



No. 40,052

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No. 47--Hewed logs amid a setting of mountain grandeur give a touch of homely out-of-doors realism to the foreman's residence at Seven Springs fish hatchery in northern New Mexico. The hatchery, established in 1931 and maintained by the New Mexico game and Fish Department, is concentrating on the production of Rainbow and black spotted native trout. The Jemez Mountains form a background for this beauty spot.

Property  
New Mexico State Tourist Bureau  
Santa Fe, New Mexico  
Subject \_\_\_\_\_  
No. 47  
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Photograph by  
New Mexico State Tourist Bureau

FIRST DAY OUT - September 17, 1948

One hundred miles out from the Virginia Farm it seemed like a good idea to have a bottle of Old Export - Cumberland Ale. Then there was chile and beer at the bar.

Aronholt - route #50 - George Washington Highway

A soft drink stand and beer joint averaged six gainfully employed at the bar at 11:00am with the juke box going full blast.

The high cost of living on top of the Alleghanies in West Virginia Hamburgers 25¢, hot dogs (one dog) 20¢, and one pork chop 30¢, 30¢ for a ham sandwich, bottle of beer 25¢, french fries 30¢, but tonic much used as a beverage by the malarial people still is 5¢ but in a reduced size glass.

Aronholt is in the Alleghanies main ridge--a mountain deal.

MacAvoy, the little capitalist, of saw mills, who takes the little custom lumber work for his neighbors is listed at the bank as having \$80,000 and wearing \$8.00 worth of clothes. Broken down, toothless and somewhat of an idiot.

The family unit produced by the bantam had seven male working units which probably experienced in the making of the \$80,000.

He said they all got too smart for him and quit him.

He said last and baby boy, who weighed 200 lbs--sort of a shaver--could work with him and cut 500 feet a day but since his little fellow left him--his younger son--he only coo feet with his hired help.

So the story of this MacAvoy capitalist indicates slave labor by virtue of his wife's fecundity. He knows they all are so smart they could take him on a nickle and give him 2¢ change.

When a working man for West Virginia Pulp and Paper Co. moves home with cash money at over \$1.00 an hour he goes to talk with Popa and he says that when he was the same age he did not get over 20¢ .

Mr. Rice interrupted saying "I know people around here who worked for 5¢ an hour."



Moving in towards Tulsa a construction sign reads on Route 66 "construction ahead--sign of progress". Compare this with Atlantic Seaboard sign which says "construction ahead travel at your own risk" and "construction ahead illegal to pass and at your own risk"

This country is as open to individualism and free wheeling as the East so often seems cramped. You move at an average rate of 60 miles and so does everyone else with no traffic cops on the public pay roll and relatively few accidents.

people do not drive  
Apparently in fear of the law but quite well aware of the need of personal safety and dependability.

From 400 to 500 miles a day by auto is not a fatiguing matter. Most people who drive across the U.S. know this but for one who has just left the East it is exhilarating. At the end of the day you feel fresh and ready for the day ahead. Of course, this, is not true of California. But from the Mississippi to California it's a drivers paradise.

This to be inserted later: When we get to Texas and past. Not a speed cop on the road and not a wreck from Mississippi to Cairo to \*\*\*\*-----.

Little farmers processing the fall apple crop from the orchards sweet cider produces a sign reading "Ice Cold - Sweet Cider-Free sample" Merely noted with the thought that the Connecticut Yankee might take heed that that there may be profit in this friendly business.

labor  
First sign of/trouble along Highway 60. West end of Poplar Bluff. Two striking structural workers placarding "Unfair to union labor" But where 15 years ago the Ozarks in the river towns knew almost nothing in Union Labor except what they read in the papers. We now find the sleepy town of Cairo and the waking industrial town of Paducah almost solidly within labor with wages and payrolls almost double--the late thirties. For they made cotton pickers wages double when one crosses the river into the Delta--cotton and corn country.

Some of the frankness of the past generations when men were men and only women were protected from the naked -----bestial (facts, I guess) on Route #60.

In one juke box joint across the Ohio South of Evansville where prominent signs quote for health's sake wash your hands and clean your nails unquote.

100 miles west as one climbs the Ozarks from the Delta country of Missouri a Tourist Cap<sup>m</sup> had as its pride and joy artfully exquisite on a prominent sign labeled "Privy". Plainly seen from the road with no indication of sex desired. But were Chick Sales still alive he would rewrite his famous essay on three holers.

4th day

Natural buffalo grass which fed thousands of bison 50 years ago has given place to Black Angus and alphalpha, and the spots here and there of Caffin corn, the draught resisting alternating crop.

When Holstein Frisian sales net an average of \$462.00 a cow the local people at Miami, Oklahoma bursts into song declaring Oklahoma cattle sales prices highest in the country. Further over south of Oklahoma City is the White Face Herd of Govenor Turner, at present busy raising funds Nationally for Truman and Barkley. But the State seems to be carrying on full of money full of bumper crops and giving a pleasant reception for a Democratic State to the visit of Govenor Warren, asking funds for himself and Dewey.

Truly this is a pleasant and courteous State. Mad at nobody but very much more interested in the fall foot ball schedule than with Dewey or Truman.

When one passes the Missouri Oklahoma line and sees the 90,000 lbs daily capacity in a town of less than 5,000 people he realizes that "there are cows in them tha hills". And when he runs smack into a good tire plant at Miami Oklahoma where the citizens boast that its the biggest tire plant outside of Akron one realizes that industry is on the go. South and West.



NOTES:

September 16

Leaving Virginia/ the apple crop just starting to be picked, and the fact that though it is a very good one the price has fallen a lot since last year because ERP is not sending apples to Europe.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Santa Claus, Indiana, 38 miles north of Evansville--number of letters received each year from U.S. children.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pictures of Old man at Romney West Virginia with Pop bottle, who had been Burley tobacco farmer with 6 children and 7 great grandchildren, 76 years old, had been as far as Louisville, could not remember names of grandchildren, but did of great grandchildren.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sikeston, Missouri--Picnic ham-55¢, Bacon-59¢ in a chain store. Sikeston corn rolling in to million barrel new elevator--queued up at 11 a.m. which means for 3 hours. Richest of the corn-cotton variation program belt. Daily cattle auction as compared with weekly in Virginia. Also weekly auto auction. Brand new little radio station.

\* \* \* \* \*

Watermelon at Ranger, Texas--3¢ a pound. Also tall mesquite and bad scrub oak, which means good land.

Cattle Auction at Eastland, Texas, every Tuesday--large corral with cat-walk to see cattle and bid.

Texas speed limit 60 miles per hour in daylight, 55 at night.

Cisco, Texas--Palomina and quarter horse ranch. 35 Quarter horses sold at sale for an average of \$325 a piece with a top of \$500.

Man who sold and owned them was aged 16. His father had put him in business at the age of 6 so he was quite a veteran. He held his own sale.

Cotton, Tick, cattle quarantine in West Texas.

Permian basin, deep oil at Odessa boosters not satisfied with 50 thousand now, claimed 200 thousand in ten years. It won't happen but the boom and booster spirit is exhilarating as you move on to the old and city of Santa Fe.

\* \* \* \* \*

Newton, Kansas--Duncan Hines is too prosperous for these times. Witness--Denny's Diner--3 bacon and eggs with hashed brown potatoes, 3 double hamburgers with onions, 4 milks and 4 coffees, 1 pie--\$2.95 with the waitress NOT breaking change for tip. T-bone, french fried, and salad--\$1.00, coffee-5¢.

\* \* \* \* \*

Wichita, Kansas, already half back towards its full war strength in the airplane industry and is planning to add 15,000 more workers on October 1. It received notice of a new thirty million war order for 1000 mile per hour war missiles. Apparently anything in the air that goes less than 600 miles per hour is becoming obsolete except for heavy bombing and cargo carrying.

