

DIARY OF A QUAKER HOSTAGE DURING WORLD WAR II

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July 1980

JANUARY 15, 1943

I am writing this on the train going from France into Germany to begin an internment of unknown length. Though I have had less than three months in France I have already observed persons in internment camps there who would have been better off mentally if they had carried on a dialogue with themselves, something to occupy their minds. It is my hope that putting things down on paper will reduce the fantasies that grow up in the minds of persons confined to close quarters. I have been a visitor inside barbed-wire compounds and know how easily the minds of those confined get separated from reality. So even if these notes are later taken away from me, they will have served a useful purpose and I hope that the discipline of writing will make my mind have more relevance to the real world.

This morning when we boarded the train in Lourdes, I chose an upper berth and put my luggage into it. Then I went out to stand on the step of the train in the hope of hearing the voices of my colleagues who had declined to accompany us when we were ordered to Lourdes, preferring to take their chances on eluding the Germans, to stay in France and continue the relief work we had all been doing. There still seemed a possibility that they might arrive at the last moment or that they had changed their minds and already been in the hotel waiting to board the train as it pulled out, but I could hear only the voices of the French brakemen and trainmen as they slopped around in the cold, wet night. The German guards were watching me narrowly.

As the train started it was 7:20 a.m. and there was just enough light

on the horizon to see the outline of the castle and the spire of the Basilica. The Grotto was a mass of burning candles shining in the dark valley. I stepped back up into the train, turned my face forward and walked toward the unknown with some trepidation but with the certainty that it would not be as terrible a fate as that of the people I had seen fearfully awaiting their departure in cattle cars for what they mercifully did not know was an appointment with death in the gas chambers of the German extermination installations.

I was now a member of the American Official Group in Detention headed for Barmen, Germany. The train consisted of five cars. The first and last coaches were occupied by a number of German soldiers. The three middle cars carried the American group which totaled about 150, including wives and children. Only 90 of this group were born in America. Among the group are many native Americans who by preference have lived in Europe for many years. There are several naturalized Americans or children of naturalized Americans who returned to Europe years ago and have no roots in the United States now. Also in the group are several non-Americans who are detained because they were on the staff of the American diplomatic offices in North Africa or in France---clerks, chauffeurs, door-keepers---and are natives of those countries. Thus we have a jumble of persons with different national backgrounds and languages.

The diplomats are surprised that they were seized and are being transported to Germany. In their opinion there was no precedent or diplomatic protocol for this, and they are irate because the Germans moved faster than the U.S., which either couldn't or wouldn't do anything to save them from this humiliation.

The members of non-government agencies, who were trying to give service in internment camps and colonies of homeless children in France, are disappointed at not being able to carry on their humanitarian work---members of the American Friends Service Committee, the Red Cross, the Mennonites.

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I sat with my fellow Friends, Pierce Willard, Gifford Wells and Adolf Rodney. As the train crossed the Garonne River near Bordeaux, Willard was reminded that in June, 1940, something had happened right there, and he said, "This is the scene of the French Government's decision to conclude an armistice with the Germans three years ago."

Rodney then remarked, "Yes, that was the prelude to the chain of events which now causes us to be transported under guard, on a train travelling at top speed to captivity for an unknown period."

JANUARY 16, 1943.    Arrival in Barmen.    First Day of Internment.

At the railroad station in Barmen, Germany, the two companies of Nazi soldiers lined up on the platform and the internees straggled between their lines for several blocks to the Barmen Hotel. In front of the building they halted and eight Gestapo guards emerged from the hotel. The Captain of the soldiers, with heel clicking, Nazi saluting and yelling of "Heil Hitler!", officially turned the group over to the Chief of the Gestapo guards, who read a long list of regulations and said that the luggage from the train would be brought up from the station after it had been searched.

We milled around waiting for the baggage, which was slow coming because gasoline was not available for trucks and the old horse which hauled the cart was sluggish and in no hurry to make the repeated round trips necessary to transport the amazing mountain of luggage.

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Though I came to Marseilles as recently as October 15, to assume the position of Head of the Quaker (AFSC) relief organization in unoccupied France, I share the disappointment. Our organization has branch offices in Toulouse, Perpignan and Montauban from which workers carry out a variety of services---providing milk and supplementary food to school children, visiting concentration camps to counsel with prisoners and mediate with administrators, feeding homeless wanderers in city centers, gathering orphaned children in special camps, and especially now working to get one thousand of those children transported to homes in the United States. When we Americans in the Quaker group were ordered into internment we turned our supplies and financial resources over to our colleagues of other nationalities and I can only hope that they will be able to continue the work.

As we waited I looked around at other members of the motley group and caught the eye of a young woman who had been on the same airplane that brought me from New York to Lisbon only a few months ago. She came over and we shook hands as I remembered she had told me she was on her way to Vichy, France, to be a secretary in the Embassy there. I asked how she'd been getting along. She shook her head and answered, "Frankly, I think it was a mistake. I have too much Idaho in me to adjust myself to France."

I nodded sympathetically and said, "Neither of us had time to adjust before this happened. I wonder if we will have time to get adjusted to Germany."

She replied, with a rueful smile, "I sincerely hope not," and just then we were interrupted by another Gestapo man who called to the group to assemble there in front of the building and read another long list of regulations for our internment. When that was finished, Adolf Rodney approached the Gestapo man and asked if there was any place where we could stretch our legs after the two days on the train. The inspector frowned but nevertheless drew himself up on the steps of the building and called the group to attention. "There is one regulation not previously mentioned," he shouted. "The building encloses a rose garden which is open from eight in the morning until five o'clock in the evening for your exercise. It will be under the supervision of a guard during that time. At all other hours the doors to the garden will be locked."

Rodney then asked if we could go to the garden now while we waited for the luggage. The inspector sent a guard with Rodney and several of us followed. We counted our steps as we walked around the gravel path. "I

estimate," said Rodney, "that we will get a mile of exercise if we go around this walk 35 times."

We had counted off three rounds when a man in hotel uniform came and told us to rejoin the group, which was now standing around in the lobby. There the roll of our names was read, beginning with the highest rank. There was one charge d'affaires, two military attaches, two naval attaches, three consuls, five vice-consuls, three third secretaries, and 13 consular clerks. Thirty-three members of the American diplomatic corps. With ten wives, 43. There were nine newspaper men, six with wives, making fifteen of them. There were 16 members of the Red Cross staff, including two nurses, four members of the Society of Friends and three members of the Mennonite Society, leaving fifty or so not yet identified. Room numbers were announced as each name was called out and we stood around some more until the baggage had all arrived and been placed in the assigned rooms; then the Gestapo shouted permission and we dispersed each eager to see what sort of accommodations were provided. When I arrived at my room I was astonished. It was a suite of two large rooms with bath and a balcony with a view. The bedroom had two beds and the drawing room was furnished with comfortable chairs and a desk. The bathroom had a tub and a shower, three mirrors and three hand bowls. The towels were thick and as big as blankets. Since my main baggage had never caught up with me I had only a small canvas handbag, which looked strangely out of place in such luxurious surroundings. Evidently the German authorities who assigned rooms had taken my title as Head of a small group to mean that I was a high official.

Since I had so little to unpack I wandered out to the stairway landing down to the lobby and there met James Kelly of the American Intelligence Service, who told me that Mme. Feller, an aged woman who was already depressed

by having to leave all her property in France, was in despair in a very small dark room. Her daughter, Regina Houdin, had also been given an equally undesirable small, dark room. The authorities had no way of knowing that the two women were mother and daughter.

I decided to go call on Mme. Houdin and found her already playing solitaire. She said that she often spends most of the night in that activity. It helps calm her nerves. She went on to tell me that her mother needs her night and day and she doesn't know how they can manage in the two tiny rooms apart. I invited her to come and look at my room with the idea of exchanging. She called her mother and they were overcome with the suitability of my apartment for them, so I went back with them to help move their luggage. Before I left them to settle in, Mme. Fellar told me confidentially that her daughter needs her night and day---almost verbatim what I had heard from her daughter.

So, I now find myself in a small room with no bath and no sunlight, but it is on a floor overhanging the street and I can see the local people at close range as they walk back and forth.

After I had unpacked my fifteen pounds of belongings I went out again to see how Mme. LeConte, my old-lady responsibility from France, was faring. She had become my responsibility by default almost as we criss-crossed southwestern France trying to flee before the Germans caught up with us and some of my colleagues had left us to try and make their own escape. I found Mme. LeConte in her room, sitting on one of her twelve pieces of luggage. The reason for her delay in getting settled was that Mr. Temple, the First Secretary of the Embassy, said she might have a room up on the fifth floor and she was waiting for someone to help her move. She did not know why he



had done this but she was inclined to move up there because it had sunlight earlier in the day and there was a better view. "Perhaps," she said, "I can grow some flowers in pots on the balcony up there."

I flagged down some of the younger fellows in our group and we toted all Mme. LeConte's baggage up to the fifth floor and left her to unpack. As we moved back downstairs we learned that some of the other people's belongings had disappeared since arriving at the hotel. So far they could say for sure that two large boxes of food and a valuable radio were gone.

Later on I went back upstairs to locate the rooms of some of my colleagues and by mistake went up a narrow staircase emerging on the roof of the hotel to my surprise and pleasure, until I noticed a Gestapo guard up there in a small booth which looked like an observation post for airplane watchers. I had time for a quick look around before he saw me and I had time to see that this hotel is in a heavily forested region with a small river shining silver in the distance. Remembering some past geography I recall that Barmen is located in the Black Forest in southern Germany and is famous for its medicinal waters.

The guard emerged quickly from his observation booth and told me, "It is forbidden for internees to be on the roof," so I mumbled something about being lost and went back indoors where I heard a gong ringing. My stomach was hoping it was to indicate time for the evening meal and I followed all the people coming out of their rooms and heading down toward the dining room.

Mr. Tinsdale, the Charge d'affaires, had organized the seating of the tables and handed me a list of the persons in my group saying that the seating arrangement would be permanent and would begin with this first meal.

There was another list posted on the dining room door and I could see at first glance that it was in the same order of rank as before, when the room numbers were announced, starting with Tinsdale and going on down to the last table where the nurses, chauffeurs and door-keepers are to sit. Some persons sat alone at single tables. I asked Rodney, "What do you suppose is the sense of keeping a tight division of rank here?"

He speculated that, "There may be a better retention of morale in the diplomatic corps if they maintain their official status while they are detained here. It was interesting. At the head table overlooking the whole dining room were the charge d'affaires and his wife, two military attaches and two naval attaches. There was a table for consuls and another for vice-consuls etc. etc. This seating by rank may have been intended to impress our captors with our efficiency in organization and to impress our captors with our discipline. It can be assumed as a sure thing that the Germans have planted eyes in our midst to report on our behavior.

The dining room is large enough for all the internees to eat at once. It is lighted by ornate chandeliers and side lamps, there was linen on the tables and the silver gleamed with a high polish, waiters in formal uniform stood by for us to take our seats, and I asked the head waiter for permission to push two tables together so that ten of us could be seated together. Then I asked Mme. LeConte to sit at one end of the table and took for myself the opposite end, indicating to the others to take seats inbetween. Introductions showed that we came from many American states, from Iowa, Idaho, Louisiana, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York,

Maine and Ohio, Mme. LeConte from Paris. In age we spread from Mme. Le Conte, who was 73 and myself, 56, past a large gap to the others who averaged 30 years of age.

The buzz of conversation was high all over the room as waiters began to serve the food, about which we all had great interest and curiosity. At first we remarked on the small portions of meat which was served with potatoes and black bread, side dishes of beans, and a salad. Then I told them about my adventure on the roof and they laughed. Wells asked, "What does the country look like?"

I replied, "We are in a narrow valley on a small river. Looking upstream it has a dozen tributaries that lose themselves amongst the fir trees which cover the mountains all the way to the horizon."

At that point there was the tinkling of a small bell and everybody looked toward the head table where Mr. Tinsdale rose and introduced Dr. Schleiden, the representative of the German Foreign Office, saying that he would be living in the hotel and would be responsible to the German government for this group.

Schleiden rose and said that he is to make certain that we are isolated from the German population, and he read from a paper a list of regulations. Contact with Germans by speaking or writing is forbidden. The Gestapo guards will see that we do not serve as intermediaries of news from Allied sources to the German population. They will forbid the use of any radios we may have brought with us and will be collecting all receiving sets. We are not to write to any persons/or to anyone in <sup>in Germany</sup> countries at war with Germany. Our letters are to be submitted to Dr. Schleiden, who will censor them himself and send them on to Berlin for further

censorship before being sent to their destinations. Our incoming mail will be similarly censored. We are restricted to sending one letter per week. Content of letters to be confined to family and private matters, no comment on political, military, naval, shipping, war production; no drawings or photographs and on and on ad infinitum. He said our families in the U.S. will receive the same instructions.

He continued---none of us can leave this building without the presence of a Gestapo guard and guards will be posted about the building day and night. We are, however, not confined to the rooms assigned to us but may move about the hotel to visit other rooms and congregate in the salon on the first floor.

After this forbidding edict had been delivered we were served for dessert a pink custard made of some kind of synthetic stuff and a cup of something that dimly resembled coffee, both of which were consumed in an air of semi-shock. Noise in the room was noticeably diminished and as a bell rang for us to be dismissed one of the boys whispered, "I'm beginning to appreciate how it must be to find yourself in some place like Sing Sing."

Everybody filed out of the dining room, a very quiet group, exhausted from the long train ride, subdued by the rules and regulations, and apprehensive about the future. People silently made their way toward their rooms and to bed probably wondering, like me, how they would be able to stand up to this life of confinement and restriction.

JANUARY 17, 1943.

I started writing this before breakfast after my first night of uneasy sleep in this tiny room. I woke early and was sitting by the window looking

down on a foreign world, watching the people walking along the street below as if through a peep-hole, thinking it feels as if my body does not belong in this estranged land but back in the Midwest, in America, where I am a 56-year-old grandpa. My thoughts ran on what I should put in this diary. I feel that my behavior is probably going to be different from normal, that I don't belong here, as if my values have already changed.

I am afraid the soles of my one pair of shoes are too thin to last the winter and I am sure the seat of my single pair of pants will be worn thin before warm weather comes. I long for the warm sweaters in my lost luggage.

I am fearful that a diary written in internment will elevate such small things and play down less trivial matters like how we will all relate to each other in this situation and how we can use this time to best advantage.

To show that I was already functioning on the survival level I remembered that in my small handbag was a foot-long sausage I had carried for weeks as insurance against starvation. I had put a mark at each inch of the sausage with the idea that it would last me for twelve days. Now it gave me a feeling of security just thinking about it.

Then I decided to get busy doing something and left my room, headed for the rosegarden to take a walk, and found Pierce Willard and Gifford Wells already treading the circular track. They motioned for me to join them. They were talking about Willard's previous internment. He was in Paris where he had started a business newspaper that had an international circulation. At the beginning of the war he was interned at Bad Nauheim and told us how, just before he was taken there he had fallen in love with a beautiful French girl named Jeanne. He was devastated to have to leave

her and just before he was to be repatriated he wrote to his attorney in Paris a letter which he took with him on the train to Spain. The train stopped at a suburban station outside Paris and with considerable difficulty he managed to elude the guards and get to the newsstand where he dropped the letter on the floor and gave the woman twenty francs, begging her to mail the letter. She was scared, he could see, but subsequent events showed that she was not too scared to mail the letter.

The next day the lawyer had called Jeanne just in time for her to catch the train to Biarritz near the Spanish border, where, by an incredible stroke of luck she descended the train at a point on the platform where Pierce was embarking on the train for Hendaye, Spain. He grabbed her and put her on the train ahead of him and they had an hour in which to talk before they reached the Spanish border. There a German soldier who was guarding the passengers in this car began counting them and became suspicious because his count was off. Noticing this, Pierce went up to a German diplomat whom he knew and began an intense conversation. This caused the guard to hesitate to question Willard and he was able to return later to his seat with Jeanne.

There was no way he could avoid going to Lisbon with that internment group, but he promised her he would get back into France some way and as soon as possible. So they planned the details of their wedding. Pierce did succeed in leaving the group and returning to Paris where they were married, but he was soon seized again and interned for the second time with us, only this time he brought his wife with him. I noted that he is a big man, tall and muscular, but his siege of internment made him look gaunt and had worn out his clothes, but now, in spite of everything, he is a happy man because of his charming wife and their expected child.

As we circled the track Pierce spoke about his prior internment, saying that it was six weeks before he began to realize that he was behaving differently from the way he had been when first interned. He had thought this only a surface symptom and that it would pass away, but then realized the change was in his self esteem. As a prisoner he was no longer able to have respect for himself and this made him begin to inquire of the other people what they were doing to build up their egos. He observed that those persons he had supposed would stand up best in detention turned out to be poor examples of behavior, and on the other hand, some whom he had expected to do poorly were shining examples of human courage and dignity. "I occupied myself in my room every day with small chores until I was on the point of exhaustion," he told us. "Degeneration in detention is not funny. The weary days must be passed in unrelieved tedium. You are isolated from the world, the war, your family and friends. At first you do not think this will upset you, but the lack of real occupation, the utter boredom will depress you. For example, here you will be able to live in comfortable quarters and have adequate food, but you will have emotional upsets just the same. You may tell yourself that you are in plush detention but you are a prisoner just the same, and the lack of privacy will upset you unless you have some real occupation. For this reason I am in favor of some kind of educational program for everybody."

Gifford encouraged us to talk about what will be the main factors causing mental tension here. I said that I thought the main factor would be the uncertainty of the time of our liberation. We do not know whether it will be by negotiations before the war ends or whether we will be interned here indefinitely. Germany invaded France clear to the border of

Spain in three weeks. It is quite possible that Germany will win the war and dictate the terms of settlement and God knows what will become of us.

Willard said, "Our internment here is a minor matter in the total perspective of the war. It will occupy no space in the history of events. We are in one of the most protected situations in all Europe and it is certain we shall be fed because there are so many Germans interned in both North and South America whose treatment is dependent upon how we are treated here."

With a rueful smile Gifford remarked that he supposed that is some small consolation. He then went on to say, "Our objectives, all of us, have suddenly changed. Our contacts with the outside world have been severed almost completely, and from this time on our associations will be with the men, women and children now confined in this building. He reminded us that we are no longer dealing with persons not of our race, or nation, or status. "We are now living with people most of whom speak our own tongue, have our same nationality and equal social status." He expressed anxiety that under the stress of confinement we will become better acquainted with each other but at the same time less harmonious than we are now at first acquaintance.

I told Pierce I thought his suggestion about an educational program was a good one and volunteered to help in any way I could if he would make the first proposal to those in charge of the group. Gifford seconded my offer, and, having completed our 35 rounds we went back into the hotel, where I was intercepted by one of the <sup>Chargé's</sup> secretaries and told that he requested me to come to his rooms at once.



Mr. Tinsdale had decided to have an Executive Committee to work with him in arranging the business of the internment, and as the Head of one group I was to be one of the committee. The first meeting did not accomplish much beyond making us known to each other, but before I left I mentioned Pierce Willard's thought that an educational program to occupy all of us regardless of what level might be the subject of an early discussion, and suggested that he contact Willard. He accepted this readily and I left feeling satisfied that I had made a small contribution to the common welfare.

JANUARY 20. 1943.

After dinner it was the habit of most of the internees to go into the salon but several nights after our arrival I couldn't do it, and went to my room. I thought I was exhausted by the strain of the day, but I could not go to sleep. It was difficult to forget that I was in detention. At first I thought this only a surface phenomenon that would pass away in a few minutes, but it did not. I tried but failed to form a schedule for the next day, or for the next week, or even for the next month, but could not. I was obsessed with the knowledge that there is a guard at the door every hour of every day and every night. I worried that the war may reach a stalemate that will pin us down here for years and thought about my eighty-year-old father, my wife and our peaceful way of life in the small Quaker community where we have lived all our lives, of my four sons and two little grandsons, and wondered when or if I will see any of them again.

I acknowledged to myself, lying staring at the ceiling, that I have been in bad shape mentally due to the failure of plans that caused me to go

to France in the first place. I feel the loss to the thousand orphans we almost succeeded in getting on a boat to the U.S. before our work was interrupted. I wondered if my crackup of nerves was ~~due~~ to that or whether it was the initial reaction to internment, a reaction of acute de-personalization quite out of proportion to my situation. I reminded myself that I am much more comfortable than the average person in Germany<sup>many</sup>, but then into my mind flashed the knowledge that I am a prisoner. I cannot remove from my consciousness all the unpleasant outcomes of the experience in France, and I am always conscious that our detention is without time limit and I can make no plans for the future. I seem to be in a state of stupor. I do not want to see or talk to any of my colleagues or friends. I laid there for hours unable to sleep, hearing airraid sirens sounding and planes flying high overhead, not caring if a bomb crashed down through the ceiling and put me out of my suffering.

The next morning I wandered aimlessly around until I was stopped by Willard, Wells and Rodney on their way to the morning walk. Wells asked me, "Are you all right? We missed you at breakfast." I couldn't even answer and stared stupidly at him. Willard then took charge and said to them, "Go on out to the rose garden. I am going to talk with Branwell and we'll see you later. Come on, Branwell, we'll go to your room and talk for a while."

I let him lead me upstairs where I sat on the bed and he sat in the one chair. "Branwell," he said gently, "are you having a crackup?"

I could only mutter, "I don't know. I've never felt anything like this before."

Then he encouraged me, "Tell me how you feel, maybe it will help."

I tried to tell him and he got up and started walking up and down the narrow room. Finally he said, "Hicks, you and I have known hunger and danger in France without cracking up. Now here, where we get three meals a day and are comparatively safe, you crack up. How do you explain that?"

"I am not accustomed to so many sirens," I apologized. "There were about twenty different air alarms last night."

"Baloney! It's more than that, and besides, you will get accustomed to the air alarms. This town lies on the route of the British raids on industrial cities. There are no ammunition factories near this town to attract bombs."

I nodded and then confessed, "In the night I tried harder and harder to hear some human sound outside my door. Any noise to assure me I am in contact with human beings. I like to hear steps outside the door or down in the street. I know this is ridiculous, but one time last night I sprang out of bed and paced the floor swinging my head back and forth like a bear in a cage. Then I went to the door, placed my hands on the panel, and with my fingers spread I leaned against it and listened. Yes, I feel as if I am really becoming unhitched. What do I do, Pierce?"

He touched my shoulder with compassion and said, "Hang on, Branwell. Most people here will suffer much the same as you, and it will pass. Let us be your friends and help you if we can. Come now and we'll have a quiet walk in the garden."

JANUARY 23, 1943.

This is the end of the first week of our internment. I have recovered from my breakdown thanks to the patience of good friends and have been going

down to breakfast early every morning to arrange the place cards on our table so that there will be a new set of neighbors at each meal. Gifford Wells also has the habit of coming down early and we have formed the custom of taking a walk starting at eight o'clock when the Gestapo guard opens the door and takes his post in the garden.

This morning we talked about what type of record we should keep here for reporting at some future time to the people who sent us to France as their representatives. I knew that both of us had been inside concentration camps in unoccupied France as spectators, not as participants. We agreed it was not for us to write the horror stories. Better to leave those to the ones who had suffered through the experience. We had both seen how the guards' methods broke down the prisoners as individuals and changed them into docile men.

Gifford said, "I was impressed with how quickly the resistance of internees sinks under the influence of terror so that they can be handled in mass by a relatively small number of guards." We walked on for a while thinking our own thoughts and then he said, "I don't think the Gestapo guards here will control us by terror. We will have adequate food and some kind of diplomatic protection thanks to the Germans held in our country. What we need to think about now is how to protect ourselves against disintegration in deluxe confinement. I think the social aspects of detention are operative in spite of adequate food and furniture. I see it already in the lethargy of some people who seem not to want to do anything at all, and in others who are taking refuge in drink. I think we had better start pushing for the educational program right away. Will you come with me to find Pierce and go to talk with Tinsdale?"

I turned and shook his hand, "Of course. Let's go."

JANUARY 27, 1943.

Gifford and I went to see Seward Tinsdale and told him that Pierce Willard has had experience organizing the educational activities of the first group of internees with whom he was connected and that he has already drawn up a plan for the same kind of thing here, with a list of courses and possible instructors. Tinsdale asked what kinds of courses were proposed and Gifford could recall such topics as modern languages, including English, French, German, Spanish, Italian and Russian, and said there are people in our group who could speak and teach each of those languages. In addition there were History, Philosophy, Literature, Science and Business Administration. He said that Willard has also listed such non-academic things as accordion, piano, choral singing, sketching, wood engraving, chess and bridge.

Tinsdale called a halt and said to send out for Willard, who came quickly when he learned what it was all about. He was pleased, agreed that what we had already told Tinsdale was correct and explained further the idea he thought was important, to bring under the university as many as possible of the recreational activities of the group so that the majority of the internees would spend on the courses of study many hours that they might otherwise idle away in boredom. In addition, he proposed lectures for the entire group in the salon after dinner, one full-length lecture per week and four shorter talks. He said he had already talked with twenty-five members of the group and persuaded them to give the lectures, and that the university would bring out not only a large number of professional teachers among our number but also, he had discovered, there was a surprising number of amateurs who agreed to help.

JANUARY 28, 1943.

The educational setup was given the semi-humorous title of Barmen University, and an artist in the group drew up a university seal, with motto. The same artist made a woodcut of a certificate of credit which bore the name of the institution and space for a list of courses taken and for the signatures of nine officers of the university. A prospectus was soon typed up and posted on the bulletin board listing all the courses.

There was a great deal of activity in the beginning and animated chatter about what courses to take. I purposely scheduled myself a solid program with every hour assigned either to some class to study or some class to prepare to teach. I decided to study French and German and engaged to teach a course in Bible and one in English literature.

JANUARY 29, 1943.

As Gifford Wells and I circled the track this morning he said he is determined that this internment shall not be an operation in deep-freeze where we all remain static until liberation, that he has seen the crackup of people in internment camps and is determined that we will not succumb to it. He feels it is an unwarranted escape from reality for any of us to regard our internment as a refrigeration period. It is not an interlude in our lives, is not like a hibernation where circulation is reduced to a low ebb. We are all very much in contact with each other and in confinement this relationship is extraordinarily close. We should consider every month, every week, every hour important. "Every day our actions are demonstrating our beliefs," he said. "Some of us are living in the future and think only of the time when we get out of here. Others, more fortunate, are crowding

their moments with the idea that this section of time is an integral and important part of our lives."

He went on to say that whether our internment becomes a deep freeze or not will depend a good deal upon the leadership, and asked if I thought Tinsdale would be a disciplinarian and keep people in the university movement. I related to him my conversation with one of the newspapermen who told me that when he was in Vichy while Admiral Lecky was there, discipline had been excellent, but when the Ambassador left, the Embassy became more of a houseparty. The man in charge of us now had been quite a man-about-town, all the members of the staff know it, and he thinks the present official head of our group therefore will be hesitant about curbing his friends and preventing excesses here.

Darnley, the newsman, went on to say that he felt Tinsdale was the fall guy and now found himself in a no-win situation. The strong men had left, the Admiral back to Washington, Robert Murphy to organize the invasion of Africa, Matthews to London, leaving Tinsdale holding a bunch of assorted people. He has every reason to feel side-tracked while his colleagues have gone on to distinguished service. Darnley thinks he was probably chosen because of his knowledge of the Germans from his service there, his ability to speak French, and his convivial habits, but he must feel very much like he has been had.

#### FEBRUARY 3, 1943.

You would think that the first big crisis of this internment would be over some large and important matter that concerned the welfare of the entire group, but no. It was over dogs.

In spite of the shortage of food, dogs and other pets formed an important role in the life of many of the Americans. Two of the ladies brought not only dogs but also maids whose time is largely spent taking care of the dogs. I have learned that on the train from France the twelve dogs were required to ride in the baggage car, so the two maids and several of the owners themselves rode there with the dogs in considerable discomfort all through the night.

When we got to the hotel the proprietor ordered the dogs to an unheated kennel where they were fed on bran mash to the great anguish of the owners, who couldn't understand why the proprietor did not share in their affection for the animals, and they were outraged that he demanded that all dogs outside the kennel must be on a leash. The owners are also hurt because the ration for dogs is only two dog biscuits a week and there has been much agitating to get it increased. They tried carrying potatoes and other tidbits from their plates in the dining room and were disconcerted when the dogs refused to eat. They were all accustomed to eating only meat.

There had been four cats but they were expelled early on because they climbed the curtains and frayed the silk with their claws.

Herr Brauer, owner of the hotel, is reported to have written the following note to Dr. Schleiden. It is in regard to an over-size Airdale dog belonging to Ralph Haydon, one of the newspaper men:

"Herr Hayden's dog has torn the curtain in his room. Heil Hitler! Brauer."

Another note to Dr. Schleiden is said to have read, "Herr Hayden's dog forgot himself on the carpet between the second and the third floor. I am not running a hotel to provide kennel for dogs. Heil Hitler! Brauer."



Dr. Schleiden took the matter up in a note to Roy Hayden, who replied as follows: "If Herr Brauer is afraid for his carpets he could take them up. If the German government wishes to send the dogs back to France, the Americans will gladly accomodate and accompany them."

After two days of proposals and counter-proposals, with protocols drawn up in the best Embassy style, the dogs are permitted to stay in the rooms of their owners.

It seems as if internment makes the dispositions of dogs even more unsettled than those of people. They are behaving worse than ever and feuds have developed between some of them. The United States Consul General in Marseilles has a dog named Pursel, a combination between a German dachshund and an English sealyham. He was born in Germany and understands German as well as English. He has an enmity toward an Irish setter belonging to the Third Secretary of the Embassy at Vichy. Mrs. Compton has a poodle named Nukie, whose father was French and whose mother was English, but he understands only French. Mr. Malone has a Scottie named Mack and every time Mack and Nukie glimpse each other they fall into a furious battle and the owners yell at them in such a medley of languages that it has no effect whatsoever on the dogs.

