on their own when they had leave. However, towards the end of the Occupation we carried on active programs in the Crossroads Club.

When the Crossroads Club closed we had a choice of staying with the ARC and going back to Asia, going with the army which had set up recreational clubs called "special services", or resigning. Most of the girls chose to go home.

November 1999

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New York 1947 Staten Island

Friday, April 4 - Good Friday

We left Camp Kilmer at noon today and went by bus to Staten Island. Twenty-five of us are leaving today on the General Callan for Bremerhaven in Germany. She is a comparatively small ship.

It is a cold, damp day in New York with a haze on the horizon. The Statue of Liberty is almost obscured. We sailed at 6:00 pm, turning about as we drifted out of the dock on Staten Island. The shoreline of skyscrapers were lighted along the horizon. As we reached the ocean the sea became rougher but still not enough to cause the ship to roll and pitch. Went to bed early and slept well.

Saturday, April 5 - aboard the General Callan

The ocean is still not really rough. We have come 256.6 miles. Our latitude is 39-47 north, and longitude 68-25 west. Our average speed is 17.2 knots.

We did a great deal of walking and exercising on deck, and also worked in the library, shelving and cataloguing. Not many of the girls are seasick this time. I have not missed a meal, but then I never do! Tonight after dinner we had a movie in the galley - "Under Current".

Sunday, April 6 - Easter Sunday

It is overcast again today. We had a very lovely simple Easter Service in the lounge. This afternoon the ocean became quite rough. Tonight in the galley we saw "Johnny O'clock". Ocean too rough to sleep.

Monday, April 7

Today it is overcast and drizzling. However, we spent a good part of time on deck. Rusty and I finished cataloguing the books in the library so it should be ready to open tomorrow.

Distance from: 1075; distance to: 2,605 m.
Course 82, distance today: 419 m.
Latitude; 40-35 N; longitude: 50-45 W; knots per hr. 18.22.
Sea is rough with southwesterly swell.

The mountainous waves almost washed us over the side. Spent a quiet evening in the lounge.
Tuesday, April 8

Course: 68.30  Distance: 415 m.  Latitude: 43.07 N
Longitude: 42.08 W.  Distance from: 2190 m
Av. knots: 17.29; weather overcast, wind SW & W
Sea: moderately rough.

This morning worked in the library and then sunbathed topside. In the afternoon lounged topside. The weather is much clearer now and the ocean deep purple with millions of whitecaps. Movie tonight "Dr. Eldorado". Took a quick glimpse of the stars before going to bed.

Wednesday, April 9

The sun shone for a short while so we sunbathed topside. In the afternoon worked in the library for a while and then later went to a movie "Sister Kenny".

Thursday, April 10 and Friday, April 11

The sea is moderate today with some south-westerly swells. Spent the morning in the library and then up on the sundeck.

This evening the "General Callan" received a distress call from a ship 170 miles in the opposite direction, towards New York. We turned about and went back to her rescue. There was a Filipino aboard who needed an emergency operation. Our ship's doctor had to take a small boat to the tanker when we finally came beside it. The boy was transferred by 5:00 am and was operated on. We lost about 17 hours but we saved a life.

This evening the Red Cross girls put on a funny show which was very successful.

Saturday, April 12

It is clear today with a slight north-easterly wind. The sunset tonight was the most beautiful I have seen on this trip. As the sun's rays caught the spray of the waves it was like a spray of rose petals, so soft and lovely - a pale rose color.

Sunday, April 13

English Channel - 20 miles off the coast of Ireland.

It is cold and clear today. We have passed several ships
Sunday, April 13 (contd.)

on both the port and starboard sides. The channel is mildly
ripply and deep green in color. The change from mighty gushing
waves to the soft whispering of the channel is very refreshing.

The chapel service this morning was very impressive.
At 7:00 pm we caught a faint, misty glimpse of "Merry Old Eng-
land". Beautiful sunset like a painting. The channel is still
mild and the air damp.

Monday, April 14

We should have pulled into port today but as we were de-
layed along the way we are still going full steam ahead. The
North Sea is not as rough as I had anticipated. Today there
is a low, creamy fog creeping around us. Today being our last
day aboard the "Callan" we are packing and busy on various duties.
Rusty and I sat on deck for some time.

At 8:00 pm we reached the river just outside Bremerhaven.
We dock tomorrow morning early but do not disembark until 4:30 pm.
Tonight no one went to bed. We sat around eating sandwiches and
reading horoscopes and just gabbing.

Tuesday, April 15 - Bremerhaven, Germany

We came in to port early this morning. From the dock I
would say that Bremerhaven is similar to any seaport, possibly
Yokohama in Japan. But the distinguishing difference is the
dress of the Germans. The ones around the dock wear little
Dutch caps and blue uniforms.

We disembarked at 4:30 pm and boarded a train for Bad
Wildungen. There were five of us to a compartment. It was an in-
teresting journey but very long and tiresome. We passed beauti-
ful fields, all cultivated and then past forests and hills. The
houses are mostly stucco with tiled roofs. Many of the Germans
wear wooden shoes. Bremer is a mere skeleton of a city, shattered
to pieces. It is depressing to see the lovely churches just a
framework. We passed through several smaller villages and gave
candy to the children by the railtracks.

Wednesday, April 16

We finally arrived at 4:30 am., very tired. Our last stop
was Kassell. American Redcross girls met us and we boarded a
bus which brought us to Bad Wildungen in 40 minutes. Dawn was
beginning to seep through the black midnight sky when we pulled
in. First we went to the Kaisserhof. hotel for breakfast, then
up the hill to our hotel. Bad Wildungen is perfectly beautiful - a resort town in the mountains. As I looked out of my window I could hear the birds singing, feel the fresh morning dew on my cheeks and see the scarlet-splashed sky which formed a rich background to the dark, rolling pine-covered hills. In the distance church bells rang, their melodious tune drifting unevenly through the air. Two steeple spires were just visible. With great reluctance I turned away, closed my eyes and fell asleep, awakening at 3:00 pm. Then we had an ARC meeting and after that met for cocktails.

Thursday, April 17

Last evening Rusty and I took a walk through the quaint, narrow streets of Bad Wildungen. The city is untouched by bombs. It seems peaceful and romantic. The buildings are beautiful architecturally. One church in particular is very interesting. It is over 1,000 years old and stands on a hillock in the heart of the city. The shops are well kept and many of the windows resemble ours. There are many art shops with lovely paintings decorating their windows. The people are very much like Americans and seem to live rather normal and happy lives.

This morning went to an ARC meeting. This afternoon went to the Fritzler Air Base to the dentist. The countryside on the way out was very picturesque. There is an old castle on a hill outside the city which adds another lovely piece of scenery to the picture.

Friday, April 18

Slightly overcast today. Had my interview this morning, then went to Fritzler Air Base this afternoon. The army wives have a convenient, well-stocked commissary out there. Later in the afternoon Betsy, Jan and I went for a long walk around the town and visited many shops, etc. The German children look like pixies, with their fair hair, blue eyes and peaches and cream complexion.

After dinner we played records in the Kaiserhof and later went to the Furstenhof for a party, accompanied by a large group of air corps boys. The party lasted until about 1:00 am at which time we adjourned to our home and had a song fest round the piano.

Saturday, April 19

Slept until noon and then had lunch at the Kaiserhof. Today I feel as if I had been reborn: the soft, velvety breath of spring, the sweet smell of the season's first blossoms, the bird song and the dark, somber shades of the hills around the town present a most delightful invitation to walk and be happy!
Alone, I walked over to the grand opening of the golf course. The town of Bad Wildungen from the pine-covered hills seemed like a work in mosaic. The scenery might have been a stage setting for "Hansel and Gretel". Off on the horizon one could see the castle, a magnificent vantage point from which to see the city. After visiting the golf course I turned homeward, for a threatening storm began to break over the city.

In the evening Betsy, Jan, Bev, Shirley and I went to cocktails and dinner with some of the boys from the air corps. We first went to the Furstenhof and then to Fritzier Air Base to a "pajama party" but of course we did not wear pajamas! Home at 3:00 am.

Sunday, April 20

- Visit to Kassel

After lunch several of us went to Kassel in a jeep. Kassel is about 45 kilometers from Bad Wildungen. The city is over 60% destroyed, and buildings are mere skeletons. We drove all over the city and by the hospital which is still used as such today. The Americans have taken it over. Then we visited a German fair and got lost among thousands of men, women and children, all apparently enjoying a Sunday afternoon of amusement. Many of them looked at us with resentment though even a few of them looked pleadingly, rather like some of the Japanese had while we were there. We took part in the fun, pitching rings etc. and going on the roller-coaster. The children seemed to revel in this mild amusement. It seemed ironic to see these people act so jovially among those ruins. The drive back was lovely, among the rolling countryside.

Monday, April 21

Rose early and went to the Kaiserhof for classes which lasted until 4:00 pm, with break for lunch and tea. This evening the Gaillards, Betsy and I went to the Furstenhof for cocktails before dinner. Beverly played the piano for quite a while and then we had dinner and ended the day at the movies.

Tuesday, April 22

Today we all received our assignments to various parts of Germany. Rusty, Imogene, Betsy and the Gaillards are leaving tomorrow for Ruggenberg. Jane Bradley, Mary Gillis, Madeleine and I are going to the Heidelberg-Frankfurt area. We leave on Thursday morning.