Dropping down from the 6500 foot level of Santa Fe. to the wheat lands of which Dodge City, Kansas, is the center, one saw why western Kansas and western Nebraska were losing population. Predominantly wheat one saw what mechanization had done toward enlarging rather than cutting up farms. On eastward from Dodge City to Hutchinson-land growing deeper and blacker. Kaffir corn took over where wheat became less prominent. Then came the great corn lands with the smaller farms and of course the more populated counties and cities. One might compare Hutchinson, Kansas, a driving town of over 30,000 showing growth and vitality, with Dodge City covering a greater territory showing less than 10,000 and a stagnant condition kept from further decay mostly by railroad shops. But of course, banks are money full. One Dodge City bank shows that it had grown from half a million deposits 25 years ago to over

eight million deposits this year. Though one could not see a new building in the city except a casual tourist camp or small hotel and filling station.

But everywhere on this trip is evidence that individual families have grown better off in almost every small town.

It is not alone the small lumber operator in West Virginia with an \$80,000 stake; the apple and wheat grower has moved to town. His town may be only 300 population or it may be 30,000 as it is in Hutchinson, Kansas, or 10,000 as in Dodge City, Kansas, but certainly the standard of living and the money in the bank has been reflected in the modern home.

In the Hutchinson district is a tremendous concentration for wheat storage with probably twice the elevator capacity ~~existing~~ pre-war. Immediately beyond this "grain for war" and also out in the country is a Cessna aircraft plant, essentially the northern end of the great Wichita air craft industry.

also prepares  
So Kansas was-~~perhaps~~ for war with wheat and aircraft as we move on into the corn belt. In Missouri we find DeKalb pedigreed hybrid corn claiming ~~claiming~~ more customers than any other brand. Black Angus has invaded this country competing with Whiteface Herefords and Duroc pedigreed hogs are moving in 40 miles west of Kansas City at Waverly, Missouri. Surely farming ain't what she used to be.

\* \* \* \* \*

Driving through the peaceful rich German countryside up from the Quaker country of Pennsylvania, it was interesting to note at the cross-road between Nazareth and Bethlehem that these two towns named because of a pacifist German religious sect, the road leads to the steel city of Bethlehem where Americans great war producing plants are located.

It is also heartening to see the great cement plants centering at Cementon were running full blast providing the building and road

meter1

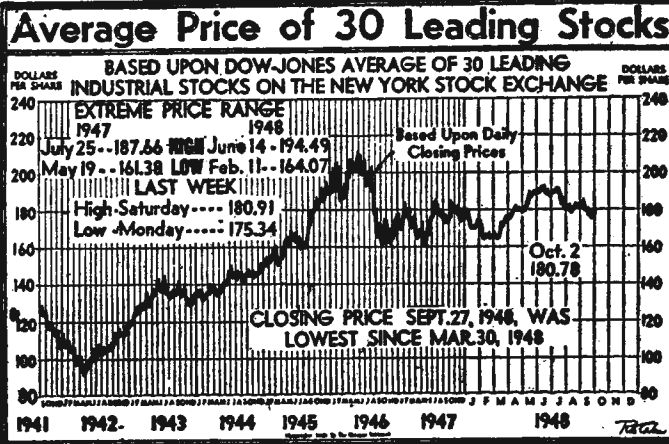
materials which supplement steel for a modern America still growing and still modernizing.

When one has recently returned from western Europe the contrast is heartening. America unbelievably is the greatest world section that has ever existed for supremacy either in peace or war. Having temporarily the atom bomb may give all a sense of national security for the moment. The real security basis is a 90 million ton steel industry plus modern mammoth cement plants and the ability and know-how to build such near miracles as the Pennsylvania Highway tunnelling the Alleghenies from Pittsburgh to Harrisburg where automobiles now speed at 70 miles--where traffic now is as heavy as the Manhattan tunnels from New York to New Jersey and to Long Island. If time is money, surely this new east-west 160 miles of roadway, saving perhaps 5 hours per car and giving super-service to giant freight trucks at less than 2¢ a mile, constitutes real and permanent value as definitely as did the Pennsylvania Railroad a century ago.



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## Postwar Boom Over

# Business Recession at Hand; Depression Fears Scouted

By E. S. Banks

The postwar boom is over.

You have this fact brought home to you as you talk with bankers from all parts of the country. Whether they come from the large cities, the small towns or the rural areas—from the north, the south, the east or the west—they all tell the same story. The boom is over and the Nation, if it is not already experiencing a recession today, will do so very soon.

And yet, while they cite facts to bear out this statement, they, at the same time maintain a firm belief that we will not have a depression. They point to the tremendous unfilled backlog of demand for just about everything and to the vast amount of savings in the country's savings institutions. And they hold that these two factors alone are sufficient to prevent any real depression in the foreseeable future.

### INFLATION ADJUSTMENT

You are told that the Nation today is undergoing an "inflation adjustment"—that prices are—and will come down and that the purchasing power of the dollar will be greatly increased. When this adjustment period is over—it may be a recession similar to the one in 1920—then, say the bankers, the United States will be able to adjust itself to a period of real prosperity based upon a sound foundation.

In talking to bankers attending last week's annual convention of the American Bankers Assn. at Detroit, one heard much about record crops and all-time highs in production. But one also heard about such things as pipe lines being filled; or price-cutting because of competition; or plants which not so long ago were working three shifts a day, now operating only four days a week.

You were told, too, of increasing consumer resistance to high prices. Of goods remaining on the shelves in increasing amounts. And you discovered that just about every industry is pricing itself out of the market, if it has not already done so.

us to a peacetime economy right now."

The brightest spot in the Nation's economic picture today appears to be the little State of Delaware. Not only is E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. enjoying good business, but the poultry farmers are doing likewise. The State, bankers say, "reeks with prosperity."

But elsewhere you get a different picture. The Northeast is rather gloomy. The shoe and textile industries were among the first to feel the effects of consumer resistance. Plants and mills in New England are either closing down or reducing their capacity. The Pacific Northwest is worried about its canning and lumber industries; California about its "ill" movie industry.

The Midwest and South tell of record crops but you also hear that the farmers will not make as much money this year as they did last year "although the chances are that they will make more than they did before the war." And the whisky business is not too healthy at the moment.

### HOUSING WORRIES

The Middle Atlantic section, as well as the Midwest, have many industries, large and small. And most are suffering from low profit margins, high wage and material costs—and consumer price resistance.

There appears to be a growing fear that the housing situation may cause the entire economic structure of the country to tumble into a longer-than-expected recession. Bankers report more and more houses being built but they also tell of growing price resistance and of a shortage of mortgage money, two factors that are holding up sales of homes and that may force a sharp drop in realty values together with a stoppage of new home construction.

There is one bright spot, however,

Mon  
Held

### NEW YORK

Thomas I. P. Equitable Life charged today t monetary policy t plot against the i is shrinking savin lowering the value

In a special mess pany's policyholders, president summarized inflation.

The message asserta rent inflation is cause eral Reserve continui ernment bonds above porting the market," t ing new banking fund room the money supply the price of the bonds; contiuing to buy gold it at Fort Knox, theret banking funds which r the money supply by fi price of the gold, and using such increased ba to make long-term loa bonds and mortgages, st assets increasing bank endangering the liquid funds and inflating the ply.

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October 1, 1948

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And yet, while they cite facts to bear out this statement, they, at the same time maintain a firm belief that we will not have a depression. They point to the tremendous unfilled backlog of demand for just about everything and to the vast amount of savings in the country's savings institutions. And they hold that these two factors alone are sufficient to prevent any real depression in the foreseeable future.

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You were told, too, of increasing consumer resistance to high prices. Of goods remaining on the shelves in increasing amounts. And you discovered that just about every industry is pricing itself out of the market, if it has not already done so.

Detroit is the automotive center of the world and its newspapers contain many help-wanted ads from just about every automobile company. But the automobile industry, you learn, discovered that although it has a backlog of some 7,300,000 cars, it has already "priced itself out of the market." Prices of cars are such today, that the industry found it took two weeks' pay for the average individual to meet each month's payment on his car. This, the industry and bankers alike admit, means a drop in car sales—unless prices come down. But when no one seems to know.

You are told that department stores, in many cases, have still to order their holiday merchandise. That store buyers, instead of ordering as in the past, today are seeking only "specials." You hear of firms, who, because of this, are continuing to operate simply to retain their employes although their stocks of finished goods continue to mount daily.