Herr Baumgartner, the head waiter here, told me this morning when I came down early and was the only one in the dining room that Mr. Haydon, who has a growing boy of fourteen who needs it, exchanges his cans of condensed milk with the waiters for bones from the kitchen to feed his big dog. He also said there are women who bribe the waiters to bootleg scarce items for their pets---such things as fresh eggs. He says sometimes the amount of money the waiters get this way exceeds their weekly salaries.

FEBRUARY 7, 1943.

I am an early riser and have acquired the habit of rising and watching the town come awake and pass beneath my window. Every morning the same troop of prisoners passes under me. They vary scarcely a moment from 7:20 a.m. They are always followed by an armed guard with a rifle. The number of prisoners varies and if I go down to the breakfast table and say, "There were only eleven this morning," I feel that I have furnished an item of news. On some days the men carry bundles of clothing under their arms. I wonder if it is their laundry. It is my guess that they are Tunisians because of their dark skins.

It is easy to identify the East Europeans because they wear a large "O" on their arms, which stands for "Osterbeiter." They carry tools that tell me they are woodchoppers.

When I first came here there was a farm woman who walked under my window every morning carrying milk in a pail with a squeaky handle. For some time I thought it was the squeak that woke me, but since she has stopped coming I now wake to the tread of the prisoners.

There are different classes of Germans who come to market from outlying farms carrying their produce. I sometimes see obviously well-to-do Germans from the big cities who are able, I am told, to get medical health certificates and come here to take the water cure, even in wartime. Those women are smartly dressed, with expensive-looking furs and silk stockings.

There is a confusing variety of uniforms---there are women who run the streetcars, police inspectors, and military officers of different ranks, some carrying brief cases, some carrying canes. There are probably some insignia on the army uniforms which indicate the units to which they belong and their ranks but I cannot yet tell the different ones apart.

It is like a continuous movie and some days I sit for hours just watching when I probably should be occupying myself with more intellectual pursuits, but this constant and ever-varying but self-repeating parade fascinates me. For example, I can distinguish the prisoners with the "O" armbands and the one composed of men of dark color who, the maid tells me, are definitely Tunisian and they shovel coal at the local gas works.

Then in the middle of the morning the wounded soldiers begin to trickle downtown from the hospital somewhere out of my sight. Some of them are on crutches and some are in wheel chairs pushed by soldiers with good legs.

The next thing to arrive on regular schedule is the wagon that comes from the country to pick up the garbage from this hotel. I can tell when it is coming from the slow click of the oxen's feet on the hard street before it comes into view.

I have watched the children going to school and note that they are well dressed and all carry their books in knapsacks just like soldiers. I sometimes see German civilians carrying musical instruments as if they are going to orchestra practice, and women carrying periodicals and books as if going to a library down this street somewhere. With all the problems brought on by the war and all the shortages people have to contend with, if I were to write home that people here are still attending concerts, the education is proceeding normally, and that ladies' book clubs are meeting regularly, they wouldn't know whether to believe it or not.

Pierce Willard came into my room and asked, "Are you learning all about Germany by looking out your window?" I told him how many different things one sees just sitting here, and at that moment a group of 27 Frenchmen in civilian clothes were marched past under guard by German soldiers. It is

interesting to me that now I amuse myself by counting things like that. So many of this and so many of that. As we watched, a man in uniform stopped a civilian on the street and demanded to see his papers. Then the soldier grabbed the man by the arm and marched him down the street and out of sight. One's imagination, given free rein, can build all kinds of possible scenarios out of one simple sight like that.

As we watched we heard a trumpet at a distance and soon a troop of Hitler Youth swung around the corner in three columns. Their shoes clicked on the street in perfect unison. Their leaders carried banners which said FIGHT FOR VICTORY and THINK ABOUT OUR FUTURE and VICTORY BY ALL MEANS. Then came a truck with a load of apples and we watched three youths dart behind the truck, fill their pockets with apples and then hurry to catch up with the others. The leader blew a whistle and the whole troop broke out in song as they rounded the corner.

Pierce and I were still there at the window when Gifford Wells came in and joined us. I said, "I notice one difference between the street here and streets in my home town and that is the scarcity of automobile traffic. There are some trucks but passenger cars are rare and there don't seem ever to be parking problems." On this warm Sunday afternoon there was a large number of walkers, a greater variety than on week days. I asked Gifford to compare this scene with a Sunday in Montauban, France, where he had been working.

"Well, on Sunday in Montauban people would be searching for food, either in the town or in the surrounding countryside. Food supplies in France differ widely in the different provinces. The Mediterranean strip and the large urban centers have the least food, but even in farm areas

there are sharp contrasts within a short distance. The government tried to explain this as due to lack of transportation, but I think some of it is due to slack organization and crooked supervision that makes it impossible for some people to obtain the food that should have been available to them on their food cards."

He peered down and went on to say, "The walkers down there on the street have much better shoes than people I saw in France. Many children there wear sandals made of rope with wooden soles. Clothing here is different, too---better. In France it is almost impossible to collect enough points to get a suit, and even if you can, the material is terribly shoddy."

Then I asked him a question that has been in my mind since I have been here watching the German people. "Do you think these people see in Hitler the symbol of their own life and destiny? He came to power in a period of acute collapse of the economy of the country and pulled them out. He restored Germany from a weak nation to a nation of power. Do they see their reflexion in his greatness and sun themselves in his successes? I wonder if they don't see themselves in his autocratic manner and get a distorted image of themselves."

Gifford pondered this for a while and then answered, "I can't believe that Hitler was a product of these people and that his actions were conditioned by their society. People are more or less the product of their environment, but I also think they are somewhat the result of individual characters."

This statement reduced us to thoughtful silence and we continued to stare down at the flow of humanity in the street. Just then we were surprised to recognize a crippled boy who works in the scullery of the hotel crossing the street, knocking on the closed shutters of an old house.

The shutters were opened by a pallid, red-headed little girl who took the package he handed her, smiled and thanked him, and he stumped off as she closed the shutters.

Two women in black came around the corner, one middle-aged and dark, the other young and fair. We were astonished to see that both wore capes with long black lace hanging down their backs because we knew from reading the papers that the authorities frown on this form of mourning. Behind the two women came a middle-aged couple with their soldier son between them, and then a woman pushing a perambulator followed by a toddler who likes to run in one gate and out the other, much to his mother's vexation. He spied a beetle on the walk and refused to move until she came to examine it.

A German officer with only one arm walked with his little boy who beamed proudly as the passing soldiers salute, and the little boy and girl following a peg-legged man were talking about his holsen fuss. The little girl spied a kitten under a bush and stopped, calling, "Katschen!" A sad mixture of normality and abnormality, and I looked up at the puffy clouds passing in the blue sky, thinking of Sunday afternoons at home and wondering if life there is still normal. I hope so.

My mind had turned inward and I spoke, more to myself than to my companions, "You know, I think that what is essential for one's goals is a sense of meaning. I feel surrounded by insurmountable barriers to reaching any goals, on a treadmill leading nowhere. My life here seems pointless and though I am not threatened by loss of ordinary necessities of life, I suffer from the loss of significant ends. I wanted to much to make a purposeful contribution to the European situation and have ended up here, shut off

from the world for God knows how long at the time of my life when I should be most productive. Real meaning in life involves committment to deep purposes and I am depressed at merely passing the time in the confines of a fancy hotel."

Pierce looked at me sharply then and said, "Now, Branwell, you got over your first big depression, and have been holding up well. Don't sink again and expend your energies trying to hoist yourself back up out of the hole."

"Sometimes I can't help myself," I said. "From time to time I feel impulses that are entirely irrational, I know. Like excessive fears that my home town will change while I am gone. I am sentimental about that town, about the house where I was born, the school I attended, the woods where I hunted and the swimming hole in the creek where I used to take my boys. I want it to remain unchanged." I looked from Pierce to Gifford, hoping for their understanding. They both nodded that they did. I had to finish the thought, "I suppose I want to revert to the personality I had in those simpler times, perhaps even to return to childhood and get away from the horrors of what I have witnessed recently."

Gifford said then that he understood but wanted to change the subject to one that has been bothering him. We have been meeting together, our group, after the manner of the Society of Friends, each Sunday morning, and in these quiet sessions usually some people speak to their concerns, but in our meetings here nobody has spoken. It bothers him. He thinks it may be because we do not have the stimulation of a busy, normal life. We see each other every day at meals and at all other occasions in the building. We have plenty of time on our hands for conversations during

weekdays and seem to have exhausted our exchange of ideas by the time we get to Sundays and that is why we sit there mute.

I suggested, "Maybe our quietism is caused by the fact that we face our problems on weekdays and talk them out so that by Sunday there is nothing left."

"You may be right, Branwell," Gifford said, "but I am still disappointed because when I came here I knew there would be fewer distractions than we have in our normal lives and hoped that we would find a new fellowship, new ideas to change ourselves intellectually. But this has not happened. The Meeting is not alive and I feel a letdown. For example, I know there are plenty of problems ahead and instead of planning for their solution we sit here tongue-tied. We should be studying methods of entering into a virgin field of peace efforts so we can go to work as soon as we get out of here, but so far, this has not happened."

Pierce, who speaks from more experience of internment than we have, said, "Don't give up, please. You have a good idea there and one of these days if we don't despair maybe we will be able to put our minds to it and get started. Boy, I wish we could go up on the roof and look around. I'm getting damn tired of that bloody rose garden."

"And I'm getting damn tired of this whole place," I said.

Gifford smiled and invited us, "Come on, let's have a fast mile around the track. At least we can get out into the sunshine there."



FEBRUARY 15, 1943.

Last Sunday was the first time a religious service was tried here in the hotel. The time set was eleven o'clock and a number of us helped get the salon arranged, bringing in chairs, arranging them in rows, placing on each chair a copy of the order of service we had duplicated, distributing copies of the Lutheran hymnal Dr. Schleiden found for us. The seating capacity was at least fifty and it was disappointing to have only about twenty people show up.

Roger played the music, Mr. Tinsdale read some scripture and led the responsive readings. He patterned the program after the Episcopal service with which he is most familiar but because no one felt qualified there was no sermon. I can't say I think it was a success.

Mrs. Tinsdale told me yesterday that Dr. Schleiden would prefer that we have religious services for the group here in the hotel because to take people to the church of their choice would be impossible for his Gestapo guards to cover properly. Maybe he'll want us try again, but I am not optimistic about the success of this idea.

FEBRUARY 16, 1943.

You might think the next really big crisis would be over the breakdown of negotiations for our release, but no, again. It was over cigarettes.

The Executive Committee was asked to take a census of the cigarette smokers in their particular groups. When I took this census of our group about half of them registered as smokers. I was told that tobacco will be issued only to those who are registered. The committeeman of the newspaper group reported that every one of them will register as smokers, including all their wives. The representative of the diplomatic group reported the same thing, including all the children. One consul's mother, aged 75, signed up for cigarettes although she has never smoked in her life.

The quantity of cigarettes to be permitted by the German authorities is 45 cigarettes a month, or as an alternative, six cigars, or one package of pipe tobacco. No one registered for cigars or pipe tobacco, but it looked as if almost everyone registered for cigarettes. I have already noticed some of the brightest, most talented women in the group gathering discarded cigarette butts near the door and on the garden paths. One of them cheerfully explained to me that they dry them, work them over, and roll them in cigarette papers again; they get the papers by bribing a hotel bellboy. She regrets this habit and humorously describes her craving, admitting that she has been trading food for cigarettes and as a result fainted twice from lack of nourishment.

Some of the internees had the foresight to buy up a lot of books published by the German house, Tauchnitz, with text in English. Evidently the book owners enjoy cigarettes more than reading because notes started appearing on the bulletin board offering exchanges:

"Dante's 'Divine Comedy' for two packs of cigarettes."

"Freud's 'Essay on the Interpretation of Dreams' for three packs of cigarettes."

In a different handwriting one jokester offered "Perpetual Peace" by Immanuel Kant for one package of cigarettes.

About this time the report spread that we would soon receive prisoner-of-war food packages from the Red Cross in Switzerland and that they would each contain from four to six packages of American cigarettes. Immediately a market for cigarettes sprang up and people were dealing like speculators buying futures on the commodity exchange. These packages are expected to come every two weeks and some of the people have already traded off so much of their expected income that they are far into debt and the packages have not even arrived.

FEBRUARY 20, 1943.

The long-awaited day. The Red Cross packages came and we were told to line up before a long table where they would be distributed. There was some discussion amongst the Quakers as to the propriety of accepting these food packages and I spoke to the Red Cross man in charge about it. He assured me that these packages are intended for people like us and his assistant who was passing stopped to urge me to assure all our people that it is entirely appropriate for us to accept the packages.

We watched out the windows as an old horse pulled a ramshackle dray up to the unloading dock where the cases were unloaded and carried up to where the excited internees waited. When the boxes were opened we passed in a line and our names were checked off a list and we were each handed a package. People hardly stepped away from the line before they tore the boxes open. When I opened mine I found it contained canned meat, cheese, powdered milk, chocolate, margarine, crackers, condensed milk, condensed

coffee, condensed orange juice and cigarettes. Not using either coffee or cigarettes I instantly realized that I now have some valuable currency to use in acquiring some much-needed additions to my wardrobe---especially a pair of pants and some shoes. I thanked my mother's training that I do not need to drink or smoke my trading material.

It was immediately discovered that there are two different types of packages---one contains condensed orange juice, the other a powder. One contains one brand of cigarettes, the second another. The same with coffee. Loud and lively trading began at once.

The arrival of Red Cross packages created another problem. The hotel waiters prefer that any tips to them be in cigarettes instead of German money. They can sell in the town a pack of American cigarettes for ten marks. The Head Waiter told me that one of his men resold a package of cigarettes to a wealthy German for 30 marks, which is the equivalent of \$8.00 U.S. The same waiter sold a four ounce can of American soluble coffee for 100 marks. Unbelievable!

Another problem that arose because of the packages was the question of cooking in the hotel rooms. Although all the food in the packages can be consumed without cooking, a lot of people wanted to stir up new dishes and offer these special treats to specially invited guests. Trouble was, the hotel forbade the use of electric stoves in the rooms; but some people used them anyhow. One of the ladies took her forbidden heater out of her trunk and prepared to do some fancy cooking. Too bad she inadvertently plugged into the telephone circuit instead of the electric connection! It registered immediately somewhere downstairs and before she knew it a Gestapo guard was at the door and confiscated her hot plate.

*(Some words missing)*

clothing was in such desperate shape I was pleased to be able to buy anything. I also purchased a warm sweater and a pair of stout shoes. I felt much more secure now with these additions to my wardrobe and was especially thankful that I do not need to smoke my ration of cigarettes.

MARCH 25, 1943.

People in the internment group are divided into drinkers and non-drinkers. The drinkers have been accustomed to the bountiful and excellent wines of France. One day I was talking to one of the drinkers about the problems all of them are having. He says that in Germany the need for industrial alcohol for the war effort makes liquor rare in this country. "Nevertheless," he said, "the hotel has been able to get considerably more wine than is officially allotted to it and you can get it in the dining room by giving extra tips to the waiters."

He says that the alcoholic content of this wine is normal but it is not over two years old and is thus quite sour and does not have a good effect on the heads of the drinkers the morning after. On account of this distress the drinkers have made arrangements through Dr. Schleiden to get delivery of some local liquor.

When the Red Cross packages started to arrive the drinkers began to barter food with the local wine producers. There is a vegetable grown around here called Jerusalem artichoke. It resembles a turnip or some other root vegetable and is distilled into a liquor he says vigorously assails even the hardest stomach. In spite of its rawness he says a great deal of the internees' money goes to local farmers for this home brew. The farmers are prohibited by law from making liquor from grains and other edibles, but

nevertheless some of them succeed in distilling plums, pears, and cherries as well as the Jerusalem artichokes. I am told that the masseur, Willy, is the bootlegger and brings the liquor into the hotel and that in fact sometimes one of the Gestapo guards goes with Willy to help carry the heavy loads.

Katie, the maid on my floor, was upset today because she had been reproached by the management. It seems that while she was making the bed of one of the prominent members of the diplomatic group, she found, and not for the first time, several liquor bottles in his bed. She put them into the trash basket and it was taken away. Later, the diplomat, who, she says, is more or less under the influence of alcohol most of the time lately, went to the management and complained that his bottles were not yet empty. Katie doubts that his memory is all that clear but she got reprimanded anyhow.

She also told me that a bottle of white Alsatian or Moselle wine could be furnished any Saturday night for partying to anybody who signed for it on a sheet of paper. One father had his two small boys sign their names for a bottle each, and a lot of the wives sign their names separately from their husbands so they each get a bottle.

Recently, Katie says, a distillery representative has been permitted to come into the hotel and take orders. He can provide a variety of drinks from a long list, like liquors with the Bols label---Kirschwasser and other sweet drinks, and German brandy. She laughed when she told me about one bottle of something special Mr. Tinsdale had ordered. When he opened it he couldn't drink it because of the strong taste and smell of lavender. Somebody must have used a perfume bottle that wasn't well washed.

The bringing in of so much liquor has also made difficulties for the pantry help, who have to carry ice to rooms at all hours of the night and far into the morning. It's beginning to look as if a lot of the internees

have discovered the way to entertain themselves and pass the time. For example, this morning when I was going down in the elevator with dignified Dr. Schleiden, Mrs. Stanhope on her belated return to her room from an all-night party, kissed him, chucked him under the chin and put an apple into his pocket, and when I told Gifford about it as we took our morning walk, he said, "Sure. You hear all kinds of stories, like Roger told me that at the last party he attended, Mrs. McGowan entertained herself by going around and kissing all the young men there, and that later on Mrs. Peck, Mrs. Keezer and Mrs. McGowan were all so drunk they were running up and down the halls shrieking and woke him out of a sound sleep." Gifford went on to tell me he has decided not to go to the cocktail parties any more, and to his surprise finds that he has cut himself off from a lot of people with whom he would have liked to associate at other times.

APRIL 4, 1943.

Today is the third birthday of my grandson, Christopher. I wonder how he is celebrating it and wish I could be there to help him.

I often think how my family would laugh to learn that I have become a sort of advisor-to-the-lovelorn---a Dear Abby in Internment. The young lady from Idaho, Dora Vaughn, who came across the ocean with me and went to the Embassy in Vichy, has seized upon me as her confidant and advisor. We have had many long talks and I have found her to be a very frank person about her western background, about the depression of 1921 that was fatal to their family farm and how the family had to go live in an abandoned freight car for a while. She was the oldest child and brothers and sisters came along in rapid succession so that at an early age she had to help support the family. Then when she got to be about thirty years old, the

fiancee to whom she had been engaged for nearly ten years married another girl. At that point she decided to get away from there, to study stenography, take the civil service exams and try for a position abroad. Her father thought this a fanciful idea but gave her what financial help he could at that point and to his surprise she passed the civil service exams. With the help of her congressman she got the appointment to France, but she was not happy working in the Embassy. She thinks the other girls look down on her because of her lack of college education and lack of elegant manners. Now, she is distraught because she thinks she is madly in love with Roger Dawson, one of the young men in my Quaker group, much younger than she, very handsome, acts like a perpetual college boy. He is one of the two people for whom I could have avoided responsibility in France when the other members of the group left us, but I was unable to abandon Mme. LeConte, the 75 year old lady whom they had left alone, and Roger, the exceptionally gifted young man who so irritated the others that they did not want him going with them.

Dora is the one, but not the only one, of a group of single women here whom I have watched flirting outrageously with all the young single men. Already the girls have tried to attach themselves to specific men and already there is apparent friction because of it. Also, some of the men are not so taken with the girls who have singled them out, and this is what Dora was suffering about today.

Roger is an accomplished musician and has an accordion which he can take along with him, so he is very much in demand for parties. He enjoys showing off and she is upset because he gaily hurries off to parties to which she is not invited. She begs my advice on how she can capture his



attention more successfully. It is my sad fate to have to tell her that I think she had better shift her energies elsewhere because Roger is too young to want to be tied down to one person, and besides, he gives a great deal of pleasure to the groups with whom he associates.

To try and shift the subject I asked her to tell me about the last days at the Embassy in Vichy, what happened and how the Americans there handled the situation. She said it was very sudden and that one morning after most of the staff were already at work inside the building one of the attachés, coming late, attempted to enter the Embassy and was blocked by a detachment of Germans armed with rifles and a machine gun. The senior officer of the Germans ordered the attaché to precede him into the building, with a squad of armed soldiers following. They herded all the Americans into one room and demanded the keys to all drawers, files and safes. The senior American official refused.

Meanwhile, the soldiers set up the machine gun inside the front door and forcibly removed the telephone operator from his switchboard. Then the German officer repeated his demand for the keys with such violence that the official reluctantly surrendered them. By international law the files of the American Embassy were supposedly under the protection of Switzerland, but the Germans paid no attention to that and soldiers went throughout the building to search everything. Dora didn't know exactly what they were looking for but she said they opened everything while the helpless staff watched. They took every scrap of paper and all the files which contained the letters the Swiss would need to protect the interests of the United States.

She later learned that while all that was going on the Secretary of

the Swiss.legation had attempted to enter the building and was expelled at the point of a gun. He went to the German Embassy to protest and finally was given a hearing, but the German soldiers continued to occupy the American Embassy and turned it into a trap for unsuspecting visitors. They forced the postman to give up letters addressed to the Embassy and continued to occupy the building for a week. It turned out that two of the Embassy staff who were supposed to be radio repair men had really been members of the German intelligence organization and had been working inside the Embassy for months. It was then clear that the Germans had been preparing for this takeover for months, while the American diplomats had been busy with a heavy schedule of social events and house parties.

Not long after my talk with Dora I asked the same question of Walter Wallack, one of the Under Secretaries at the Embassy, and his report was more clear. He said that they had been expecting a break in diplomatic relations and the usual security measures were in progress at the Embassy. Ever since they had moved to Vichy they had periodically removed all confidential documents to safety and their position was liquid on the morning of the German takeover. Each member of the staff had been thoroughly drilled in the execution of certain duties in the event of emergency and they carried out their duties with dispatch. On the morning the Germans appeared at the front door the only sensitive materials left there were the cipher devices used to transmit an uninterrupted flow of confidential reports to Washington, which they did until the moment telegraphic communications were broken.

APRIL 10, 1943.

This afternoon I was looking out toward the park, saw a company of about a dozen people coming down the path and could hardly believe my eyes because I recognized the distinctive feather on one hat as the one I had seen on the hat of Regina Thayer, one of those in our group who had stayed in France hoping to elude the Germans. As they came closer I could make out in addition to Regina, Larry Nash, Laban Furst, Herbert Lorish and his wife Jane, and several others I didn't know, all under the guns of four German guards. I was in a frenzy to discover how they had been seized and what they had been doing since we parted back in January.

After dinner I was requested to come to the office of Mr. Tinsdale and there I found Regina Thayer graciously renewing her acquaintance with him. It seems he had known her many years ago, and after a few inquiries about mutual friends she began defending to him her action in leaving us in France. She admitted receiving his telegram ordering her to Lourdes and her message to him asking to be allowed to remain in France. He replied that it was not in his power to detach anyone even if he wanted to, and that if a person had been summoned to join the group and refused to come that person would be unprotectable and the German government could deal with them as it pleased. He told her she was fortunate that all they did was bring her here.

After Regina left Laban Furst was invited in. I told him how we looked for him when we were escaping from Marseilles in an ambulance but had to leave before he came. He told us that he had gone to Lourdes on the advice of friends with whom he had taken refuge and was there that rainy foggy night our train was waiting on the track. He stood in the dark a long time before he decided not to board the train. Though he

knew he was under the protection of the Swiss government, he had seen too many cases where the Germans seized Jews who were under Swiss protection and since he had a Jewish name and a Jewish profile and he could see there were several cars of Nazi soldiers on the train, he left Lourdes quickly and went back and hid in the colony of Spanish children where he had been working.

It is strange how news travels in this hotel. When I went to my room, Katie, the maid, was waiting and asked me if it was true that a Jew had just joined the group here. I told her that he is an American citizen and under Swiss protection but she was still worried, saying that Jews had been concealed in some homes in Barmen last year and this had brought heavy penalties on the home owners. I told her not to worry about this hotel because Laban Furst is a U.S. citizen. I had been worrying about him and was glad to have him here. Besides, selfishly, I was glad because he is an interesting man with whom to discuss things on a level higher than hotel gossip.

#### APRIL 14, 1943.

This is the first time we have stepped foot outside the hotel since we've been here. The whole group was given permission to go, under guard, to the Easter services at the Protestant church. Twenty-five people accepted. I was surprised more didn't go just to get out of the hotel, but then remembered a big party last night that ended with people rolling fire extinguishers down the halls keeping me awake off and on till 5 a.m., and this morning one lady walking her dog in the garden confessed that she had only one and a half hours of sleep and as soon as her darling Poopsie finished she would be off to bed for the rest of the day.

When we first left the hotel, joining the local churchgoers, I was surprised that they didn't cast at least a hasty glance at this group clustered around a guard, but then I reflected, the native population is accustomed to groups of foreigners marching along guarded by Germans and a group like ours would be no novelty to them. The novelty to me was to be out on the street where I had for so long watched others pass. Everything interested me.

Outside the church we saw entering a group of boys and girls preceded by the pastor. The girls all wore dark clothing and black stockings, except one little girl who stood out because she wore brown ones. Inside the church families filled the pews and we later realized they had come especially to see the confirmation of their children.

There was a balcony on both sides, with a stone railing over which more children leaned to see the ceremony. The choir loft and organ were at our backs. The audience was made up mostly of women, children and old men. There were no young men except wounded soldiers and my eyes were held by one who sat across the aisle from me. He had a markedly shortened leg which he propped up on his cane.

The pastor, a tall, spare, middle-aged man, went up into the pulpit by a narrow stairway and, standing high above us, read a letter from the Bishop and then preached a sermon in which he alluded to the destruction of the image of Christ in the beautiful Black Forest by the enemy. This referred to the church up the valley that was burned the other night by flares from a crippled British airplane. He went on to outline the duties of the church in the present situation but I had not enough command of German to understand all of his phrases. I glanced at the middle-aged woman

on my right, her face strong but impassive. The mother in front of me with a little boy and girl wiped her eyes.

The words of the pastor were received by the congregation passively, but the combination of music from organ and choir seemed to move them deeply. Near me sat a woman with uncombed, sandy hair, poorly dressed, wearing heavy shoes. As the organ played and the choir sang, tears ran from her eyes as she gazed toward the ceiling, running her rough hands through her hair and over her chapped lips. A crippled soldier in uniform stood up, and leaning against the wall turned to look at the choir, his sensitive face registering the profound effect of the soaring music.

It was almost too much, two trips out of the hotel in one day, but this afternoon Wasvold Astakov, Joseph Tchitcherin and Armand Dumont got permission to attend an Eastern Orthodox church service and invited me to go along with them---and the guard. I had never been to this kind of church before.

The building was small and was opened only two or three times a year. There were no chairs. There were a dozen women in the audience and we were the only men. Light came from colored windows, brass lamps and candlesticks and I thought the service very plaintive. A bearded priest in a heavy, rich robe sang the office and the response was by two other priests who also served as altar boys. When the elements were prepared, the worshippers knelt on the floor and bowed repeatedly, then went forward to receive the communion. Their absorption in the service was touching and they kissed the images with a fervor that arose from being deprived for a long time of religious opportunities.

We learned that these women were what the Germans regard as sub-humans.

Their hair had been shaved off, their clothes and shoes were poor and rough, and they were of the class that had been shipped in from Slavic countries recently to work in private German kitchens. They ~~are~~ permitted no free time and can leave the house only to take care of outside domestic tasks or for heavy work on the farms. They are forbidden to enter public places such as restaurants or theatres and, in fact, are forbidden to attend churches except that this is Eastertime, which is the reason why they were so happy to be able to say prayers for their relatives far away in a genuine service of divine worship. The guard told us some of them had walked as much as ten miles to get there.

We saw a German woman in a booth in the church where she sold sacramental candles. The Slavic women bought the candles to put on the altar while they said their prayers. Poor little candles, they were no larger in diameter than a pencil and when they started to get hot they bent and the German woman rushed to the altar and seized them even before the poor women had completed their prayers. Dumont burned two candles and I watched them bending as he still knelt in prayer.

In marching both to and from the religious services we were compelled to walk in the middle of the road rather than on the sidewalks which were reserved for the first class citizens who were all out on this beautiful Easter Sunday---the officers in their uniforms, the ladies in their Easter bonnets. The foreign women, who walked with us in the middle of the street, had wrapped their shaved heads in pieces of cloth. Their dresses were shabby and their shoes broken and clumsy, but I felt privileged to have worshipped with them because in the ritual they spoke their hearts with unfeigned fervor.

APRIL 24, 1943.

Not long after I began watching the street I noticed a small blond girl about ten years old standing in the window of the old building across the street. She was pale and hollow-eyed and played languidly with a doll on the window sill. When she saw me she smiled but I was afraid to wave back because I didn't know if this kind of communication with a German citizen would get both of us into trouble. The girl turned and said something to a person farther back in the room with her, and shortly a white-haired woman joined her at the window and looked in my direction. I drew back into the shadow, fearful.

Later, when a tall white-haired woman came out of the house with a market basket on her arm I recognized her as the same lady who had been at the window. In a minute or two the little girl appeared again at the window and held up a sheet of music. She raised the window, pointed to the music and disappeared. I raised my window and to my pleasure could hear piano music, played quite well. When it was finished the little girl came again to the window and bowed.