After class we adjourned for dinner, then to Furstenhof for champagne! Much later, after bidding each other fond farewells, we went to the Kaiserhof and listened to the German string orchestra play Viennese waltzes and German drinking songs.
Wednesday, April 23

This morning I took a long walk through the town of Bad Wildungen, enjoying many of the places I had overlooked before. Visited some of the shops and bought a painting. Went to a German photographer and had some pictures taken.

It is rather lonely here today as most of the girls have gone off on their various assignments. Had an interesting talk with one of the German photographers who had been interned during the war by the Russians. He spoke good English and seemed to be honest in liking American people. He had studied in Heidelberg before the war, and had been happy there. Thus far, I have a kindred feeling for the Germans.

Thursday, April 24

We left Bad Wildungen at 10:00 am: Mary Gillis, Jane Bradley, Madeleine, Connie and I on one bus and the remainder of the group on another. The trip to Frankfurt was glorious - so many of the scenes reminded me of Grant Wood; each tree and housetop seemed to stand out in bas relief against the pale blue sky. We passed many pine forests and the country seemed very clean. We passed through many villages, similar in that most of them were nestled at the foot of rolling hills, the rooftops of the houses were bright orange. In every village the spires of the churches rose above the other buildings, like guardians reaching heavenward.

We had lunch in Frankfurt - another shell of a city though one can see that at one time the buildings must have been beautiful. Spring has been in southern Germany for several weeks now. We arrived in Heidelberg at 4:00 pm.

Friday, April 25

Heidelberg is a wonderful city, much more so than I had anticipated. To anyone with a feeling for "the old" it is a thing of beauty. The little streets, the Neckar river, the shops, the churches and the hills surrounding the town form a little paradise overlooked by the "Schloss", quite apart from the world.

Last night we all visited the shops and wandered up and down the streets. We are staying at The Ritter Hotel, one of the oldest in town. It was relaxing to listen to the orchestra play Hungarian waltzes while we sipped Rhine wine. The church across the street was built in the 15th century. There was a struggle between the Roman Catholics and the Lutherans, so at one time each sect had one side of the church. It is now Lutheran. The back part had been destroyed. To sum up: Heidelberg is a jewel within a world of destruction. It remains intact with its charming houses and seemingly happy inhabitants.
On Friday we took a tour of the city. First, the old university including the jail house where most of the students spent at least part of their time! The walls were covered with pictures and characters. The pinnacle of the tour was a trip to the old schloss, or castle. It stands high, overlooking the city. It was damp and cold inside. From every window one could see the city below. Most interesting were the barrels in the wine cellar where the Bavarian barons stored their drink. Our guide told us the legend of the King's jester. "Splendour Falls on Castle Walls" continued to ring in my ears as we wandered through the courtyards, and went up into the turrets. The afternoon shadows were playing in the valley and the sky was hazy and milky, as one would imagine a dream to be. One felt one had left today's world and had been thrust back to the Middle Ages. I could hear the hoofbeats of the knights' horses outside the gate. We reluctantly left at 4:00 pm taking the cable car. We visited a beer hall on the way back. Here, the Student Prince was supposed to have visited. We drank German beer and listened to his stories.

Saturday, April 26

The other girls have left. I leave for Stuttgart on Monday. Today had lunch with Capt John Howard and during the afternoon we strolled around town. It rained in the afternoon so plans were changed. Dined at the Stogt Gart and spend evening dancing there.

Sunday, April 27

A beautiful day. I was awakened by church bells from the old church across the street. I went to the German services at 10:00. The hymns were lovely and though I could not understand the sermon I felt stirred by it.

At noon John Howard called for me and we climbed (in a jeep) to the schloss and in a lovely dining room had champagne and Sunday dinner. After dinner we walked down through the rock garden adorned with pansies and violets. The air was silklike and full of the aroma of spring's breath. Later we had cocktails and dinner at the Europa, and spent the evening dancing.

Monday, April 28

Jane and I started our packing early and after a good breakfast our driver turned up and we started out for Stuttgart. The weather was good. As we drove along it was striking to see the apple, pear and cherry trees in bloom - the varying shades of green were outstanding. On almost every hill there was a village, with the ever-present church steeple reaching high above the rooftops. Some of the little villages were a spot on the horizon, and others we went through. I felt we
were on an opera stage as we darted in and out of the minute and narrow cobbled streets. We stopped at a town called Bretlen where we were met by three officers who fed us and sent us on our way. Further on we took the autobahn and had a much smoother ride.

We arrived in Stuttgart at 1:30 and reported to the Cross Roads Club. The city of Stuttgart is in a valley surrounded by hills. It is mostly destroyed. However, the residential area on the outskirts remains intact.

Tuesday, April 29

Another lovely morning, my first in my new assignment. Our house is a large one, high atop one of the largest hills overlooking the city. The foliage on the hill is colorful. The ruins in the city are not visible from the house. Somehow Stuttgart reminds me of Birmingham, Alabama. I had a long talk with the masseuse who gave me a "message". She was once a leader in the Nazi Party. She said all Germans were taught to hate Americans. Her fiancé is now in America. She is just one of many who still distrust us.

The Club is large and built around the opers house. It has everything a Red Cross Club should possess. The canteen is outstanding as is the music played by the orchestra.

Wednesday, April 30

After the large party we had last night, most of the girls were tired, so we slept until noon. I enjoyed talking to the boys in the club. I am in charge of forum discussions, dancing class and the games. We had dinner at the Graf Zeppelin tonight. Afterwards I held my dancing class which was quite successful. In the evening we had another party after work.

Thursday, May 1

Today, for the first time, I walked around Stuttgart. I went into some of the smaller shops alone among the war-scarred streets. For the most part the German people look upon us with resentment. They also bear an air of arrogance unlike the mild manner of the Japanese people. They all look quite strong and healthy. Some of the shops have lovely objets d'arts but they are quite expensive. The "black market" seems to be worse than in Japan.

I went to the club at 1:00 pm and was in the canteen most of the time. Sat in on the last act of "Rigoletto" which was beautiful.
Friday, May 2

Everyone very busy preparing for the carnival to take place Saturday and Sunday. Tents have been set up in front of the Opera House. Today I heard from home for the first time in a week.

We had cocktails and dinner at the Graf Zeppelin and then went to see "The Jolson Story" at the Opera House. We had another big party at the house tonight.

Saturday, May 3

The first day of the carnival. The Germans have set up a miniature "Coney Island" in front of our club, blocking our view of the pool. The children seem to be enjoying the rides immensely.

This afternoon we had an ice cream eating contest followed by a "greased pig chase", which I was in charge of! The pig would not move but we got a big laugh out of it.

During the evening we had a dance by lamp light under the stars. It was most successful.

Sunday, May 4

A lovely spring day, but rather cool. The view from the club is lovely, a mass of green broken by the white and lavendar lilacs. The dew on the trees sparkles in the afternoon sun, and the out of doors rings with merriment. This is the second day of the carnival. On the agenda: soap box derby and boxing matches, both a great success. I enjoyed the classical coffeee hour and the brief glimpses I caught of the opera "The Masked Ball".

After dinner we went to the opera house to see a Variety Show.

Monday, May 5

Day off and raining. Went shopping in the PX and also took a tour of our new house. It is most luxurious and standing on the side of a hill with a commanding view of the valleys. There are large rooms with dormer windows everywhere and the banister on the stairway is bronze.

Spent a rather quiet evening at home. The suburban districts of Stuttgart on the surrounding hills are grand and luxurious. Most of the larger houses and villas have towers built of stone or stucco. Wrought iron is plentiful - on balustrades, covering windows and as decorative pieces on the lawns. These houses are now used by high ranking officers, consulates, etc. This residential section might be in some of the larger cities in the United States.
The central part of the city is "kaput". However, the Cross Roads Club and its surroundings are mostly intact. The Graf Zeppelin, though ugly, is a modern hotel, and the bahnhof, or station, still stands. The park, now a wonderful green and all shades of lavender and pink, is a dream, so soothing after viewing the ruins.

Tuesday, May 6

Today Marge Clark drove Jane, Fran, Dottie and me to Esslingen, about 12 miles from Stuttgart. This is a medieval town completely untouched by war, and a beauty spot in the Neckar valley. I was entranced by the town. It is built on both sides of the Neckar river, the banks of which are soft green with willow trees leaning towards the water. As one crosses the bridge one enters the middle ages. The cobblestoned streets are so narrow that one can jump from pavement to pavement. All of the houses and shops are shades of pastel, made of stone and stucco, some with thatched roofs. Again, wrought iron is used for decoration. The beer halls are quaint, and the town hall, used for the Red Cross, is one of the most unusual buildings I have seen. Something right out of Grimm's fairy tales. Every hour the clock strikes and at noon there is an extravaganza - little figures move in and out and the bells ring and echo in the square. We visited the museum in the town hall and saw many relics of centuries ago. We visited some of the shops and I bought a figurine. We also went up to explore the castle on the hill.

Wednesday, May 7

In the morning I went to my first French lesson here. Many of the words seem to return to me. In the afternoon and evening worked at the club. I was in charge of games night in the lounge.