**IMPRESSIVE FACTS**

You are given these facts, among others, to impress upon you that the boom is over:

- Savings deposits are declining after almost a decade of steady increase.
- Delinquencies are becoming more numerous.
- People are being forced to dip into their savings to meet the high cost of living.
- Individuals are seeking loans from banks solely for the purpose of meeting their every day living expenses.
- You are told very emphatically that labor will not accept any cut in wages. That this will be one time when prices will go down before wages.
- Sales are declining each month, slowly, perhaps, but still going downward. You hear that while retail sales are ahead dollar-wise, unit sales actually are fewer in number.
- You are told of the low profit mar-

Co. enjoying good business, but the poultry farmers are doing likewise. The State, bankers say, "reeks with prosperity."

But elsewhere you get a different picture. The Northeast is rather gloomy. The shoe and textile industries were among the first to feel the effects of consumer resistance. Plants and mills in New England are either closing down or reducing their capacity. The Pacific Northwest is worried about its canning and lumber industries; California about its "ill" movie industry.

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There appears to be a growing fear that the housing situation may cause the entire economic structure of the country to tumble into a longer-than-expected recession. Bankers report more and more houses being built but they also tell of growing price resistance and of a shortage of mortgage money, two factors that are holding up sales of homes and that may force a sharp drop in realty values together with a stoppage of new home construction.

There is one bright spot, however, in this gloomy picture. And that is that the Nation's bankers are all keenly aware of the situation and are doing everything in their power to cushion whatever adjustment or recession the Nation may undergo. You gather the strong impression that, given the cooperation of business, industry and the individual—and the Government—that they will succeed.

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NEW YORK • PITTSBU

**The First Natic**

OF PHILADELP

Harry C. Carr, *Preside*

315 Chestnut

15TH AT WALNL

**CONDENSED STATEMENT AS OF S**

**ASSETS**

Cash and Due from Banks. . . . .	
U. S. Government Securities. . . . .	
State, County and Municipal Bonds . . . .	
Other Bonds and Securities. . . . .	
Loans and Discounts . . . . .	\$57,265.
Less Reserves . . . . .	488.
Bank Premises. . . . .	
Other Assets. . . . .	
Income Accrued Receivable . . . . .	
Total . . . . .	

**LIABILITIES**

Deposits . . . . .	
Dividend Payable October 1 1948 . . . .	

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9.73  
55.76  
00.00  
48.82  
295.24  
310.98  
394.69  
209.90

VE SYSTEM

cars, it has already priced them out of the market." Prices of cars are such today, that the industry found it took two weeks' pay for the average individual to meet each month's payment on his car. This, the industry and bankers alike admit, means a drop in car sales—unless prices come down. But when no one seems to know.

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People are being forced to dip into their savings to meet the high cost of living.

Individuals are seeking loans from banks solely for the purpose of meeting their every day living expenses.

You are told very emphatically that labor will not accept any cut in wages. That this will be one time when prices will go down before wages.

Sales are declining each month, slowly, perhaps, but still going downward. You hear that while retail sales are ahead dollar-wise, unit sales actually are fewer in number. You are told of the low profit margin and of how a slight drop in production can turn the large profits of recent years into equally as large losses. You meet executives of medium sized companies who frankly tell you that they either have just merged or are planning to merge into large companies because they are fearful of this fact and want to keep their business alive.

The Nation's banks are concerned over the outlook. They have been preaching low inventories to their customers for some two years now. They are discouraging all unnecessary expansion or modernization and, though in the business of "selling money," are endeavoring to keep their customers as free of debt as possible.

#### TOO MANY UNCERTAINTIES

While the bankers seem to feel that the adjustment may be slight this year, they are loath to hazard any prediction as to what next year will bring. There are too many uncertainties—too many "ifs"—in the picture. The "ifs" all concern Russia. If the "cold" war is intensified, then the rearmament program may be intensified and the inflationary spiral given "another shot in the arm." If the "cold" war becomes a "shooting" one—something which the bankers doubt—then "all bets will be off." Rigid controls will be clamped on just about everything—prices, wages, materials, etc. There will be complete mobilization of manpower and industry.

If the Russians agree to a peaceful settlement, it will mean overnight changes in our economy. As one banker remarked: "Just about the worst trick that the Russians could play on us would be to return

given the cooperation of business, industry and the individual—and the Government—that they will succeed

# The First Natic

## OF PHILADELPHIA

Harry C. Carr, *President*

315 Chestnut

15TH AT WALNUT

### CONDENSED STATEMENT AS OF SEPTEMBER 30, 1948

#### ASSETS

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Income Accrued Receivable . . . . .	
Total . . . . .	

#### LIABILITIES

Deposits . . . . .	
Dividend Payable October 1, 1948 . . . . .	
Interest, Expenses and Taxes Accrued Payable . . . . .	
Other Liabilities . . . . .	
Reserve for Contingencies . . . . .	
Capital (Par Value \$10.00) . . . . .	
Surplus . . . . .	
Undivided Profits . . . . .	
Total . . . . .	

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# THE WEEK IN FINANCE

By GEORGE WANDERS

## Bond Support Program Arouses Criticism

WITH a certain inevitability, the program of our monetary authorities for support of Treasury bonds at par value or better is coming under ever more critical examination. This is as it should be, for the pegged market plays a definite part in sustaining the inflation. It is not the only factor and probably not even the most important one, and as the controversy develops it is to be hoped that the problem will continue to be viewed as a whole, rather than from this facet alone.

Somewhat surprisingly, the attack on the bond price supports of the Federal Reserve Banks has developed among hard headed business men, rather than among the academicians. This is perhaps due to the constant preoccupation of banking and insurance executives with their own tremendous holdings and the effect upon their institutions of alterations in the official program. The scholastic economists have said little on this point, but their detachment would make their views all the more welcome.

For it is now clear that the bond supports nullify such quantitative monetary control measures as the general reserve requirement increase, which was completed on Sept. 24. The additional requirements were calculated at \$1,900,000,000, but while they were placed in effect the Federal Reserve Banks added \$2,077,000,000 governments to their portfolio. Smothering the flames in one place while feeding them in another seems an odd way to fight inflation.

Thomas I. Parkinson, president of Equitable Life Assurance Society, has been calling for some months for modification of the official support program, whereunder the marketable Treasury debt can be monetized readily. He returned to the fray last week in a Detroit speech which criticized commercial banks and in which insurance companies also were held culpable. The bankers, assembled in great numbers elsewhere in the same city for their annual convention, refrained almost studiously from answering Mr. Parkinson.

But the matter was lifted to a higher and more appropriate level last Friday by R. C. Leffingwell, board chairman of J. P. Morgan & Co. and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in World War I. It is the Federal Reserve which is responsible for that inflationary force which, since World War II ended, has kept too great a volume of money afloat and prevented a natural contraction of the money supply, Mr. Leffingwell pointed out. His analysis of the inflation, in "Fortune" magazine, was of a general nature. Dropping of the pegs in favor of an "orderly" market was only one of the numerous specifics recommended.

A good part of the penetrating study by Mr. Leffingwell was devoted, however, to the pegs and their workings. Some of the points he made also have been emphasized by the National City Bank, in its monthly letters. The pegs invite selling, the bank has noted, and Mr. Leffingwell adds that they also are a warning not to buy, because nobody quite believes that the pegs will hold. It is not clear, however, that this situation would change if the Federal Reserve merely lowered and kept flexible its supports, which is the apparent first step these analysts desire.

The intent of lowered or modified pegs would be, of course, to restrain the use by banks and other fiduciary institutions of the broad inflationary highway provided by the Federal Reserve. It may be remarked, however, that an increase of the yield on long Treasury bonds to, say, 3 per cent, would be followed by an increase of best grade corporate bond yields to 3½ per cent. Short issue yields also would tend to preserve the normal differentials between different classes of investments. The temptation to sell governments to the Federal Reserve and buy higher-yielding obligations would remain.

It seems necessary, in the circumstances, to explore more fully the possible effects of dropping the pegs altogether. There are some who envisage, in a really free market, a calamitous decline of Treasury bond prices and an abrupt turn from inflation to at least a recession, if not a depression. Others believe only a modest price drop would develop.