I was afraid to clap out loud so I went through the pantomime of clapping, being careful that my hands did not meet to make any sound because I knew that somewhere, either above or below me, were the rooms of the Gestapo guards and I could not see if anyone there was watching and listening or not. Gifford, who had come in and joined me during the



recital observed, "The little girl is apparently alone and unaware of her possible danger. I think we had better withdraw so she won't be tempted to communicate further with you."

The next morning when I was the only one yet down for breakfast, I started talking with Herr Baumgarten, the Head Waiter, asking him where he learned to speak such good English. He replied that during the First World War he served four years as a prisoner of England and was stationed in the Isle of Man. He got very confidential then and told me how when he was released and returned to Germany he lost all his savings in the inflation. After a few years he had again saved and had enough to get married at a late age and now has a little baby, but he fears that his second bankroll will disappear if Germany is defeated in this war.

I then asked if he knew the family who live in the old house across the street and was delighted when he said yes, their name is Lamprecht and he related the following story.

Their daughter married an Englishman before the war and they had a child. When the present war broke out the Englishman was sent to prison and died there. Not long after that his wife died and left the little girl who now lives with her grandparents. He shook his head sadly and said that because of their relationship with the Englishman the Lamprechts are now being punished and not given the full ration of food. Their property was taken away from them by the military and they had to move to the small apartment across the street. The grandfather does some kind of menial work away from home and comes only on weekends. Not only is he lame he also has some kind of serious stomach trouble.

I asked if he knew the name of the little girl and he said he thought it was Claudia. Later, on my morning walk, I thought about that poor, pale

fragile-looking child and wondered how I could get some food to her.

Soon after that I discovered at the corner of the hotel, on the outside next to the gate, a vine-covered sort of recess or niche in the wall <sup>where</sup> a little statue sits on the ledge, almost entirely covered with vines. It can actually be reached from that end of the rose garden by stretching your arm. I decided to try an experiment.

I went upstairs and cut off a piece of my emergency sausage, wrapped it in a piece of paper and waited until Claudia appeared at the window. Then I went through a dumb show which brought both her grandparents to the window. Finally the grandfather understood the direction to which I was pointing and I made a sign which I hoped he would interpret as "watch." Then I went down and waited until there was no one on the sidewalk and, standing on tiptoe, reached as far as I could and succeeded in tucking the small package in behind the little statue. Then I returned to my window to watch and see if anything happened. To my great joy I saw the grandfather come out of the house and walk casually down the street. He passed by two more times, paying no attention at all to me and I could not see whether he had found the sausage or not, but pretty soon he appeared at the window and gave a little nod with his head. I knew then that a line of procedure had been established to convey food to Claudia.

On the following Sunday afternoon the passage of food was successful and this has continued for some time now ever since the food packages started to come, but last Sunday before I went to deposit the weekly package in the hiding place, Claudia's grandmother came to the window and shook her head. Then she held up five fingers. After she had done that a number of times she pulled the window shade down. I got the idea that I was to wait until five o'clock to put out the food. The next thing I

saw was Claudia and her grandparents come out and walk down the street.

At five o'clock they came home again and the grandmother immediately pulled up the window shade and nodded her head, so I went downstairs immediately to the rose garden, deposited my package and pulled the vines around it. Not long after that the grandfather took his walk and went several times around the block. Pretty soon he appeared at the window nodding his head to indicate success again.

Now I know the system works, I can save up and send some extra nourishment for the little girl, things from my Red Cross packages like milk, meat, cheese and some sweets. I want to see her looking a little more healthy.

APRIL 25, 1980.

I passed Gifford on the stairway this morning and he asked me where I was headed. I told him, "Four of the consular people are having a continuous poker game down the hall. They represent the cities of Nice, Lyon, Tunis and Marseilles and the rivalry is intense. Clement Houdin of Nice is one of them and he has asked me to go to his room and take his dog for a walk because his "roommate", Mme. Platin, is ill and has to stay in bed, so she can't take the dog out." Wells nodded understanding and then asked if I would come to his room as soon as I get through with the dog. I said yes, and continued to the rooms of Houdin and Platin and knocked.

A feminine voice invited me in and I was immediately pounced on by an oversized French poodle who was full of energy because she had not been exercised for a long time. She had a ball in her mouth which she wished me to roll on the floor, and when I did, she knocked it under the couch on which Mme. Platin was resting. The crazy dog then jumped onto the couch and began to shake the blanket that was covering the lady, who kept shouting, "Lie down, Queenie!" But Queenie had no intention of lying down and continued shaking the blanket. Mme. Platin looked at me imploringly and I finally succeeded in snapping a leash on Queenie's collar and she got the message---we are going for a walk.

She dragged me down the hall at a rapid rate and when I got the dog out onto the garden path she pulled me along at top speed until I found a piece of wire with which I gave her a good whack on the nose. She didn't know that years ago I used to raise German shepherds and train them for sale to police departments. Every time she advanced beyond my knee I'd whack her again and she soon got the idea and walked quietly behind me. We continued thus for almost half an hour and I took a much subdued Queenie back to Mme. Platin, who thanked me for

exercising the dog and then asked about the health of Mme. LeConte.

"She has been through a painful time with rheumatism and arthritis," I told her.

"Yes," she answered,<sup>9</sup> and it hurts my conscience when I think that she was initially assigned to this room. Did you know that Clement used his influence when we got here to have Mme. LeConte transferred to the room upstairs? We had expected this room to become a social center for the diplomatic group, but I find my relations with the other people are limited and Clement now spends a great deal of time with his poker-playing companions. Our internment is so much longer than I anticipated." I nodded sympathetically and she went on, "I thought we would be here only a few weeks when I consented to come with Clement. You know, my marriage was a hasty romance on the eve of mobilization and I expected my divorce to go through when I came here, but it was delayed for some military reasons. I want you to know that I would not be averse to moving from this room."

I thought what an inspired idea, but only said I would indeed keep it in mind and perhaps soon something can be arranged for Mme. LeConte. As I said goodbye and started back to my own room I thought about the plight of the mistresses who accompanied their lovers here to internment. Before they came here the man and woman had a pleasant schedule that included his leaving for his office after breakfast most mornings and being gone until the end of the working day, during which time the woman was free to do as she pleased---go shopping, lunch with friends, visit museums, whatever. Then when he came home they usually went out for dinner and a theater or to a cocktail party and visit with friends, all very social and pleasant, with plenty of other people around. Here they are confined to one room,

APRIL 26, 1943.

The city of Barmen appears to lie directly on the course of the Royal Air Force going to and returning from raids on Germany. Nearly every night we hear the drone of the squadrons high overhead and the warning siren sounding in the city outside our hotel. There is an air raid shelter in the basement of the hotel but we have got used to the sounds and never run to the shelter as we are supposed to do. The internees here probably figure that the Allied air authorities know there are no military objectives in Barmen and also assume with a great deal of egotism, that the air authorities in England know that Americans are interned here. We have not been required to go to the basement, but our exemption does not apply to the employees of the hotel and they must follow the domestic air raid regulations for all Germany, which requires one employee to be officially designated warden for the hotel and all employees to rise and dress and go below when the air alarm sounds.

Dr. Schleiden has been getting more and more nervous about the indifference of the internees to the air raid alarms and yesterday he informed Mr. Tinsdale that on minor alarms we can remain in our beds, but from now on, on major alarms he will have the official warden beat a brass gong in all the hallways and at this signal we all must get up and go to the shelter in the basement. I doubt this will work because we have already heard alarms on 24 nights and no bombs have fallen. He won't be able to enforce his wishes until people are really scared.

Dr. Schleiden conferred about this with Mr. Tinsdale, who proposed an alternative procedure. There are four US military attaches in the group and when the alarm comes at night one of them will dress and go out into

the garden and observe the airplanes. If they are high and few in number he will not order the gong struck. But if they are in great numbers, in dispersed formation, if they are under attack from German night-fighters, or if they are returning in damaged condition and likely to lighten their load by dropping bombs overhead, then the American attache will ask that the gong be struck and we will all be ordered to the basement by his decision.

I have checked out the bomb shelter on one of my familiarization tours of the hotel. It is an old basement that was constructed in the days when huge blocks of stone were used to make thick walls. There are little folding chairs facing each other in two long rows.

APRIL 29, 1943.

With the stepping up of the numbers of air raids the amount of time spent in the basement shelter is now considerable, though not as much as we hear is required in munitions centers and in big cities where some factories have dormitories in their shelters and city people often spend the night in subway stations underground.

Last night there was a goodly crowd. A little before two o'clock we heard the gong and made our way down to the shelter. It wasn't long before we heard planes overhead very distinctly and there was a distant thud heard even in the basement. Some of the ladies continued to knit socks without dropping a stitch. The hotel employees wait quietly in the background, more inured to this than the internees. Then in the darkness one young man gave an imitation of the official German radio communique which is also published every day in the newspapers. In this mock version of a news broadcast the value of the German mark declined rapidly today and the

value of the American dollar advanced with equal speed. The pretended official communique also contained the news that the American Diplomatic Group in detention in Barmen would be repatriated soon. This burlesque could have been a serious offense but it was done in such a way that even the Gestapo guards couldn't keep from laughing.

Miss Amy Spelman of the Vichy Embassy staff was appointed to be the woman member of the air raid emergency committee, and because the internment ladies have been very <sup>reluctant</sup> to go to the bomb shelter, she was given imperative orders to get them down there when the alarm sounded. The appointment of Miss Spelman was much resented by Regina Thayer, who felt she was better qualified to serve in this post and therefore has stayed in her room during air raids. This has caused for some time a polite absence of cordiality at meal time between the two ladies, each one feeling aggrieved whenever anybody sought the advice or counsel of the other.

One subject on which Miss Spelman and Miss Thayer politely disagreed was the health of Mme. LeConte, who has been so ill that she could not leave her room on the fourth floor and walk down to the air raid shelter. Because Mme. LeConte was my responsibility at the time we joined the group here, I requested Dr. Meyer, a local physician to examine her, thinking perhaps he could admit her to a local hospital or, more optimistically, that he might order her sent to Paris where her son-in-law is a physician, but he found the Germans would not approve this because it would remove a name from the list upon which negotiations for our exchange are now being conducted. Anyway, it was worth a try.

Last night Dr. Schleiden ordered all persons to the shelter, without exception, which meant that Mme. LeConte had to be carried on a cot down five flights of stairs, and she looked haggard and pale in the dim



light of the shelter.

This morning Regina Thayer came to my room and remarked that Amy Spelman had been too officious last night in forcing Mme. LeConte to be carried on a bed of sickness to the bomb shelter.

Later on, Miss Spelman came to my room and asked why I had advised Mme. LeConte to go to Germany in the first place. She had learned only this morning that Mme. LeConte has a daughter in Paris with a physician husband. Why had I not sent her to Paris?

"There were two reasons, Amy," I explained, "both beyond my control. The daughter and her husband, in response to a letter, wrote a polite but firm rejection of the idea that her mother join them in Paris."

"Does Regina Thayer know this?" she asked.

"She knows that there has been disunity between Mme. LeConte and her daughter for some years," I told her. "Furthermore, Miss Thayer was assigned to look after Mme. LeConte when they were stranded in the little town of Pertinet in southern France. When Miss Thayer and Mr. Nash abandoned this responsibility and refused to come with us to Lourdes, I could not forsake Mme. LeConte, whom I had come to admire, even though she was not one of the official Friends group. So when I received the telegram ordering us to Lourdes, she and I obeyed the command."

"Did you ever think what to do in the event of her death?"

"No, I'm afraid not, Amy, and I do not know what the diplomatic arrangements would be in such a case, but I can think of a measure that can be taken right now to add to her comfort if you will help."

"What is that?"

"One of your diplomatic group has a mistress whose room is near his on the first floor. If she could exchange rooms and move up to the fourth

floor, then Mme. LeConte would be only two flights of stairs away from the bomb shelter. Also, she might, with a cane, be able to get to the dining room for meals and this would save someone the task of carrying a tray up to the fourth floor three times a day."

"Excellent suggestion, Branwell, and I will go get to work on it right now. Thanks," and Miss Spelman hurried away.

She went immediately to the right authorities, was successful, and before dinner four men carried Mme. LeConte and all her luggage down to the room on the first floor.

This evening in the bomb shelter I had a chance to thank Mr. Tinsdale for his courtesy to Mme. LeConte. He told me that he had consulted Dr. Sturgis and Dr. Meyer about her and they hoped that she would be strong enough to travel with us if we are moved from here to Lisbon. I told him she wants to go only to Paris and that I hoped he could arrange it. He responded that we are regarded as a fixed group of trading material and he can not change the composition of the list to be exchanged even though he understands Mme. LeConte has no wish whatsoever to go to the United States.

Tinsdale further enlightened me, "The Germans are disturbed and distrustful of us and quick to believe they detect some plot. Several times they have almost put us under strict and severe restrictions on account of an imagined intrigue on the part of newspapermen and attaches.

"You know, Mr. Hicks, a group of Germans were gathering together in Virginia, several hundred of them, hoping to return to Germany on the last boat that left the U.S. but they were denied passage. This may have been the reason why we were brought here from France. We have actually been brought here illegally and the Germans are driving a tough bargain."

APRIL 30, 1943.

Ronald Rice and Roger Dawson have been living in a double room on the fourth floor, facing away from the street. I have a single on the second floor from which I watch the traffic below. Today Ronald came to me and said that he was taking a cold which he feared might be contagious to his roommate. He did not look as if he might be taking a cold, but I sensed that there was some additional reason he wanted to move, such as annoyance with Roger, who kept such irregular hours, sometimes not getting in until breakfast time. I would have preferred to stay in my room with its interesting, though restricted view of the town. On the other hand, I felt it my duty as the older member of the group to do what I could to keep two of the others from having a falling-out.

I asked Ron about his relationship with Roger and he admitted some difficulties. He mentioned that Roger has a very sharp tongue and uses it without consideration for his roommate. Ron is very sensitive to this kind of thing and told me about a family he used to visit who continually made fun of each other. In fact, he was in love with one of the girls, but he observed the lack of sentiment they all seemed to have for each other and knew he could not live with that kind of people and gave her up.

Ron moved his luggage down to my room, I took my small canvas bag of belongings up to the double room and went to bed. When Roger came in after midnight he turned on the light, went to bed and started to read. I was awake all this time and was sore tempted to speak but held my tongue feeling that Roger may have lived mostly in dormitories both in preparatory school and college and irregular hours and inconsiderate behavior had become a habit. He noticed that I was awake and spoke first, "I suppose

you will put me in another room now and bring your favorite, Gifford, in here to room with you."

I told him to disabuse his mind of such an idea and went on to say I thought he had bad luck. He asked me why I thought that and I answered, "Because at this time of your life to be interned is harder on you than on someone older, I think."

"No harder on me than anyone else," he replied.

"I think it is, Roger, because this is the time when you should be finding out which of your talents will be most useful in your career. They would normally be shaken down by a great variety of contacts and experiences if you were free. You have many talents that you have not tested yet and they would be if you were free and associating with a normal cross-section of humanity."

"I don't understand, Branwell. How do you mean?"

"Well, as an older man, Roger, I have been through this shakedown and internment is not so crucial to me. For instance, it might make more difference to some of the other boys if they were kept up by your irregular hours but it is not so important to me. Also, one of the differences in your present situation is that this group does not contain a normal proportion of young, unmarried women, and even those we have are a lot older than you. If you were not caged up here you would meet a lot of young women to whose opinions you would be more sensitive." I was thinking of Dora Vaughn whom he often crushed with a single word.

There was a pause in the conversation and he finally said that if I did not object he would like to go on reading. I told him to go right ahead and read whenever he pleased but that he should not be shocked when I, by

habit would be rising at a fairly early hour in the morning.

MAY 1, 1943.

I walked with Miles Motley this morning and he had already heard about my moving to room with Roger. As Chairman of the Entertainment Committee Miles told me that he finds Roger hard to handle. The committee makes a decision and Roger often changes it without notifying them. They make him definite assignments and he works on parts he chooses to work on but does not organize it as a unit. Miles says he finds Roger sometimes furtive about responsibility and often lets it fall on others. And he is inclined to curry favor with the diplomats.

Nevertheless, Roger is in great demand at parties because of his musical ability and they sometimes get him up late at night to come to an impromptu party, which he doesn't mind because a party is not a party without him, he thinks. Miles said that he was horror-struck that so talented a boy with a physique to be envied and so many talents could be so immature inside and gave as an example the jokes in the weekly cabaret downstairs in the barroom. They are the type usually enjoyed by highschool boys. And sometimes under Roger's direction the performers yield to temptation and get laughs by referring to some of the foibles of members of our official group. Internment has made people very sensitive and they are easily irritated by personal references they would accept with a tolerant smile in ordinary life. Roger knows that any of the performers will raise a laugh if it offends some internee and though he does try to hold down the more boorish jokes, some of the comedians manage to insert them without previous notice to him.

MAY 2, 1943.

Last night, after the first alarm at 1 a.m., I again distinctly heard the noise of a great many planes overhead. There was a second alarm and the messenger knocked on my door to be sure I heard and would go to the basement. Down there several people said they had seen a searchlight in the sky and heard anti-aircraft fire. Larry Nash told me he had opened his curtain just in time to see a plane fall behind a hill, followed by a terrible crash. This scare brought an unusual number of persons into the shelter and we sat quietly in the <sup>semi-</sup>darkness. Roger had brought his accordion and there were several requests for music. When he played classical music I heard people whisper to each other the places they had heard that piece played in better days. Nearly every selection he played seemed to evoke a picture from the past for someone in the group. The bellows of the accordion as it opened and closed in the darkness and quiet of the bomb shelter, seemed to turn pages in the book of memories for many of us and we were reminded of our melancholy situation.

I was sitting beside Armond Dumont who has just had his 65th birthday, and he was telling me that he thinks old people develop into two types---one that frankly gives vent to its feelings and is salty and sometimes cantankerous, the other type conceals its grumpiness and keeps a pleasant smile on its face. He doesn't know which type is preferable, the one that wears a mask or the one that is forthright and honest about old age. He says he's the cantankerous type. I wondered which I will be before so many years are past.

Our sleep was badly interrupted last night and I didn't get down to breakfast as early as usual, but after breakfast, walking in the rose garden

we noticed a lot of little strips of metal foil about two inches long and about a quarter of an inch wide, festooning the shrubbery like tinsel on a Christmas tree. Gifford explained that it is cast out of airplanes to foil the enemy radar below. As this material flutters down it appears on the radarscope as tiny blobs of light and makes it difficult to pick out the actual blips of passing airplanes. It is sometimes called "chaff" and is also known as "laminetta." The planes carrying this jamming material high in the air last night must have been heavily loaded with it because it hung everywhere on trees and bushes.

MAY 3, 1943.

Poor Dora Vaughn is having more troubles. Mme. LeConte tells me how she observed while she lived on the fourth floor along with the senior secretaries of the diplomats that they give Dora a hard time. The most senior woman among them is Fay Page, who has been private secretary to a succession of American Ambassadors to France. She is a competent but unhappy woman who has a long experience in social intrigue. Miss Vaughn's manner irritates Miss Page, who is not accustomed to wide open breezy western humor.

Mme. Elise Groussett is a sophisticated widow who has designs on some of the men Dora admires, and other women secretaries think that Dora has no idea of the function or purpose of the Embassy and no facility at all with the French language. One of them remarked that Dora has read nothing deeper than the popular magazines and has no idea of European literature.

I do not know if that is true or not but I do know that when the University was formed she was appointed secretary to Pierce Willard and

it wasn't long before he fired her for incompetence. This upset her a great deal and she has talked to me ad infinitum about her feelings of rejection. In addition to these rebuffs Mme. LeConte knows that she is finding no favor with Roger Dawson with whom she is smitten. He is plainly not interested in her and tells her that her sense of humor is to her disadvantage. When Mme. LeConte asked Dora to explain that she said, "He

does not give me a chance, but there is always an Achilles heel and I mean to find it." Roger, it seems, habitually refers to her as "Aunt Dora" to emphasize that she is much older than he, and it both dejects and infuriates her.

Mme. LeConte has also become sufficiently well acquainted with Amy Spelman to ask her about Dora's difficulties. Amy said that when Dora arrived in Vichy they wondered why the State Department had sent her abroad. There are several ways of using political pressure by which untrained people get into foreign service, and Amy says Dora apparently managed it that way. She repeated that Dora's favorite reading was popular fiction magazines like "Redbook," that she has no conception of the purpose of an Embassy, and though she has ability for some kinds of work she has no discrimination about what kind of conversation offends people. She has little knowledge of French or any other foreign language and some of her attempts to use it are the occasion of much mirth amongst the seasoned secretaries.

I myself noted that as soon as she met the three boys who sit at our table, she was immediately impressed with them and began her campaign. She did not seem to realize that she is 32 years old and the oldest of them are not above 27. They are all college graduates with high honors and she should have realized she could not meet them on their own ground intel-



lectually. Roger Dawson seems to fascinate her the most and he is the youngest.

Roger has been an instructor at Princeton University, his mother is a graduate of Wellesley and his father a professor in a Divinity School. He has travelled a great deal, especially in the Near East, and though he was, and still is in some ways, a typical collegian, he has high intellectual standards for women.

Mme. LeConte asked Amy Spelman what internment here does for women and Amy replied that there are only three classifications for the women here---they must be either entirely virtuous, entirely promiscuous, or a faithful mistress, because gossip permits no variations from these classifications.

In talking with Pierce Willard about Dora Vaughn I believe some of his dissatisfaction with her may be his sympathy for Mrs. Jeannette Keith, the volunteer librarian who has done such a professional job for the university in gathering together and classifying the books here.

Dora has been obviously flirting with Mrs. Keith's husband, Julian, and he has been indiscreet enough to state that he will separate from his wife as soon as our group arrives in Lisbon. It is my opinion that Dora pays attention to Julian not because she is much interested in him but because she hopes Roger Dawson will come and rescue her from Julian's clutches. Trouble is, she has not been successful in arousing Roger's opposition to Keith and has succeeded only in increasing the opposition of other members of the group, especially the ladies at our table and Mme. Grousset.

MAY 4, 1943.

The official Entertainment Committee selected and assigned various people to give the series of long lectures, and some of those involved were James Kelly to talk on China where he has spent a lot of time on naval duty, Barry Malone on Lithuania, where he has been a consul, and I on the subject of "The Rationing of Steel in the United States." I knew that many of the newspapermen who had been away from the U.S. for several years were interested in details of the economy there and I felt qualified to speak on the subject because of the work I had been doing in Washington with the Office of Price Administration up to the time I accepted the job in France, but I was disturbed when one of the consular group asked me if I would not be giving away valuable information to the Germans by speaking on that subject. I hadn't thought so because much more detailed accounts of steel rationing have appeared weekly in the trade journals of the U.S. steel industry. Nevertheless, I made some alterations in the speech and made it more applicable to future reconstruction and rehabilitation than to current production. Still, I went to Mr. Darnley, who was to make the introduction, and told him of the concern of the consular group and what I had done to change my presentation, so he explained it as he introduced me, saying that I would give no information that had not already appeared in the American press where it was available to any Germans who were interested.

I shortened the speech I had prepared and was surprised at the number of people who stayed to ask questions. One man asked if I thought the demand for steel rationing would be continued after the peace. I didn't think so. Armond Dumont said he was glad rationing was being directed by steel men who knew what they were doing. Willard wanted to know about the

classification of different metals in respect to rationing, and Malone wanted to know the dates when Price Ceilings were fixed and whether industry was cooperating with rationing. Altogether, I was pleased with the interest they had in what I could tell them.

MAY 7, 1943.

Gervais Naulle, the Swiss liaison man who visits here from time to time was here today and we asked him to come and speak to our group about his observations regarding prison camps he has visited recently. Before he began to speak he asked that the telephone in the room be disconnected. Apparently he believes a lot of our rooms are bugged.

He told us that the Swiss government is now representing so many other nations that it is short of personnel. The facilities of the Red Cross to serve all the camps is likewise inadequate. I asked him for an outline of the camps in Germany because some of our group would like to work in them if it is permitted.

He said that his work is confined to the camps which contain citizens of the countries now represented by the Swiss and that beyond the camps under Swiss jurisdiction there are hundreds of others, some of which never have any visitors at all. Camps for foreigners are different from the concentration camps for those under German control. Those are controlled from Berlin and contain probably millions of people.

There are supposed to be three progressive classes of concentration camps---first are the labor camps for skilled workers, where living conditions are mild. Second are camps for unskilled labor, where living conditions are more rigorous. Third are camps for political prisoners, Jews,

gypsies and criminals. Living conditions there are barbaric.

I described to him the camp at Rivesalte in southern France and asked if he thought those who were deported are still alive. He said there has been a sharp increase in the number of persons deported to Germany and there are not facilities to house them. If individuals are strong men who can work on the roads in rough weather with little food, they may survive, but otherwise he believes the people from Rivesalte are dead.

We listened intently as he told how he had visited 500 American prisoners where, interestingly enough, he observed there were no Negroes. The English prisoners he has seen are living better than their guards and bear themselves proudly, walking around as if they are lords of the place instead of prisoners. He told of one British prisoner, a lawyer from London, who has tried to escape twenty-nine times, and another who duplicated the clothing of the charwoman and almost made it. He was discovered because someone spotted his large very dirty hands.

Mr. Naulle praised the morale of the Polish prisoners and said their discipline is very good---much better than the French. In some camps the prisoners are even allowed to receive visitors, but the German guards have too much to do and appear to be suffering psychologically from the overload.

MAY 10, 1943.

I have been able to get acquainted with young Hiram Braun, the American Mennonite who has been working in Europe on a religious mission for his church. I also met his wife, Beulah. They arrived here with the late group that included the reluctant Quakers.

Should this  
be Hiram?  
↓

Somewhere in the course of his relief work Henry met a young Jewish girl and married her. She relates an experience that is common to many of her race. Her father was a lawyer in a small town in Germany where the rival attorney was a member of the Nazi party. He forced Beulah's father to flee to Belgium and eventually to France, but he left his wife behind to settle up some of their affairs, which took three years. During that time she took especial care to see that her daughter and two sons were being educated. Beulah knows several languages, is good in mathematics, and more than that, she is not only bright intellectually but also has the common sense and judgment of a much older woman.

Her family were forced to move at frequent intervals and eventually separate to prevent their all being swept up and deported at once. They thought everything would be all right when they were reunited in France, but then in November the Germans came again and they had to move. Mrs. Braun does not know where her parents are now and hopes that some day they can all meet in Switzerland, but she worries because all their passports have been taken away from them by the Germans.

After the Nazis took over, her father was not permitted to practice his profession as a lawyer any longer. All Jews were excluded from the bar and quickly weeded out of the symphony orchestras, theatre groups, the practice of architecture and painting.

She told about how Hitler, who considered himself a fine painter, once called for an exhibition of "new German art" and himself selected the works to be hung in the gallery. In her opinion he chose only junky canvasses and denounced all the rest as degenerate.

I was impressed that in spite of the forced dispersal of her family

she did not speak with vengeance but had a warm-hearted, untarnished spirit in spite of their painful experiences. She has achieved a humanity which is a kind of spiritual triumph, and the barbarity of the treatment of Jews. has not soured her. I could not help but contrast her continuing attachment to her family, wherever they may be, to some of our group who have lived so long in Europe and say they have no sentiment at all about their relatives in America.

MAY 12, 1943.

Pierre Dupont, of the French ForeignOffice, travelled on the train with us from France and has been gone from here for some time. Last week he appeared again in the dining room and introduced the actress he had in tow as his fiancée. They were cordially received by all the diplomatic group to whom they seemed to be well known. Then<sup>1</sup>ext day, suddenly, the young lady went away and Mr. Dupont was no longer seen in the dining room--- he was under arrest in his room for four days and then was taken away by the Germans. I don't know what happened. Our military attaché, Captain Cushing, was also confined to his room for four days.

This afternoon Armond, Gifford and I drifted into the room of Adolf Rodney and we speculated about the mysterious disappearance of Pierre Dupont. We all agreed it is unlikely that the German Foreign Office would permit a group such as this to remain without one of their agents planted among us, but we cannot figure out who. Adolph says that Dr. Schleiden himself is not a member of the Nazi party, nor is the proprietor of the hotel, so it can't be one of them.

As we speculated Barry Malone burst into the room and announced, "There was an escape last night. Did you hear?"

Everybody cried in unison, "No. Who?"

Malone continued, "Mme. Jeannette Platin is gone and Pierre Dupont who was visiting from the French Foreign Office. Schleiden is in a sweat and a lid of silence is being clamped on the whole affair."

"Who told you?" Pierce asked.

"Baumgarten, the Head Waiter. He doesn't know how it happened but word is going around that she went out a cellar window at the rear of the building and was picked up by Pierre in an automobile."

"I can't say I blame her," Wells remarked. "She found out that Clement Houdin, while he is handsome, is very shallow. She may have decided to return to her soldier husband."

Malone only came to make his announcement and didn't stay, so we all went back to trying to figure out who's the spy in our midst. Gifford has met the young man who is the new secretary to Dr. Schleiden and thinks he is a party member and probably also an intelligence agent. He speaks several languages perfectly and is fluent in English.

Adolph said that some interneers suspect Willy, the masseur. He is often in the building, coming and going, but Adolph says this is inconsistent because Willy is also the bootlegger. I don't see why this is necessarily inconsistent. He could be ingratiating himself and building access to people who might be inclined to talk confidentially to such a person.

Gifford wondered if the lady masseuse, Fran Weiss, is the one. She is much more intelligent than Willy. And then there is another lady who lives on the upper floor of a building across the street from the hotel and seems to watch this building closely. It is a riddle which we didn't solve at that informal meeting and we will all continue to be

intrigued with the question of which person is the spy.

MAY 14, 1943.

Today we were saddened to receive the following letter from our colleague in France, Helga Holcroft, and I asked the Quakers to come together and read it.