Thursday, May 8 - VE Day

A holiday for all the boys. The club, and especially the snackbar, was crowded. Went to work at 1:00. This afternoon Joan and I took the weapons carrier filled with doughnuts and coffee out to the ball game. I enjoyed this. The day was warm and beautiful and the boys enjoyed the games so much. I hated to see the little German children looking at our food and not being able to eat it.

In the evening we had a dinner dance at the club. The lounge was decorated with the flags of all the nations. Everyone was in a festive mood.
Friday, May 9

Rose early and went to work at 8:30. I was in the "Hobby Lobby" all morning. In the afternoon I went to the 3rd Ordinance to get my driver's license. The drive out there through the "snow drifts of spring" was very lovely, one watercolor after another came into sight. Arrived back at the club in time to dress and have dinner with "Mickey". We went up to Military Government high up on one of the highest hills overlooking the city. The building was once a villa belonging to a rich German. The diningroom was panelled and full of atmosphere. The food and music were superb. After dinner we went out on to the terrace and viewed the sunset across the valley. The sky was crystal clear, absolutely magnificent. We then drove to Esslingen over a small country road and went to the officers' club there and got back in time for a going away party for Melina Edgell and Jerry Hansom. I hate to see Melina leave for she has been a real friend during the short time I have known her.

Saturday, May 10

Melina and Jerry left this morning. Had another long day at the club without much activity. Tonight I put on a "Quiz Show" which went off very well considering we had much competition from the band in the canteen and the show upstairs.

It seems so strange to have it light outside at 10:00 pm. The dark rich colors outside do not fade until after 10:00. I noticed their reflection in the pool at the entrance to the club. It makes a startling but beautiful landscape. The trees bordering the pool are rich in bloom. Oh! the soft, summer skies.

Sunday, May 11

Rested during most of the morning. Last night George Nebgen took me up to the HG Club, high above the city of Stuttgart. We danced and drank champagne until 2:00 am. I literally fell into bed, being so tired.

Monday, May 12

Today I had the day off. Jane and I went by train to Esslingen. We took a walking tour of the town and then did some shopping. I bought a lovely decanter at one of the charming antique shops. It's owner asked me many questions about the Far East. Later Jane and I had dinner with the girls from the Red Cross club and afterwards went up to their large and luxurious house to rest before their party. At 10:00 pm things got under way and people began to arrive. They were mostly CIC boys and ARC girls. We danced until 2:00 am. I met John Butterworth, who went to Princeton and knew Matt [cousin]. He drove us the long road home - we arrived at 3:00 am.
Tuesday, May 13

Rested again this morning. Went to the dispensary in the afternoon.

The countryside around Stuttgart is most beautiful. No wonder it is called "The Garden Spot of Germany".

This evening I took charge once again of the dancing class and came home to a house full of people! According to the latest rumors they say that the "Crossroads Club" will close in July, and that the ARC will be "pulling up stakes" in the Fall. I shall be leaving this summer but first want to see something of Europe. Ruth and I plan to go to Paris for three days during the first week in June.

Wednesday, May 14

Today is damp and raining. Out-of-doors activity having been cancelled I spent most of the day in the canteen. After waiting for a time, I finally got a call through home.

Thursday, May 15

This afternoon I sneaked in to the opera "Faust". It is a very long drama so I was able to see only a few scenes, mostly the middle part where the devil takes Faust around tempting him with the pleasures of life! The man taking the part of the devil is the husband of one of the librarians; he was a fine actor.

Tonight, again, I took charge of the dancing classes. I believe it was the most successful I have had so far. The girls had a big party tonight which broke up at 4:00 am! Not for me!

Friday, May 16

Went to the "Crossroads" club early today. Pat returned from Heidelberg with the news that the ARC club would probably close in July. We can either stay with the ARC, go with Special Services, or get another job. Best yet, go home!

Tonight, we all decided to "hang one on" and that we did. After the meeting we all had champagne, cokes, etc. It was a grand party, ended at 5:00 am.

Saturday, May 17

Arrived at the club at 2:00. Besides my regular duties I was again able to sit in for part of the opera "Barber of Seville". I saw the last part which was very well done. I love the music it is so light hearted and airy.

At the club we we had a scavenger hunt which was lots of fun.
The boys were all tearing around trying to find the "goldfish", "hair from a horse", etc. etc. It was amusing to see how seriously they worked at it. Nothing was too underhanded to try!

Sunday, May 18

After a busy morning at the club I took the tour to castles at Hohenstaufen and Hohen-Rechberg. I may have been tired but one thing is certain, the trip was even more beautiful that the one down from Heidelberg, so I was stimulated and compensated. Spring still reigns supreme. The colors are so soft and lovely. Some of them are so brilliant that they are like watercolors with the paint still wet. Around each bend our eyes met another magnificent landscape. At times there did not seem to be a horizon at all, they reached the endless depths of eternity.

When we reached Hohenstaufen where the Hohenstauffens once ruled, we climbed a high hill to the sight of the old castle. The view was marvelous. Then we came down and took the bus to the Castle Hohen-Rechberg, which for the most part is still intact. It is situated on a hill which juts out into the open sky. Here the Bavarian alps can be seen on a clear day. The dark green, almost black, forests below are strange and eery. As I stood on the old wall it was as if my mind were a projector which switched to various scenes from the books I had read in childhood. First, a knight in shining armor from Grimm's fairytales, then Siegfried and Brunnhilda. I could hear Wagner's music. I could hear the "Dove in the Eagle's Nest" the robber barons from medieval times. The castle was fascinating. We explored the dungeons and went into many of the musty rooms. Now the wind blows through the cracks and whistles a wistful tune. With just a little imagination one feels one is living in those times. After the castle we went up another hill to a beautiful Roman Catholic church, Renaissance style with center aisle and two side ones. The altar was ornate and lovely. There were murals and paintings on the ceiling. What a peaceful place to spend an afternoon. Tonight at the club we had another big dance.

Monday, May 19

Spent a quiet morning at home. Wrote letters in the afternoon. In the evening we had a round-table discussion on "Why Fight Russia"? The boys on the whole were intelligent and each expressed his opinion. One of them had been inside the Kremlin and told us about it. Later John Butterworth drove me home and we all had another party.
Tuesday, May 20

Today had a day off. Spent most of the day at the house. Later, went to the PX.

Wednesday, May 21

Early this morning Marge and I drove to Ludwigsberg, a quaint little town absolutely intact. The palace there of King Ludwig is a copy of the one at Versailles. We drove into the courtyard to get a clearer view of the city.

At 1:00 pm we had a Red Cross tour of Rottenburg. Once again, the countryside was like a Grant Wood painting. As the sun's intensity increased the haze disappeared and distant "paintings" became more impressionistic. Although the colors remained, the ones in the distance seemed to be different shades of lavender. Here and there we passed a flock of sheep tended by a patient and kindly shepherd boy wearing leather pants. We passed through Tübingen, the seat of an old university, and there visited one of the old churches built in the 1400's. It was damaged on 1644 amd rebuilt in 1655. It is a three-naved Gothic Basilica with many interesting and beautiful features inside. The altar is baroque in style and colorful. There are also many small side chapels. Next, we visited St. Mary's Church of Pilgrimage which is baroque in style. A Franciscan monk showed us around and told us several legends in a unique style of his own. He had a very Christlike expression. He spoke only broken English but made us understand.

After visiting these churches in the French zone we continued to the border of the black forest. It is dark and mysterious with many black-trunked fir trees. From the hills parts of it seemed like puffs of green pillows. One could easily get lost in this vast forest. One can imagine the forest being filled with elves. We enjoyed taking pictures in a little town nearby. Arrived home at 8:00 pm just in time to go to work. Later, there was a big birthday party for Pat.

Thursday, May 22

Not too busy at the club today. "Howie" and I walked part of the way home, early for a change.

Friday, May 23

Called home today and it was grand. Cele and I are having fun planning a trip through Europe. Had dinner at the Graf Zeppelin and Howard and I went to a movie afterwards. Dottie and Fran returned from Prague tonight.
Saturday, May 24

Rose early and then went to the club. I received mail from Tom, Dave and Jim Perry - quite a haul!

Rain prevented the tennis tournament from being played off. I played after the rain. George and I planned our next discussion group on "Germany Since the Occupation". Later we came to the house and George fixed supper. Went to bed early and got some much-needed sleep.

Sunday, May 25

Went to the club at 2:00 pm and later this afternoon Dottie and I took the doughnut wagon over to the ballgame which was held out in the country. The weather was lovely. The sweet pine aroma drifted in from the forest. This evening we had a dance at the club - a formal dance for the GI's and it was quite a happy affair. The motif was "The Streets of Paris".

At 11:00 pm we had a staff meeting, immediately after which Jane and I left for our train to Garmisch. The train left about midnight and we settled ourselves in the compartment which we shared with several others. At 4:00 am we came into Munich - tired. We had to change trains so we had time to go to the snack bar.