A small but persuasive fringe holds that a free market would not necessarily bring about much immediate change. This group contends that the inflation has leveled out and that bank loans are likely to drop after the present seasonal bulge ends. The vast construction program of American business is nearing its end, and if borrowing for capital expenditures declines the life insurance and savings institutions soon will be buying governments in the market rather than selling them, according to this argument. Logically enough, such observers think it will make little difference in the end if the pegs are maintained for a few months longer.

Other store features provide for "free-flow" of traffic from one department to another, almost 100 per cent "simulated daylight" indirect lighting, and a completely sound-proofed music center of Macy's. Other metropolitan area branches are in operation in Parkchester and Jamaica and one is under construction at White Plains, N. Y.

Macy's Flatbush Opens For Business on Nov. 1

Macy's Flatbush, located at the corner of Flatbush and Tilden Avenues, in Brooklyn, will open for business on Monday, Nov. 1, it was announced yesterday by Willard J. Gould jr., manager of the newest Macy branch store, the third of four which will shortly be in operation in the metropolitan New York area.

The new store has three floors, all of which will be devoted to the selling of merchandise. A "tremendous" front store window, forty-six feet high by fifty-six feet in width, is equipped with an elevator arrangement which makes possible the setting up of two simultaneous displays at any desired level.

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# CENTRAL-PENN NATIONAL BANK

## OF PHILADELPHIA

STATEMENT AS OF SEPTEMBER 30, 1948

RESOURCES

Cash and Due from Banks . . . . . \$34,086



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# State Population of 667,000 Estimated By New Mexico Business Bulletin

The September issue of New Mexico Business, monthly bulletin of the University of New Mexico Bureau of Business Research, claims that economic activity in New Mexico is following the State's motto—"We Grow As We Go." Contradicting again the United States Bureau of Census, director Ralph Edgel places an estimate on New Mexico's population at approximately 667,000, as based on the count of school age people made by the state's public schools.

Other information, says M. Edgel, bears this estimate out with non-agricultural employment increasing about 70 per cent since 1940 and retail sales up 300 per

cent for the same period. For the same seven years, banking resources of the state have grown about 50 per cent while records of the New Mexico School Tax Division indicate that the business population is up 40 per cent over the 1940 figure.

Contrary to normal expectations, due to seasonal variations, July sales for such things as apparel, automotive, subsistence, furniture and appliances, and building materials were considerably higher than the same period one year ago.

Cash farm receipts in New Mexico, have shown an increase in the last seven years of 217 per cent, the bulletin said.

MEMO - CAIRO, MO.

A man who owned and ran a grocery store on the out-skirts of Cairo, and his friend who was a business man in town made this report on how people felt about politics.

The time, actual day on which Dewey and Warren opened their campaign in Missouri and Oklahoma. Truman had been in Missouri the week before and had moved on West.

The grocer; "come to think of it I can't remember a customer even mentioning politics. I have never seen a campaign here like this before". His friend agreed that the lack of interest was complete--and then speculation on why. Consensus; they couldn't see that Truman had done anything to amount to much. And Dewey, they felt was not qualified. Too young. Also, too smart. Couldn't tell what a young man who was too smart would do.

Neither mentioned Wallace in their speculation. Neither mentioned Europe or the war issue.

My impression was that both men felt that things were getting along pretty well--they had been talking about how well business was holding up in Cairo even without any new businesses there--so that, neither presidential candidate appealed to them they would sit this election out.

First day out - pg #2

And Helen and Doris Rice have not gone to Hollywood. They are good girls and live at home with Popa. They have made their own records of mountain music.

The highway industries are boomi ng. More gas stations, more while more soda pop, and more Wurlitzer gook wagons.

Nobody is worrying about the high cost of living. Noone spoke of politics, no one seemed interested in or spoke of Dewey or Truman.

A filling station operator was asked, "what do you think of Lewis?" He said he thought he was pretty good fellow and then when asked what he tought of Senator Gilgore he said "I thought you meant Joe Lewis I am not saying anymore you might be Gilgore. He grinned.

He wanted to sell most gas to most people, but didn't take a tip indicating capitalist and no servant.

This hold true with all issolated family owned Service Stations dealing with neighborhood trade, and un-true where big chain operators function. Make your own comment.

A worker in the ~~West~~ Virginia hills which he liked Dewey or Truman answered " I don't take much stock in politics." "Didn't you like Roosevelt" and the answer "That's different that's just one that comes in a thousand years, for poor people like us.

Since John L. Lewis has been the National figure from this state for twenty years the next question was "how about John L. Lewis?" Answer, "He has done a lot but we working folks think maybe he's done enough and we have done enough for what we get out of it. You can't be too greedy and try to get it all, or there will be trouble somewhere."

SECOND DAY - September 18, 1948

The so called marginal lands of SE Ohio centering at Athens where apples and peaches are now bringing back semi-prosperity in the small hill farms. These counties 30 years ago were the problem children. until state university agricultural effort.

On to the rich head land of the Hark, river valley south of Columbus centering at Lancaster for the night.

Here those of german nativity came a scant 100 years ago driven out of Germany in the revolt of '48. In this<sup>-new</sup>/ever blossoming valley ~~the~~ still operates profitably & with Henry Wallace corn standing 8 feet high with over 5 ears to the stalk where once one ear and a nubbin used to grow. Probably Henry and his successors and rivals knew what they were doing when they developed Hybrid corn, does not reproduce, so Henry and friends sell seed every year.

Then on to Zenia the great center of the under ground when Liza crossed the ice and John Brown's body lay a moldering in the grave. Those restless negroes who risked their lives for friends were picked up at the Ohio River, rested and fed at Zenia for the trip on to Canada. So many stayed that now Wilberforce University is the Yale for the Negro.

NOTES:

Inventive genius - How affect growth from Conn. to Ohio.

Ice Age-river flow - ~~Great Lakes~~-The same great melt as founded the the Great Lakes ended at Columbus Ohio.

Name of Series "This puzzled Earth". (S. Amer. to Asia) This sub-line "War Peace Economy"

Farm Specialization. - two methods of feeding. Hybrid and Native corn across the road.

No for sale signs from Ohio River at Parkersburg through Athens. No mixed cattle chickens or hogs.



Dear John:


Without having time at Dayton to pick up the statistics-----This type of Middle West industrial city. It was obvious that its business 100% plus.

Dayton has been a great test point for me during the last 20 years, whenever I ~~feel~~ felt a trip ~~then~~ through the country would give me mental refreshment and some foreknowledge of business during the coming year.

The reason is that its industry is varied as against ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ Akron in rubber and Youngstown in steel. In Dayton we have National Cash Register, Delco light<sup>ing</sup> system and Frigidaire. The great experimental work centering at Wright Field and hundreds of small industries which are the fruit of enterprising and inventive ~~genia~~ genius.

Dropping in on the Mead Company which distribute in the US 10 tons daily print paper supply for the Abitibi group of Canada.

One found everybody happy looking forward to, at least two years of full production. excellent profits.

The subject of so called grey market in print paper was used as a barometer as among the steel people of the Pittsburg area grey market in steel was used. The return to normal, the balance between supply and demand which must come in when  industrial life.

In general the balance in what is called heavy industry is on the way but probably not before 1950. will the country and the producers be in balance. But those who use paper and steel in making other things such as newspapers and washing machines and autos it is obvious that fairly rapid progress towards a balance will occur in 1949.

Notes:

Sky line of Dayton. Picture of MacAvoy, standing in front of saw mill in working clothes. Picture of gardens at French Lick.

From Dayton, southwest from Cincinnati one of the minor centers of ~~the~~ small industries. There were no empty factories, no road walkers, and not a ~~single~~ single "for Sale" sign on farm on entire S. Ohio trip.

Leaving the busy and prosperous Ohio we drove into the old domain of the French Empire driving at BEBE and passing through such towns Versailles and French Lick, staying over night. The old days of the dozen private cars on the siding by the hotel are gone. This ended with the panic of 1929 and high income taxes.

We entered the great public room filled with energetic middle-aged sales men--the National Convention of the Million Dollar Club of insurance salesmen. Just back of the ~~reception~~ reception desk was the Convention's secretary.