"You will have learned by now that Marie was at the hospital. We have direct news of her occasionally from people who have been in the same ward but for minor ailments. Nobody seems to know what is wrong with her and now she has gone to the country for her convalescence. One of the girls told us that she had been shown into the ward and naturally felt a little shy with all the patients staring at her until a quiet voice said, "Would you like some toast and tea?" And there was our Marie doing the honors of the tea because she was the oldest inhabitant."

This is the type of letter that must be written to get through censorship. To understand it you need to substitute 'prison' for 'hospital', 'Egan' for 'Marie' etc. etc.

Upon hearing of the imprisonment of our much loved colleague, our group collected in a big room and met in silence. We all know that this gallant Irish lass believes that rescuing people from deportation is not a social action in a vacuum. She believes that relief work must have a constructive principle behind it. If she had not felt that she was making a contribution in the general struggle, she would not have taken the risk. Marie has an imaginative idea of constructive service in a world of social injustice and she has saved many lives. In a world of authority she dared to obey her individual conscience even though she was aware



that it would eventually betray her into a prison cell.

Helga's letter contains further double-talk which means that she has been visiting the Gurs internment camp where Gifford worked. She says she has travelled in France on a train where there are a lot of youngsters soon leaving. She tells how one of them got out his fiddle and played anything he was asked. To her it seemed queer to hear them sing Schubert's "Serenade" in French. She had heard it only a few evenings earlier sung by homesick Germans in the Basse Pyrenees where she spent several months this year. "Remember how I was always thinking about living there?" she wrote. "Alice and I take a tour now and then and both of us love it."

Our group could read into this the itinerary of where Helga had been. They knew it was a genuine letter and the end of it contained news that was especially sad for Mme. LeConte because her friend, Mme. Lenhardt, has been put in prison. I met that little lady when she was helping Mme. LeConte pack to leave Marseilles. She is a frail widow, a fine gentle spirit who spent her time serving others. Her daughter is already in prison and Mme. Lenhardt was taking care of her little grandchild. For a while since she has been here Mme. LeConte received encouraging letters from Mme. Lenhardt, who also belongs to the very small French Protestant Church. Her brother-in-law, a pastor in that church, is also in prison. The necessity these people all felt for expressing their principles in their daily life has made them victims of an informer.

Another letter, from Elaine Colbert, confirms that Marie Egan is in prison but she doesn't know where. Elaine says, "This continued absence of Marie affects us all. The children in the Vernet Colony will need to be moved."

Mme. LeConte said that Marie attempted to do more than meet an obvious need. Behind the need she saw something less concrete. At some point she went beyond being an external agent. She had a sense of being mixed in with suffering humanity, and without self-consciousness became part of the chaos, the misery and the perplexity of prisoners' lives, yet she was not panicked by the situation. She was not frightened to find herself in the center of the deep evil, and she was able to combine common sense with a natural ability to convey her inner peace to the victims of deportation.

Mme. LeConte predicts that Marie will retain this inner calm in prison regardless of what happens.

MAY 16, 1943.

This evening when I went up to Rodney's room where he works long hours making equipment for the internees, I found him using gummed tape rescued from cardboard cartons that come into the kitchen to make an ass's head for the production of "Midsummer Night's Dream," which is to be presented in the outdoor garden soon.

I mentioned that today from my window I had watched a coffin being carried up the street toward the cemetery, followed by a small honor guard in uniform. The little company of soldiers wore fresh uniforms and they appeared enfeebled in various ways. I asked him if it is mandatory in Germany for an officer to have an honor guard of his comrades to escort him to his grave.

Rodney didn't know what the military regulations are but said that in general European funerals are not like those in America. Here they do not enclose the dead in expensive metal caskets that are covered with fresh

flowers and encased in waterproof vaults. Europeans use their cemeteries more as pleasant parks. They bury their dead in inexpensive coffins and do not spend on their funerals one tenth of the money Americans spend. They do not tinsel death with cosmetics, white gloves for pall bearers, indirect lighting and recorded music at the services, and artificial green grass at the graveyard.

I asked him if the absence of these screens from the fact of death enables Europeans to see it with less of a cloud. Do they have less of a tendency to shrink away from the reality of death? Rodney dropped his strips of tape and paced up and down the room amidst pieces of cardboard before giving me his view of death, not an exact answer to my questions, but more thought-provoking, "I believe," he started, "that the secrets of the unknown after death are fore-shadowed in the known before death. For example, training a co-worker in giving service partakes somewhat of ordination, giving a sympathetic ear to a troubled teenager is something like confirmation, cold-showering a drunk is something like giving a healing unction, and asking forgiveness for an affront is something like a penance. All these things can be known in this secular life and they affect the nature of our existence in the here and now."

Rodney resumed his work in silent thought and I reflected on the idea that he had just uttered the philosophy that really motivates his long hours of building and repairing things without remuneration. I asked him if he thinks we need to understand better what lies behind the symbols he mentioned---ordination, confirmation, unction, penance. He replied with a laugh, "You can discover by bathing a baby something about baptism, and by serving hot dogs something about communion."

I challenged him that all the operations he mentioned are optional with people while they are alive, are in the hands of individuals, but death is more or less automatic and out of the individual's hands. Rodney stuck to his idea that secrets of the automatic unknown future life are hidden in the known optional life and that he who knows the before also knows the beyond.

While we were talking, Rodney had about finished molding his combination of cardboard and gummed tape into a donkey head and asked me to serve as a model for it. He needed to see if it would go over my head and if the hole for the mouth was in the right place so the sound of a voice could be heard reciting the lines. So, as a substitute for Bottom the Weaver I modeled the ass's head while Rodney trimmed it so it fit better over the shoulders while I admired my new appearance in his mirror. How I would love my grandsons to see their grandfather thus arrayed.

At this moment Dora Vaughn came in and after a moment of surprise said, "I think I recognize the pants and the coat, but I have not yet been introduced to the head."

Rodney laughed and made a formal introduction, "Miss Vaughn, I would like to present my friend, Mr. Weaver."

Not to spoil the by-play, I pranced around the room braying as best I could, then bowed in front of Dora and recited a line from the play. They both laughed and clapped and I said, "Rodney, I think it is time to liberate me from this encumbrance before I suffer from claustrophobia."

He asked me if I really was uncomfortable and whether I thought he should make larger vents so the player wearing the head would have enough air. I thought he should.

This evening we learned that the local gauleiter of Barmen has prohibited the performance here and it is a real shame. There was no warning of this until the play was almost ready to go on the stage, and the internees had invested a great deal of time in rehearsals, costumes, and stage scenery. The only reason given for the cancellation was the fact that Mendelsohn's wedding march was being played and this is forbidden Jewish music.

MAY 19, 1943.

Mr. Tinsdale asked the Executive Committee to be in his room at eleven o'clock this morning. When we met with him three months ago, the Swiss representative, Dr. Fellenberg, told us of the German proposal of February 11th, that we be exchanged for about 900 Germans, of whom 700 were civilians from South America. The U.S. Government presented a counter-proposal in April to the effect that our group in Barmen be exchanged for the French and German official group in the United States plus a greatly reduced number of civilians on the German request list. Also, the Americans would agree to no exchange that did not include the South American officials now interned in Godesburg. The Germans refused to accept the American proposals either in regard to the reduced number of civilians or in regard to the South American groups, and negotiations returned to the original status. This report caused gloom in the committee because in all that time so little progress has been made, and we all felt depressed at the thought of having to tell this to our people.

After the meeting I reported to the members of our group. Beneath the surface there is the idea that diplomatic negotiations for exchange

will not succeed and we will remain here until the general repatriation after the close of the war. That idea is based upon an estimate of the strength, as we know it, of the German axis. Some think that it will take from three to five years for the Allied armies to reach us. Others doubt that the government will be able to establish firm enough relations before then to carry out an exchange. Having thoughts like those are the reason why so many in the <sup>whole group</sup> /group have developed nervous illnesses. They cannot endure the idea of staying here from three to five years longer.

Each of us feels there is something about internment that intensifies personal tendencies either up or down. The monotony of this life and the absence of the normal variety of social and professional contacts makes it unlikely that anyone will be able to remain on a level plane. Each of us now fears that he is caught in a current of nervous intensity that may in time lead to a breakdown. It is a frightening state of mind to be in.

You know pretty well what each of your companions will say under any probable circumstance. Then you realize that your companions also know what you will say under any probable circumstance. It makes the future look gloomy and you realize that people here are already familiar with the entire range of your interests and capabilities and are already bored with them. You are not only bored---you are a bore!

It appears to me that the people best informed about the negotiations are the ones who feel the pressures most. The diplomats, for example, can conceive of our remaining here until the war is ended because they understand the exorbitant demands of the Germans, while many less well-informed internees, who do not know of the unfair German proposal, persist in their hope of exchange soon.

This evening I went to the room of Armond Dumont to describe the mood of the group and to ask if, from his knowledge, he thought the exchange would be carried out. He rocked in his chair for a while and then said he thinks we will be exchanged before the end of the war, this opinion based on his confidence in the self-interest of diplomats in their profession. To have diplomats unexchanged would be a precedent that the United States Department of State would wish to avoid. Therefore, the Germans know that the U.S. will agree to their proposal eventually however unfair the terms may be. Germany will not, in his opinion, relax her exchange demands, and America will sooner or later accept them. He did not, however, want to guess how long it would take.

May 26, 1943.

When day after day our internment becomes more tedious there is a temptation to add spice to our existence by grasping and spreading rumors. Rampant today is the rumor that we will not be exchanged until the final peace is declared, and many people are softening the blow with large doses of alcohol. There is another rumor that this hotel is soon to be used for wounded soldiers and we will all be moved to less comfortable quarters. More prescriptions of alcohol. The place is getting more noisy and more lively,

Then there are the bigger fables that are started intentionally, usually about certain people being in love with certain other people, even carrying it so far as to insist that they are engaged to be married, for example, Mrs. Stanhope was furious when Roger refused to accompany her when she sang her solo (he told somebody he thought she sang like a crow), and

and the next day Mrs. S. whispered it around that Roger is engaged to Cornelis Harnkess, a very unlikely coupling. This immediately sent Dora up like a sky rocket of indignation. A lot of these myths are so imaginary that they would normally die a natural death and quickly, except in this forced growth greenhouse their incredibility does nothurt their survival and with each retelling they are enlarged and embellished.

The other night two of the boys from our table sang in a quartette and some of their numbers were in German. In spite of the fact that Roger pre-  
faced their singing by saying the songs were written in the 16th century, and some have even been adopted by the Boy Scouts of France and Italy, the malicious rumor spread that the members of the quartette are too sympathetic to German culture and should be disciplined.

MAY 30th, 1943.

Dora Vaughn came to visit with me for a while this morning and told about a teaparty she and Mme. LeConte attended in the room of Mme. Grosset. "The women here seem to regard Mme. LeConte as a symbol of French culture from before the First World War. She talked about how in her beautiful home on the river Seine she and her husband entertained famous authors and artists, and that after her husband's death, with her two sons in the war, she had a procession of wounded Algerian soldiers recuperating in her home."

I said that I, too, had heard those stories in my many conversations with Mme. LeConte. Then Dora went on, "And she told us how you and she became acquainted---about fleeing through the Nazi lines encircling Marseilles in the back of an ambulance, and how you were stopped before you got to the



Swiss border. Is that true?"

"All true," I answered.

"Is it also true that some of the members of your group were able to hide in remote provinces and that Mme. LeConte was too exhausted to move, and you stayed with her for weeks in a country lodging house that was also shared by German officers?"

"Yes, that's true, too. Why?"

"I think you are a very considerate person, just as I always have, but this makes me even more sure."

I was beginning to feel uncomfortable and changed the subject by asking her opinion of Mme. Grousset, and she took off.

"Well, when we went into the room I was astonished by the luxuriousness of it and said that I admired the rich draperies. She looked disdainful and said that she hates the paper on the walls, the figure in it depresses her but she can't do anything about it. Imagine being so picky about wall paper. Then she and Mme. LeConte had a long talk about a shop in Paris which is the best place to shop for wall paper, but Mme. Grosset insisted that if Mme. LeConte has not been in Paris recently she has no idea now the retail stores have declined since the German occupation.

"Mme. Grousset was wearing a very 'chic' cafe-au-lait and chocolate brown ensemble, with a brown kitten wool turban that had gold and silver thread woven into it---in the house. That was the kind of thing we talked about. The tea she served was genuine and there were little cakes and with them, mints to top off this luxury. Where do you suppose she gets all that?"

"I don't know. Maybe she brought it with her."

Dora was well started and continued regaling me about the visit.

"Did you know that she has a maid who spends all her time in a separate room taking care of those two little Griffon dogs? Her name is Honoria Sanchez and when Mme. Grosset called her to bring the dogs for us to admire she couldn't say anything because she speaks only Basque. The dogs were disgusting---both very old and one of them is so paralyzed his tongue hangs out of his mouth all the time."

I asked if they had stayed long at the tea and Dora said, "No, not long after the refreshments were served," and giggled at that. "The dogs made me want to get out of there fast. Mme. LeConte told me later that Mme. Grosset's husband was killed in one of the early actions of this war. She went to Nice, bought a villa there and was appointed to a position in the U.S. Consulate. When the Nazis forced her to come here she bought a whole lot of trunks and the maid to look after the dogs. She is one of the few persons who has been given two rooms. Do you think that's fair with three people in other rooms?"

I know that one of the first moves Mme. Grousset made after we got here was to get herself appointed the official shopper for the group. On two afternoons a week she is privileged to go into the town, accompanied by a Gestapo guard, where she can go into pharmacies, clothing stores and other stores to buy items on a list of needs of the members of this whole internment group. She is said to be a shrewd buyer and is familiar with the exorbitant rates of exchange to which the German mark has fallen. It is now 2.40 Deutsch marks to the dollar, and she can buy a bottle of spirits for 16 marks which is about \$8.00 U.S. She also goes to hairdressers and dressmakers in the town and picks up items for the women in the hotel. It is a necessary service, I am told---Dr. Schleiden thinks it is better than letting

each lady go for herself and tying up a guard for each trip.

Dora said, "I thought I noticed a Western twang in Mme. Grouset's pronunciation and asked Mme. LeConte about it after we left. She told me that Grousset was born in a little town in Oregon and she was a telephone operator there in the First World War / <sup>when she</sup> volunteered to come to France to serve in the communication corps. Later she advanced from telephone operator to receptionist at the Embassy in Paris where she met and married a man from an old French family, very rich. They had no children and she inherited a large estate when he was killed in combat."

I then asked Dora if she is getting along any better with the ladies in the secretarial pool who are here.

"No," she answered sadly. "You know, when I first arrived there was so much turmoil in the office that the girls had no time for me. They are a tight little social group and I have not had the cultural background to be able to join in a conversation about classical music, art or literature. There isn't much I can do about that now, so I try not to let it bother me---though sometimes it does and I can't help it.

"Do you hear the train that goes through here in the early hours of the morning? Its whistle wakes me and while I am half asleep I think sometimes that I am back in Idaho sleeping in the freight car. I feel pleasure that I am with my father and mother again and I am afraid to let myself wake up and have to admit where I am now. But I always do wake up and realize that instead of being in the warm home of my family I am in a country where they squash people without mercy, for very minor reasons. I suppose my parents imagine that I am busily serving my country when what

I am actually doing is searching for a refuge from emptiness. How are you able to manage so well?"

"Don't fool yourself, Dora," I said. "I am not coping as well as you may think. By the end of the first month here I began to suspect that my view of life is being altered. I have always felt convinced that mankind's ability to deal with difficult problems is unlimited and thought we would be successful in coping even in this closed community. However, I've found that as I encounter more and more unexpected problems my confident attitude does not fit the realities of this cramped situation. New sorts of problems keep arising and our improvised knowhow doesn't always resolve them. Problems continue to crop up and have resulted in breakdowns---not so much breakdowns in technology but breakdowns in character.

"In internment the most basic human virtues suddenly come to light. For instance, I would rather have a cheerful person to walk with in the garden than a person of wealth or high social status or important diplomatic rank.

" I was thinking the other day about how at the breakfast table you hear the same remarks about the weather that you would hear in Ohio or in Idaho. People talk very much the same whether they are in internment or not---about their health or the snoring of their roommate, or what's the latest gossip, and I am astonished to see how quickly a human being can adjust to the inevitable---at least most of us can, most of the time. We have been here several months, in close quarters, deprived of major liberties, yet we have accepted the mode of our existence. We face the monotony of days when we are going nowhere, but I think we have lost our emotion about it. Shut off from the outside world, with our insecure future facing us and no ground for certain repatriation, we sit in our favorite

chairs in the lobby or occupy ourselves with ridiculous activities and adjust our emotions to the situation.

"However, I feel that I have been fortunate since I came to Europe in being briefly a part of a group of young men who have a commonality of values they believe in. If I had been interned here with only the diplomatic officials, without the feeling of belongingness I have with my group, I would have been more miserable. The degree to which I have joined in any social action here is because I am a member of a small sub-group. There is, for example, a bond with the people who sit at our table that I would not have if I had to eat alone like Mme. Grousset's maid. Which makes me think---we must invite her to sit with<sup>us</sup>/soon. You agree?"

"Oh yes, Branwell. Do invite her, but try to find someone who can talk with her even a little bit." Dora started to rise and leaned over to give me a kiss on the cheek, saying, "It is so good for me to talk with you. I always go out feeling better. Thank you very much."

Later on in the afternoon I ran into Laban Furst and told him about Honoria Sanz, the maid of Mme. Grousset, and suggested that she must be very lonesome with nobody to talk with but two decrepit dogs, since she speaks neither English nor French. His eyes lit up and he said he will immediately go and talk with her since he is one of the few here who are fluent in Spanish. I told him to invite her to come and sit with us at dinner occasionally. One of the girls can visit someplace else. She can sit beside him and have a little conversation and sociability.

JUNE 3, 1943.

I have not received any mail from home in six months but haven't worried too much. The reason, I am sure, is that the first three months the mail didn't catch up with me, and since being here the letters must go through the neutral channel, Switzerland, and from there go to Berlin for censorship. Yesterday Dr. Stuart got a cablegram from his wife saying she had just received his first letter from here. So communication has begun, and this morning the clerk at the desk called to me and handed me two letters from America. It is a new experience for me. I took the letters upstairs to read in private so I would have a better chance to manage any bad news that might come from home. One letter was from Mary Pearl and one from Georgiana (wife and sister-in-law).

I scanned them both quickly and learned that father, Aunt Mary and the family are well. Until I learned this I did not realize how great my anxiety about them had been. Then I read the letters intensively, several times, relishing every small detail. They show me that life goes on there much as it always has, that they now know where I am and I may look forward to more mail in the future. It seems strange to me to be so out of it. I can't help making comparisons about my usefulness there and my isolation here, but that is now a closed case. I remember how in the past

I often thought that if only I had a hundred days of leisure I would be able to produce something really worthwhile.

I am not ashamed of my motives for coming to France. I was, briefly, associated with people who were giving sacrificial service to society at the risk of their lives. Some of them had been uprooted from their native lands but adjusted themselves to homelessness in their joy in helping others. Those who came with me here don't seem to have fallen into a mood of futility, bewilderment and frustration like I have.

In fact, I am feeling myself like a refugee. I am fleeing from something in me. I am not integrating with my associates in this building as I should. Sometimes I even avoid them. Sometimes I do not wish to eat with them or talk with them. I am a refugee from them. I am as if breaking with them and joining the refugees. I have never had to flee in panic before conquering armies, or endure political persecution or racial discrimination but still I am a refugee in a hotel full of strangers. Odd that my first news from home should provoke this kind of introspection.

JUNE 4, 1943.

As of now permission can be obtained from the guards for groups of three persons to go into the town for treatment by a doctor or a dentist. The ladies like to get away from the hotel and take advantage of this relaxing of rules and sometimes persuade the guard to permit them to do some window-shopping or even go into stores and price the merchandise. All this is trying on the patience of the guard whose duty is to accompany them.

One of the ladies, Mrs. William Perry, has already done this several times and thought she was charming the guard by her conversation, by

sharing her cigarettes with him and laughing loudly at the jokes he told, but he is wise to her tactics. She was feeling very pleased with her success and unwisely reported that she found the intellectual level of the guards below average, their factual knowledge rarely exceeded that of an eighth-grader and they rarely read a book that wasn't a detective story. This got back to the Gestapo and I bet Mrs. Perry won't get out of the hotel again very soon.

To date I have not gone on expeditions to doctors or dentists and have not been able to join the long walks in the country because of the holes in my shoes. Consequently, my contact with Gestapo guards has been very slight. But last night I was surprised when one of them, a man named Keisel, came to my room and began to talk in an informal way. He told me that his father was killed in the last war, leaving his mother with five children. Inflation wiped out all their funds. Somehow they survived but a year ago his brother, an aviator, was shot down over London. Now he is very depressed over recent heavy bombings of Hamburg, his home town. He is convinced that Germany will never lay down arms to Russia, and Europe is a fortress so strong it can withstand any assault from the outside. Still, he hopes for an honorable peace soon before his homeland is ruined.

Then he told me that he is trying to read in English a novel which deals with the secret service in Hamburg but he can't recognize any of the places or characters. I suggested that maybe the author decided to camouflage them for legal reasons. Before he left, to my great surprise, he told me he is studying English and asked if I would be willing to correct his English composition papers for him. He will slide them under my door and when they are corrected he will return when I give him a sign



and pick them up again.

This Inspector Keisel has taken the initiative so plainly that I was puzzled and as soon as he was gone I went up to the room of Armond Dumont and repeated the conversation to him and asked how these Gestapo policemen, who here seem to be men of good behavior, could be the same men who have taken such shocking reprisals against Jews and others.

Armond said that before he tried to describe the rationalization of the persecution of Jews he wished to correct some of my assumptions in regard to the police here. The head of the eight police guards is Herr Reiman, an official of the Gestapo with a rank corresponding to that of a Captain in the army. Four of the eight men are subordinate members of the Gestapo and they are frequently changed because this job is regarded as an easy vacation assignment. The remaining three are permanent but they are criminal police, not Gestapo.

In addition, as we have already speculated, there are probably undercover agents like masseurs, masseuses, doctors, barbers, tailors, dress-makers and tutor who are allowed to come into the hotel and give personal service in the rooms. If the head of the police here, Herr Reiman, gives an order, it will be carried out by any of these policemen or secret agents no matter how gruesome it might be.

The Gestapo organization rationalizes the processing of Jews in this way---an order from the superior officer in Berlin goes <sup>down</sup> / the line, to paper-workers in his offices and is there processed whether it deals with Jews or not. They never question the order of a superior. The man in the rank lower down does not feel that it is within his sphere of jurisdiction to change an order even though he personally has no vindictiveness toward Jews or any of the others who are persecuted.

The man who carries out the order feels that he is powerless to change anything. He is just one drop of water in a great big tide. Be-

sides, he has heard from all the government propaganda that the Jews put together a financial agreement that would enable them to control the country, and he has been taught that that is a very bad thing.

JUNE 6, 1943.-

We have received prisoner packages regularly and I have stored up the packs of cigarettes that came each time. Down in the garden this morning I walked with Miss Fay Page, a secretary in the Paris Embassy and one I know previously suffered acutely for lack of cigarettes. While we were talking she remarked about the fact that I have no change of clothes and said that she has a pair of women's slacks that she could let me have. I asked about the price and she refused to discuss any payment. After dinner I found the trousers in my room. They opened at the side instead of the front and the bottom of the legs flared out like a bell, but they fit after a fashion and were much warmer than my old pants. I went to her room to make further inquiry about the price of the trousers but she wasn't there so I left ten packages of cigarettes on the table.

This evening while I was leaving the dining room Fay came and said she wanted to see me a little later in her room. When I got there she brought out a man's coat that she said she wished me to have. In this case she maintained the fiction of philanthropy saying that the man who wished me to have the coat preferred to remain anonymous. I thanked heaven for not being fussy about my clothes and accepted gracefully. Later I went again to her room when she was out and left another ten packs of cigarettes on her table. I knew that the value of cigarettes is very high both in the hotel and the local market and she is a shrewd trader, but I didn't quibble

being glad to get the pants and coat at any price. With this additional clothing I can now afford to go on the long walks in the country which I desire very much and won't have to worry about ruining my only suit.

I have suffered because I haven't been able to join the long walks that were finally agreed to after much agitation by those who wanted to take longer and more interesting walks than the garden permits. Finally it was announced that we would be allowed to hike for about six hours every two weeks but there were limitations. We could go only to the less inhabited regions around Barmen---that means up into the hills. A Gestapo guard must accompany the group, and the number permitted at any one time must be small enough so he can easily watch everybody. You have to sign up in advance and the list closed early. No person can go who can not keep up with the pace because the guard cannot watch stragglers and, most important, there must be no conversation or contact of any kind with any inhabitant of the countryside. Nothing like making us feel somehow undesirable and suspicious characters!

One of the reasons they gave for having to register your intention to go in advance was that this cancelled the noon meal at the hotel. If it rains and you don't go on the walk, you are served no meal because your enrollment for the walk took you off the hotel list for the noon meal. Nevertheless, the quota permitted for each walk is always filled.

I haven't gone because of the holes in my shoes and I needed the spare pair of pants, but I have finally been able to get the shoes half-soled and with the slightly altered pants I am<sup>now</sup> ready to go and today put my name on the list.

JUNE 7, 1943

This was the day of my first long walk, and we went in spite of threatening weather and the knowledge that once started none of us could turn back and return to the hotel alone. After a while we reached a sharply ascending road and one of the hikers protested exhaustion, so we were allowed to wait for him to rest. Meanwhile, we all got chilled and our guide announced that there would be no more rest stops because a drizzle had set in. Then one of us, Julian Keith, whose eyesight is bad, missed a turn in the path and went downhill too far, and we heard him shout. We answered him but had to wait for him to return in spite of the guide's edict.

How wonderful it was to be out of the town, away from the hotel! I stood beside a great sheltering pine tree there on the hill and watched black clouds tumbling over each other all the way down the valley. They began to roll up the slope toward us, the wind pressure strong behind them. When they raced to our feet raindrops began to rattle down through the limbs over our heads, the branches waved wildly and down the tree trunks came streamlets of water. As soon as Julian rejoined us we had to move on.

I became conscious of a kind of grand elation---freedom---in spite of the fact that I was uncomfortable and damp to the skin, I no longer got the feeling of being cooped up. It was possible now to move through a wider space than I had known during the many weeks in the hotel. Then, in an interval between showers, as we slogged along with wet feet, I chanced upon a sight that rewarded me for the whole day's effort.

The path ran level for some way and then led downhill among tall-trunked pines. Coming out of the woods, a mountain stream flowed in its shallow,

stony bed and poured itself foaming over terraced boulders, then ran calmly under a picturesque wooden foot bridge with hand rails. The main body of hikers had crossed the bridge and did not stop to view it, but I hung back a moment. The ground around the waterfall was blue with bell-like blossoms of a profusely-growing bushy plant. There was beside the torrent a tree rooted in the steep bank and slanted over the falls at an angle that would have made a painter stop and set up his easel.

I had to hurry on because we are not permitted to lag behind, but when I got back to the hotel and was in bed this night I had in my mind's eye a picture of that lovely spot wrapped in solitude by the noise of the rushing waters.

#### JUNE 10, 1943.

# Today is my fifty-sixth birthday. I have been interned here in this building almost six months and in Europe almost nine months. As these months recede into the distance, I feel time's loss and still am sensitive to the repeated failures of my mission to Europe. Also, I am much affected by the prospect of days and months ahead of me with no definite terminus.

The experience of sharing internment with so many people and observing them trying to cope makes me feel I should spend this day trying to get a more definite idea of why it is that so many people here have emotional crackups. The latest incident is that of a young couple whose child was quite sick. They called our doctor and when he came they saw at once that he was in no condition to treat a sick child. To put it concisely, he was drunk. When that happens to Dr. Sturgis, one of our strongest characters, it is time to think deeply about maintaining one's<sup>own</sup>/equilibrium.

I plan to keep my birthday quiet because there are several other internees who have had birthdays recently and each one was celebrated elaborately, both at the dinner table and later in private rooms, with deteriorating effects on the guests. This is not how I want my birthday--an orgy of riotousness. I am going down to breakfast and say nothing about it to anybody.

LATER.

It was nine o'clock this morning when Dora Vaughn knocked on my door. She apologized for breaking into my privacy but wondered if I would like to go along with an escorted group to the Catholic Church. I always go out of the hotel now whenever I can go with a group. The first thing we noticed was a lot of little boys and girls leaving home and going toward their first communion. One of them was Dr. Schleiden's little girl. She was wearing an elaborate white satin dress. I had not been in a Catholic Church since Easter and during this service my mind ran over several events since then. As I listened to the service I felt that we as a group have not held the high pitch of feeling we had on that day, and I tried to think why we have slipped.

On the walk back Dora told me that she was in the trough of a depression and all of a sudden I had the impulse to put her in exclusive possession of my secret, so I confided that today is my birthday. When we got back to the hotel she asked me to walk in the garden a while but I declined, having promised myself to write a letter home on this day.

In my room as I got out paper and pen it crashed in on me that I have little to show for my six months of leisure. I always thought that with that much time to myself I surely could accomplish something useful.

Now all I can think of is that I need to get a better hold on myself. My morale is slipping badly again.

When I finished the letter home and went down to dinner, I found that someone had moved all the napkin rings so that I was the only man there with nine women. I thought at first there might be some mistake, but soon heard murmurs about my birthday and gradually realizing that Dora had not respected my confidence, I felt paralyzed inside, a rush of anger flooded over me and I stood as if frozen. One of the ladies remarked that she had expected some more merriment at a birthday party, and after a moment I tried to play the role of one who has been honored, but failed miserably. After the meal Dora asked if I would like to continue the celebration but I declined because I found myself emotionally shaken inside, far beyond what I should have been at her having breached my confidence.