Monday, May 26

As the sun put its first coat of rich scarlet paint on the morning sky, we really began to feel some life. The country was magnificent. The green rolling hills and deep valleys, honey-combed with with little towns, seemed so peaceful in the early morning. As we went south we got into the jagged mountains of the Alps, snowcapped and standing out against the blue cloudless sky. At 8:00 am we reached Garmisch, I was thrilled by this town, so completely foreign in its beauty and colors. After making reservations at the Eibsee Hotel, we went to one of the hotels in town and had breakfast. Every now and then the church bells would ring out across the crystal clear air. Otherwise, the town was quiet. After breakfast we took the bus trip to Eibsee at the foot of the Zugspitze, the highest mountain in Germany. The valleys were covered with wild flowers and here and there stood a small house resembling a Swiss chalet. The people were colorfully dressed, particularly the men who wore leather pants, long woolen socks and cocked hats adorned with feathers. Jane and I were able to get great accommodations: the lake at our feet, Zugspitze at our back and Viennese music echoing from the rooms below. Later we took a motorboat ride on the lake. It did not seem real: The Alps partly covered in snow, the Zugspitze towering above and reflected in the lake below. It was as if they were a lavish backdrop for to one of Broadway's greatest plays. The warm sun felt wonderful. Later, we took a buggy ride around town. We visited many churches, took photos
and visited many of the shops. Finally we arrived home for dinner
and as it was light until 10:00 we took a motorboat ride with some
of the boys.

Tuesday, May 27

How relaxing it was to enjoy breakfast in bed in such a lovely
place. We caught the 10:00 am cable up to the summit of the Zugspitze.
The trip took about 2 hours. The Zugspitze is about 9950 ft. high.
It was wonderful to look down on the lakes and valleys and the tall
fir trees. Half way up we went into a tunnel which lasted until we
reached the ski lodge. On arriving at the hotel we were able to look
over into Switzerland and Austria. Outside the hotel people were
skiing down the slopes. The Alps seemed endless, like a scene from
"Shangri-La, the Lost Horizon". We took another cable car to the
peak of the Zugspitze. It was freezing and the clouds were hanging
low. Every now and then there would be a gap in the clouds when one
could see the lake and hotel below. It was rather terrifying but
most inspiring. We descended for lunch at the hotel at 2:00 pm.
Later we visited Eibsee and spent the next night in town to be near
the station. Tonight Capt. Athenen visited us and invited us to
dinner. We danced in the little tavern later. Had to get up at
5:00 am for trip back.

Wednesday, May 28

The trip back was lovely. We passed Ulm where stands a
beautiful protestant cathedral.

Thursday, May 29

Busy day at the club. Everyone was preparing for the holi-
day tomorrow.

Friday, May 30 — Memorial Day

Beautiful day. This evening we had a Memorial Day dance in
the lounge. Dinner was wonderful. Had dancing in between the
courses. The motif was "Patriotism", so the walls were decorated
with flags from all nations.

Saturday, May 31

Another rather long day with no outstanding activities. The
"frauleins" are now allowed into the club and I must say that the
ones I have seen so far have not been of the highest type! It
seems a pity for there are many nice German girls but they do not
frequent the club. In some ways I feel we should try to be friendly
with the Germans and try to understand their point of view but somehow it is most difficult. Hence, those who could aid in bringing about a good relationship are never in public; only the abnoxious ones, and the feeling is so strong against these that no one dares intimate that we accept them! One thing is sure - I shall never call them "krauts".

Sunday, June 1

I was so full of anticipation of visiting Paris that my dreams were full of the Arc de Triomphe, Eiffel Tower, etc, and work today seemed like play. In the afternoon I took the doughnut wagon out to the Century Stadium. Worked like a fiend, serving coffee and passing out doughnuts. The ballgame lasted longer than usual so the Germans began packing in to the stadium to see their soccer game. Later we had a dance at the club.

Ruth Wise and I got our luggage together and Johnny and Milton took us to the bahnhof to catch the orient express to Paris. We were not able to get berths and the compartments were filthy!

Monday, June 2

I can't say I slept well. There were no covers on our berths and no pillows! At 4:00 am I was awakened by a distraught voice from the next compartment. Ruth called me in to explain to the French conductor that we had already bought our tickets.

This was at Kiel, on the German border. From here we had to depend on my French and, surprisingly enough, I did quite well. By this time I was wide awake and I kept my eyes on the passing scene - fascinating. A veil of gauze-like fog floated in the valleys and across the hills; the fields were a mass of brilliantly colored wild flowers; there were cows grazing in the fields. Every now and then we passed a chateau atop a hill, with a wonderful view of the countryside. The small French towns were very picturesque. We followed the Marne river for miles through the green fields. At times it was a trickle and at others it became wide. Ruth and I had a good breakfast - delicious French food. While we were enjoying our meal we passed through Nancy. We arrived in Paris at 10:30 am. The station was large, with no signs of war apparent. I telephoned M. Deutreuse who told us our reservations were at the "Georges Cinq", and there we hustled in a taxi. It is a very large and luxurious hotel with a large open court in the back. Our rooms overlooked the Eiffel Tower. We had a wonderful meal and then did some sightseeing. We walked up The Champs Elysees to the Arc de Triomphe. It was magnificent, the way I had always dreamed it would be. The relief work is beautiful and its solid massiveness gave me a secure feeling.
It seems so symbolic of France: Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité. It was a perfect summer's day. The view down the Champs Elysées was endless. The trees were in full bloom, in perfect formation all the way down. Later we took an open carriage and passed the Place de la Concorde, Rue Madeleine, Le Sacre Coeur, etc. The Louvre was closed but we enjoyed our stroll round the grounds and on to the Arc de Carrousel. After a lovely meal we went to the opera and saw "Thais". The opera house is magnificent inside, the ceiling in gold leaf with paintings on the ceiling similar to those in the Sistine Chapel in Rome. They gave a great performance of "Thais", the soprano voices being particularly good. And the staging was excellent. While enjoying the full moon we had a lovely ride back in a horse-drawn cab. The sidewalk cafés were humming with life. The sounds were happy and pleasant: the hoofbeats on the cobblestones as we went home a roundabout way. I felt very peaceful as I looked out at the moon from my room, as it was almost directly above the Eiffel Tower. It was a very peaceful moment.

Tuesday, June 3

Mr. Deutreuse called for Ruth and me to take us to his home for dinner. It was very elegant. We met his charming wife and his two sons - François and Bernard, and also his brother. The five-course luncheon with wine and liqueurs, was delicious. He showed his art collection, of which he is very proud. After lunch we went straight to Notre Dame, the largest cathedral I have ever visited. The rose windows and altar are very beautiful. I felt lost inside the cathedral it was so immense. We climbed into the bell tower and had a magnificent view of the city from behind the gargoyles. I could see the Hunchback of Notre Dame peering out from behind these grotesque figures. From here the view was magnificent: Paris at our feet, as far as the eye could see. The river Seine divides in places cleaving way for the small islets. All of the old familiar landmarks met my eyes: Arc de Triomphe, Eiffel Tower, the Bastille and many others. We reluctantly descended the stairs and later stopped at a sidewalk cafe on the way home.

Wednesday, June 4

Slept well. François came to see us at noon and gave us our reservations back to Stuttgart. This afternoon we had a lovely tour to Versailles. At this place history seemed to unravel as a scroll. Versailles palace is tremendous. I was not much impressed by the entrance but then we began visiting room after room, rather garish yes but then the colors were rich and luxurious. I enjoyed the Hall of Mirrors. I could visualize the grand balls given by Louis XITH and Marie Antoinette: the swirling skirts, ornate uniforms of the men and the Viennese waltzes. The fountains, pools and formal gardens were lovely. Later we went to the Petit Trianon where Marie Antoinette went to retire from court life.
It had previously belonged to Madame Pompadour. I enjoyed seeing the ornate carriages of the different periods. On the way back we stopped in the town of Versailles and visited some of the shops. Tonight I enjoyed an unusual experience. Ruth and I sat on one of the bridges and watched the God-made sun lamp surrender to the man-made street lamps. As the sun set it reflected its golden rays upon the water over which many curious shadows danced. The buildings along the Seine seemed aged and at the same time ageless. After the warmth of the sun diminished, the lamps, one by one, blinked, almost in melody. The streets echoed sounds of laughing children, trotting hooves and faint Bohemian songs. I was not dreaming but it seemed that way.

Thursday, June 5

Today we went into many shops and later to the Louvre. I was impressed by "Venus de Milo" and the "Winged Victory", even more than the Mona Lisa. I think Leonardo de Vinci's "Madonna aux Roches" is superb. I remember writing a theme about it at St. Catherine's. I could lose myself in the Louvre indefinitely. A funny little Frenchman gave us a ride to the Louvre; he scared us to death with his driving! Our last visit was to the Ritz on the Place Vendôme. How I hated to leave Paris. Later we boarded the Orient Express, with a much more comfortable ride back.

Friday, June 6

Arrived back in Stuttgart tired beyond words!

Went to the club in the afternoon and evening. The Discussion Group was cancelled.

Saturday, June 7

Club not too busy. Enjoyed talking to the boys in the canteen. We had a birthday party for Marge Clark, Ruth and Fran Echart. Pat cooked some wonderful chicken and we had champagne, etc. Did not turn in until 3:00 am.

Sunday, June 8

Went to work early. In the afternoon did some chores. We had a dance in the lounge in the evening. Not quite as noisy for a change.

Monday, June 9

Very busy preparing articles for the paper, discussion group and photography classes. Tonight we met for the photography classes which were very informative. We learned the fundamental principles of enlarging photos. Came home as soon as the club closed and got some much needed rest.
Tuesday, June 10

Went to the club early this morning and was busy until 1:00 pm. Then Ann and I went to the PX. Tonight we went to the Graf Zeppelin for cocktails and dinner. Later, Chuck Williams joined us and we had an enjoyable time dancing. I returned home before 12:00.