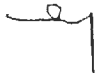
The beautiful grounds of yester year wore a slightly shabby but genteel appearance. From the soft saw dust walks to the all American Garden the great days of boss, Taeger, as the proprietor of the world's largest hotel and ground space coverage are definitely gone forever. Even the gambling rooms on Saturday night are depressing.

The good old days of 1890 when trusts were formed and 1000 dollar gambling nightly at the celebrated spa are now dedicated to the National Conventions of undertakers, sales men, florists and an occasional heneymooners.

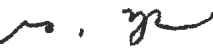

To those of us who stayed over night the sign was good. We saw that death taxes and inheritance taxes and public regulation of the dollar plunderbund of the past may have spoiled the elegance and the arrogance of the past but certainly have turned the spacious hotel to the play-ground of the people who work and make the grade each year.

So more power to the Million Dollar Club. As the few remaining rubbers in the great baths said " it gets worse every year this year isn't as good as last year. Some of the old ones die off and the new ones seem not to come down stairs but stay on the golf course.

Old France and Civil War has shown from French Lick, Ind. through Paduca, Kentucky and Cairo, Ill. on into Missouri cotton Delta is a queer mixture of things gone and things to come. ~~X~~ The old river town of Paduca with its Irvin Cobb hotel and its Mint Juleps ~~cr\*\*\*\*~~ creates a problem on Sunday night. The straight blend Kentucky whisky now becomes the Lord Calvert--30% real Bourbon whisky. Something else for the "men of distinction" who don't know much by like to have their picture taken.

The French names interest when now remembers that Louisville and St. Louis ~~\*\*~~, Vincens and Versailles are cities in our great middle west named for French explorers, who sought to turn back the ~~--->~~ British  westward.

LaSalle street and the LaSalle automobile are names rather than facts of consequence in the rushing America of the Middle West.

But Little Egypt is still with us. Cairo where the Ohio and the Mississippi meet is still ~~with us~~  state as much so perhaps as when Douglas and Lincoln fought over the  in 1856.

Paduca is waking up. Owensboro is waking up. Factories are seeking cheap labor. The Hoisery mills of Paduca and the great new manufacturing factories have these river towns working.

Where once the Ferry and the side wheeler meant all. in Cairo. We now have the magnificent new bridges and the electric barges lines. Flood control above Paduca as in Tenn has made tremendous play-grounds lakes.

In the scraggly old sustenance farms of S. Illinois and S. Indiana we have contour plowing and high specialization in apple and peach growing and still through all this country we see no farms for sale.

And so on into the Ozarks, which is a state so individual that one must consider N. Arkansas and S. Missouri as a place where the clock ~~st~~ stood still from after the civil war until rather recently, but paved roads now move autos and trucks on Highway #60 where the mules are bred to pull out of the ruts and claw roads; where men rarely moved 15 miles from their ~~cal~~<sup>it</sup>-homes from ~~B\*\*\*~~ birth to death. Where ~~there~~ it was not uncommon for 10 people to live in a single room in a log cabin. We have now modern brick school ~~houses~~.

A new generation of or hards who argue over the best spray and the best fertilizer.

The Zinc and lead mines of Joplin and Miami district may be gone within the next 15 years. The great depressing ~~st~~ slag piles and ~~are~~<sup>at</sup> there., But Miami/Oklahoma have the great Goodyear tire factory and at Springfield Mo, metropolis of the Ozarks we have a *contented* , busy and growing city filled with a valley industry.

There maybe good and bad in all this as certainly there was good and bad both as England turned from the farm to the factory from 1830 to 1900. But the Southern half of the Middle West is turning 70% upward. Girls make 50¢ an hour in the hosiery mills and where men whose fathers never had \$200 a year in cash from the hill-side farm are now making \$200.00 a month ~~st~~ more.

No matter what may be said ~~st~~ about inflation or the high cost of living anyone who travels this country repeatedly during the last few years sees more literacy, more cleanliness and more drive and immeasurably a better standard of living as each ten years goes by.



But at the risk of <sup>repetition</sup> ~~repetition~~ one says again no-body seems to be thinking of Russia or Berlin and nobody in four days has mentioned politics either Truman or Dewey.

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11 "Dear Son" Series

September 7, 1948

## WHAT'S BREWING IN THE WINDS OF NORTH AMERICA?

Three reporters who recently returned from Europe with the overall report that there had been super-hysteria in America concerning imminent war with Russia, have rested their weary bones and are on their way. Their story this time will concern a peaceful America marching on. Their concern will not be war itself. Their concern will be peace. But the obvious preparations for war throughout America and Canada and the repercussions in Mexico and the Caribbean constitute an interesting and possibly instructive story.

As a matter of fact America now is half at war and half at peace. How does such a unique state of affairs affect the American pocketbook? How does a Peace-War economy affect the spiritual and financial and political life of the American family?

Obviously one answer is uncertainty. When no one knows what is going to happen to the foundation of his soul and his home there is certain to be a short range vision along the coasts of America. When the great land producers of wheat and cotton and corn feel that a price roof may fall in, they naturally have a short range outlook of Hope-Fear.

In theory uncertainty creates a Slow-Up.

\*\*\*\*\*

First or second straight news item. After this may trace the Scandinavian offense-defense air line from Finland across Scandinavia, Iceland, Greenland, New Foundland and the great militarized Maine-New Foundland air bastion. This particularly if the Russian improvements to the German submarines where they have blocked out radar and long-range submarine effectiveness prove to be increasingly true. (NOTE: See George Fielding Eliot and pump him.)

One other as we hit the west coast is to see what is the cooperation between British Columbia and Puget Sound on a defense bastion including, of course, transportation to Alaska and actualities on this

coast bastion. And another bastion is California down the west coast including the Philippines Islands as a western bastion for the Panama Canal. Another might be the eastern bastion which includes the Danish-Dutch-British bastion of possessions running from the Bermuda outpost round Porto Rico and then sweeping down to the Brazil coast taking in all the Caribbean. This essentially must be the sub defense against sub long runners. Certainly we can not fail to learn from the second World War submarine damage which brought on Big and Little Inch. In a discussion of air preparation the great economic fact is that war orders and not commercial peace time orders are saving the great western airplane industries from Seattle to San Diego. Here we need some figures which we can get out of Wall Street back log reports and annual statements of the companies in the reports of their Presidents after we have seen the busy plants turning out war material.

Another item will be how small areas such as Lawton and Santa Fe and even perhaps Gadsden and Miami are affected. Lawton and Santa Fe might be direct examples while Miami and Gadsden would be indirect examples. A direct example is direct war training. The indirect examples may show how war rubber factories must hum with peace time orders when Akron is working on war time orders. So the line of the over-all series is a War-Peace economy under Dewey may delay a depression as definitely as war rearmament saved a capitalistic Germany in 1932 and a capitalistic Britain in 1939-40.

But certainly the story must be told in conclusion that "War never gets anybody anything except a blow-up of the world's minerals which cannot be replaced and people's emotional and serene and spiritual values which destroy a noble serenity of living.

And certainly we can say that the Russian experiment is on the wane as far as a world capital at Moscow is concerned. Moscow will not beat UN for the simple reason that while a cooperative supremacy such as UN may work against a final war destruction of this world certainly it is

inconceivable that a few men at Moscow can be the sparkplug world wide either in a peace or war economy. We see this already from Yugoslavia around Middle Europe into Finland. Protests against Moscow reach into Warsaw and Helsingfors. They are not confined to Tito or to Stockholm. The fear of the Moscow despot throughout western Europe was certainly explained in the Italian elections and the present swing in France. But the next chapter in the winter-spring of '48-'49 will develop the fact that "time cures all" and that if there is enough time Moscow won't make it. But the War-Peace economy of America is certain to go on until the UN or something marches into the imagination of all world peoples as an effective and certain umpire for peace throughout the nations.