I brushed her off and hurried to my room remembering that I had an appointment to tutor the young Huff boy. He is a twelve-year-old who was born in France and speaks English brokenly and ungrammatically. His parents asked me to tutor him in English grammar from two to four in the afternoon. Since there was no primary English grammar available I spent a number of hours writing down some elements of English grammar and was ready to begin when the father came to the room and said that his son refused to begin the lessons. I didn't give a damn!

It wasn't till after he left that my second bad depression began. It doesn't stand ceremony but springs onto your shoulders like a ruffian hidden in a thicket. I found myself standing in the middle of the room trying to shake off the spectre. I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes after two and the afternoon yawned before me, endless. Solitude was closing in on

me. Nothing in my carefully arranged schedule seemed genuine. All of it was makework and artificial.

I asked myself what can life be here but endless waiting. No matter what philosophy you pretend, it is void. The life of an internee is only a makebelieve of life. He feels that his real life has come to a pause. He is endlessly waiting for it to begin again. I spent the entire afternoon suffering, wallowing if you will, in despair. Too bad I wasn't one to seek solace in alcohol, or gambling or women. I couldn't bring myself to go down to the evening meal. Neither did I want to join the group that meets in the salon afterwards to hear the radio.

Gifford Wells brought up a tray with tea and crackers and I thanked him as best I could but left it untouched. I undressed and went to bed although it was barely dark. My mood continued until the early hours of morning. Then I hit upon a device for escaping in fantasy from the oppressive environment of the hotel.

I started in my imagination to reconstruct my recent walk in the hills and tried to see in my mind every foot of the path. The sky was misty at first and the sun shone as a bit of rose color in the fog. It was hard to get my bearings with only streaks of gray between the points of the trees. The wind was rising and made a sound in the limbs over my head. I heard the sound of a cowbell far off. In the whiteness of the fog I continued on by feeling the path through the pine needles and leaves under my feet.

The sound of an axe grew louder and louder as the path wound around the hill and I knew that I was getting up into the pine country by the fragrance I inhaled with every breath. Suddenly I was startled by a crashing sound that ended in a thud, and in the silence I heard men's voices. I had been



nearer to the fallen tree than I had thought for through the limbs I could see two men standing beside the white stump. As I drew nearer I could see them passing a bottle back and forth between them and not far away was a tent with a stovepipe sticking out of the top.

As I approached, the men raised and waved the bottle at me in salute. I did not know what nationality they were or what language they were speaking. The only thing I knew was that they were new faces---unshaven and with drooping moustaches. I was sure they were not members of the internment group. Then I knew they were like the men I had seen on the long walk.

In the middle of the night I began to laugh at myself because two ugly faces with red noses, neglected whiskers and disheveled clothing were so welcome a variation from the ones I had been looking at every day for so long. The tension began to leave me. Two imaginary faces had driven the depression away. The crackup was over. I had beaten it by myself. I went to sleep confident that I could go down to breakfast in the morning and reassure my friends that I am all right.

#### JUNE 12, 1943.

A tall blond boy has joined the internment group and sat at the table with some of the diplomats a couple of days ago. Today Mr. Tinsdale drew me aside outside the dining room after the noon meal and told me the boy's name is Jareslov Tchitcherin and he is part Russian. He asked if we would accept him at our table.

Tinsdale went on to tell me something of the boy's history. His father was a scholar and had been a Russian official in a province of Siberia. His mother, an American who had a little money, spoiled the boy badly but he

has been employed by the State Department because he is an American citizen and has a knowledge of languages, especially Russian.

I told Mr. Tinsdale that I would like to talk with the boy before I present the matter to those at our table, so later on Tchitcherin came to my room and told me his story in excellent English.

First he apologized for his appearance, explaining that in the warm climate of Tunis he had only tropical clothes suitable to the weather there, but they were taken away from him and the suit he is wearing now was given to him by the Germans because he came in winter. It is now much too heavy. He is tall for his age and the shortage of food in the prison where he was kept caused him to develop anemia. He could not sleep well in prison because of the lights 24 hours a day and the regular 15-minute guard checks on his cell. Also, he had taken too much quinine in Tunisia and it still roars his head and prevents him from being a good conversationalist. He is very apologetic about this.

I asked him to go back and tell me about his experience so he started with his seizure in the American Consulate in Tunis. The Germans flew him in a light plane across the Mediterranean where they were fired on by American ships. Then in the Alexander-platz prison in Berlin he was kept in solitary confinement for three months, under questioning by the Gestapo at all times both day and night. They wanted to know about the French underground in North Africa and the invasion by American troops. Bright electric lights burned in his cell day and night and caused acute conjunctivitis in both eyes. He lost many pounds, but the thing that worried him most was whether or not the U.S. State Department knew where he was.

He finally succeeded in sending a message to a Swiss representative

but was not sure it was ever received, and he was terrified when the Germans took him from his cell because he had no idea what they intended doing with him. So when he found that they were sending him here for internment he was overjoyed, quite unlike the other people here. Now he says he can look back and remember the months of solitary confinement with humor, recalling that they gave him only one book to read---"How to Read a Book" by the philosopher, Mortimer Adler.

His first meal with the diplomats here was accompanied by a peculiar happening. After considerable drinking there was a heated discussion at the diplomatic table as to whether the Malones outranked some of the other people in the diplomatic protocol. Finally, in anger the Malones got up and moved to a separate table, inviting young Tchitcherin to go with them since Mrs. Malone is Russian and wanted to talk with him in that language.

Then he told me a story which linked up with knowledge I already had but had not been able accurately to interpret, since I do not attend the regular Saturday night dances.

Yaroslov attended the dance shortly after he arrived here and met Mrs. Malone, who loves Russian dancing. When she found he was quite good at the native Russian folkdances she knew, she insisted on his dancing with her most of the evening. Mr. Malone got angry and left to walk his dog and cool off. Later, just for devilment apparently, she took the unsuspecting Tchiticherin to her room.

When Malone got back with the dog he found the two of them together and overheard Jaroslov talking to Olga in some gallant Russian phraseology. Malone, who understands a little Russian, leaped to the conclusion that the boy was vowing great love for his wife and became very upset. Mrs.

Malone was mischievously appearing to enjoy this tribute to her youth and attractiveness while Malone fell into a violent rage. He yelled that he had seen her making eyes at the younger man and eventually kissing him. She screamed back that she only wanted to have a good time and that he was unable to provide it. Then Malone yelled that she was his wife and should respect his position and not humiliate him. And <sup>she</sup>/screamed back that she wants children. He said that he has already spent hundreds of dollars on doctors to see why she doesn't have children and it is all wasted. She came back at him saying most of it is all his fault and she wants another husband. Whereupon Malone told her to go find another one and that whoever she chooses willsoon find out that she did not have the sense of a six-year-old child. Then he picked up a heavy leather trunk strap and began to flog her. Tchiticherin, standing there flabbergasted, tried to grab the strap and stop him but was ordered out of the room and told never again to come near their table in the dining room.

This explained the commotion that had wakened me in the night, since the Malones have the room next to mine. I woke to hear yelling and screaming and then the slap of the leather strap. The walls are not so thick that you can't hear what is said on the other side if it is loud enough, and while I had heard these sounds before, they had never been quite this violent. I lay in bed hearing Olga moaning and pleading but for a long time the beating continued, with him making grunts of effort as he flailed her. She was begging him to stop and professing her love only for him and at last he stopped, leaving only the sound of her sobbing. I knew from past experience that this would shortly be followed by audible love-making and wished for some kind of ear plugs so I wouldn't have to hear it. I

feel as if intruding on someone's very private life at times like this, but there was nothing I could do about it.

JUNE 13, 1943.

This morning I called our boys together and proposed that we invite Jaroslov to our table. Ron said he was sorry we had not seen the opportunity sooner. They told me that the ladies at our table had already received from Mr. Malone his version of Saturday night's incident, his story being very unfavorable to Tchiticherin, but they knew a lot about the Malones and are glad to receive the young man at our table. It was only after they had unanimously decided to invite him that I told them Dr. Sturgis had recommended this action as a way to prevent the boy from having a complete nervous breakdown because, as a result of the traumatic experience with Malone, he is reluctant even to leave his room. The boys expressed regret that they had not taken the initiative before.

Nevertheless, it all worked out fine. When Jaroslov came down to the next meal rather shyly, the boys and girls put him at ease. Roger asked if he would give them some instruction in Russian, and the girls asked if he would teach them some of the native folk dances. The boy was still showing many of the effects of solitary confinement and medical neglect. Anemia and quinine slow down his mental processes still, but he is adding a valuable element to our table and I am glad to have him.

JUNE 14, 1943.

Today I remembered that I have not written home a very good description of this hotel and so for the record here is what I told them:

"Today I am going to write a geography lesson and describe this world in which I live, the hotel. It is old enough that its accoutrements are in the tradition of elegance---probably Edwardian. Contrary to U.S. custom, the 'first floor' is not the ground floor, but the first one above the ground. The building has a central stairway which divides the rooms into east and west sections. In general the higher the rank of the person the lower down his room location.

The east corridor on the fifth floor is single men's rooms, the idea being that they can climb stairs to that height better than the women. Also, the rooms there are small and contain less furniture than those on the lower floors and it is thought that men can tolerate this better than women. For example, the singles have one chair only. One person visiting gets the chair, the rest sit on the bed. Needless to say, the room is not large enough for a congregation---my room overlooking the street is the same.

At the present time there are nine single men living on the corridor. There is a tenth room which used to be a serving room but since there are no women on the floor it is used as a meeting room. The area is referred to as "Bachelors' Roost."

I described the dining room in an earlier letter but not the salon, which is quite large, with a good many soft upholstered chairs and divans and is where people congregate after meals if they don't walk in the garden."

I am very much aware that what happens at the table during meals is very important and often determines what the people do the rest of the day. It is usually the central thing in the day that sets the tone for

everybody at the table. If the rapport is good, people have a good day. If it is bad, the day will be bad. Food has become an obsession. For example, to get an orange for breakfast far outweighs in importance the significance or danger of an air raid overhead. It is strange how people now keep track of foods---minute mental records, like an historian of trivia. In fact, there is nothing to keep us from being trivial in the use of our time or selfish in the use of available supplies. I well remember when I was eating my sausage all by myself, a bit after lunch each day, this secret addition to the day's calories occupied a disproportionately large amount of my thought and I looked forward to it with pleasure---a symptom of the degenerative processes of confinement.

The girls at our table seem to take turns in spells of depression. Fortunately for us the tension of internment does not hit all of them at the same time. There are a lot of hurt feelings over things that normally would be overlooked. I know that some people would like to change tables but are afraid to offend present companions. For instance, Cunninghams want to get away from Hocharts. Kausin from Kerley, Mosts from Kellys. Mrs. Keezer and Mrs. Peck do not get along. Hochart does not speak to her brother---something to do with a pound of sugar.

The Swiss representative last time he was here told me that our diet in both quantity and quality is better than that served in most German hotels now and that we get one and a half times as much to eat as most Germans. Still people in the group complain bitterly.

We have cold storage fish at least twice a week. Since we have been here one egg has been served one time to each person. We get a lot of winter vegetables like carrots and turnips, and this is the backbone of

our diet. Once a week there is a meatless meal---macaroni is substituted. You can have all you want of the black bread but it is hard on the outside and gluey inside. You have to chew it slowly into a soft paste before swallowing. The first time I tried it I thought it tasted like wet sawdust and it stuck to the roof of my mouth---and the walls of my stomach, I am sure. But after all this time it almost tastes like cake, and I can enjoy eating the boiled turnip greens and rutabagas I couldn't eat in the beginning.

Desserts have a monotonous similarity, their only difference being in color. Other than that they are custards made out of ersatz pudding powder. You would expect green pudding to taste different from pink or orange, but they all taste the same. Coffee is made of roasted rye, and tea is made from apple skins. However, the service is good, the waiters neatly uniformed, the silver bright and the linen white and crisp. It almost makes up for the quality of the food.

JUNE 15, 1943.

I was sitting in the salon the other day talking with Dr. Sturgis about the epidemic of low spirits that is widespread. He told me that he himself suffers from it. Working in his room, he is unable to concentrate for anything like the length of time he was accustomed to in ordinary life. He sometimes reads a single page two or three times without being aware of what it said.

He has talked with several other members of the group who told him they are affected in the same way. He thinks it is due to subconscious unhappiness. Regardless of what our minds are doing on the surface, we



are all the time subconsciously aware of being cooped up here. Our excessive attention to food is a result of our lack of any absorbing interest outside ourselves. He also observes a correlation between morale and the rise and fall of hopes of exchange, and the cases of "detentionitis" increase with the length of our stay. Some of the men he knows spend most of their time in bed---usually with bottles, not with women. They feel incapable of meeting people, not so much because of avoiding other persons but because they feel they are meeting themselves constantly. They are tired of themselves. They cave in on themselves.

"It is disturbing to me," he said, "to watch relationships deteriorating between some of the group. One could use the word 'hostility' to indicate an animosity that has not yet reached the stage where internees will not speak to each other at all. They may still have a limited conversation but are carefully on leash. Others whose attitude toward each other might be called aggressive, are openly hostile and they make no attempt to conceal it. Some are assertive and spend their time attempting to dominate each other. Others withdraw to their rooms where they feel safely at a distance and out of harm's way. If I speak to them with a soft answer "that turneth away wrath" it may in fact have quite the opposite effect and increase their hostility. They tend to think, "Why doesn't that guy hit back?"

"I know just what you mean," I remarked. "And I am exceedingly conscious of the importance to some people of their room situation. I notice it is terribly hard for most of them to rise above becoming involved in where they are located. They take a selfish view of any suggestion for exchanging rooms and are morally incapable of sacrifice. I have observed

that in this little world the importance of moving your baggage from a big room to a smaller one has an emotional impact that would not exist if we lived in our private homes where we have more than one room to live in. People here are inclined to protect their interests in a room and act as if their fundamental rights are threatened if they are asked to move. Space has status and it is a rare person whose mind can approve possible removal to a smaller space if he thinks it will reduce his status."

"How right you are," Dr. Sturgis agreed. "There are people here who never owned a home in France. Nevertheless, they accumulated books, pictures, and other gear and when they had to come to Germany all that stuff had to be packed up in boxes, like Mme. LeConte with her twelve pieces of luggage containing all her cherished possessions.

"To such people space in a room is important and their wellbeing depends on it, their entire self, mind and emotions, struggle for space to put their worldly goods. Until they have established some place for their household goods, they are unhappy, restless human beings. For them to exist apart from their chattels is to fail to exist altogether. They have the sensation of not belonging anywhere, and this leads to isolation and mental breakdown."

We sat silent for a while, each absorbed in his own thoughts. I in thinking about only last night overhearing one man on the telephone to another room in the hotel, yelling, "And what the hell have you done in the last five months?" People's values change---or maybe they don't change at all. I only know that I am saddened when attendance at social engagements is so important and rigid whereas attendance at classes and lectures and church is not. I observe that in internment, with its monotony, people

dispute over the smallest questions of fact and continue the discussion even though it could be settled at once by simply looking it up in the 'World Almanac,' but they don't do that because prolonging the argument is a way to kill time.

Dr. Sturgis emerged from his reverie and said that a study of World War I American soldiers when they got home showed that 50% of the married men were much changed. Those who had been industrious became lazy. Those who had been faithful to their wives, separated from them. "I am not optimistic about what effect the time spent here will have on many of these people when they finally get out." I wonder how many of us are prepared for that!

JUNE 15, 1943.

A lot of the dog owners who don't care to go on the long walks nevertheless feel that their pets would be benefitted by a day in the country, and to save themselves any exertion or interruption of their bridge games they often request those of us going out to take the dogs on these walks, and we have always consented. On one of the recent walks a young boy of twelve promised to keep a tight hold on the poodle named "Todie" but after we had gone about three miles the dog got loose and started back to the hotel. It was against all the rules to detach anyone from the group but after a conference and considerable delay the guard

consented and sent the boy back toward the hotel alone in the hope that he could come up with the dog before he got there.

About three miles further the dog of one of the chief diplomats was missing and again we halted in the chilly air, but fortunately the dog appeared and we moved on. Mme. Grousset had brought her little Chinese dog, Chang, and he was never designed to go up hills nor was he accustomed to such exercise. He wheezed and coughed and seemed about to collapse. I offered to carry the little dog for a while and tried to pick him up but he ran from me. When Mme. Grousset called to him saying, "Come to Grandpa," the dog came right to me, to my immense disgust.

On the way home we passed a golf course and the poodle named Sandrine, property of another of the diplomats, ran behind a hedge and stole a golf ball. We heard protests of a father and son who were playing on the other side of the high hedge but didn't know what happened till they came around and complained. We finally caught Sandrine and pried her jaws open until she dropped the golf ball.

Next we passed a pond with two geese on the water and Sandrine tried her best to go in after them. When we reproved her she ran out of sight and we gave her up for lost, but eventually she reappeared.

All day Mrs. Compton, a frail little woman, had been leading the big poodle named Pursel, who, seeing some deer sprang toward them with such strength he dragged her right off her feet. This was dangerous on the slippery paths and I volunteered to lead him for a while. She gratefully handed over the leash and I dropped behind the procession to cut a slender stick. Then I walked backwards and every time he got too close to me I whacked him over the nose with my stick. After a while I walked forwards

again and he trotted along meekly at my heels. I hurried to join the group and Pursel never tightened up on the leash the rest of the way home. Some of the men who suspected that I had switched the dog on the nose twitted me, saying I had over-trained him and now had to drag him along. However, Mrs. Compton was delighted with his improvement and wondered how I had so hypnotized him. As we walked along she told me how they had paid a lot of money to have his hair properly plucked for the classic French poodle look, but to their great sorrow it left him with bald spots and she was much more grieved over these bare spots than she was over the total baldness of her husband. I remembered back in the inn where we stopped seeing one of the ladies leave her scarf hanging over a chair where later dear old Pursel had "forgotten his manners", lifted his leg and urinated on the scarf. I didn't mention this to the lady or Mrs. Compton but it didn't make me any more friendly to her Pursel.

JUNE 19, 1943.

This evening after dinner, as was the custom, some of the men drifted from the dining room to the salon to listen to the regular evening radio broadcasts from Berlin. One of the listeners who had drunk a little extra wine at dinner began to imitate the broadcaster. His mimicry was so good that it amused the group highly and caused much loud laughter. The night clerk of the hotel, Mr. Baeyer, apparently could not stand this ridicule and came rushing up from his desk into the salon and snapped off the radio.

For an instant there was a confused mass of arms as the battle was joined to turn it on again. The night clerk, a huge fellow, could be seen at the center of the crowd as it swayed here and there around the salon. It happened that Dr. Schleiden was in the lobby and immediately called the Gestapo guards whose quarters were nearby and they came rushing to quell the disturbance.

Mr. Tinsdale immediately called a council meeting and after we were gathered, some more disheveled than others, he suggested mildly that we should use more tact and less exhuberance when listening to broadcasts, especially those by news commentators. He is afraid that more incidents like this might affect our negotiations. It was this thought more than anything else he said that sobered his listeners and everybody left the meeting determined to impress this on the others.

JUNE 20, 1943.

Today was the day for our regular long walk. We are all aware that we are prohibited from going into any inhabited dwelling, but several times recently our guards have been indulgent. There is a secluded inn where we stopped once before and this morning one of the waiters in the hotel phoned the hostess there and told her the approximate time we would be arriving. In order to conceal our true destination, we started in quite another direction when leaving the hotel, then curved around to the isolated inn.

There was a forest ranger in green uniform sitting outside on a bench smoking a pipe, and we were apprehensive, but the hostess assured us that he would not report us, waved us toward the tables and in a moment served a delicious hot soup. After the soup, while we were happily singing, the door opened and in walked the big night clerk from the hotel. After the fracas over the radio we were certain that now we were figuratively in the soup and any future entrance into any inn would be prohibited even if our walks were not entirely forbidden. But this was not the case. Mr. Baeyer joined us and proved to be a jovial addition to the party. He was both

affable and expansive. In a conversation with Gifford Wells he said he knows every foot of this region and has a great affection for it. At least once a week when he is off duty, he walks up the mountain to this inn, and he knows many paths not shown on the map. He told how last fall he gathered several sacks of beechnuts, thinking they did not come under any of the food restrictions or regulations. He intended to take them home for his wife, who was ill, but the authorities discovered him and required him to go and register the nuts. It took only a few moments of social contact with Mr. Baeyer before we decided that he is an entirely different and much more likeable person when off duty.

From the kitchen came the sounds of someone picking a guitar and we begged that the musician come in. When he came he was accompanied by a boy whose bandaged arm did not prevent his playing a zither. We asked them to play some more and after a few moments of embarrassment they played several numbers and the room had taken on a mood of relaxation and cheer, but when the guard stood up we all knew it was time to go. The musicians were pleased when we gave them some cans of sardines as we thanked them and said goodbye.

On the way back to the hotel in the cold air we walked 3.2 kilometers in twenty minutes, some kind of record for us, but it was all downhill and we reached the hotel comfortably within our time limit. When Mr. Baeyer came on duty this evening he was as formal and gruff as usual and gave us no recognition that he had met us at the forbidden inn this afternoon.

JUNE 23, 1943.

Today I was standing at the open window of my old room with Ron and

Roger when Claudia appeared in her window and again held up a piece of music. They were the best pianists in our group and I asked them to listen as she played and tell me if they thought she had talent. When she finished they said that the piano was not in good tune and some passages were spotty but there were sections in which she showed that she has talent and feeling. Roger said that in his judgment she is not physically strong enough to bring out all the emphasis of that particular music but that it was a rather mature performance for a child of her age.

They were surprised when I told them the story of my interest in Claudia, how one week when the weekly package contained a can of corned beef she had appeared at the window and displayed on a plate something that looked like a meat loaf. One day she exhibited a small English flag and a small American flag and smiled as she unfolded them. I was horrified and tried by gestures to show her that this was very indiscreet because of the Gestapo windows just below me. I was afraid she would do something else that would endanger her and asked the maid, Katie, if she could get a message to Claudia's grandmother about the necessity for greater caution. Since then I haven't seen any more national banners at the window.

JUNE 24, 1943.

Today the overall morale of the entire internment group is at a lower ebb than it has ever reached before. The reason is word that the most recent exorbitant German demand for repatriation of 1500 Germans in exchange for a few hundred Americans is unacceptable to the United States government. This news leaked out not through the Executive Committee but through the newsmen. How they got it I do not know, but it is a certainty that prisoners



even if they are confined in comfort, get pretty depressed when they learn their term of confinement is lengthened.

The great variety of persons composing this group, with its differences in age, sex, and temperament, makes it almost impossible to organize any single kind of activity that will raise the morale and mental attitude of more than a minority of the group. The combined efforts of the Entertainment Committee and the University faculty to relieve the tedium of confinement are about exhausted.

It was the expectation of early exchange that kept a lot of the internees from attempts to "go over the hill" or to combine in a concerted movement of discontent against the strict rules and regulations of the internment regime. Prolongation of the exchange negotiations will have a cumulative effect on the emotions of everybody and they will feel more and more isolation from the war, their families, their friends and their futures.

Some have asked why we don't escape through the basement like Jeannette did. For me the simple reason is that we are deep in Germany and could not possibly wander to the border unrecognized.

I am becoming increasingly uncomfortable about the people here as a result of this week's news---not so much that they are passively suffering the strains of confinement but because it is getting more like the strains in a hive of bees with the exit blocked.

JUNE 25, 1943.

It was foggy again when we started on the walk today and we assumed the mist would disappear by the middle of the day. We eventually walked above the cloud and at noon reached a crest of the hills which gave us a view over the top of the fog. In the clear air we could see a distant round tower which looked like a lighthouse on the shore of an ocean.

During the pause for eating our sandwiches, I followed the path leading to a cottage that was unmistakably for both cows and people. Two doors

stood side by side, one for the cows and one for the people. I stuck my head in the cow door and saw that the barn had recently been cleaned. There was fresh hay in the racks and the odor of fresh milk was all about. Then I glanced in at the open cottage door and saw that the room was empty. There were white curtains at the windows and geraniums on the ledge. There were heavy beams overhead and in one corner a rectangular stove that reached almost to the ceiling. It was covered all over with tile and a bench ran around three sides. A hat rack hung beside the bench and on the wall a pendulum clock wagged back and forth. Above the pine table was a crucifix and beneath it on the table the picture of a man in uniform with a piece of black crepe on it and a vase of flowers beside it. I backed out the door, unwilling to intrude further on the private life of some sad citizen.

When I returned to the group I sat down beside Pierce Willard who remarked, "Are you glad or sad that we didn't have to bring any of the dogs today so you could again demonstrate your control?"

"Baloney," I answered. "Though I still get a chuckle out of remembering the last time. It was a real pleasure to whack that Pursel."

I was jerked out of my reverie by the guard calling us to start back to the hotel. He would have been glad to keep us at this height because he could not easily keep track of us all in the foggy valley. However, it was necessary to turn toward home and we plunged into the mist. The sun became a spot of gray between the tops of the trees. I had a pleasant feeling of being in entirely new country. I could hear a cowbell but see no cow. The sound seemed to come from an unknown depth. My careful feet felt their way through the pine needles until suddenly I came up with a thud on a hard gravel road. The valley was not as deep as we had thought and our guard halted us on the side of the road until he had checked our count. I don't know where in the world he thought we could go from here if we did leave the group.

Now there were no more vistas to look at. An invisible dog barked fiercely at us. We simply followed our leader automatically and tried to conserve our strength. We closed our minds to outside impressions and walked as in a dream. I enjoyed the feeling of being a mechanism without a mind. At a time like this the blood is in your lungs and your legs and not so much in your brain, where anxieties rise.

JULY 14, 1943.

Six months ago, when appointments for working committees were made to organize the activities of the internment group, it was inevitable that all the key positions went to officials high up in the diplomatic group. I suppose they egotistically believed nobody could do anything as well as they. However, during these six months a great deal of the planning and teaching and other hard jobs have been done by people who have no rank diplomatically. As new committees were organized, leadership fell to those who could do the job even if they had no rank, and there was a levelling of the big names as chairmen of committees and many projects were now headed by non-diplomatic internees.

For instance, Joseph Baer, a chauffer, has a great following among the eleven children here. Jimmy March, who was a lowly messenger in the consulate in Marseilles, has proved to be a solid reliable character. But perhaps the greatest advancement in influence has been that of Gifford Wells. He initially joined us in very poor physical condition due to stomach ulcers and overwork in the cooperative work projects the Quakers were running, where they also daily fed more than two hundred refugees. He had been sharing their diet and suffered a decline in health as a result.

But here he recovered and his intelligence and ability as a negotiator have enabled him to settle disputes among the nine Foreign Office Service officers and the five Vice Consuls here. Big names and high rank now count less and less while men of intrinsic worth rise to leadership.

Out of the ranks have come people to organize and man a well-ordered schedule of instruction with a top-notch faculty and a curriculum which includes the Humanities, Economics, Accounting and 44 other official courses---quite an impressive list for so small a group. People of the group have organized a library, lectures, church attendance, plays, concerts, and a kind of trading-post for exchanging items from food packages and personal effects. This is a democracy now without reference to official titles.

As one might expect, the newsmen were the ones who most challenged diplomatic authority, for, outside Mr. Tinsdale and Mr. Temple, they considered themselves equal in rank to any of the other State Department employees and, not without reason, more competent.

Mme. Houdin, the one who occupies the suite originally assigned to me, is very perceptive of diplomatic excellence. She is an expert in translating French technical terms, especially those connected with airplanes, into American equivalents. She spent many years doing this in Switzerland through many changes in airplane engineering and procurement policies. While she was with the Embassy in Vichy most recently, she discovered that the American consular service is full of representatives who are not up-to-date on developments in either technology or diplomacy. They gave her the impression of being on a continuous houseparty instead of being involved in a serious situation.

Gifford remarked to me this morning on our after-breakfast walk that he cannot understand the slight mental effort exerted by the diplomats here in our internment. He named seven of them who do not attend any classes in our university. Ten diplomats speak one or more foreign languages that would add to the curriculum but they have declined to teach any classes. Also, they take no part in the evening discussion groups due to the greater importance of their continuous bridge tournament.

He mentioned a young American vice consul who told him quite seriously that the only book he needed to study is the book of protocol. Since there are not likely to be any changes in this text in the near future, once you master it you have your studying done for a lifetime. Also, he has learned that the men of the Foreign Service feel great contempt for men of the Civil Service, which is another reason why a lot of FS people won't either teach or attend classes. Instead, they worry about whether or not they have been invited to the correct parties, whether they are missing out on their regular promotions, and what they will do if they are required to return to the U.S., where some of them literally have no place to go and are already planning to return as fast as possible to France, where they had such a good, easy life. In the Embassy and various consulates, it was easy to cover up their love of idleness, but here in the hotel they find it impossible to conceal. We wonder if any of them realize it.

#### JUNE 30, 1943.

Another night of grand commotion thanks to the extreme thus far in social entertaining. Miss Salina Hotchkiss decided to give a party to celebrate the twelfth birthday of her ancient Bedford dog named "Putzi", one of the most loathed mutts in the whole group. When I first heard about it

I thought surely it was a joke but found out it was serious truth. She invited sixty guests and served an elaborate menu of both food and drink. Several uninvited guests crashed the party and it is understandable that by 3 a.m. they had run out of wine. Nevertheless, it ran an extra hour on beer. In addition to playing with fire extinguishers again I heard several ladies in the hall shrieking for Dr. Sturgis. Thinking at least one of them might be in some difficulty, I opened the door and discovered that one of them had stuffed a pillow in her waist in imitation of pregnancy and was insisting that the doctor come at once because she was in labor.