Wednesday, June 11

Beautiful day today. Was to go on the Danube tour but missed it. Went to PX later and then did some proof-reading. Summer seems to have returned in Stuttgart, at least briefly.

Thursday, June 12

Went to the club at 1:00 and had a great deal of work to do. Tonight, after dinner, we took a short tour round "battered" Stuttgart. Never have I seen such ruins. It is much more impressive to see these distorted skeletons of buildings than the mere foundations as was the case in Japan. However, these ruins remind me of those in the Philippines.

Tonight there was an interesting discussion led by Mr. Kane of Military Government. He talked about Germany, two years after the occupation. There were 15 participants who talked about the functions of military government, and zonal disagreements. I was particularly interested in relations with Russia. It seems to me that little headway is being made with the occupation here. We give Russia something in return for something. It is all so temporary, with no end in sight.

Friday, June 13

Another lovely day. Rose early. Friday, the 13th was not true to its old tradition, thank goodness! "Jinx Night" really turned out much better than I had expected, and my "Truth or Consequences" show turned out well. The boys and Celia cooerated to the Nth degree.

The canteen is filled with frauleins tonight, and though they are not abnoxious the girls are not the better type of German. However, the people we see going into the opera each day do appear to an advantage. I am very anxious to get a speaker at my discussion group next time.

Saturday, June 14

Assisted Jane with the tennis tournament today. We had few entries therefore the original tournament was converted into a "round robin" which Mr. Farley won. Afterwards I volleysed with the German professional and was happily surprised to find I could give him a run for his money. I am amazed at my improvement in tennis so far. Tonight was "Monte Carlo" night and we had a very nice program.
Sunday, June 15

Tonight we had our famous Indian "Pow Wow"! I was not the least bit enthusiastic at first, but as time went on I got into the mood. It was certainly an experience to go back stage in this German opera and be made up by the experts. We had yellow powder on our faces, eye shadow, rouge, lipstick and black wigs with long pigtails. Really, must somehow have resembled my ancestress Pocahontas a wee bit! We all smoked pipes and what fun we had putting warpaint on the boys. Most of them were very vain and would not permit us to do so. When we arrived home we chatted until 4:00 am.

Monday, June 16

We were busy today preparing for the photography contest which will terminate on June 27, with judging on the 29th. I was interested in being shown the dark room and particularly the enlarger and how it works.

Later this evening we had "bingo" night. Again we girls talked until 4:00 am.

Tuesday, June 17

Amy and I got off at 1:00 pm and went to the PX and spent a nice leisurely afternoon doing as we pleased. Had cocktails and dinner at the Graf and then went to the house, when the gang came home and we all had a big bridge game which lasted on into the night.

Wednesday, June 18

Had the day off. Celia and I went to the printers to proofread a paper in the afternoon. Went to see a movie "It's a Wonderful Life" at the club. Then home to another party.

Thursday, June 19

Busy day at the club. After work at 16:00 pm Celia, Ann & I decided to take a "little" joyride so started out in the direction of Viazingen. Someone suggested going to the "Java Junction" on the way to München, about 45 miles from Stuttgart. There was a red glow in the midnight summer sky silhouetting the houses and church steeples a dark purple against the sky. We drove on the autobahn. The air soon became chilly. We were all silent, each reveling in her own memories as she gazed across the fields blotched with the black ink of night. There was a sweet fragrance in the air. We reached "Java Junction" at about 1:00, had coffee and soup and then started home. It was cold so we stopped at a gas station and got some blankets. Arrived home about 3:00 am. Dottie and Marge Clark had waited up for us and were worried and furious.

Friday, June 20

Went to the club at noon and was in charge of the photography contest; it kept me busy most of the day. In the evening went home to another talkative evening.
Saturday, June 21

Went to the club early this morning. There are rumors abroad that the Germans may take over the club in the not too distant future. I am most interested in my discussion group for next week - "What is GYA? It will be interesting to hear what the young Germans have to say about their program. The GYA should be one of the most important features of today's occupation, and these boys will be the statesmen of the future.

Sunday, June 22

Went to Catholic Mass with Jane and Celia this morning and then went to the club. Tonight we had a Hawaiian Luau. We all wore grass skirts, orchids, leis, etc. It was really quite an experience. The orchestra was good and all the boys seemed to be enthusiastic. After arriving home we all had a heated religious discussion which lasted until 4:00 am. Never again!

Monday, June 23

A little fatigued today. The photo entries are coming in and I am enjoying mounting them. Tonight I became thoroughly absorbed in the photography class, and learned how to enlarge.

Tuesday, June 24

Went to work early. After lunch stayed around the club writing letters. Went to hear the Württenberg symphony play Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. It was superb. The chorus at the end rang through the building and sent chills up my spine.

Spent a quiet evening at home and got some much needed sleep.

Wednesday, June 25

Rested most of the day. At 4:00 pm Marge took Bob, Don and me in her jeep to Heidelberg. The day was perfect. We made good time on the autobahn without stops. We went to the Ritter hotel in Heidelberg and there had dinner. After dinner we went to the "Viasis" nightclub which is a very nice small club in the back of the "Stardust" club. There was a good band to which we danced. Later they had a floor show which was amusing. We started back at 11:30. There was a half moon on the horizon which shone all the way home. The dark trees looked like big monsters closing in on us. We arrived home at 1:00 am in time for another party at the house with hamburgers and mushrooms.
Thursday, June 26

Spent the day working hard on the photography contest. Tonight, Ann, Celia and I slept out on the porch. It was wonderful to look up at the stars and become lost in the heavens. It makes the earthly problems seem petty at the time. The air was very warm.

Friday, June 27

Was awakened by the glow of dawn and chirping of the birds. By 8:00 am the air was hot and humid so decided to move to my room again. By noon we were ready to go to the club.

Tonight we had a discussion on G.Y.A: "What is G.Y.A?" Sgt. Wells brought with him two German boys who were quite active in the G.Y.A. program, and they gave us a clear picture of their program. Thus far this program is comparatively new and these boys meet only once a week. They have planned sports such as soccer, baseball, etc. Also they have courses in more intellectual things. However, few people seem to take a real interest in the organization so its progress is very slow.

Saturday, June 28

The highlight was our picnic to "Monrepos" which is out in the country beyond Ludwigsburg. Barbara Price and I left the club at about 3:00 pm with about 8 boys. "Monrepos" was another of King Ludwig's many palaces. It is now closed. It stands high overlooking a lake surrounded by green trees. Just across the lake on an island stands a chapel, now a mere shell. But from the distance it seems to be intact. We rowed out to the island where we had our picnic. We took turns riding in the kayak. This little haven is well named "My Repose".

We spent the evening in the noisy club and sat up until late again.

Sunday, June 29

We had the photography exhibition today. I was really quite pleased as I had little or no help on it. Mr. Nelson Kniffen won first prize with his cathedral at Ulm.

Tonight we had a dance with "Heaven and Hell" as the theme. Don dressed as St. Peter and "Shorty" as Mephistofoles. We all wore either horns or wings depending upon our individual moods. It was really more successful than I had anticipated!
Monday, June 30

Jane and Celia left today for Prague. I spent the morning working on the "Crossroads News". Telephoned home tonight. It was good to hear mother's voice again. Told her of my plans to go to Lake Constance and Switzerland.

Tuesday, July 1

Worked hard on the paper this morning. In the afternoon went shopping at the PX. Spent a quiet evening at home.

Wednesday, July 2

Day off. During afternoon went over to proofread the paper and in the evening to the movies with Don Ferguson and then home to another long talking session.

Thursday, July 3

A full day. We had picnics, golfing parties, scavenger hunt and many more activities. I was in charge of the scavenger hunt which I enjoyed doing. It gave me pleasure to see these "little boys" having so much "good, clean fun". Pat cooperated beautifully by donating a lock of hair and both of her shoes!

At 11:00 pm we had a wonderful display of fireworks in front of the club. The sky was splashed with sparks of fire, some resembling waterfalls and others falling stars. The barrage was terrific and echoed from hill to hill surrounding Stuttgart. A German woman said it reminded her too much of the war. Later Celia and Jane returned from Prague.

Friday, July 4

Another holiday for the "troops". I took the tour to Besigheim which is a small medieval town about 40 kilometers from Stuttgart. The day was beautiful as we drove out through Ludwigsburg to Besigheim, which is not as clean and colorful a town as Esslingen, but was nevertheless unusual. "Chubby" old women wandered around the streets followed by red-cheeked children. Sheep and chickens also milled in and out of the crowd. We first visited a Protestant church, built in the 1400's, with wonderful wood carvings over the altar. Later we went up into an old tower from which there was a panoramic view of the town, with the river weaving in and out and cleaving the town in two. An old German couple lived in the tower and proudly showed us pictures of their sons who were in the army. On the way back we stopped by "Monrepos" for tea. The masked ball tonight was a howling success. The band was smooth and everyone had fun.