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**EDITOR'S NOTE:**

**This and the following five letters which are to appear this week in                      newspaper, are personal letters written from Europe by one of three reporters who travelled slowly by automobile throughout western Europe, including England, talking to hundreds of the plain people. They saw no diplomats. They avoided the rich. They sought no advice from journalists stationed in capitol cities. So the letters are merely those of a father writing to his son, who himself has sons who may fight, and daughters who may face a future balancing between war and peace.**

June 28, 1948

TO OUR CHILDREN

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Three reporters, all having children headed perhaps toward a war maelstrom, travelled in Europe as parents seeking truth. They spent sixty days by auto from the Toe of Italy to the Hook of Holland. They travelled back roads. They saw no diplomats. They gave scant heed to Rome, Paris, and London. They talked to hundreds of men and women at work. This is their story to their children about the days to come.

SS Nieuw Amsterdam,  
June 26, 1948

Dear Children:

This is written on a boat in mid-ocean coming home. There have been two months this side of the "iron curtain" from the Toe of Italy to the Hook of Holland--with some peepholes of observation through Trieste where Tito camps on the hills above, and Zurich, Switzerland, which has the only honest money market where Guilders and Pounds and Dollars and Francs meet in fair exchange for what they really buy in goods and service.

The trip was conceived and carried out selfishly. I could not go forward in my life plan without answering two questions.

1--What is the likelihood of a third World War in the lifetime of a man of sixty? (Answer--yes)

2--Approximately, when? (The best guess--not before five years, but before fifteen.)

So having honestly worked at the two questions, I reach New York in a few days to go forward with life work.

But since this is an ever-changing world and the sun is shining on a quiet sea, I passionately desire to call myself a mistaken man. There was no one among the hundreds talked to who wanted war. People were at work everywhere. Begging was almost non-existent. There was less hopelessness in Italy and France--less actual misery and beggary and idleness and unemployment--than in the days previous to Mussolini and Petain.

Only Holland and England seemed in worse shape than before World War II. Perhaps neither will recover, in our lifetime, the prosperity based upon colonial riches through profiteering. Kipling, Queen Victoria, and Disraeli are gone. England now gropes desperately toward a United States of Europe as South Africa grows cool and India breaks away and Canada grows up.

When Amsterdam was the richest city in Europe, Holland owned New York, controlled the gate to South Africa, named Australia and New Zealand, and was enjoying a 200 year monopoly with trade in Japan, and had put a Dutch fist around 60 million people of incredibly rich Java. But the days of Rembrandt are gone. Hitler has smashed many cities. People standing in ration lines seek bread and meat.

But one must not discount the genius and the stubbornness of the British and the Dutch, who, by the way, are probably more closely related in character of thought and history than any two peoples of what we hope may become leaders in a new United States larger in population than our own and potentially a third great world force nearer in thought to us than to Russia.

Time is in the balance of those who seek world peace. Roosevelt, two years before he died, said: "In twenty-five years the new Russia has moved 30% toward us; since 1932 we have moved equally ahead. I believe Stalin and I can make world peace work.

But one is dead and the other is old. Perhaps with time new men may make progress for peace. Certainly the plain people of western Europe and the British Isles unanimously are praying and working to that end.

So much for my problems, questions, and answers. I have written you from each country what these plain people have said, how they are living, what they believe, and how they feel toward peace and the ever-present threat of a third World War. Certainly nothing I have written should govern you. But perhaps this group of reports may stimulate your thought. It may answer some questions which now disturb.

Your business as an American is to provide the best life possible for your wife and children. The challenge ahead for parents everywhere is perhaps greater than at any time in history. You are truly an average American because all future hope lies in time and knowledge and tolerance of those who are to live the next half century. "Peace on earth, good will toward men" may come out of the darkness of the now.

Europe, 1948

Dear Children:

I thought of you and your sister a great deal as we came into the harbor of Naples. There was some time there just as there was when we were there together fourteen years ago. However, this time there were ships lying on their sides in the water and signs of the war bombing all around the harborside.

We hired a car, and headed south into the country for a drive until time to sail again for Genoa. As we drove along the great impression I had was of great use these Italians were making of their land--every inch of ground lying under and around Vesuvius (which no longer smokes, by the way) was under cultivation--wheat between the rows of grapes and fruit trees above the vines. Signs of the fighting everywhere--bridges and railroads bombed--but the rubble is neatly piled for future building use and the bridges and railroads are in operation.

The impression of work and activity of these first few hours was born out as we went along through all Italy. This country was fought over all the way from Sicily north, while France's ravaged territory was mostly in the north. But the Italians are cheerful and active and working hard to get back on their feet--glad to see us and full of optimism.

At Genoa we hired another car and drive to Florence, staying there several days and moving around in the vicinity. Then across the mountains and up the east coast to Venice, where we stayed another few days. Then on across the northern part of Italy and up into Switzerland. In this way we really saw most of the country from Naples north. We talked to many, many people--the working people in the country and in the cities. They are thankful to have the war behind them, and to be able to get at their fields and business again and only want to be left to do so without any further thought or talk of a future war.

This year there will be a terrific harvest. Despite their crowded territory, it seemed as though they would have nearly enough. Meat is not included in this, because they do not have much. Certainly the country people do have enough of everything to eat, though the city people suffer because they are poor and cannot afford the Black Market. We saw no starvation, and ourselves ate too much of perfect food, but their clothes are a problem. They have plenty of merchandise to sell. The tourist trade shopkeepers greeted us with open arms, hoping we would buy lots because this means dollars to help them get back on their feet. The two hotels in Florence and Venice are the finest I have ever been in--smiling service of the most perfect kind with no hands out constantly for tips--these are included in your bill and they do not expect more. As one man in the hotel in Florence said, "We do need help now. The Marshall plan is necessary if the people actually get it and not the ones high up. But what we really want is a helping hand so that we can take care of ourselves independently of any outside nation. And no more war."



But the big thing to remember is that the Italians are happily at work. And by this I mean all the Italians--as you drive in the country you see not only the men in the fields, but also the old people, the women, and the children, working as long as the daylight lasts. There is much rebuilding to be done-- in almost every town there is still war damage--but they have tidied it all up and have made the most amazing strides with the handicaps of no money and material except to use what had been torn down.

It has been exciting to see, and having seen it one can not believe that a war will come soon.

Europe, 1948

Dear Children:

Climbing through mountain passes from Lake Como to the Swiss border Customs, we waved a friendly hand backward. We remembered most a waiter at Florence saying, "We Italians have one big enemy in Russian Communism, but we've got that ghost laid for a five year period through the last month's elections. We may have one smaller enemy in the United States. Sometimes it seems as though the United States wants war soon with Russia to get it over with. We want to be a nation of Italians at work in peace."

Snow-clogged mountain passes made it necessary to take the Gotthard railroad tunnel for about fifteen miles with the auto perched behind on a flat-car. It is difficult to speak of cleanliness as a national institution, but certainly an introduction to a Swiss electric train, railroad station windows reflecting the snow into beautifully kept cow barns, told a psychological story of self-respect, independence, and national pride. Only Holland with Switzerland reflected the higher American standards of personal life.

Of course throughout Switzerland from Luzerne, a beautiful mountain lake city, to Zurich, the Swiss financial New York, to Basel, the city of intrigue, to the Lake Geneva country, a bit depressed through lack of tourists and students, money and the high cost of living was the main talk.

After leaving a brave and busy Italy where a chauffeur took care of a family of four on \$10 a week through a hard winter at Genoa, we had not too much sympathy for a grumbling Swiss chauffeur who thought his \$25 a week a great hardship because his wife's little business was not doing as well as last year. We even doubted whether the five meals a day customary in Switzerland had been shortened. We saw no unemployment. The people were as stocky and hard muscled as the ever present brown Swiss milk herds. There was little talk of war among the people. War was always happening and the Swiss were always out of it. The statue of William Tell stands for them symbolic of permanent independence. Of course all bridgeheads are mined permanently awaiting the electric button to block an enemy at all borders should an invader try to come.