I also saw Mr. Seymour, Head of the Red Cross, bleeding at the nose and being assisted up the stairs. I later found out that he had been socked in the face by a newspaperman because the journalist's wife had not been invited to one of the Red Cross parties some time ago. She is a gentle little soul who never asked for this recognition, but since she had once been part of the Red Cross organization in Paris and has never been recognized here as one of them, her husband resented the slight. He had drunk enough wine to unloose his resentment and so he hit the man he thought responsible for the social slight to his wife. A group of Red Cross boys surrounded the irate husband but the Gestapo guards were called to restore peace.

To top it all off, Putzi, the honored guest for whom his mistress had finagled a piece of white chicken breast, flat out refused to eat it. This is the kind of pusillanimous activity that keeps the tongues wagging for several days.

JULY 10, 1943.

The only newspaper that comes to the hotel is a German one controlled by the government. Not 10% of the people here can read it and even if everybody could, the information is carefully slanted to give only the Nazi version of the news. However, the reporters here get together and try to deduce something even though they are aware that they are only speculating. They have organized themselves and assigned each one a country to cover--- Willard has Germany, Henry, France, Dosch, Russia etcetera.

My German is not very good but I make myself read the paper for whatever I am able to get out of it. I find that there are short obituary notices each followed by a definite formula. For example, "On the second of January, 1943, in a reserve hospital on the East Front, died of wounds my dear husband, Captain Ewald Baron von Veladimi, within two months of the death of my eldest son and one year after the death of my youngest son."

Denis Darnley, a correspondent for the Chicago Tribune, is a deep analyst of the newspaper and keeps a record of the soldiers whose obituaries appear. From this he gets an idea of the number and speed with which the German soldiers are being used up. If the obituary mentioned the names of the regiment or the front on which the soldier died, he records that, too. It helps him follow the movements of the armies.

Darnley feels that the German Foreign Office knows all about the situation here and how completely giddy it is. We impress the Germans with the idea that we are a bunch of irresponsible children with all the silly partying and carrying on. Our conduct only confirms their contention that Americans are not capable of administering affairs in Europe. He told me in Vichy he tried to keep aloof from the officials---both the

French and the Americans, so he wouldn't be tarred with the same brush, but here it is almost impossible. Not a happy man. I told him of my struggles to glean information from the newspaper and he encouraged me to keep it up.

One of the things I do is read the classified columns because phrases are repeated there with only simple variations. Two or three times a week I see notices, whole columns of them, of offers of marriage. A few of them are from men, especially older men, but the greater number are from women. They sometimes give their height, weight and age. They often say they appear younger or more active than their years would suggest, and frequently they say they love nature, or are of "an affectionate disposition." Some also mention the property they possess.

As my facility in reading the paper increases I spend more time reading the financial pages, but find very little about industrial conditions. Occasionally there are translated articles from American or English papers, slanted to show that no German government can make a tolerable peace and therefore the Reich must continue the war to avoid being dismembered. There are a lot of pictures showing the strength of the Atlantic Wall of defense, monster barriers of concrete and steel built as far south as Biarritz on the Spanish border. The whole shoreline is shown as miles and miles of tangled barbed wire. The Allies are boastfully invited to try and pierce this impregnable wall.

JULY 11, 1943.

The newspapermen and their dependents, including wives and children, number fifteen. They have formed a press group that holds meetings



belligerently chairmanned by Thurston Hanks. They are a restless group who think Mr. Tinsdale is too much of a jellyfish in the hands of Dr. Schleiden. This unrest broke to the surface yesterday on a pretty minor issue.

There has been a steady increase in the tedium of internment and it has resulted in an astounding increase in the number of late parties in people's rooms. These parties often last till dawn and the guests stagger off to their own rooms to sleep until late in the day. This extends the work hours of those in the kitchen who have to respond to late night calls for room service, and also of the maids who start fairly early in the morning to make up the rooms, but who obviously can't work there where people are sleeping. It also means that a lot of dishes don't return to the scullery in time to be washed up for the noon meal.

So Dr. Schleiden, no doubt speaking for the hotel owner, went to Tinsdale and said that on account of a shortage of personnel it will be necessary to curtail parties, especially the large ones, of which there are more and more. Tinsdale offered a compromise and agreed that parties at night should be limited to four persons, that no one person should give frequent parties and that advance notice must be given to the manager of what service will be required.

Then, continuing about personnel shortages, Schleiden said he would prepare a list of 25 persons who, for medical or other reasons could be served breakfast or tea in their rooms.

When the list was posted it was made up almost entirely of diplomatic personnel, and there was an immediate and violent explosion---mostly from the newspapermen, but some of the Red Cross people joined in. There was

an immediate meeting called to protest, during which the librarian and the chairman of the Entertainment Committee resigned. The press people considered sending individual telegrams to their U.S. papers protesting, though I can't imagine what they can do about it. The furor is out of all proportion to the issue but this is because the tension of being confined in these close quarters leaves so little to talk about and people enjoy this new subject.

The newspaper people are more irritated by being omitted from the status list of 25 than by the curtailment of room parties. The more thoughtful of them, however, have been concerned, fearing that the orgies of the room parties will be described in the town by hotel employees and this might result in our being transferred to some more isolated location where rumors of our high-living would not be so public. Barmen is crowded with visitors at this time of year and news of the abundance of food and drink in the American internment hotel could be spread all over Germany.

#### JULY 14, 1943.

In the beginning of our internment our Dr. Sturgis had the privilege of walking unguarded to the municipal hospital to visit his patients from this group. His voluntary services without pay were made necessary because the German government had not designated any doctor to look after our medical needs. When Dr. Schleiden called this to the attention of authorities in Berlin citing a diplomatic protocol that requires such provision, his request was ignored. Consequently, Dr. Sturgis, although he is a specialist in children's diseases, and not a surgeon, accompanied several of our people to the hospital and attended them through operations for hernia, and appendicitis. He treated them for peritonitis, acute sinus infections and other illnesses.

I walked with him in the garden this morning and he said the

abnormal number of requests for medical attention grow partly from the fact that before internment many in our group had neglected physical ailments because they were absorbed in the turmoil of France. Now they have no interest outside themselves and plenty of time to become excessively concerned about their symptoms.

Without his knowledge, the German government just cancelled permission for foreign doctors to enter hospitals in this country. Sturgis is upset not only by the decree but also because Dr. Schleiden himself transmitted this order to the local hospital but neglected to tell Dr. Sturgis anything about it. Consequently, he went early this morning to see his patients and was denied entrance. He feels publicly humiliated and quite bitter toward Dr. Schleiden.

Mrs. Tinsdale joined us and said she has just returned from Frankfurt where she went for an operation. When Dr. Sturgis asked how she was feeling she said she had about gained her strength back and is greatly relieved to find the lump in her breast not malignant. He explained to her that we had just been criticizing the Germans for banning him from the local hospital and he added that he didn't want that criticism to extend to the local nurses because they have been competent and attentive to his patients. One voluntarily removed a picture of Hitler from the room and substituted a watercolor of ducks on a pond.

Mrs. Tinsdale confirmed his opinion of German nurses saying she met a Head nurse in the Frankfurt hospital who gave her the feeling that there are qualities which rise above nationality. She felt she could like that woman whatever her race might be, that her heart was big enough to include all nationalities.

Mrs. Tinsdale confided that it was exhilarating to be in another atmosphere for a while, even a hospital. Here the Tinsdales' room is constantly filled with people with complaints and this pressure weighs on her. Her husband is very forgiving of people he deals with and he is a little shocked at the aggressiveness of the newspaper group, but he forgives them. She admitted that she is not so forgiving and there are several newspaper people she cannot abide. To live continuously in close company with such men, no matter how charming they may appear to be, is for her one of the agonies of internment.

JULY 16, 1943.

Today's walk was in an entirely different direction. Previously we walked only in the hills. Today we were given special permission to go down into the Rhine valley, past the dirigible field called "Flughafen" and on between tilled fields. In the first village all the houses looked neat and clean, the yards carefully manicured. Ears of corn hung from the rafters of a barn and in the barnyard a hog was being butchered.

Then we passed through some pine woods and over an embankment, reaching the concrete fortifications along the bank of the Rhine. From the point where we stood I could count 31 pillboxes covered with sod. The guard told us that running underground from them were concrete tunnels leading to barracks and to other pillboxes.

Some of the newsmen who are military-minded deduced from the grass growing in the forts on this Siegfried line that the Germans do not consider this their main line of defense, because it is unmanned and ungunned and that means they will fight at the Atlantic Coast.

I got down in a hollow between fortifications, out of the wind, to eat my lunch and watch the Rhine river flowing swiftly between banks not far apart at this point. Traffic on the river is considerable. Since we were fifteen kilometers from the hotel the guard didn't allow us to tarry long before starting the return journey.

On the way back in one village we were permitted to look into a little church where one entire end of the building was filled with figures of sheep and cattle, wise men, camels, Joseph, Mary and the Christ child. This scene of the manger made a strong contrast in my mind with the fortifications I had just seen, and I contemplated that the Rhine valley has been a thoroughfare for mankind for so many centuries the land is well fertilized with human blood.

We passed through a heavy forest far from any house and noticed a little old-fashioned cross covered with moss and lichen, with a tiny vase of fresh flowers at its base. Someone remarked he had heard somewhere that the local country people keep their family Bible buried under a stone in the forest.

We walked for five and a half hours at a rate of four and a half miles an hour. This means we had walked our twenty miles, which is pretty good for a mixed party of men and women, old and young.

JULY 27, 1943.

I walked with Miss Harkness today and we laughed at some of the rumors flying around---a new batch every week. She said there is a diplomat at her table who never lets a day pass without suggesting to her the name of

some man in our group who would be an eligible husband for her. I find this girl full of a wide variety of interests. On our last long walk she pointed out a scarce water bird called a water <sup>4</sup>onsel, and frequently stopped to identify flowers and trees. Today I asked if she found many people here who have interests in which they can absorb themselves. She answered that there are a number of that sort only they have changed hobbies since they arrived. She gave an example---a newspaperman who came with a half-written novel that he expected to finish here. He hasn't touched it. Instead, he is studying philology. His wife came with the idea of spending her time studying Byzantine art. Instead, she spends hours practising the piano which she abandoned as a child. One man, a banker, came with the intention of improving his chess game. Instead, he is teaching drawing to the children. Another man, an authority on French dialects, has taken up wood carving. In addition, some people's latent talents have come to the surface. Mrs. Malone, who long ago abandoned dancing, has now blossomed as a teacher of rural folk dances. Mr. Compton gave up drawing 18 years ago and is now turning out superior art work.

Our walk followed a road down along a brook for several miles until we came to tillable land and finally to a wooded park. In the midst of the park was a Castle, all boarded up so we couldn't enter. I walked along with Miss Harkness, whose company I do enjoy. She is one of the frailest women in our group and yet she is one of the steadiest characters. As we looked for a while into the lake beside the castle, watching the swans swimming, she pointed out a stork standing on a chimney beside his nest. She pointed out compost beds where leaves were rotting into fertilizer. She is always making observations that communicate a bright interest

in many things and I remarked about this. Her response was that this is probably due to occupational training, but I think probably her occupation was more due to her innate talents. She was a vice consul in Lyon and part of her job was to look for things with commercial possibilities. For instance, she discovered there a manufacturer of fine piano keys and then found a market for them in the U.S. I bet she was a whiz at her job.

At noon we sent Gifford Wells and Taylor Temple into a little village to see if they could find an inn where we might sit at tables and eat our lunch, and by good luck they succeeded.

Inside the inn was a fat old man who breathed with much difficulty and wheezed alarmingly when he asked us questions as he lounged in a big chair beside the bar. When he found we were Americans he told us that his son is in an internment camp in Texas, and a cousin is in a camp in Colorado. The boy writes that he is being well treated and we were all glad to hear that.

An elderly lady, probably his wife, heated water for those of us who had brought condensed coffee, and when two children, a sturdy little boy and a little blue-eyed girl of about three came and stared round-eyed, we gave them chocolate, which they tasted with surprise and pleasure as if it was for the first time.

It was an interesting room, old-fashioned, with out-of-date knick-knacks all around. A copy of the London Tatler of the year 1904 was pinned on one wall, and an old piano in the corner of the room drew Roger at once. In spite of the fact that not all the keys worked, he sat down and played anyhow. The German guard asked for "Old Man River", which he had heard sung at the hotel while they practiced for one of the entertainments.

Then the group got to singing "Careless Love" but the guard put a stop to that on the basis that too much merriment was not appropriate in a house where there was anxiety and sorrow---the interned relatives were the only source of sorrow we knew about. No matter, we all shook hands, gave the host some cans of condensed coffee, and left him wheezing much gratitude.

Back at the hotel as we walked along one side of the building it was possible to look down into the basement where women sat mending linen before it is laundered again. I don't know how they knew her, but they waved at Miss Harkness and she mused, "Think of it. We have here people who are hired to mend our sheets, cook our food, serve, clean our rooms, and make our beds. We are not worried about standing hours in line to get limited food on ration cards. We are under diplomatic protection. Our privileged position gives us time to read and to follow our hobbies. There are no other people within the boundaries of Germany who are so free, yet think of all the people you know who are unhappy---more than just unhappy, they are miserable. They stand upon the edge of the chasm of nervous breakdown making up their minds whether to jump or not. I know at least three women who have gone completely to pieces just because they had to move their rooms."

"I know," I told her. "And I also know a lot of men here twice as big as you are, who have less than half your ability to maintain your emotional stability."

And speaking of emotional stability, at dinner Regina Thayer sat next to me and mourned that a great and enveloping emptiness of existence has settled down on her. Here she is surrounded by a luxury she



did not enjoy in France, where she worked in the camps; and she is fed better than in a long time. She has actually put on quite a bit of weight, but somehow she doesn't feel any gain in strength. When she first got here she expected to read and study vigorously but this burst of energy dissipated quickly both mentally and physically so that now it takes all her self-discipline to force herself to keep appointments.

She says it is "mental torpitude" that has gripped her and she has learned that you cannot rest if you do not have liberty. When she is working in her room she is able to concentrate for only a fraction of the time she used to before coming here. It was almost a repeat of Dr. Sturgis' description of himself. Regina is sure that the main problem of an internee is not the physical stress but rather the mental stress, regardless of the circumstances of the confinement.

Then, to my astonishment, she shifted gears and launched into a completely different subject. She ranted on about how there are a lot of immoral people here and it makes life for "decent" women like herself continually difficult. Without my asking why, she enumerated several of the mistresses, all of whom, of course, are classed as immoral, and she added scornfully that in addition to all that there are to her certain knowledge six homosexual men and one lesbian. Now what did I think of that!

Well, I thought, Miss stuffy starchy proper Bostonian Thayer, I am recalling certain whispers I have heard about her own behavior with her special friend Mr. Larry Nash, but said nothing to stir up her indignation any higher than it already was. As to the other people she mentioned, I think that is not my business and I am surprised that she, having been so long in France, has not adopted the continental attitude toward sex, but apparently she has not.

AUGUST 1, 1943.

This was a happy day. I moved back into my little room overlooking the street. We have been playing a game of "musical rooms", trading around at regular intervals and now I am back where I started. I have sorely missed the passing review and sat at the window for a long time to see if there has been any change. Gifford came in and joined me and together we watched as a girl who frequently passed when I was here before went by with her hair newly curled. She looks much worse than she did before the curl. Two sturdy farm females driving a span of oxen pulled their cart to a stop at the house across the street and one of them hopped out and carried into the house a huge sack of potatoes on her shoulder. I was struck with the difference in the sound of oxen's feet in their iron shoes as they move slowly down the pavement. How different from the hoof beats of a horse!

Next there was a young widow in black weeping as she talked with a Red Cross nurse. We noticed that the householders still pay attention to flowers in their windowboxes and tiny neat front yards. One couple came walking down the street with very short steps because they are so fat. They must each weigh at least 250 pounds. We wondered how they are able to maintain that weight if rations are as short as we hear. They were followed by an angry girl in black who struggled with a soldier who persisted in kissing her and we turned away, agreeing that was enough.

AUGUST 10, 1943.

Ah Romance! Today it is a pleasure to write. Dora Vaughn began this internment fluttering about hoping she was in love with each boy she tried to entangle. She and I have been taking French lessons from Adolf

and today while he and I waited for her to come a note was delivered saying she had an opportunity for a guard to escort her to the local dentist and so she would not be there this afternoon.

Adolf sighed, looked out the window at the far hills and then said, "Branwell, that girl is having an unexpected effect on me though we don't seem to have much in common."

"I can think of one thing you have in common---you both come from west of the Mississippi River."

He laughed and said, "I don't think our regional origin is any part of the influence she has on me." I knew his wanderings on this earth have been dictated by scholarly interests unrestricted by any family ties. His bachelor existence in Paris was financed by a little work each week on an Iron Trade Journal. After the fall of Paris his ability to speak French, German and a smattering of other languages landed him a position with the Red Cross, which now seems to be what he chooses for his life work, and he looks forward to travelling in many countries for the Red Cross. But how can he explain this change that has come?

He thought a moment and then reminisced, "I have been prodding my memory with great vigor to stir up the image of any little girl that I knew as a boy. No face comes to me except a little French girl who lived three doors away from us. I remember her only because she couldn't say anything that I could understand and she couldn't understand anything I said to her. Barring this episode my life up past the age of ten seems to have been girlless. This is strange because the boys I knew must have had sisters but I don't recall them. I must have played games with a mixed group and bullied girls or had them bully me. But I have no such recollection.

"Thus my early associations with women were not of a kind that stamped any permanent sentiment on me. I knew certain conventional deference was showed them as a matter of course, but all I ever had to do with them was casual and I remember almost nothing about any of them. Girls were amiable and pleasant but that was all. There was no irresistible power of attraction about them.

"This background makes it puzzling for me to understand my present situation---the image of Dora comes into my mind a hundred times a day, and we have established a quick sympathy and a fellowship of solidarity. I speak to her about a future together and she says she is unworthy of it, that when we are back in the U.S. I will see that she has taken advantage of the temporary intimacy forced by internment upon people who otherwise would not be interested in each other."

I couldn't contain myself and shouted, "Hallelulia! At last that nice girl is beginning to get some sense."

"What the hell do you mean, Branwell?"

"I mean she has been flitting about trying to make believe she was interested in any number of the younger boys but she was never happy with any of it. Now, at last, she is getting some sense and is able to see deeper than surface appearances and find a real man. I am delighted, Adolf, and I am sure if you are patient and kind and let her find her way into your heart, you can both come out of this difficult time with something a lot more solid than anybody else in this whole dizzy crowd. Thanks for confiding in me. You've made my day."

SEPTEMBER 15, 1943.

The anniversary of my arrival in Europe. I am determined not to dwell on the failure of my mission or the traumatic effects of incarceration here. I remind myself that "This, too, shall pass," and got ready to go on the long walk.

Our usual guard was sick and couldn't go with us today. The one who went is a new one who has never before been in this part of the country. After we started out I was told that I could choose the path we take, so without a moment of hesitation I led off for territory which the old guard would never permit. We ended up in front of an ancient castle surrounded by a moat just like in the story books. Moving across a drawbridge we soon stood in the courtyard of the castle. Part of the buildings were being used as barracks for Russian workers and we could see Russian women and children moving about. A sign said that the castle is not open to visitors, but it so happened the proprietress of the estate, a Frau Hans Hundt, was in the kitchen supervising preparation of food for the Russians. She came out to meet us, and consented to take us through part of the castle.

With great courtesy she ushered us into a library full of old manuscripts, 30,000 of them she said. Then she took us to the chapel, the hunting room, the drawing room, and a room hung all around with ancient armor. We must have been a spectacle, we Americans in our nondescript clothes, sandwich bags clutched in our hands, and wandering through the home of a German nobleman, gazing at the heirlooms, the paintings, and the delicate ivories.

Our hostess, who was slight in build with prematurely white hair

sparkly sky-blue eyes, was dressed in mourning black. She told us her husband was recently killed in Poland and since they had no children the castle is for sale. I did not know how to thank her for her courtesy and feared to offer her any gift we could provide but as we left I proffered her a can of sardines and she accepted it eagerly. Then Willard gave her a can of salmon and I was surprised at the avidity with which she accepted the food. Others also thanked her and gave her something. One would think that the owner of this grand estate would have security in regard to food, but evidently not.

After we left the castle a group of three---one newsman and two women---began to share a bottle they had brought along, and they invited the Gestapo man to join them. They didn't keep in formation with us and began to straggle farther and farther behind. I was worried because we were obliged to be back at the hotel by 4:30 p.m.

The group got there on time but the drinkers were nowhere to be seen. After I had cleaned up and gone down to dinner I saw Dr. Schleiden in the hall conferring with Herr Bing, the new Gestapo chief. Our new guardian had come in late with the two ladies but he was confused and could not account for the absence of the newsman. He said they had come through a lighted town and that was the last he saw of the man. The two ladies knew nothing about him either and they were in no condition to come down to dinner. The Chief sent out four of his men to look for the straggler because our walk had skirted some steep slopes down which he might have slipped. Nobody mentioned the fact that I had led the group into forbidden territory and I saw nothing to be gained by bringing it up but I did suffer pangs of conscience in case I was in some way responsible for the loss of the newsman.

There was a significant quiet in the dining room this evening. We feared the walking privilege might be taken away from us, and all eyes were on the door hoping to see the newsman appear, but he didn't. It was later announced that the next walks would be shorter, we would have to return by 12:45 instead of 4:40, and there will be a closer screening of the persons who can go on the hikes, which will be limited to short distances, to preselected places, and consumption of liquor on a walk is positively forbidden. This made us all realize how important the privilege of the long walks had become and I hope my part in this afternoon's incident was not responsible for curtailment of this much prized pleasure.

It was nearly midnight when a rumor ran through the hotel that the stray walker had marched into the hotel alone. His story was that when he passed through the town with all the lights he turned the wrong way and was walking away instead of toward us. The more he walked the farther away he was. At last he asked someone for directions and finally found his way back to the hotel. He seemed more angry at us than we were at him but I suspect he deliberately decided to make a slight detour on his own to see what he could see apart from the conducted group. The four Gestapo guards were still out in the night looking for him along the trails when we finally went to bed.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1943.

I have already mentioned that I find Laban Furst an interesting man to talk with. Today he told the story of the Jews from Barmen whom he met in a camp in the south of France. They told him how without any warning

the Nazi authorities in Barmen gathered them up by making massive arrests in the town. They were given only a little time to pack the two suitcases that were allowed. All the Jewish families, everybody, were gathered in the school gymnasium and kept under guard. After 48 hours they were taken in four special trains to the town of Orolen in southern France and put out on the station platform. It was raining heavily but they were made to wait in the open while an inadequate number of trucks carried them to the concentration camp of Gurs. There was no room in the trucks for baggage and all the valises, sacks and bundles remained exposed on the open platform. Some of the prisoners didn't recover their possessions for weeks and some not at all.

Inside the barbed wire at Gurs the Jews, shivering with cold and exhausted by the long trip, were pushed in disorder into empty barracks that had no seats, no pallets, no straw. It was there that Laban and some of the relief workers found them and tried to do what they could.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1943.

Tonight the group of internees was asked to postpone the general lecture which always takes place in the salon, because the Gestapo guards wanted to hear a special broadcast by Goebbels. He has been making a series of speeches to sustain German morale. Several things have happened recently that make necessary some revisions of the expectation of complete German victory and we do not know whether or not the guards received orders to listen to this speech, but we know it is unusual for them all to meet in a body to listen to the radio.

Some of us decided to stay and see how much we could understand and



whether we could find out what it is that has happened to cause the speech. While we waited I talked with Mr. Tinsdale, who told me he feels the Gestapo get more information from reading our outgoing mail than they do from the informers they have infiltrated here. A lot of the younger people and the children are very naive and write things from which the Germans can infer a lot about our knowledge and thinking.

I asked why he doesn't withhold the letters he thinks contain either information or statements the Germans would not like and that might interfere with our exchange, but he said if he did, the person writing the letter would be enraged, so he is in an impossible situation and apparently solves it by doing nothing.

He asked me if it is true that we have nicknames for the guards and I said yes, at least for some of them. One is always referred to as "leather-pants" for an obvious reason. He always wears Bavarian breeches when he goes on walks with us. Another one is known as "Loco," because he walks like a horse that has eaten loco weed. One day he overheard someone using the name and asked what it means. The embarrassed internee thought fast and answered that in English it means 'one of the highest offices in the organization.'

Another guard is known as "Hamburger" because he comes from that town, and there is Herr Mustache and Herr Blondie. The one called Blondie told me he has an uncle in the United States whom he hopes to join in order to go hunting in the Everglades of Florida. The guard we call Mustache asked me one day if the climate of America is better than that of Germany, and I had a terrible time explaining in my limited German about the wide variety of climates in America.

I told Mr. Tinsdale how Leather-pants told me once that he dislikes being a policeman, that he was trained to be an electrician and is a specialist in small motors. He has served in the army for four years and is terrified that he will be sent to Russia. He thinks Germany has too long a battlefront in Russia and may suffer because of it, but he is still convinced that Germany will never lay down arms to Russia. When he learned that some of us are Quakers he told me that as a child after the First World War he received food that was distributed by the Quakers.

One of the present guards is a new bridegroom and told me that his wife is from a German family who lived in Poland. He wants me to meet her some time. As soon as the war is over he hopes to be a dealer in books and old prints, but he will have to save some money because right now he doesn't have any at all. I said to Mr. Tinsdale, "You know, these guards seem to be nice normal people here, but I can't forget that in the past---or even in the future---they may persecute Jews and other prisoners in the cruel fashion we hear about."

SEPTEMBER 25, 1943.

Now, at the end of the French class Dora and I take with Adolf, it has become standard practice for me to leave promptly at the end of the formal period so that she and he can talk together. I have noticed a gradual, happy change in Dora. Formerly she struggled all the time to gain status and a man---equality with the long-time secretaries of the diplomatic corps and somebody on whom she could put her personal mark. She made some impulsive, poorly-received leaps to gain a foothold. She was overly conscious of what people thought. Now she has seen beyond

Adolf's disregard for clothes or social standing; she has glimpsed behind the facade and recognizes the depth of his character.

Some time after class today she came to my room to ask about the translation of a word in the lesson and then lingered to ask a 'hypothetical question' about a man who was in love with a woman who was unworthy of him. Should she accept him?

I told her that I would answer her with a case that is not theoretical and mentioned the estrangement of one of the married couples here, the Kellys.

She said that she remembers when James Kelly was the comedian of the group and once gave a lecture which kept the audience laughing throughout with his stories of mermaids and fiddler crabs and ship doctors. He used to delight in walking in the garden with two or three cronies, exchanging stories and laughing, but now he doesn't walk in the garden unless he sees it is deserted. Neither does he tell funny stories anymore.

His little French wife, Anna, is a polite, obliging person but Kelly says they now get in each other's way cooped up in one room, adding that being in the same room with his wife all this time has cured him of the idea he used to have of someday living with her in a tiny cottage.

"He told me the other day that she constantly accuses him of reading all the time and she annoys him by always being in front of the mirror when he goes to comb his hair. He said the present situation for him is unbearable," I told Dora.

Kelly, formerly an intelligence officer in the Navy, had one of the most irregular occupations in the world. He sailed to many countries and was away from home for weeks at a time. This suited him fine. Now he cannot accept close confinement with his wife. I told Dora that if two people are going to live together for thirty, forty or fifty years they must have interesting things to talk about or they will get cruelly on

each other's nerves. It takes a real effort for a man like Kelly to cultivate new interests and it is even harder for his wife, who is a retiring sort of person.

Then I told her I thought the girl she was asking about should accept the 'theoretical' proposal if she loves the man and thinks they would be happy together, but there are at least twenty women here who are not married and who would like to analyze and criticize such an engagement in detail. There are also some thirty married women who would like to express a calculated and experienced opinion about whether the couple are suited to each other or not. There are forty men with their wives or whose wives are not here, and they would like nothing better than to make sport of Adolf---getting not so theoretical now, I called him by name---as a deserter from the ranks of bachelorhood. But to return to the theoretical question, my advice was that if a man is in love with a woman who loves him but thinks she is unworthy, she can accept his proposal and then demonstrate her love by not making an announcement of their engagement to a group such as we have here.

Dora kissed my cheek, smiled and said, "Thanks again, dear Branwell. As always, you have given me good advice and this time I intend to take it. Next time we talk you can tell me how I can overcome this feeling that I am not worthy of him."

OCTOBER 7, 1943.

Because of the weather we have not kept to our regular schedule of long walks but today we could go and climbed to the top of the mountains where we were walking through a pine forest when we heard planes overhead.

They were so high you couldn't see them, but I was near an opening in the trees and caught a flash in the air which enabled me to locate the squadron. I guessed that there were probably twelve to fifteen planes up there in the bright sunlight. You could occasionally see a vapor trail and follow them that way. Then we saw one bomber with a continuous stream of white smoke following it. There had been a sound of guns and I feared that it had been hit, but it seemed to hold its place in the formation. It is an ominous fact that planes from England are now so bold that they make raids on Germany in broad daylight and the newsmen immediately began to speculate about how long before the war is over.

As I walked around in the woods I bent down and picked up a shiny cartridge which must have fallen from one of the planes going over on a previous mission. Suddenly above us there were the screaming sounds of bombs coming through the air over our heads. The Gestapo guard threw himself flat in a gulley and we numbskulls just stood there listening as the bombs thudded not three miles away. You could hear the dull concussions and see brown dirt and smoke billow up in the valley. The heavy, dirty clouds of earth seemed unconnected with the gleaming fairy-like ships that sailed through the sunlit sky.

We learned later that the bombs we heard had killed eight people in the little railroad station up the valley, among the dead a young man, his wife and seven-week-old baby.