Saturday, July 5

It was a busy day at the club. In the evening we had a birthday party for Celia and Dottie.
Sunday, July 6

Jane and I set our alarms for 6:30 am and by 7:30 were down at the club ready to go. The food was loaded on to the bus and all the boys congregated. We set out. The clouds were low that morning but there was a freshness in the air which was appealing. Our first stop was at Sigmaringen where is located a magnificent castle on a bluff overlooking the Danube. It formerly housed the Princess of Sigmaringen. It appeared so staunch and strong with its impregnable walls and yet so peaceful surrounded by the full-leafed trees reflected in the blue-green Danube.

We passed through many medieval towns, one being the town of many clocks or watch-towers. At about 1:00 pm we arrived at the Isle of Mainau. On the island stands a palace, which at one time housed the Royal Family of Sweden. On the island here and there grow tropical trees. We had lunch on the shores of Lake Constance. A brisk wind was blowing and the whitecaps were playing. After lunch our bus had a flat tire so we left it in a repair shop and toured the town of Constance. We visited a very beautiful church whose ceiling was painted in a profusion of colors depicting the lives of the saints. Then we visited the old fortifications which stand on the banks of the Rhine.

We (all 32 of us) then took a boat trip on the lake. The boat was crammed with Germans, out for a Sunday excursion. It was interesting to see these rugged and uninhibited people singing and making love and having a good time. One boy played the accordion and they all sang many songs for us. We disembarked on the other side of the lake at Meersburg. There was an old castle there perched high up like an eagle's nest with a commanding view of the countryside. We went inside the castle which is said to have been built in about 600 AD. We saw some spears and armor which were used in the Middle Ages. Later, while waiting for the bus we sat on the shores of Lake Constance and viewed the snowcapped mountains of Switzerland. It was almost unbelievable. After boarding the bus we drove to a beautiful pine forest and had a "weenie roast". On our way home we stopped at Weingarten and visited the cathedral there. As we drove away the sun cast its golden rays on the cathedral and reflected on all its windows. It was as if this beautiful scenery were a mass of flame, a sight I shall never forget. The bus went "kaput" after a long, rough drive home. We finally reached Stuttgart at 4:00 am.

Monday, July 7

Went to work at 1:00 pm completely fatigued after yesterday's trip. Called mother to tell her about England. Was home and in bed by midnight.

Tuesday, July 8

Early to rise and to work. The club is undergoing changes each day. The new army hostesses came in today and had a tour of inspection. This afternoon went to the PX and to the consulate for my passport. Early to bed.
Wednesday, July 9

Had the day off and rested most of the time. I sent home several packages which had accumulated. Spent the remainder of the day at the house.

Thursday, July 10

Went to the club at noon. It does not seem the same since the army hostesses have arrived. No one has the same interest and enthusiasm in the work, but I suppose that is natural.

Friday, July 11

Tonight George Nebgen gave a formal party for us at the home of one of the German families in Stuttgart. I stayed at the club until 10:00 pm and then closed up, and after a quick change into an evening dress, took the car George sent for me and went to the party, which was in full swing by then. The guests were from military government and the consulate for the most part, and also Col. Drury and other commanding officers in the Stuttgart vicinity. The orchestra was good, not too much swing as was the usual custom. I danced with a Scotsman in full regalia, kilt and all. The midnight supper was the best I have had in Stuttgart. Pat, Fran and I left the party at 1:00 am. It was still lively when we drove away.

Saturday, July 12

Tonight we had a spaghetti dinner in the lounge, accompanied by an all-German floor show, the first I have seen at the club. It was very graceful.

Sunday, July 13

This is the first most complete day that "Crossroads" has had. From noon until the club closed was one continuous party. The open house began at noon. The lounge, with its tall windows and crystal chandeliers looked sedate and beautiful. Gen. Townsend arrived with numerous guests, who kept coming in a steady flow. The little fountain just off the lounge was lovely, but continued to be a source of trouble. The "young" boys continued to cause it to flow up to the ceiling! At about 7:00 pm the dinner dance began. All the staff looked lovely in their evening dresses, and wearing their orchids. This was probably the nicest dance we have had. But the dance did not complete the day. Our party at the house began as soon as we left the club. We had lanterns in the garden and the house was decorated with flowers galore. We had a variety of food and everyone was in a happy mood so the house rang with laughter.
Monday, July 14

We were all distressed to hear that Ed. Johnson, one of the boys who had been at our party yesterday, was killed in a jeep accident.

My last program was a discussion group in the library tonight. The topic was "Modern Education". Dr. Harvey, one of the women who had been on one of our tours, led the group. She told of the work she had been doing in Germany with the Germans, and also of the schools for army children overseas. We had quite a large group and the talk was informative as well as interesting.

Tuesday, July 15

Our last day at the club. Tonight we had a small party for the boys in the music room, "our commandos". This was the denouement - the Red Cross in Stuttgart ended tonight.

Wednesday, July 16

Beautiful day. The "Crossroads" officially closed last night and we all spent a hectic night of packing, etc. Got to bed at 4:00 am. Cele and I left for Heidelberg at 10:30. The trip was very smooth. In Heidelberg we had lunch in the snack bar in the "Old Heidelberg Club", then a long day taking care of our business: being paid, buying travellers' checks, making reservations, etc.

We had dinner at the Ritter before our delightful walk up to the schloss. The sun had set but the sky was an amber glow which seemed to emanate from the mountains across the Neckar River. We climbed the steps to the castle and though tired were rewarded by the view of the town, now darkened by the shadows of dusk. A few church bells tolled the evening hours, otherwise there was silence. I believe I was even more inspired by this magnificent view than the first time I saw it three and a half months ago.

Thursday, July 17

We left Heidelberg for Frankfurt at 2:00 arriving at 5:00 pm. Our plane left for London from the Rhine-Main airport and the trip was smooth in spite of a thunderstorm en route. We flew over Dunkirk and Brussels. The cloud display was beautiful, particularly after the rain. It was as if we were scaling through a white fleece. We arrived in London about 10:00 pm. At the Athenaeum Hotel we were told our reservations were for the 18th. However, they gave us temporary rooms. It was drizzling but I rather liked the feeling, it was so typical of London.
First of all, we walked down Piccadilly and met a friend of Celes with whom we had lunch. Later we changed hotels to the Cumberland which was much more convenient and nicer in every way. After dinner we took a wonderful walk through Hyde Park, passing Buckingham Palace and then on to Westminster Abbey. It was 11:00 pm but the sky was still light. Big Ben struck the hour. The Abbey was so staunch and beautiful silhouetted against the sky. We could not enter the Abbey but it was thrilling for me to stand outside and gaze up at its immensity, realizing what it symbolized for the world. When we continued our walk we got away from the more beautiful part of the city and caught a glimpse of "Petticoat Lane". This was a perfect night.

Saturday, July 19

We got an early start. First, we saw the changing of the guard which was quite colorful but not like the former splendor as they all wore khaki. Next, we passed into the old part of London, so timeless, where history and immortal names in literature are everlasting. Then we went to the Tower of London - actually several towers, the most important of which was the prison where the little Princes, Sir Walter Raleigh and Mary Queen of Scots were imprisoned. The guards were dressed in their red regalia, the same dress that was worn during the 18th century. We later visited St. Paul's Cathedral, the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, and various other landmarks. Most interesting was Dicken's "Old Curiosity Shop". During the afternoon I went along to the modern art exhibition at the Tate Gallery and then to Westminster Abbey. I was lost in the Abbey, particularly Poets' Corner. The chapel in memory of the soldiers who lost their lives during the war was beautiful. Tonight, Celia and I went to "Tosca" which was very well done.

Sunday, July 20,

A beautiful summer day. At noon we boarded a bus for Windsor Castle and the surrounding country. To me the most cherished place we visited was Thomas Gray's churchyard where he wrote his famous "Elegy". The little church reminded me of the one at Port Royal, in Virginia. We saw the old yew tree and the little graveyard. The countryside was restful beyond words. We visited Windsor Castle which was magnificent, the chapel where George V was buried and then later went to Eton College. The students were dressed in "cutaways" true to form. The chapel at Eton is lovely. We had tea in Windsor and then went home by way of Runnymede, Chelsea and Hampton Court. Tonight Celia and I had dinner at Claridge's (lobster etc.) and then had a wonderful walk through Hyde Park.
Monday, July 21

I have seen it done on the movies but I did not know it was possible for two young women, heavily laden with luggage, to jump on a moving train, and that is exactly what happened! The ride to Oxford was beautiful. The country reminds me so much of the Green Spring Valley and parts of Virginia.

We arrived in Oxford at 1:00 pm and were met by two friends of Celia — Chuck Barker and Peter Jones. Oxford is a wonderful town and the architecture is a mixture of Roman, Gothic and Renaissance. The many churches are beautiful especially St. Peter's-in-the-East. We toured the many colleges and stopped for lunch at an inn, The Trout, which which is near a mill with a small waterfall. It was taken straight from the pages of an English novel. The old panelling at the inn and the antiques around the rooms were charming and there was an atmosphere of quaintness which is so typically British.

After lunch Peter and Chuck took us on a tour of the various colleges in Oxford and its numerous churches. St. Peter's-in-the-East was my favorite. Celia and I were staying at a lovely little inn on High Street — "Eastgate". Later, we all had dinner at The George and then went punting on the Thames. The willows hanging over the river reflected ghostly shadows over which we skimmed. The world was peaceful, broken only by our laughter and conversation. This green world was truly England. We paused at the inn to drink ale before retiring.