But the most significant industry of Switzerland, outside of intrigue of foreign refugees and international spy rings, is money. At Zurich every day the money of every nation, except Russia, is freely exchanged at banks. Official rates such as an English Pound for \$4, 600 Italian lira for \$1, 300 French francs for \$1, are totally ignored. Zurich makes the money market everywhere in Europe. The English Pound is worth about \$2.75. French and Italian money is discounted from ten to twenty per cent. The Swiss franc is tied into the American dollar

on a basis of 40¢ a franc, has become a one way street which foreign currencies must walk along for what they are really worth. This money reality based upon gold bath in New York and Zurich, forecasts a future. It shows that today at least, Bretton Woods and an international currency are very far away. It shows that free world trade awaits a clean up. And when one reaches the French border with English Pounds bought at \$2.75, we find a complete indifference whether one has English Pounds, American Dollars or Traveller's Checks. But there is an intense concern that no one crosses into France with more than 4000 francs (\$12). And when one crosses into England or Belgium or Holland with Pounds or Belgian francs or Dutch Guilders, the same intense concern stops every traveller at the border.

So Europe today is divided between the "soft" and "hard" currencies. The only "hard" (honest) money in Europe is Swiss--almost as "hard" as Scandinavia. The "softest" is England. The forecast is that the English Pound must reform, probably within a matter of months, to its real value in world trade. By Marshall Plan help the money exchangers at Zurich will place the world price of Pounds at \$3. Then perhaps Italy and France and even depressed Holland may find their money hardening. Only then will the road block of fake money be ended. Only then may the slow approach be made to a world money where all may trade in all countries save those under Russian control, without Black Markets and cheating and smuggling of money and goods.

While all Europe slowly is climbing toward a better standard of living with more merchandise everywhere, there can be no full recovery until American gold and the American dollar can move in justice and freedom within those countries which American gold and goods is to hasten toward money solvency.

And so on over the low rolling cattle-studded western foothills of the Alps into France.

It was not until we reached Paris that the real bothersome business of money became apparent. The franc is worth three different prices the same day. A hotel concierge willingly cashes a Traveller's Check for 315 francs to a dollar. The perfume merchant takes your check for 300 francs. The Black Market runner meets you near the American Express office and offers you 340 francs for an American dollar bill and 325 francs for American Express traveller's checks. But at the Paris branch of the Chase National Bank you meet an official French control rate of 247 francs if you are planning to buy French goods for American export--that is up to half of your purchase.

As one French worker travelling as interpreter said: "This world needs one money everywhere-- at least in a United States of Europe."

Dear Children:

The first French city we reached after crossing the border from Switzerland, was Dijon for over-night. Here we found a hotel, which according to the Michelin Guide, was a de luxe hotel. It was what had formerly been a most luxurious hotel, but now seemed cold and rather empty, with no attempt at a good dining room. This was true of other hotels in other cities we stopped in as we moved around France. We found rates for food and rooms and for merchandise purchased in both Italy and France extremely reasonable--the "soft" currency and good rate of exchange being an encouragement to tourist trade of all kinds. For instance, a bottle of Scotch whiskey which we needed because we all were tired and cold, was dug up from the cellar of this Dijon hotel, and sold to us for \$6 as contrasted later for a bottle of Scotch whiskey in England for \$16. When it came time for dinner, the concierge in a whisper said: "I do not think you will get the kind of meal you want here, but I will give you the name of a restaurant-- The Golden Pheasant." We went to this restaurant and found it full of French middle class people. It was through a courtyard and up a flight of stairs. But three people had a meal for a king for about \$10 with wine--soup, snails, steak with asparagus, wild strawberries and thick cream, the standard "black" bread (for which you are supposed to have coupons) with butter, and cheese.

In Paris even at the highest priced restaurants, we could have the same luxurious meals for half the price of a similar meal in New York. Most of the items are "Black Market" and the poor people of the cities can not afford them, but they do go to the restaurants and have them. The great problem for these poor working people in the cities is clothing. Almost everywhere clothing is rationed and the prices are so high that no one can afford new ones even with sufficient coupons. In the country food is plentiful, and not Black Market, but they too have the clothing problem.

As we moved north from Paris into Belgium and Holland we found prices for everything much higher. In Belgium the lace, for instance, was just too expensive to be interesting. The Belgians did not seem to know how to attract the tourist trade which would bring them dollars. In Holland, though prices were also high, we found such a black market in money that things evened up. Certainly the Dutch were glad to see us and wanted tourists. They are really poor though, and it was here that we sensed more suffering. Holland is a wonderful country--the same industry, cleanliness and desire to get back on their feet that we saw in Italy. But they have suffered terrible destruction from the war and despite the huge harvest there will be this year, and the way in which they have made tremendous strides in building back their herds of cattle for the cheese industry, it looks like a slow climb. Our hotel in Amsterdam which had been one of the outstanding top small hotels of Europe before the war, was perfect from the standpoint of service and meals, but they simply do not have the money for refurbishing after the war. The towels tore in your hands as you tried to dry your back after a bath.

On our way back to Paris from Holland we passed through the great Champagne country. Here we found the typical French sense of fear and depression which the German occupation has left with them. A man with a small vineyard, making 10,000 bottles of the best wine in the whole district, but not an internationally known name, was afraid to sell us direct 300 bottles of wine for shipment to the United States. Though he would have been paid cash in advance he argued that he could not do it because his agent in Paris who sold to the agent in New York (where a bottle for which he gets \$1 is sold for \$16) might blacklist him if he found out. He also said that he would rather take care of his regular French customers than run a risk of getting in wrong with the authorities by trying to expand his market outside of France. This was also true in the Burgundy section where we heard the same story at Beaune. We were given the name of the agent in New York, but he would not send us wine direct from France.

After a few days more in Paris we drive on through Brittany and Normandy. It was early for their summer season and most of the sea towns were not really open for business. But here was where the real war destruction was seen and felt. Here we found high prices for nothing--except in one place, there was real discomfort. They have not been able to get their land and cattle back in the way that Italy and Holland and Belgium have done. They seem to be whipped down still and have not come back mentally to a sense of work and industry in the way that the Italians have. Where in Italy, which had fighting all through the country and bombing and destruction, has cleaned up and repaired and made some semblance of rebuilding, these people have left the rubble lying where it fell. You will pass a field with two tanks and a machine gun standing on its tripod, just sitting there they were abandoned. Along the road hardly a mile is passed without war machinery just left to rust and decay. It is too far gone now for use, but certainly these machines could have been turned to scrap iron or to farm use. No one had the initiative to organize or was afraid to do so without being told so. The one really bright spot was the hotel du Rhin at Dieppe where we spent the night before taking the channel boat for England. This town was really destroyed. This hotel on the water-front had been occupied by the Navy. It was in a sad state. But the man and his wife who owned it, had everything spotlessly clean, had used what paint they could get, and had a kitchen which would have been the envy of any American housewife. And the meals were perfect. But on the door of my bedroom, the sign still was painted, because repainting and decorating is still too expensive for them: Naval Exchange Office- No admittance except on duty. But this French couple were cheerful and working though they had lost their only son and had no one to pass on their place to.

In England we landed at New Haven which was completely destroyed. The harbor and many of the houses have been fixed up and the English countryside is so green and neat always that it looks beautiful even where it has been damaged. But the English are really having a hard time. Everything is expensive and everything is rationed. There is no Black Market to the extent there is in the other countries. You really can not buy fresh meat, and go



without unless you are a farmer, except for the ration. Here is the ration:

For one week an English family of 3 gets:

3/4 lb butter  
4 1/2 ounces cheese  
6 ounces margarine  
3 ounces lard  
1 1/2 lb sugar  
6 ounces bacon  
6 ounces pressed corned meat  
2 boxes matches  
1 lb sausage (40% meat-the rest meal)  
6-8 ounces fresh stew meat

In addition they get 3/4 pound of chocolate or sweets, and 24 points for additional cheese, tinned goods, sweet crackers, syrup, jam. The bread ration I do not know, but it is generous. A farm laborer gets 10 to 12 ounces of cheese. 2 small cakes of soap per person a month. 7 eggs a year. (children get more eggs). Coffee is not rationed but tea is, and is insufficient to last the allotted time, so they supplement with coffee.

Clothing is also strictly rationed and a man (if he can afford one) can get a suit of clothes if he saves all his coupons for a year. clothing coupons, we were told, can be bought on the black market. Beer is not rationed and most of the people drink four or five glasses a day, if they can get it, to supplement their food. But it is weak watery stuff.