American planes occasionally drop red, white and blue leaflets from the air which we are forbidden to pick up. However, I lagged behind and retrieved one from the ground and later translated it as follows: "Adolf Hitler declared war on the U.S. December 11, 1941. President Roosevelt

said before Congress July 1, 1943, 'We will fight back and fight hard. I can't tell you if we will in Norway or in Poland or in Holland or in France or Sardinia or Sicily or the Balkans or on other points defeat the enemy in battle, but this I can tell you---whenever or wherever we invade, we and the English and the Russians will, without pause, run him out of the skies. Day in, day out, we will pour tons of bombs on his factories, camps and harbor facilities. The American Air Force now enforces these words."

After witnessing the air raid today Ray Haydon wrote it up to file away for use in some speech or for his collection of dispatches for the United Press when we are released. He showed it to me and I copied his description of the incident. One can only judge for one's self the degree of exaggeration. Here's what he wrote:

"I was on the receiving end of 127 allied air raid alarms. We were on the main route to the upper Rhineland and the industrial basin of Mannheim, Frankfort, Strasbourg and Munich. I saw British and American bombers fall out of the skies but I also saw the red glare of burning German towns. I heard and felt the explosion of bombs that tipped the scales at four tons. The shock was terrific, morally and materially.

"From a mountain top at 10:30 a.m. on October 7th, 1943, I had a ringside seat for the first great All-American daylight raid on the Rhineland. During more than an hour I watched a perfect performance by more than 400 Flying Fortresses. The Gestapo guard who was in charge of our exercise party crouched for safety in a gully. Overhead for fifty minutes the Americans flew in parade-like formation. Not a shot was fired, not a plane crashed within my sight, not a single German fighter dared

to take to the sky. ... I saw another squadron veer sharply to the left and, unhindered, bomb the airport, railroad yards and river port of Strasbourg. More than 2000 tons of bombs had been dropped by these planes.

"The fields and forests around the target were combed for Allied propaganda papers. The Gestapo and local police, forest guards and troops found thousands of them and burned them."

I wondered if this was the same raid that I saw and if the percentage of exaggeration in all of Haydon's reports to his newspaper syndicate is as high as in this account.

OCTOBER 16, 1943.

Talked with Dumont today. He doesn't believe the dropping of bombs near Barmen did much to shake the faith of the local population in eventual German victory. The dictatorship is still in the hands of the Nazis and their hold is firm right down to the smallest village, where a Nazi party member controls the tiniest details. They employ informers who snoop on every citizen in the land. They find out who voted "no" against any of the candidates favored by Hitler in any election and among their informers can be your own son or another member of your family or your best friend.

Here in Barmen we are not in a position to make extensive judgments about the internal situation in Germany but our observations are sufficient to convince him that the Nazi power will be broken. The Russian campaign has cost Germany the war in his opinion, and the great German sacrifices on the Eastern Front have been in vain, since to meet the American and British attacks in Africa Germany had to move its forces out

of Russia and sacrifice the hard-won contests there. Dumont, once a brilliant international news reporter, has become so disillusioned that now talking with him, while thought-provoking, more often than not leaves me feeling hopeless and depressed.

OCTOBER 25, 1943.

The long walks we take have become almost the only bright spot in our existence here. On previous walks when the day was clear we could see on the horizon the highest point in the province surmounted by a tower. We requested permission to walk to that summit several times but it was always forbidden. They said that the time allowed us was not enough to walk uphill for ten miles and get back in time. Besides, we suspected, the Gertapo guards were not anxious to make such a hard climb.

However, some of the younger men felt that the climb to this high point must be made before we leave here and before the slopes are deep with snow so they persisted and finally wore down the guards and the authorities, persuading them to let us try it and to allow us till 4:30 to return.

In spite of a late start we reached the snow line half an hour ahead of schedule and climbed to the tower in three hours five minutes after leaving the hotel. Pretty good climbing for a mixed group of eighteen people. On top of the tower we found six German boys and their teacher reading a name carved on the wooden stair bannister. It read, "Churchill, 1940." Didn't say which Churchill. From the tower you can look east across miles of uninterrupted forest and to the west is a great plain of agriculture, industry and transportation---the Rhine Valley. You get glimpses of the shining water at the bends of the river and beyond that the wall



of the Vosges mountains. Toy-like trains run on the railroad and tiny ships ply the river. The valley looks all delicate white roads and green steeples poking above the trees. It is difficult to believe that misery lives under the red roofs in this beautiful valley through which so much strife has been channelled into Europe through the ages.

A German girl with a knap-sack on her back came up to the top of the tower, looked around and stopped in front of me. Her face was blotched with the climb and the cold, and she seemed unable to control her shivering. She asked if I were an Englander and I said no, we are Amerikaner. Then she asked if we are internees and I said yes. I offered her a piece of chocolate but when she extended her hand her fingers were so stiff it dropped on her coarse shoes and bounced into the snow. Nevertheless, her cold fingers found it and then she smiled her thanks as she walked away.

OCTOBER 31, 1943.

After our Halloween dinner the diningroom lights went out and masked children came in preceded by a huge pumpkin with a candle in it. The dozen children were all nationalities but they entered into the American tradition whole-heartedly. One little French girl came all blacked up like a pickaninny. Another was in a Pocahontas costume. One was a cowboy, one a clown, another a skier. The final child in the procession wore a suit made up entirely of cardboard from prisoner food packages.

The prize, a cake, was given to the pickaninny and the whole group of children posed for photographs, then took the cake off to have their own party. I wondered if children were knocking on our door at home as they always do, receiving treats and showing off their costumes.

NOVEMBER 2, 1943.

Mme. LeConte and I were invited to have tea with Mr. and Mrs. Tinsdale today. The conversation began with the negotiations for our repatriation, the one topic high on everyone's mind these many months. Tinsdale said the German Foreign Office in Berlin is unable to imagine the other side's position, as illustrated by negotiations up till now. They evidently thought the United States places a much higher value on us as a group than in fact it does. Therefore, the Germans made enormous demands on the U.S., but when they found we are not as valuable as trading material as they thought, they began to make concessions. There was something sad about the way he said this, as if he felt that he, as our representative, acts as a negotiable pawn between the two countries. Everyone here has heard of the speed with which the diplomats of Japan and the United States were exchanged, and he inferred that apparently there are no people in this group whom President Roosevelt is interested in getting back to Washington quickly. He said what I already knew, that the staff when it was originally set up in Vichy held many important persons but they had all been moved to other assignments outside of France before relations were broken off.

Tinsdale is concerned that the correspondents of powerful papers in the U.S. who are here now will get back to the U.S. and file dispatches that will interpret and color events here according to their ideas, which are quite different from his, and this will have a negative effect on the careers of the diplomats here. Two points which he wants to have interpreted correctly and which are not believed by the newsmen here are that all confidential documents were removed from the Embassy in Vichy before the

Germans took over the building. The other is that the decision to take this diplomatic group from France to Germany was something in which he had no voice at all because it was all decided in Berlin and accomplished before anybody could stop it. The Swiss who are our representatives protested to both the French and German governments but their objections were fruitless.

It occurred to me, possibly unfairly, that perhaps he was most worried about what effects reports from internees might have on his subsequent career.

NOVEMBER 5, 1943.

When Mr. Tinsdale came into the dining room for dinner this evening he stopped at our table and tapped on a water glass for attention and waved for silence. The buzz of conversation died instantly and everything was quiet. He asked everyone to come into the salon immediately after dinner. Then the buzz began again and rose to a higher level as everyone speculated on what he will have to say---is it more restrictions due to excessive behavior of some of the group? or is it---God be praised---some word of our exchange?

When the entire group had assembled, Tinsdale ordered that the door be closed and then announced that he received a phone call this afternoon from the Swiss saying that the United States has accepted in principle the German note of July 19th. He cautioned us that there is always a lapse of time between acceptance in principle and the final exchange, giving as an example Bad Nauheim, where it required two months. He added that the present exchange is infinitely more complicated because of the number

Germans in the Americas to be collected and transported to Lisbon.

That statement notwithstanding, the announcement was received with wild elation because it does put a terminus on our stay here even though it may be several months in the future. It was a welcome change in our monotony even to those who have no ties in America and prefer to stay in Europe. The excited group milled about the salon for a long time exchanging guesses as to how long it will be.

NOVEMBER 14, 1943.

Mrs. Darnley and Mme. LeConte frequently entertain each other at tea and I was there one day while they were analyzing some of the social rivalries between the women in the group. I have never paid much attention to such things but this was interesting. It seems some of the women tend to form an entourage which they feel is necessary to their happiness. According to these two ladies there are three or four women who struggle to rule this miniature social world. They compete with each other in giving parties and save up their rations of wine and food for parties in their rooms.

One hostess with greater pretensions rented the hotel basement room for a party and purchased a lot of wine through the black market. She invited about half the internee socialites, which created under-currents of rancor in the half that weren't invited. Another hostess not to be outdone, retaliated with an even more elaborate party. She rented both basement rooms and served five hundred sandwiches and enough wassail to go along with them all.

The result of these battles-of-the-hostesses was to draw into the

set the more staid and sober people who normally are not given to drinking heavily in mixed company or chasing each other through the halls in the early hours of the morning. Gifford told he has refused invitations to these parties and is surprised and saddened to find it entirely severed contact with some of his friends who are no longer around in the daytime.

I confessed to the ladies that I lack the capacity to conform to the behavior of that group. I do not play cards or drink and while there are some people here whose companionship I coveted, I could not keep up contact with them outside the social whirl. The sequence of events in which they are absorbed makes it impossible. You either have to join their circle and go to their parties or lose touch with them. I had to do the latter because the hours they keep and mine do not jibe.

NOVEMBER 21, 1943.

Today I found Armond Dumont sitting in his rocking chair reading the German papers, an occupation on which he spends three hours a day at least. He says that even before we were interned he was wrought up by U.S. plans for the war. He regretted the alliance between America and the Bolshevist regime in Russia which brought ruination on about seven million bourgeois Russians. He was so upset by what he saw that he sought consolation in a monastery, but that didn't satisfy him. He now believes that to be a monk a man must take orders before he is twenty.

I told him that I cannot read German well enough to catch the significance behind the surface of the articles, and he explained how German papers are edited for different classes of people. One paper is the organ of the Nazi party, for the masses, and has an appeal much like

Hearst papers in the U.S. Another paper is intended for cultivated people and every week it has an editorial by the Minister of Propaganda himself, Dr. Goebbels. And there is still another paper that bears the outward appearance of independence and makes discrete criticisms of minor policies with an illusion of free speech but it is in reality a party paper just as much as the others.

NOVEMBER 23, 1943.

I have seen troops of German boys, Hitler Youth, marching through the park opposite the hotel or hiking through the forest while we are on our walks. They all look super-healthy and cleancut. It may be because they are provided extra rations. In this Hitler Youth boys of all classes, aristocratic or peasant, are made to share common tasks, common activities and common goals. They interrupt their schooling or their home life and take to the out-of-doors on long marches with hard manual labor. As they walk they sing with great vigor and harmony. There are no hollow chests or round shoulders in these groups.

I have seen only one or two comparable groups of girls but they too seemed bursting with health. They, too, wore a uniform, white blouse, blue skirts, heavy socks and shoes, and carry heavy packs just like the boys. Once in Barmen, passing a cafe that also serves as a night club, we stopped to read a sign on the door that I translate as: "Youth raised in the new way are not permitted in night clubs."

DECEMBER 6, 1943.

Because of the light at the end of the tunnel of internment I had not been expecting there still to be so many interpersonal problems, but

this week there appear to be more than a normal number of tiffs and spats among people at various tables. One girl feels that another one should not have left her out of a party and because she did, some of the chocolate the first had given to the second should be replaced. Both of them got so upset that they retired, each to her room, and didn't come down to eat for two days.

Marion felt the necessity of telling Ethel that she had coffee with Ron last night. Ethel is smitten by Ron and thinks Marion has tea or coffee with him just to cut her out. It never occurs to Ethel that Ron wishes to avoid her and asked the other girl to tea to escape.

Mina Pringle, one of the mistresses here, told Mme. LeConte through her tears that she feels she has sacrificed herself for a man she thought had a great future. Now she finds she is wrong and vastly over-estimated him. She finds him uninteresting intellectually but she now has no place to go. She cannot leave this internment, and because the gossip would destroy them both she can't ask for another room. Mme. LeConte said she wished she could invite Mina to join our group sometimes but feels there are some at our table who would object. These things get terribly petty but give folks a lot to talk about.

At table today I heard how at many of the diplomatic tables people have for weeks been getting into touchy wrangles over trivial matters. For example, Wallack and Todd fell out when Todd left the table leaving his apple tart. Wallack thought Todd had left permanently and ate it. When Todd returned and asked here his tart was the ensuing argument resulted in their moving to separate tables.

The list of alienations goes on and on and is too dull to reiterate,

but as a result of all this we increased the number at our table to eighteen. When I asked the members at our table how many would like to increase the number to twenty they all voted yes and voted for Dumond and Floyd to join us; both of them said they were grateful for the invitation. Now I have been requested by our group to arrange more elaborate programs, so I have made out a list of six single persons to come to our table at luncheon on six consecutive days in exchange for six of our group. In addition, I have made a list of six married couples to come serially for dinner. This gives a varied program for a week. It will be interesting to see what happens now.

DECEMBER 9, 1943.

Mrs. Darnley and Mme. LeConte in their afternoon tea decided on a surprising plan. They have been critical of all the 'wet parties' and thought it would be nice for a change to have a 'dry party,' one in which each person would call upon his own resources for entertaining and there would be no stimulants. Mme. LeConte said she was not accustomed to late hours but promised to be there.

So at nine o'clock a group of us assembled in the Darnleys' room. Larry Nash started the entertainment by reciting an oration of Wendell Phillips on "Tousant l'Overture." Applause was great and as an encore he responded with an imitation of a phonograph record. Ron Rice sang the ballad of "Ann Boleyn" and as his encore a chorus from Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado." Mrs. Buller and Rog Dawson sang a German song which he accompanied on the accordion and the whole group joined in the chorus as an air alert sounded in the city. We waited in silence for the gong



that meant we would have to descend to the cellar. The drone of planes was clearly heard but no gong and someone started to recite:

"Listen my children and you shall hear, of the midnight ride of Paul Revere. ... A voice in the darkness, a knock on the door, and a word that shall echo ever more."

The group had in its collective memory a great amount of American folklore, and songs such as "Turkey in the Straw, "Frankie and Johnnie" "Reuben, Reuben I've been thinking," and the like.

As we left quietly at a decent hour we thanked our hostess for her dry party and she thanked us for helping make it a success. Mme. Grousset accompanied Mme. LeConte to her room and confided that she had attended many a party here but this one was the most fun even though she knew none of the American songs.

#### DECEMBER 12, 1943.

Yesterday Gifford, Armand and I were in Adolf's room where he was working on a creche for the Christmas Eve party. It is to be a representation of the stable in Bethlehem, with the cattle, sheep, shepherds, Magi and all. Our particular job was the pulling of gummed tape with great care off the cartons in which the prisoners' food packages come in and make a curled paper rope. We talked as we worked.

Wells asked Rodney if he reads a good deal. "Yes, till two o'clock every morning," was the answer.

"If you read that late, what time do you get up in the morning?" Gifford wanted to know.

"Seven o'clock," was the answer.

I remarked that his habits would qualify him to be a good monk. Then Rodney, who knew that Armand had spent some time in a monastery,

asked him what he thought about living the life of a monk. Dumont looked thoughtfully at his paper-pulling for a while and then told how in a state of great depression he had joined his cousin who was practising meditation in the Grand Chartreuse monastery. He said that silence itself has no magic for him---it can be just sheer emptiness---just absence of words.

He told how he was surrounded there by men who had taken the triple vow of poverty, chastity and obedience, but this three-fold vow did not solve any problems for him. He had grown too old and had witnessed too many large-scale horrors. He could no longer regard sex as always evil or poverty as necessarily good, or obedience to ecclesiastical authority as anything but shelving his own self-will.

Gifford said that he has attended several churches in Barmen but has not been able to free his mind from the situation in Germany that exists outside the churches. It is hard for him to join in hymns of love when there is so much cruelty outside the walls of the church.

Adolf recalled that when we first came here there were for several Sundays groups of internees who met and read the Episcopalian service and other denominations also held meetings but they have all been discontinued, probably due to the fact that most of the people who might attend would rather stay up and party on Saturday night and then sleep all day Sunday.

I reminded Armond of the abbreviated service we attended in the Greek church on the other side of Barmen, of the deep emotion and joy we felt coming from those shaved-headed, poorly-clad women who had walked so far to be there.

He told us that the Gestapo permits no religious services among

their prisoners. Shaking his head sadly, he said that even the rudiments of spiritual care by priests, especially among the Poles, would have reassured thousands in their last moments. He knew there were a few priests among the prisoners who exercised a kind of underground ministry but it was done at risk of great personal danger.

We invited Adolf to come on the walk tomorrow and continue the discussion but he declined, saying he had too much to do on the Christmas jobs and time is already getting short.

DECEMBER 13, 1943.

It snowed in the night and our walk today was through the village of Briesback, where children were coasting down the main street. I was particularly envious of one old grandpa who was guiding a coaster with children on behind him, and I vowed that next winter I will take my little grandsons to slide with me down the hills in Ohio where I used to play as a child.

The snow fell in great quantities and the wind shifted so it drifted across the path. As we climbed higher the snow changed to sleet and we began to get wet. It was soon apparent that we could never reach the inn which had been our destination and when we saw, down in a hollow amongst dense fir trees a kind of rough barn built of unhewn logs, we headed for it.

Inside was stored hay apparently to feed deer during times of heavy snow. The eaves of the roof extended out so that if our group stood in a single line with their backs to the logs they could keep dry. But there was not room enough for all of us under the eaves so three of us climbed up under the comb of the roof and lay on the hay.

By chance it happened that Gifford, Armand and I were the ones in

the loft. We regretted that Adolf was not with us so we could continue the discussion of 'contemplation' that we had left unfinished last night. Gifford suggested that we make an effort to practice contemplation while we waited for the sleet to stop.

We lay back on the hay in the semi-darkness and were quiet. I felt some disquietude about putting this, our method of worship, to such a test, but suddenly total silence fell---complete and reassuring. I felt alone even though there were people on the hay with me and people standing under the eaves below. At first the silence was merely the ceasing of human activity. Then I heard Gifford in a quiet, calm voice repeat a sentence from the New Testament.

Again silence fell as though nobody heard. But now it was deep, living silence, as though the barn were lined with cotton wool. More minutes passed, and still more. Then in the velvety, calming atmosphere life slowly started again. Someone sat up in the hay and we felt for each other's hands to shake them. The handshake was in a way to seal up the sharing of that contemplation. We did not speak about it to each other either then or afterward, but I relished and treasure its memory.

Soon the wet sleet ceased and we mushed our way back in the slush, reaching the hotel within the assigned time.

DECEMBER 14, 1943.

While we are marching along under guard on our walks we are always interested in the other prisoners we see. Recently we fancy we notice that the Germans must be calling up more of their older farmers for military

service because there are increasing numbers of foreign prisoners working the land.

Today there were twenty-seven French prisoners being marched along under guard of German soldiers. The men carried bundles that looked as if they had just arrived. We have several times passed a prisoner compound of about a square acre. Both guards and prisoners are away at work someplace during daylight hours and we stopped one time to read a placard of regulations on the gate:

"Contact with German women is forbidden under severe penalty, including death. Women are warned that prisoners are still enemies and every human manifestation of sympathy is out of place and beneath the dignity of the German nation. Entrance to the prisoners' quarters by any but official authorities is forbidden. It is forbidden to give a prisoner a present or to receive one from him. When working in the houses of citizens, prisoners are forbidden to read papers or to sit at the same table with Germans. Only priests of the same nationality as the prisoners can administer religious consolation. Prisoners cannot hand a letter to anyone to put in a mailbox. Their mail must go through censorship first. Any aid to a prisoner can bring the penalty for treason."

One Sunday afternoon our walk took us past a compound where some prisoners were sunning themselves not far from the barbed wire. Many wore only shorts and were with great concentration picking through their clothes for lice.

Walking along the valley, where snow-covered trees arched over the road, those of us in front noticed that the guard and the slower walkers were taking a break and were seated alongside the road. A French prisoner-

farmhand came up to us and spoke to Wallack and though we knew we are forbidden to give anything to prisoners-of-war, Wallack gave him a cigarette and proffered his lighter. The Frenchman took a puff, looked at it for a long moment, and said it was the best he had tasted in a long, long while.

The guard wasn't watching so Wallack asked the man what restrictions are put on him. He said that he is not to read newspapers, cannot do any of those things we saw on the placard, and is paid in some kind of special money that is good only in certain shops---70 pfennig for a full day in summer, 54 a day in winter, 5 a.m. till dark. In addition to his field work he has to milk the cows and curry the horses. Wallack asked about his food and he said it is a shame to see food cooked in the German way. Smiling, he also said that a chicken or a goose that is accidentally killed, like being run over by a wagon, may be eaten only if the family notifies the food authorities and gets permission, and there have been a number of such fatalities on this farm since he has been here. Once he was told to shut a chicken in the stall with a horse that is known to kick. This threw us into general laughter. Then Wallack asked him about German women and he just shook his head and said nothing. When someone asked if the German women wear perfume like the French women the man shook his head again sadly and said he wished they did.

As soon as Loco and his group got up and started forward, the Frenchman turned back and began working again in his field.

The noon objective of this walk was an inn we had visited on another occasion and inside when we got there the contrast between the cold outside and the warmth inside was delicious. I took off my shoes and dried my socks on a radiator. Then I put three chairs in a row along the wall and stretched out for a rest.

The hostess of the inn served wine and apple strudel. Roger, Amy and

Lois Gunden as a trio sang some songs and the time passed much too quickly. Soon we had to bundle up and trudge out into the winter again, where we found more snow had fallen and we had to choose whether to take the short way or the long way home. The majority voted for the long way and it became more and more difficult as the snow got deeper. Amy begged for a halt to change her stockings. Once we found Armand had fallen way behind so we waited on the windward side of a shack till he caught up. It promised to be a night of high wind and drifted snow but we managed to get back to the hotel in time without losing anybody.

DECEMBER 20, 1943.

Mr. Tinsdale has asked me if our group would like to be responsible for the collection from all internees of Christmas gifts for hotel employees who do not come in contact with guests. People like the chef, his two assistants and nine helpers, three seamstresses, a mechanic, some bookkeepers and clerks---in the entire there are twenty-six people. I accepted his offer on behalf of the Quaker group and later in an Executive Committee meeting he asked each member to notify his constituents that we would be making this collection.

We decided to divide the hotel up by floors and delegated a section to each member. The collection was made quickly and resulted in 125 articles such as cakes of soap, cans of food, items of clothing etc. An unexpected reaction from many of the donors was a suspicion of Mr. Brauer, the hotel manager. They thought that he would distribute the gifts and say they were from him, or he might even select some of the choice items for himself. Others asked to see the list of names and objected to this one or that one. We assured them that these catastrophes would not be allowed to happen and took the gifts to our largest room and tied them

into twenty-six packages of about equal value. Then we turned them over to the hotel management for distribution in the dining room before Christmas Eve.

DECEMBER 23, 1943.

This morning on our walk I saw a little pine tree fallen in a brook and managed to pole it out without getting my feet soaked. I was allowed to carry it back to the hotel where I gave it to Mme. Houdin, who set it up in a corner of her room. Later when she invited Mme. LeConte, Gifford, Roger and me to tea to see her tree, we admired it and all the decorations she had been ingenious enough to creat out of odd bits of this and that.

At dusk I went to my room and found a package from the employees of the hotel below stairs. It contained cookies, a corsage of flowers and a note which thanked us for the packages and wished us a Merry Christmas. After the dinner tonight the dining room lights were lowered and a quartette from our table, dressed in winter clothes and carrying candles, marched amongst the tables singing old Christmas carols. It moved some people to tears, even some of the hardened newsmen. Later in the salon Larry Nash read Dickens' "Christmas Carol." One can only speculate on the emotions that filled the hearts of all of us, thinking of our loved ones at Christmas-time and hoping for sure to be with them for next year's Christmas.

DECEMBER 24, 1943.

This evening I watched Adolf Rodney in the grand salon alone completing preparations for the Christmas Eve party to be held there later tonight. His decorations are very ingenious considering the shortage of



materials at his disposal. The creche with its animals was delightful. The Christmas tree was full of tinsel and glittering lights. He had also concocted a white beard and some red robes for Santa Claus. When he said there was nothing I could do to help I went upstairs until time for the festivities to begin.

When I came down later the party was in full swing---Santa Claus in full costume was made up with red cheeks and was beginning to hand out presents to the children. Trouble was, he couldn't read the names on the gifts because he was too drunk. He left the tree and the children and began to kiss the ladies in the front row. Things were rapidly getting out of hand.

Adolf was already dead tired from his long hours of preparation and when he realized that many of the people in addition to Santa Claus were already over-liquored, he withdrew from the salon in tears and went up to his room, sobbing.

When Adolf left the party, Gifford, Armand and I rose and started to follow him. We stopped in the lobby to confer before going to his room and decided it was best to leave him alone for a while to compose himself.

Gifford said that when he came to the internment he expected that he would make changes in himself intellectually. This has not happened. Instead, he has felt a let-down, part of which, he thinks, is due to the lack of a normal busy life. But we ought to study how it is that we have sunk to the point where the coming of Christianity to the world is so profaned. Here we are, holding a Christmas celebration at the geographical center of a horrible war. The problems that threaten Christianity

in this year of 1943, and especially in this section of the world, are begging for study and dedication. He suggested that we all go and think of these problems and meet in Adolf's room in half an hour to give him the kind of fellowship he truly deserves.

When we came to Adolf's room thirty minutes later, he was absent-mindedly picking from the floor scraps that had gathered there from his long efforts on the Christmas costumes and scenery. We sat down and expressed our appreciation of his interest and efforts to overcome the handicap of a Christmas in internment. Then Gifford said, "It is not unusual for a Christmas celebration to fall short of the ideals expressed in the early Christian documents. But this evening this group's understanding of the original intent of the Gospels was unusually superficial. The responsibility for this rests upon the Americans here as a group. You may have observed in the past few days how seriously the Germans in Barmen regard this day. Their attitude shows that they share some of the fundamental ideas that Christians have in common. I think we should have taken this opportunity to do more to show that between our two nations there is a mutual background and basic feeling at Christmastime. Both of our nations' soldiers are away from home tonight."

We sat quietly in fellowship with Adolf and then departed, nobody returning to the party downstairs. Back in my room I opened the curtain a little to peer down on the familiar street where I have watched so many people pass so many times this year. The street was empty. The moon lingered on the rooftops where there were patches of snow. The house where Claudia lives was dark and bleak. It is quite an effort to realize that this is really Christmas.

DECEMBER 26, 1943.

This morning after Christmas I went down to breakfast at 7 a.m. as usual. No internees were downstairs. Usually the maids clean the dining room and the salon before the guests arise and then move on to the bedrooms to make them up for the day. This morning there is more than the usual amount of cleaning because of various Christmas parties and they won't get to the rooms until later than usual. That is all to the good, since few of the guests will be out of bed before noon anyhow.

However, when I returned to my room I found the bed already made. Katie came in the door and began flicking a dust cloth over the furniture in a half-hearted way, a troubled look on her face. Then she told me she had been to Mass early this morning and after hesitating a little, with a plaintive look on her face, she asked me in German, "Glauben in Christmas?"

Do I believe in Christmas? I said that I do. That's all she said, poor humble soul. She must have had something on her heart but when she heard my answer she left with a look of relief on her face.

Apparently she didn't have any more rooms vacant right now because in a little while she came back and began to talk---about former days---guests of the hotel, people who came to gamble at the Casino and attend music festivals. Her grandfather was once a newsboy who sold newspapers at the hotel doors. Guests always bought the papers because visitors to the city were listed by name under the hotels where they were staying. Many of the royalty came but under assumed names to avoid formalities, but their close friends always knew where to find them by reading the newspapers.

Also, the newspapers had a program listing the pleasures of the day, hours for concerts, baths and promenades. Katie recalled many South American guests who had been fine people. She also spoke well of Jewish guests who stayed here. One person she remembered especially was a meat-packer from Chicago. He made a lasting impression because he drank all the time.

She was really wound up this morning and talked about how before the war the hotel had a floorshow in the dining room. One of the young men who used to dance in the show was recently killed on the Russian front leaving a wife and baby. The hotel staff are grieving about him.

Then she told me that Berlin has been heavily bombed in four bad air raids. She's worried about her sister there. She also said that Dr. Schleiden's home there has been hit and it is said that 150 letters from the U.S. to our group were destroyed by bombs.

This has been quite a day for hotel gossip. Katie also told about one of the women in the sewing room who is marrying a boy in the scullery. When I asked what kind of girl the bride-to-be is, Katie said, "Half-witted." Nevertheless, I sent the girl a bar of chocolate. When I told Katie about hearing a woman screaming like crazy last night she said it was on account of the death of her husband on the Russian front. She went on to say that another of the maids, Johanna, has had her husband home from the front for two months with a bad wound in one leg, but now he has been compelled to return to combat with it only partially healed because they need soldiers so badly. Another maid, Brunhilde, has a nephew who was furloughed with typhoid and lost all his hair, but he, too, has been ordered back. She drew her finger across her throat to indicate what happens if they don't go.

After talking with Katie I went up to the top floor of the hotel and stood at a dormer window looking over the city to the dark hills that rise behind it. It was quiet and cool up there, and I thought how older than Christianity are the legends of the Teutons, which may be the origin of many of our present Christmas customs---like the fir tree. I'm sure the primitive people of the upper Rhine region must have felt that Kris Kringle, or whatever they called him then, lived high up somewhere in these mountains.

DECEMBER 31, 1943.