Tuesday, July 22

We arose early and after visiting an old book shop in Oxford where we met an old man teeming with real philosophy, we boarded a train for Stratford-on-Avon. We stayed at the "Swan's Nest" which is just across the Avon. We spent a leisurely afternoon strolling around the town, stopping at Anne Hathaway's Teahouse. Later we went canoeing on the Avon. In the evening we went to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre and saw a superb production of "The Merchant of Venice". We had to sit on the floor in the aisles! The walk home across the bridge was lovely.

Wednesday, July 23

This morning we visited Anne Hathaway's Cottage which is so old and interesting. The garden was particularly beautiful. Next we took a train to Warwick Castle. The tour around the old building was most interesting. Later, we dined at The Jury and went shopping. I bought some old spoons with the Robb crest on them.

The castle is grand in every way. The halls were rich in splendor. The crowds of English "cockney" people on the tour were amusing. Had a long trip back to London where we went to a magnificent performance of "The Gondoliers".
Thursday, July 24

Today we browsed around London shopping and nibbling all day. After morning coffee we booked our passage to Brussels visiting the consulate and so forth. Then we walked miles over the old streets of London but never seemed to tire of it. I don't believe I ever would. We dined that evening at the Piccadilly - delicious lobster.

Friday, July 25

We arose early and went on a magnificent tour to Canterbury Cathedral, the one made famous by Thomas à Becket and Geoffrey Chaucer. The drive down through the county of Kent was very beautiful, and the cathedral held me spellbound. The stained glass wonders are magnificent. The rich red has never been duplicated anywhere. The altars and various chapels, particularly that of the Black Prince, were lovely. We saw the spot where Thomas à Becket was murdered. We lunched at The Fleur de Lys. On the way back to London we stopped at St. Dunstan's church, an old Norman church which was most intriguing. Had tea at a quaint place called "Robinhood" which reminded me so much of Gay Mont. "This England" reminds me so much of Virginia. On the way back we passed an interesting castle on a lake - Leeds Castle.

Saturday, July 26

On Friday night we boarded the train for Scotland. Oh, what a hot and uncomfortable ride it was. We tried to get a drink of water in the station but the orders for beer smothered us and we were unsuccessful. At 7:00 am we arrived in Edinburgh. A heavy mist surrounded the city, but nothing could subtract from its beauty. We went to The English-Speaking Union and managed to get rooms at The Royal Circus hotel. Princes Street in Edinburgh is one of the most impressive I have seen. The Scott memorial, Edinburgh castle in the distance and the tall grey stone buildings are impressive. We had tea and dinner at the North British Hotel and there met Arthur Richardson and Walter Haddon. They asked us to go dancing but we were tired and declined. However, we made a date for Sunday evening. The sunset was glorious, the sun literally seeping down behind the castle.

Sunday, July 27

It was a misty morning as we started our trip to loch Lomond and the Trossachs. The highlands are magnificent: Purple, green and yellow hills and fields, rocks, lochs, waterfalls, clouds, the air, everything invigorating and peaceful. The people are all rosy-cheeked and healthy. We paused briefly at Loch Katrine which to me is more beautiful than Loch Lomond. Then we passed the refreshing
nearby. We had tea at a nice tearoom near Loch Lomond. We saw Ben
Lomond, tall and jagged, the highest mountain in Scotland. We talked
with some friendly Scots people on the way back. We passed the
Forth Bridge on the way back, a wonderful piece of engineering.
After returning to Edinburgh we had dinner and then took a leisurely
walk round the city. As in London, it was interesting to pass by the
soap box preachers in the park; a Roman Catholic had his followers
and a Protestant his. They were all trying to drown out each other,
speaking in such dogmatic tones. Arthur Richardson met us later and
walked us home.

Monday, July 28

When I awoke it was still misty outside. We lunched at Bal-
moral and later went shopping. In the evening there was a concert
presented by the Edinburgh Symphony. A funny little man with a
goatee sat beside us humming all the way through. After the con-
cert we returned to the hotel where we met Watty and Arthur who
suggested spontaneously that we go night-clubbing. And that we did
in a real Scotch "dive". The housekeeper called us "naughty girls"
when we returned.

Tuesday, July 29

Today we explored Edinburgh. We took the tour to the castle
which was fascinating and went through the rooms where Mary Queen of
Scots lived, then down the Royal Mile stopping at St. Giles Church,
another lovely famous church, then on to Holyrood Palace, the most
famous palace in Scotland. Here, also, lived Mary Queen of Scots.
Not long ago the King and Queen of England stayed here on their
royal visit to Scotland. From the front lawn there is a wonderful
view of Arthur's Seat, the now extinct volcano.

In the evening Watty and Arthur took us to cocktails and dinner
at The Café Royale. Then later we danced at a nightclub until closing
time. Then, later, Watty, in his Scots manner, asked me of maybe
in the future when he had finished law school, I would consider
marrying him!

Wednesday, July 30

Boarded a train early this morning for London. The trip down
was picturesque and interesting and it was nice to converse with
fellow travellers on the train. Arrived in London at 7:00 pm and
went immediately to the Piccadilly Hotel and were lucky in getting
reservations there. Had a marvellous dinner at the hotel and later
strolled around the city. Spent the rest of the evening packing.
We leave tomorrow for Brussels.
Thursday, July 31

Our plane left London at around 9:00 am. I enjoyed looking down on the green countryside of England. It was a beautiful day. The white cliffs of Dover appeared to be large mounds of milk white marble and glistened in the sunshine. The channel was azure blue with racing whitecaps.

We arrived in Brussels at about noon and took a shuttle into the heart of the city. At first it did not impress me but the more I saw of it the more fascinating it became. There is quite a bit of gold on many of the facades of the buildings. Stayed at the Palace Hotel which is centrally located. Went shopping in the afternoon and found much lace. Dined at the hotel and later walked through the side streets, which reminded me of Paris. Stopped outside a typically French cafe where a torch singer was performing; it was most amusing.

Friday, August 1

Celia phoned her friends, the Verbecks, who live in Brugge. We went by train which took about one and a half hours. It was a warm day. Mrs. Verbeck met us, with her daughters. They took us on a tour of the city where we watched the lace-makers busy at work. The streets were most romantic, like pages torn from an old novel. The lace-makers sat humped over their work and scarcely had a look for strangers passing by. Their faces were maps, deeply lined and expressing lives of laborious tasks, but with undimmed faith. It was interesting watching them; their hands moved as if each stitch was a rudiment of perfection.

Later we went to the Verbecks home, a lovely place on the rue de St. Catherine. After cakes and coffee on the terrace we went through the canals, which seem to resemble Venice. We wove in and out passing under bridges and close by old buildings. The cathedral of Notre Dame was outstanding. Inside it has a magnificent statue of the Madonna and Child by Michelangelo. Later we saw a pageant in town - The Pageant of Sangus Christi. Very impressive and inspiring. The music and settings were lovely. We were the only Americans present as this was the dress rehearsal. The people are all characters out of a book.

Saturday, August 2

Lillian Verbeck took us on a sightseeing tour around Brugge again this morning. We visited the Hans Memling Museum. It was extremely impressive, even compared with the Louvre. The detail and depth in each picture is amazing. Next we visited the treasures in one of the catholic churches. Cele and I were reluctant to leave Brugge. I shall cherish the experience all my life.
Sunday, August 3

We spent last night, our last in Belgium, wandering around town. We met another Red Cross girl who had dinner with us. Must not forget we paid $10.00 each for our fruit at the Palace yesterday! We are down to our last dollar so Cele and I shared a meal. We met some school teachers who played bridge with us at the terminal. Before leaving we visited the Mainheim which I did not particularly like. The shops, however, and the town square where various crafts are sold, is interesting.

We finally got a plane at 9:00 pm. The trip was beautiful, particularly flying over Liege. We arrived in Frankfurt at midnight, very tired. Spent the night at the Chilton Hotel.

Monday, August 4

Took an early train to Heidelberg and when we arrived went immediately to Gladys Tibbott to explain what had happened. She listened attentively and told us we could be declared surplus and go home. Needless to say, we were very happy. Saw Jane Healy at the Ritter Hotel.

Tuesday, August 5

I left early this morning to pick up my luggage, first to Swaabish Hall and then to Esselungen. The drive down was lovely - along the Neckar, but very tiring. It was grand to see Ruth again and to get my mail. En route back on the autobahn the jeep ran out of fuel. The German driver and I were able to hail another jeep for help. I drove most of the way back. I telephoned home after dinner tonight to tell the good news of my return. Dottie Deahan came to see us later.

Wednesday, August 6

Everything is happening at such a fast tempo that I can scarcely collect my wits! We left at 9:30 for Bad Willungen stopping for lunch in Frankfurt. The ride up was rough. Spent most of the afternoon and evening being cleared to leave.

Thursday, August 7

Today we finished our clearance and now we are to await a ship.

Friday, August 8

A well-needed leisurely day, buying at the PX and resting.
Saturday, August 9

A lazy day in Bad Wildungen. Went shopping in the town shops with Magda. In the evening Fran Echart had dinner with us at the Fürstenhof.

Sunday, August 10

Very hot day. Esther and I walked to the golf course and watched the golfers for a while. Cele and I left at about 4:00 pm for Frankfurt. We arrived in time to have dinner at the Carlton. Later we went to see Jane Bradley and Mary Gillis. We booked our flight to Switzerland for Monday afternoon.

Monday, August 11

We met Pat Bause and Marge Clark in the Shiwawa Club this morning. Their flight to the U.S. had been delayed for about a week. (Merle Oberon and Paul Douglas were making a movie, "Berlin Express" in the Frankfurt Bahnhof and they have been stopping in at the ARC snack bar each day). Pat, Marge, Cele and I played bridge until time for our plane to leave for Zürich. The trip there was quite smooth. We flew over the Black Forest and Stuttgart. The scenery over Switzerland was magnificent. We passed over smaller mountains and several lakes. Arrived in Zürich at about 9:00 pm, and got rooms in the Carlton Hotel in the center of town. Zürich seemed very modern and its streets were maculate. The twilight bells rang every few minutes. The air was delicious.

Tuesday, August 12

A beautiful warm day. We took a wonderful excursion down the Zürichsee which reminded me so much of our similar trip on Lake Constance. The group on the crowded boat was interesting and colorful. There were many women and pink cheecked children, all exuberant and exuding health. We passed many villages with typical little churches with colorful clocks and steeples. The ever present mountains were hazy and peaceful. We docked at Rappersvil where we climbed up a mountain to a handsome old castle, from the turrets of which we had a wonderful view of the town below. We paused at a little inn for a delicious peach frappé listening to the wonderful music—waltzes, polkas, etc. Reluctantly we left to catch the boat back to Zürich. We then took the train for Lucerne which took about an hour. As we did not have reservations we were directed to a small town called Mallers where we spent the night. The proprietor spoke French and my broken French was useful. The man in charge was German. We had a wonderful bowl of fruit before retiring. This place was really much more interesting than the hotel in Zürich.
Wednesday, August 13

Rose early and went in to Lucerne; got as room at the Grand Hotel National, a very "plush" place with a view of Lake Lucerne, the surrounding alps and fringes of the center of town. Most prominent was the huge fountain which gushed forth across the lake. We did some shopping, visiting the wood-carving shops and watch-making establishments. The wood-carving shops are magnificent with the odd-shaped music boxes all playing different tunes. After a delicious dinner at the hotel we took a boat trip on the lake to another enchanting place where we paused for a glass of cider and listened to the music, with people dancing waltzes and the polka. We sat with a Belgian man and his wife who also enjoyed the dancing.

Thursday, August 14

Today we spent a wonderful day on a touring bus which took us down into the southern part of Switzerland. This is the most beautiful part of the country - snow-covered alps, sapphire blue lakes, colorful towns, flowers, towers, shops and happy people, a veritable dream world. We went through William Tell's town and saw a statue dedicated to him. We had a colorful guide who prefaced everything he said with "I say". At noon we began a steady climb with hair raising turns and breathtaking thrills. We had lunch in a tearoom in the alps. Finally, we reached the Rhone Glacier in the Funka pass, 8,000 ft; up. The air was thin and cool. It is a stupendous glacier and the source of the Rhone River. We had the wonderful experience of going through the glacier. The ice was blue and the air chilled. When we descended to the timberline again the scenery became even more rich. We were lost in the valleys, our little bus almost swallowed up. It was a most entralling experience. After dinner we enjoyed a concert near the hotel - the music of Bizet and Schubert.

Friday, August 15

How I hate to leave this beautiful country. We left at 10:30. After lunch our plane left for Frankfurt, a rather bumpy ride. Arrived in Frankfurt at 7:00 pm and had a quick dinner at the Carlton. We then caught a train back to Bad Wildungen. Arrived at 11:00 pm and got ARC transport to the hotel.

Saturday, August 16

Rather hot and humid day. My days in Germany are few. We spent a leisurely day in Bad Wildungen. Went to see a western type movie in the evening.
Sunday, August 17

Jean Van Curen and I played golf this morning. The course is quite lovely but not very well kept. It was hot but the exercise felt good. Spent a quiet afternoon and evening.

Monday, August 18

Today we finished our clearing and other business at headquarters. Leave tomorrow for port of embarkation.

Tuesday, August 19

We left Bad Wildungen at 1:30. The bus broke down on the way to the station so we all piled out and sat on top of the luggage on the trunk - most uncomfortable. The train ride was long and tiresome. However, it was interesting to pass through Hanover, Kassel, Bremen and some of the other smaller remnants of German cities. The farm land in the British zone is quite fertile but the scenery not very picturesque. We arrived in Bremerhaven at ten and immediately left for the staging area.

Wednesday, August 20

Anything is an anti-climax after my magnificent tour of Europe, but I am definitely allergic to army camps! Eating, sleeping and signing papers are the sum total of our activities at the camp. Went into Bremerhaven tonight with Cele, Lillian and three lieutenants - first to ARC "Spot" Club and then to a movie.

Thursday, August 21

Today was very much the same as yesterday. Finished processing and in the evening went to the movies with the same officers.

Friday, August 22

Half of our group left today on the "Huddleston". We are scheduled to board the "Vance" tomorrow. This afternoon Lillian, Cele and I took a long walk along the shores of the North Sea. The clouds assumed many odd shapes like tiny sailboats tossing in an azure blue sea. Down below in the icy blue North Sea the manmade boats and ships passed by. The country here is under the influence of the Dutch - Holland
is a stone's throw away. The farmland is very flat with cattle grazing everywhere. We went to the entrance to the dock but the little German guard, a saucy young fellow with a twinkle in his blue eyes, would not let us pass.

Saturday, August 23

At 1:00 pm today six of us boarded the "Zebulon B. Vance" the slowest "tub" afloat, scheduled to take us homgin 15 days at the very least. The band played for us as we hung over the railing. As we pulled away and the fog horns talked across the sea, we could hear the faint sounds of music emanating from the shore, and sure enough, it was "Auld Old Lang Syne"! Thus, we bad "farewell" to Deutschland!

The North Sea was quite calm. However, we are in a room with 40 women!

Aboard the Z.B. Vance

Sunday, August 24

A beautiful day. We lay on the sundeck and got scorched! The sea was a deep blue with choppy waves. The Church services were very lovely this morning. In the evening we went to a movie, "Scherazade".

Distance from Bremerhaven - 207 m
Distance from New York - 3357 m
Av. knots per hour - 12.1
Air temperature - 68 degrees.

Monday, August 25

Making good time, for the "Vance" anyway. All of us spent the day topside. The sun was hot. In the evening we saw a movie in the lounge.

Tuesday, August 26

It was very hot on deck. Another day with an overdose of sun. Part of the time I am reading Richard Haliburton's biography. I find it fascinating. This evening the movie was a Humphrey Bogart thriller.

Wednesday, August 27

Rainy and misty today. Ship rolling a bit. The sky grey and cloudy.

Course - 275 degrees
Latitude - 50 degrees 32' N.
Distance to New York - 2,483 m
Air temperature - 60 degrees
Water temperature - 62 degrees

Distance from Bremerhaven - 1086 m
Av. knots - 11.04 per hr.
Barometer - 30.27
Sea - medium rough
Thursday, August 28

It was very rough this morning. Spent some time on deck this morning but it was really too cold to be enjoyable. We are taking the northern route. Played ping-pong below for a while. Saw another movie in the evening.

Friday, August 29

A beautiful day, so calm and smooth. Spent most of the day topside on a deckchair. This evening we had a feast of scallops. Then we all took six turns around the deck. Moon was shaded by clouds.

Saturday, August 30

Another terribly rough day; in fact, the choppiest we have had so far. We kept occupied playing cards and reading. (My poem on "deck chairs" was published in tonight's paper.)

Sunday, August 31

We went to Church services this morning. Then went six times around the deck. This evening a baby boy was born aboard the Vance!

Latitude - 47 degrees 32 N
Longitude - 43 degrees 50 W
Length of day - 25 hrs.
Distance to New York - 1432 m
Distance from Baltimore - 2137 m
Air temperature - 56 degrees
Water temperature 57 degrees
Wind - SE 3
Av. knots per hour - 10.7
Barometer - 3-.47
Weather - cloudy
Sea - small NW. Long swell

Monday, September 1

Very foggy. The fog horns blow constantly. Also very cloudy and misty.
Tuesday, September 2

The ocean is calm today. Each day we are drawing nearer to home.

Wednesday, September 3

Another impatient day aboard. The weather is warmer.

Thursday, September 4

Today we had a party for the children. We cannot contain ourselves. We land tomorrow!

Friday, September 5

We arrived in New York at 8:00 am. Mother was on hand to meet me. At last, home again!

* * * * * * *
Epilogue

After returning to the United States I joined my family in Washington D.C., where they had moved from Baltimore. I took a position with the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations. After I had been there for two years FAO moved its headquarters to Rome, Italy, and I decided to go with them.

At this time the American Red Cross offered me a job to establish a Red Cross Club in Seoul, Korea. The war there had just started. I chose not to go as I preferred to remain with FAO and go to Rome where I stayed for several years. When I returned to the United States I worked with the World Bank in Washington D.C., in public relations for ten years.

At this writing I am 76 years old and have always maintained an interest in travelling. I have been fortunate in being able to visit many places throughout the world.

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