This is New Years Eve and the Chairman of the Entertainment Committee has received a request which is really an order from the German authorities of the town to curtail such demonstrations and riotous behavior as occurred on Christmas Eve. Specifically, he was requested to have no dancing because Germany is in a three-day period of mourning for those lost in the Russian campaign. The Chairman didn't want to abide by the order because he felt the mourning is a propaganda effort to emphasize to the German people the menace of Russia, but Mr. Tinsdale prevailed and so the New Years Eve celebration has been cut down to a watch party and late supper to begin in the Grand Salon at 11 p.m.

JANUARY 1, 1944.

The beginning of a new year and I wonder how much of it will spent right here. It doesn't bear much thinking.

Last night I escorted Mme. LeConte down to the party early to assure her of a comfortable chair. Mr. and Mrs. Neville from Geneva were there,

recognized her and came over to greet her. They settled down to talk a while and Mr. Neville told us he has visited other American groups interned in Germany since he was last here. He finds that many people with U.S. citizenship do not want to return to America. Mme. LeConte confessed that she is one of those and that many in our group feel the same way. He sympathized with her but repeated what I already knew---that we are all numbers in a game between governments and individual preferences count not at all.

Soon an orchestra made up of internees began to play and continued until midnight when a gong sounded and everybody cheered to mark the New Year. The doors of the dining room were thrown open and a lunch made up of contributions from the food packages was served. Our German guards joined us for the lunch, including the new bride and the girl from across the street who is considered to be the espionage agent. Some of our bolder men approached her and asked how they are listed on her reports but she just laughed and exchanged light-hearted banter with them.

There was a piano in the room and Loco, the guard, sat down to play. A group quickly gathered there, including some of the hotel employees who came up from the kitchen and later the new bride and the blonde from across the street sang a Polish duet.

Mme. LeConte was soon ready to go to her room and as we waited for the elevator we found Roger playing one of his frequent hoaxes on Dora Vaughn. He had seen her run the elevator up to one of the upper floors and the indicator showed it was still there, so Roger rang Dora's room by the house phone and, imitating the voice of the night clerk, said gruffly, "Vot have you done mit mein elevator?"

She replied, "I will bring it right down." It was a grave offense for a guest to take the elevator and she knew it. The elevator came down quickly and Dora emerged with a scared look, glanced around for Herr Beyer and then relaxed when she saw Mme. LeConte and me smiling and Roger breaking up with laughter. For a moment she couldn't decide whether to be angry with him or share the joke. Finally her good humor prevailed and she, too, roared with laughter and the two of them went off to the room where the music was still going on.

JANUARY 10, 1944.

The mood of the internees is getting somewhat lighter and the mood of the population around us is getting blacker. Tonight there was a minstrel show in the big salon. In addition to the internees in the audience there was Dr. Schleiden and his family, Mr. Brauer, and Mr. & Mrs. Neville. Several of the hotel employees stood in the doorway to watch the show.

The curtain of the stage had been painted with big burlesque-type advertisements of a firm called Tinsdale, Taylor and Hanks. An ad for Brauer's Hotel contained the slogan "For the Rest of your Life." When the curtain went up Mr. Tinsdale sat in the seat of the Interlocutor, in black-face, with a fake mustache and a plug hat. The end men were also blackened and wore screaming loud suits. One of the girls was made up as a "high yellow" and sang "Oh Susanna." Donald McAdam sang "Lonesome Road" and Colonel Schow sang "Old Man River," his specialty.

That was the sedate part of the show. The jokes were about food, about Mr. Tinsdale as a diplomat, about Mr. Percy as a hen-picked husband

and about Mr. Todd as a miser (he is the Red Cross Treasurer). Of all the performers John Rowland had the best southern accent and timing.

The dog Putzi came in for some ribbing. They called him a "sooner dog." He would sooner lift his leg in the house than in the garden. Toward the end, the show became not only frank but also irreverent. To the Europeans present, who are not conditioned from childhood to the American Minstrel Show, it must have seemed an impious performance.

Before it was over John Rowland and James Kelly, both Americans of Irish blood, insisted on having an Irish skit, Rod played while they sang Irish songs and it was to conclude with an Irish reel in which Mrs. Patman was to participate. She was there all right but the local wine had so confused her that she saw her partners only dimly and she executed a spirited solo dance quite independent of her associates or the music. I have noted in the past theatrical performances that a great deal of the action is devised during the performance and this ad lib improvisation is thoroughly appreciated by the audience if not always by some of the surprised actors on the stage.

JANUARY 15, 1944.

The anniversary of our coming here. How can it be a whole year? On the other hand sometimes it seems forever. I was sitting on a bench in the garden musing over the past year and watching the Schleiden children playing with two of the internee girls. They were exchanging jump-rope tricks, skipping rope backwards, hand-over-hand motion, and "red-hot-pepper," when Dr. Schleiden himself sat down beside me. I was surprised to see him because information in the hotel was that he had gone to Berlin to



see a doctor about his heart trouble. However, remembering what Katie had told me, and noticing his bandaged hand, I suspected otherwise, but didn't ask about it. I didn't need to, for he volunteered the information that his home had been seriously damaged in the bombing of Berlin, which he considered to be an outrage. I silently thought about all the French, English and Polish cities that have been similarly destroyed but listened to him continue.

He had gone to his house with the intention of hiring a truck to remove the furniture from the house, which was already slightly damaged---the roof leaked badly. When he was asleep he heard voices warning that the house was on fire and he rushed downstairs to beat out a blaze where a spark had fallen and ignited a couch. Then he went back to bed, but he had no sooner fallen asleep when another incendiary bomb fell, this time right on his roof. This time he rounded up enough people to help carry the furniture out to a truck, but on the way to the railroad station a wheel of the truck sank into a shell hole breaking an axle, so he had to leave everything there in the street because he had a mandatory appointment at the Foreign Office and dared not miss it.

He went on to say that he cannot imagine what the limit will be to the means by which wars are fought, and he is sure the aftermath of this war is going to be terrible. Then he told about a friend in the Foreign Office who had nothing left but the clothes he wore, about how you can now go for miles in Berlin without seeing a house that has not been damaged. These, he says, are private dwellings, not factories or buildings of military value. "Why do we need to have wars?" he exclaimed vehemently. Then after a long pensive moment he answered himself, "The damned diplomats

and politicians make the wars." Again I was silent still thinking of all the Allied cities that have long known destruction like that in Berlin which he considers so outrageous.

Then I decided to seize the moment and speak to him about a request the Quaker group has wanted me to present to him. I had already asked Mr. Tinsdale's permission, which he gave reluctantly, warning it would do no good. I explained that our group is a small private body which has for a long period of years, including the First World War, had as their particular sphere the relief of sufferers on both sides who were not cared for by official or semi-official bodies.

According to the information available to us there are such groups in the smaller camps, who do not receive services that are received in the larger concentration camps, such as messages to their families, medical treatment and other helps. We would like to render help in a friendly spirit in those installations that fall short of the ordinary minimum that prevails in larger places.

As an immediate step in this effort I suggested that the members of our Quaker group, who have had experience in civilian internment camps, be permitted to remain in Europe, which would mean permission to leave this whole internment group in Lisbon. I told him I do not wish to exaggerate our ability to cover much of the field, but I know there are some of our society who are willing to undertake the service.

He said it would be difficult to arrange, if not impossible. But he didn't close the door absolutely. Later in the day I was joined by Mrs. Tinsdale, who must have heard of my negotiations with Dr. Schleiden and she had a message she felt impelled to deliver to me. She thought

that I should not influence Regina Thayer, Larry Nash and Gifford Wells to return to relief work after we get to Lisbon, that they will spend themselves in an exercise in futility. "You feel that your lives will speak for peace and your characters will shine like candles in a naughty world. It is an appalling arrogance for you to imagine this. Goodness is not only in your pocket. It is not your exclusive property. How can you imagine that you will be regarded as motivated by divine light? You have been foxed by the idea that you do not have the limitations of other persons and that you will get holy kudos for your actions. But anything that you can do cannot by itself enlighten the situation. We are all involved in a dark cave-in of the whole world. The needs are far greater than your spade can by itself unearth. In order to do anything you will need to do the ultimate, which is give yourself, and this will go entirely unnoticed and disappear without a trace."

I was taken aback by this oration but replied that I think these Friends will be ready to take hold of small bits of obscure relief problems knowing full well that the limelight will never shine on their efforts. I thanked her for her thought-provoking advice and walked slowly back into the hotel wondering to what extent she is right.

JANUARY 30, 1944.

Somebody said that today would be our last walk away from the hotel, and Pierce Willard made special arrangements for ten of us to have lunch at an inn to express his thanks for the help we have given him in classifying the big boxes of clippings saved from his two internments. Kiesel was the guard again this time, and we set off eagerly.

At the inn we were led through a main dining room with wainscotted walls, wooden plank tables and a bar in one corner, into a private room which could be closed off by folding doors. Two windows were of colored glass with the names of the innkeeper's children etched into it. Another window was clear and through it we could see the village traffic passing by.

A fat jolly waitress brought plates of hot soup, richer than we get at the hotel, and we opened our sandwiches and our cans of sardines. Some people took two plates of soup. One bottle of wine was furnished by the inn, the limit permitted by regulations; some people asked for hot water to prepare condensed coffee. The waitress was offered a cup of coffee and some was sent to the maids in the kitchen to whom, she said, it was a novelty. Later, the waitress knocked on the panel of colored glass and when it opened she handed in another bottle of wine--- she did it this way because she didn't want to be seen passing through the dining room and breaking the rules.

All but two of us drank the wine and Kiesel began to expand from its effects. Larry played his mouth organ, Astakhov told a story about an American boy in France who saw a woman's cow escaping from the barn, rushed up to the door and told her in his best French "Votre lait promenade." This started other stories which were heckled and sometimes not permitted to reach their conclusion. Kiesel decided we were getting pretty noisy and had better leave before the Germans there thought we were too gay for the somber mood that now lies over all Germany.

Out in the barnyard of the inn we passed two pet crows who were

attempting to talk, some huge rabbits and a litter of dachshund puppies. As we were straggling through the market of the little town of Nieuweier in very uneven formation because people would stop at all the little stalls to look at the fruits and vegetables, I recognized one tall erect white-haired lady as the grandmother of Claudia. For a few moments I stood outside the door of the stall and she stood just inside not looking at me, pretending to examine the vegetables as we talked.

C1 She told me that Claudia is not well and has gone to have an X-ray of her chest. She has begun to study English and already speaks and writes French. Grandfather is not well and she asked if I could send some tea because it helps his health. Claudia goes to a convent school but they have very few school days because coal is not available. Claudia is the last of their family and she tries hard to give the child the love and care she needs.

Then I asked her to listen carefully and tell me if she does not understand. If she or her husband should die or if Claudia should die before the end of the war, the survivor is to write to the address on the card I will enclose in the next package. If Claudia is left alone she is to write and wait for instructions, and when it is possible we will get an exit visa if she should wish to come to America. We can send money for the passage, and it may be possible even before the end of the war to send food packages. This I will try to do.

She said she understood, that they are very thankful for all the loving kindness they have received and their thoughts will follow us on the train. I saw Kiesel looking around for me so I moved on, glad that he didn't reprimand me because he was still feeling good from the dinner and the wine. Instead, he became confidential and asked me to say nothing

to anybody, but he predicts our group will leave by train around February 14th in order to give the inspectors five days to go through our baggage. I thanked him and said I particularly appreciate the information about inspection of baggage. I must decide how to carry any notes I want to be sure get through to the U.S.

FEBRUARY 13, 1944.

Several of the ladies proposed that we have Adolf Rodney to dinner as a special guest because noone here deserves a testimonial dinner more than he, who has spent so many hours in hand work that others should have helped with. Many of the worthy ladies from other tables asked to be invited to this dinner.

During the meal the librarian said that when we leave she thinks the thousand or so books we leave behind might be sent to various prisoner-of-war camps. Rodney wants his collection of books included in that shipment, and I shall see that what I have is also included. Adolf got to talking and told that his family with without the companionship of ideas--- his brother had entirely different interests from his and his sister was a totally different mental type from him. He came to France especially to read the poetry of Francis Villon in the original, to get companionship of ideas and he thinks there are a lot of people in the group who came abroad for similar reasons, to associate with people of like minds.

I told him Amy Spelman has told me that he was an ambulance driver in World War I, but he ignored my remark and went on to say that his father was a high churchman and died early. His mother was born Catholic but taught him about all religions so that he was early interested in religious history. The dinner was a success and everybody found Adolf a stimulating guest.

FEBRUARY 18, 1944.

It is hard to believe it, but this is the evening before our departure. The last few days have passed like a long wait at a railroad station for a train that is late. I have often looked across the street at the drawn shades of Claudia's room. This internment has been an experience in contrasts. There has been a counterpoint between the neurotic atmosphere of the hotel and the encounter with people outside like Claudia.

The least expected thing has happened to the most vulnerable person here, Dora Vaughn. A cable arrived today telling her that her mother has died. By strange coincidence she has lost both father and mother while she has been here. There have been no other death messages in the entire group. It is hoped that she can be taken early in the morning to the train now standing on the tracks here and be put in a compartment alone before the news of her mother's death becomes public so she will not have to face the entire group in her grief.

FEBRUARY 19, 1944.

At five o'clock this morning the internees began to leave the hotel by bus for the railroad station. Dora was one of the first to go, along with some of the invalids, including Mme. LeConte. Transportation was slow and I asked permission to walk down to the station, which was granted. It was a beautiful night to walk through the quiet deserted streets. The moon shone down on the silent houses and my footsteps were the only sound. About half way to the station I came upon Armand Dumont, who had started earlier and was limping along all alone. He has been ill and was walking slowly. We were both enjoying the sensation of walking without a guard. It was

our first foretaste of liberty. Armand talked as we walked about his life in Europe since he first came in World War I. He takes no satisfaction in having been right about the price we will ultimately pay for alliance with Stalin. We brought it on ourselves by running from one extreme to another. He thinks that he is now leaving for the last time the area in which he has spent the best 30 years of his life futilely, and as a blow he just discovered that he forgot and left on his bed in the hotel a rug that has kept him warm for 25 years. He left it out of his luggage to keep him warm on the train and in the excitement of leaving he forgot it. This only added to his feeling of depression.

At the station the German passenger agent was having difficulties. The train contained only three sleeping cars, and one third-class car. All of the sleeping cars were reserved for women and officials. The agent had been furnished a correct list of all those people, and he had assigned them seats, not imagining that so many of them would be incompatible with each other. Some ladies assigned to one car wanted to be moved to another. In addition, some who were in the car they preferred were not sitting with the companions of their choice. The German had an orderly mind and struggled to carry out his original seating plan but eventually he had only one choice---surrender to the class-conscious Americans.

The men who were in day coaches instead of sleeping cars had less difficulty in adjusting to each other. The train pulled out of the station at the scheduled hour of 7:23 a.m.---the Germans could still keep a train schedule. Dawn was about to break and above the fog of the valley could be seen the hills and some of the paths along which we have walked. Soon we crossed the river and made a brief stop at Strasbourg.



Some time after dark we reached Juvisy, a suburb of Paris where the train ordinarily stops for only ten minutes. Previous to our departure Mr. Tinsdale had asked the German authorities to allow a stop of more time there so some of us could exchange a few words with members of our families who would be there, and many on the train had written relatives in Paris to see them at Juvisy station. Just before we arrived, Tinsdale came through the train to announce that permission was withdrawn and only people with dogs could descend to the platform.

Quickly Gifford and Larry, who had hoped to meet Henri Van Etten, one of the Quakers, in the station, borrowed dogs. Gifford took one of Mme. Grousset's little dogs and Larry borrowed "Tetie" from Thurston Hawks. I watched them from the car window. A solid cordon of police held back the crowd in the station but I saw one of the young boys in our party leading a big airdale dog who dragged him to the end of the platform and quite by coincidence into the arms of his grandmother, eighty years of age. He had just time to kiss her twice before the guards separated them.

Mme. LeConte, who had been so hopeful of seeing her daughter and her grandson, did not even get to know whether ~~there~~ were there or not. I saw one member of our group being forced back onto the train at the point of a revolver.

FEBRUARY 21, 1944.

For some reason the car we were in, after leaving Paris, no longer had any heat in it. I piled overcoats on me but could not keep warm. On account of the sleeplessness I got up before dawn and walked to the end of the car where I found Mr. Tinsdale on the platform discussing with

a trainman the reason why steam did not come into the pipes of the car. I went back to my seat and tried to sleep but was awake at the first stop in Biarritz. I wanted to see out and scratched some of the frost from the windowpane. I couldn't believe my eyes for I saw our fellow workers in France, Heloise, and Trudy, standing on the platform. I jumped up and ran to the rear of the car to look outside and there I saw two more of our people---Elaine Colbert and Helga Holcroft. I went quickly back and got a suitcase which I carried out and put down on the platform some way away from our friends and as I went past Helga I said, without looking at her, for her to pick it up when I was gone. I didn't want to involve her in any difficulty by talking directly to her in full view of the soldier standing nearby. She didn't dare pick up the suitcase or even look at it right then, but I saw her walk away with it before the train left the station. I was glad. It contained all the surplus food and soap I had saved up from the Red Cross packages.

In Biarritz, after much shifting of the train from track to track, we were taken off the train and lodged in the Hotel Miramar with a heavy German guard all around the hotel and no one allowed inside the hotel without permission. On the beach below, German military were engaging in machinegun practice against small wooden targets. This was the Atlantic Wall, right there before our eyes, and the German soldiers we saw were just boys of fifteen or sixteen, which showed the scarcity of manpower now in the Reich. Their officers, however, looked like battle-scarred veterans.

We were strictly forbidden to open the curtains of any windows facing the sea under the penalty of a complete blackout of the hotel.

But that's like telling a small boy not to touch a bench with a sign WET PAINT. With the curtains closed we were constantly aware of the guns banging and I am sure more than one of us peeked out to see what it looked like on the beach.

In the meantime, our four colleagues outside the hotel, the ladies I had seen on the station platform, were trying to get into the hotel to see us about important business. They were travelling under permits from the army, but that wasn't sufficient for the guards at the door. We would not have known they were still out there if they had not been seen by one of our friends who was walking a dog. ~~Dr~~ Laban Furst tried to make arrangements with the concierge of the hotel to send out a parcel of food to one of his old friends, a woman doctor in the town. The concierge agreed to cooperate but stipulated that noone should be in Laban's room when a boy came to pick up the package. Unfortunately, it happened that several people had come into the room when the boy came and he left empty-handed. However, later Laban put the package outside the door and the boy came again and took it to the porter's desk downstairs. Dr. Schleiden was there watching and so the concierge allowed the package to sit out in the open on the desk. Schleiden asked, "What is that?"

The concierge answered, "Something the Argentinians left."

Schleiden then said, "You know that you cannot send anything from this group out of the hotel." And the concierge told him of course he knew that. Fortunately Schleiden didn't pursue the matter and the package eventually made its way out of the hotel, but it was a narrow escape for some of those involved. We still were not free.

We Quakers tried to devise some plan to get a message out to our four lady colleagues, but everything failed. When I had a chance I asked Dr. Schleiden if it would be possible for him to arrange a cabin near the dining room on the ship for Mme. LeConte so she could get to meals. He said he would try, and I went to tell her of this probability. I found her in low spirits because word had come from her daughter saying that she and the little boy had been at the railroad station in Juvisy but had not been able to see her. She was heart-broken because at her age she has to go to America and might never get back to see them again.

The hotel had a nurse and I went to see her to ask if she could go and see Mme. LeConte, who is very upset about everything and especially about getting her twelve pieces of luggage repacked and back on the train when we leave here. Then I went to my own room and got there just as Larry Nash came to say that Elaine Colbert had penetrated the guards and was downstairs. He hurriedly wrote out a legal paper giving her my power of attorney to use in handling some of the business of the Friends of France, which we had created to carry on when we were interned. I signed the paper, Laban witnessed it, and Larry managed to give it to Elaine. This, we hope, will prevent a tie-up of the Quaker funds in France. I was relieved that none of our ladies outside the hotel had fallen into the hands of the police, but worried again this afternoon when one of the newsmen told me he saw Helga Holcroft leaving the hotel by the front door. It was very dangerous for her to come here.

Later, in my room I defied the Germans' order and peeked through the curtains to look at the sunset over the Atlantic. Large birds like cormorants were winging in from the sea, circling low around the rocks

and then soaring up to their perches on the cliff-side. Freedom they had, and freedom soon will be ours, too.

FEBRUARY 24, 1944.

Off to Spain. At 7:30 this morning I was first down to breakfast which consisted of bread and sardines. It wasn't her usual breakfast, I knew, but I took some up to Mme. LeConte and later helped her into the first bus to the station which was miserable and cold and dark when we got there. This time she and I were privileged to be in a compartment with Mr. and Mrs. Tinsdale and three men of the diplomatic corps. I don't know how it happened, but I was glad Mme. LeConte might be more comfortable there.

Even before the train started one of the men, who was obviously suffering from a hangover, got sick to his stomach and tried to get out the door, which was stuck. He threw up right there. We were not supposed to raise the blinds or open a window until after we left Biarritz and Mrs. Tinsdale was very upset about the man getting sick. I got some rags out of my bag and wiped off the windowglass and the seat. She got out some perfume and sprayed it around, and we borrowed a coat from somebody else to take the place of the one that was soiled. What a business! Shut up in a compartment under such conditions.

In the meantime there was a difficulty outside and Mr. Tinsdale had to be out there to settle it. One lady refused to share a compartment with another lady who, she said, was a stranger to her. I couldn't imagine how after all our months together any one of us could be stranger to any other of us. Nevertheless, she wanted to be with Miss Harkness and the exchange was facilitated and the train soon left the station.

Later we stopped <sup>near</sup> Hendaye for quite a while because of a defective locomotive, and we sat in the mountains in the unheated train till another came.

As we waited Mrs. Tinsdale explained that when we reach Hendaye we will leave the station in three trains---the first will contain the South American group and twenty-five wounded American soldiers. The second train will contain the diplomatic group, and the third will carry all the rest. The Germans have supplied only meager information about some of the persons who will be there, which makes it difficult for Mr. Tinsdale to prepare in advance allotments of space on the trains that will take us through Spain.

Later, when we reached Hendaye we remained in our car until the baggage was taken off and put in three rows on the platform---one for each train. This, of course, caused a lot of confusion and controversy. I was glad to hear that on the first train were heated sleeping cars for the wounded soldiers. When the second train was being loaded I carried Mme. LeConte's bags to the door of her car with Gifford's help and he put them up in the racks. I was glad Mr. Tinsdale had been able to have her on that train.

But the biggest problems and cause of delay were in loading the dogs of the diplomats. Somewhere along the line Mrs. Perkins had added two dogs to the ones she had started with. Finally, after the dogs were all attended to, the third train was loaded, and that's where we were---an hour or more behind schedule by this time. However, when we crossed the river at Iron and were forever out of the custody of the German guards, all previous irritations were forgiven. We got out of the train and walked up and down the platform free men. No one who has not at some time been kept in confinement can ever appreciate the joy that flooded each one of us as we breathed deeply, threw back our shoulders as if tossing aside

a great weight, and each privately gave thanks to God to be there.

Laban went into the station to talk with a friend of his who is stationmaster there and he came back with Spanish newspapers which he translated for us.

In the aisle of the train when we started up again I saw Mr. Neville, the Swiss who was to accompany us to the ship. He said he is having great trouble with the South Americans because their car has no heat and, to satisfy them, he may need to move some of our ladies to unheated coaches. I can imagine the outcries when he tries that.

I passed along the aisle further and found David Darnley and sat down to talk with him. He told me he has typed the whole manuscript for a book and kept a daily diary during the internment. He was worried about whether they will pass censorship and hoped there will be only a short delay because he wants his newspaper to use part of the diary before it becomes stale news. He said he has known from the beginning that anything he wrote would have to be censored. I confessed that I have been worried, too and that I have some hand-written notes I am hoping to hand-carry and hope to get through without their being confiscated. I made some notes about Gestapo guards and things they may not like.

I remembered that in Barmen David refused to join the other newsmen in their uprisings against the diplomats and kept aloof from the diplomats themselves. He said he has only scorn for the internees who made their peace with the Gestapo guards like a criminal does with his jailor, and he predicts that there will be an astonishing increase in the number of people in this group who will have serious emotional upsets as soon as we are at liberty.

He said that we will fall into two classifications: one type will say to himself, "Now, since I have been under restraint for a year and more, the world owes me a great fling." The other type will say to himself, "I have learned something about the sources of strength and purpose in my confinement and I am going to put it into practice. What I have learned in internment is going to be a permanent part of me and I intend to see I use it well."



I moved on toward the back of the car and found Adolf sitting in a double seat covered with papers, making notes and corrections. I told him to forget that for a while because now that we are out of Germany and everybody is concentrating on their own affairs I can break my bond of silence and congratulate him on his engagement to Dora Vaughn. He said that as a reader whenever he wished hard enough for a certain kind of book it always turned up. It is the same with girls. If you crave a certain type of girl and wait long enough, eventually she will come over the horizon to you.

I said I wonder what he felt he learned from the internment experience. He answered that the lessons we need in internment can not be taught, although we did have some good teachers in conventional academic subjects. In internment every man must think for himself and create his own attitude. There is no use to search for someone to teach you how to free your soul from the internment blight, no way to prepare anybody in advance for such an experience. You must separate yourself from mass opinion, resist collective thinking, and discover your own individual personality. Not many in this group were able to do it.

As an example he cited Cornelia Harkness, who stayed aloof and out of contact with most of the group yet maintained her own personality and was admirable in her attitudes. On the other hand, there was big, strong Winston Bedford, who prided himself on his ability to form ready friendships with a wide range of internees yet he ended up a poor example of human behavior under stress. Adolf said he can't explain why the frail woman came out of internment with courage and dignity while the hearty,

hale-fellow-well-met crumpled under the test. The only lesson he himself got out of it was, "You must resist the collective thinking and hold onto your individual personality." He added that he feels Dora has proved this point by emerging from under the domination of the secretaries and becoming herself.

FEBRUARY 25, 1944.

Still there was no heat in the car and I sat out the night wrapped up in two coats and a blanket. When the train stopped at the Portuguese border I once more scratched frost from the window, looked out at the station, and saw standing there on the frozen ground four bare-legged children. All of a sudden I felt warmer, but was stiff and tired of sitting so got up and again walked through the car looking at the faces of fellow internees with whom I had lived in forced companionship for so many months.

I have become during this internment both more introspective and more retrospective. I realize that in describing the internment it has been easier to write about the weaknesses and foibles of the people housed all in one building than it is to write about their friendly help and support for each other. It is also inevitable that much of the time I have described my role among them as though I stood apart from them in their common weaknesses, lapses and foibles. But this is not so and I recognize and admit it.

It is necessary to see people at the table, at any kind of work, to see them exhausted, to see them infatuated, to see them in danger before you can achieve some dim and half-formulated conception of the real persons

who live and suffer behind the familiar faces. With these people I have exhausted my store of jokes, I have lost arguments, I have confessed my weaknesses and I have shared a human breakdown of morale. All this has been costly of time but until you spend this time you have no idea of your true needs. I may never again get a chance to know such a varied assortment of people so well. In ordinary contacts I would know only their shells, but I have learned during this internment that I can drop my defenses, expose myself to them without protection and still survive as a person. We all had different ways of being disagreeable and shortsighted and self-centered in our relations with each other. If someone else writes about our internment it is likely that they will describe things in such a different way that you will not think we were both confined so long in the same building. Nevertheless, I feel a great bond with all of them.

Living as we did was a test. It was a chance to demonstrate our concept of the art of living. Some did it better than others because living as we did calls for imagination and creativity and some people are better endowed than others. It called for courage to hold onto our ideals and values in spite of the treacherous moods we all suffered while deprived of our freedom. But there was one thing that kept us all mentally and spiritually alive and that was hope for the end of the war. We have literally lived our faith in the victory of our Allies when everything in our grim life would be removed and every value we so sorely missed would be returned. We were a waiting people eager for the one thing that mattered---release, and freedom.

As I look back I know great disappointment at the slight service I have been able to give as compared with the high hopes with which I began this mission, but I am convinced that even though such service may all too often be doomed to failure, it bears witness, even in failure, to the insuperable stubbornness of human striving for good. I am determined in whatever I do with the rest of my life to continue that striving.

### LISBON

During our months of internment conversation turned often to what will be the first thing we do when we are at last FREE. In the two weeks since we knew we would be liberated through Portugal the conversation turned to describing more specifically what we would do when we were at liberty in LISBON. It was an attractive idea in internment to contemplate going from a state of inner suspense to a state of total relaxation and freedom.

The nearer our train approached to Lisbon the more I realized the error of thinking that we can suddenly make the transition from one atmosphere to the other. We can make some insignificant gesture of freedom, such as thumbing our nose at one of the German guards who are still with us, but this would be a trivial gesture to celebrate the day of our dreams. We can buy new clothes or choose our food from a long menu and eat ravenously, but that would be only a surface change in our personality, not really important. As the city itself came into view I realized that we need to celebrate freedom not only with our appetites but also with mental responsibilities toward a difficult transition.

Our train, last of the three, finally pulled into the railroad station on a track right alongside the steamship wharf. And there, standing high

above the pier, was the steamship Gripsholm which is to carry us to New York.

Apparently the Germans, nearly a thousand of them, were held on the ship until we arrived. We watched then as the debarkation began. First an immense amount of luggage was deposited on the dock, so much it seemed like a mountain. Then came marching down the gangplank the Germans, well-dressed, all in good flesh, many of them with healthy tans. We could see that the United States took good care of them. Our little group, thin, pale and poorly clad, stood there with our small bit of luggage and thought to ourselves that the exchange was greatly in favor of the Germans.

Aboard ship relationships amongst the Barmen group have already subtly changed and I will end this writing now. Then I will ascend to the observation deck and watch as Lisbon disappears on the horizon and the long days of internment recede into the distance.