But the English do not complain and we felt admiration for them, because certainly they are the worst off of any European peoples we saw from the standpoint of food. I am sure they get tired of fish. And it is hard to make unattractive food attractive if you have no butter, eggs or cream for sauces.

But I still have a feeling that Europe is much better off than I had expected--largely due to their own determination. They need help, of course, and the job is to give it to them and administer it so that it does not dribble away and do little good. Then let them take care of themselves without too much interference, and they will come out all right. And certainly they do not want war.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**

This and the following five letters which are to appear this week in                      newspaper, are personal letters written from Europe by one of three reporters who travelled slowly by automobile throughout western Europe, including England, talking to hundreds of the plain people. They saw no diplomats. They avoided the rich. They sought no advice from journalists stationed in capitol cities. So the letters are merely those of a father writing to his son, who himself has sons who may fight, and daughters who may face a future balancing between war and peace.



June 28, 1948

TO OUR CHILDREN

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Three reporters, all having children headed perhaps toward a war maelstrom, travelled in Europe as parents seeking truth. They spent sixty days by auto from the Toe of Italy to the Hook of Holland. They travelled back roads. They saw no diplomats. They gave scant heed to Rome, Paris, and London. They talked to hundreds of men and women at work. This is their story to their children about the days to come.

SS Nieuw Amsterdam,  
June 26, 1948

Dear *children*  
~~John~~:

This is written on a boat in mid-ocean coming home. There have been two months this side of the "iron curtain" from the toe of Italy to the Hook of Holland--with some peepholes of observation through Trieste where Tito camps on the hills above, and Zurich, Switzerland, which has the only honest money market where Guilders and Pounds and Dollars and Francs meet in fair exchange for what they really buy in goods and service.

The trip was conceived and carried out selfishly. I could not go forward in my life plan without answering two questions.

1--What is the likelihood of a third World War in the lifetime of a man of sixty? (Answer--yes)

2--Approximately, when? (The best guess--not before five years, but before fifteen.)

So having honestly worked at the two questions, I reach New York in a few days to go forward with life work.

But since this is an ever-changing world and the sun is shining on a quiet sea, I passionately desire to call myself a mistaken man. There was no one among the hundreds talked to who wanted war. People were at work everywhere. Begging was almost non-existent. There was less hopelessness in Italy and France--less actual misery and beggary and idleness and unemployment--than in the days previous to Mussolini and Petain.

Only Holland and England seemed in worse shape than before World War II. Perhaps neither will recover, in our lifetime, the prosperity based upon colonial riches through profiteering. Kipling, Queen Victoria, and Disraeli are gone. England now gropes desperately toward a United States of Europe as South Africa grows cool and India breaks away and Canada grows up.

When Amsterdam was the richest city in Europe, Holland owned New York, controlled the gate to South Africa, named Australia and New Zealand, and was enjoying a 200 year monopoly with trade in Japan, and had put a Dutch fist around 60 million people of incredibly rich Java. But the days of Rembrandt are gone. Hitler has smashed many cities. People standing in ration lines seek bread and meat.

But one must not discount the genius and the stubbornness of the British and the Dutch, who, by the way, are probably more closely related in character of thought and history than any two peoples of what we hope may become leaders in a new United States larger in population than our own and potentially a third great world force nearer in thought to us than to Russia.

Time is in the balance of those who seek world peace. Roosevelt, two years before he died, said: "In twenty-five years the new Russia has moved 30% toward us; since 1932 we have moved equally ahead. I believe Stalin and I can make world peace work."

But one is dead and the other is old. Perhaps with time new men may make progress for peace. Certainly the plain people of western Europe and the British Isles unanimously are praying and working to that end.

So much for my problems, questions, and answers. I have written you from each country what these plain people have said, how they are living, what they believe, and how they feel toward peace and the ever-present threat of a third World War. Certainly nothing I have written should govern you. But perhaps this group of reports may stimulate your thought. It may answer some questions which now disturb.

Your business as an American is to provide the best life possible for your wife and children. The challenge ahead for parents everywhere is perhaps greater than at any time in history. You are truly an average American because all future hope lies in time and knowledge and tolerance of those who are to live the next half century. "Peace on earth, good will toward men" may come out of the darkness of the now.

Europe, 1948

Dear *Chillson* ~~Davis~~:

I thought of you and your sister a great deal as we came into the harbor of Naples. There was some time there just as there was when we were there together fourteen years ago. However this time there were ships lying on their sides in the water and signs of the war bombing all around the harborside.

We hired a car, and headed south into the country for a drive until time to sail again for Genoa. As we drove along the great impression I had of great use these Italians were making of their land--every inch of ground lying under and around Vesuvius (which no longer smokes, by the way) was under cultivation--wheat between the rows of grapes and fruit trees above the vines. Signs of the fighting everywhere--bridges and railroads bombed--but the rubble is neatly piled for future building use and the bridges and railroads are in operation.

The  
This impression of work and activity of these first few hours was born out as we went along through all Italy. This country was fought over all the way from Sicily north, while France's ravaged territory was mostly in the north. But the Italians are cheerful and active and working hard to get back on their feet--glad to see us and full of optimism.

At Genoa we hired another car and drove to Florence, staying there several days and moving around in the vicinity. Then across the mountains and up the east coast to Venice, where we stayed another few days. Then on across the northern part of Italy and up into Switzerland. In this way we really saw most of the country from Naples north. We talked to many, many people--the working people in the country and in the cities. They are thankful to have the war behind them, and to be able to get at their fields and business again and only want to be left to do so without any further thought or talk of a future war.

This year there will be a terrific harvest. Despite their crowded territory, it seemed as though they would have nearly enough. Meat is not included in this, because they do not have much. Certainly the country people do have enough of everything to eat, though the city people suffer because they are poor and cannot afford the Black Market. We saw no starvation, and ourselves ate too much of perfect food, but their clothes are a problem. They have plenty of merchandise to sell. The tourist trade shopkeepers greeted us with open arms, hoping we would buy lots because this means dollars to help them get back on their feet. The two hotels in Florence and Venice are the finest I have ever been in--smiling service of the most perfect kind with no hands out constantly for tips--these are included in your bill and they do not expect more. As one man in the hotel in Florence said, "We do need help now. The Marshall plan is necessary if the people actually get it and not the one's high up. But what we really want is a helping hand so that we can take care of ourselves independently of any outside nation. And no more war."

But the big thing to remember is that the Italians are happily at work. And by this I mean all the Italians--as you drive in the country you see not only the men in the fields, but also the old people, the women, and the children, working as long as the daylight lasts. There is much rebuilding to be done--in almost every town there is still war damage--but they have tidied it all up and have made the most amazing strides with the handicaps of no money and material except to use what had been torn down.

It has been exciting to see, and having seen it one can not believe that a war will come soon.

Europe 1948

Dear Children:

Climbing through mountain passes from Lake Como to the Swiss border Customs, we waved a friendly hand backward. We remembered most a waiter at Florence saying, "We Italians have one big enemy in Russian Communism, but we've got that ghost laid for a five year period through the last month's elections. We may have one smaller enemy in the United States. Sometimes it seems as though the United States wants war soon with Russia to get it over with. We want to be a nation of Italians at work in peace."

Snow-clogged mountain passes made it necessary to take the Gotthard railroad tunnel for about fifteen miles with the auto perched behind on a flat-car. It is difficult to speak of cleanliness as a national institution, but certainly an introduction to a Swiss electric train, railroad station windows reflecting the snow into beautifully kept cow barns, told a psychological story of self-respect, independence, and national pride. Only Holland with Switzerland reflected the higher American standards of personal life.

Of course throughout Switzerland from Luzerne, a beautiful mountain lake city, to Zurich, the Swiss financial New York, to Basel, the city of intrigue, to the Lake Geneva country, a bit depressed through lack of tourists and students, money and the high cost of living was the main talk.

After leaving a brave and busy Italy where a chauffeur took care of a family of four on \$10 a week through a hard winter at Genoa, we had not too much sympathy for a grumbling Swiss chauffeur who thought his \$25 a week a great hardship because his wife's little business was not doing as well as last year. We even doubted whether the five meals a day customary in Switzerland had been shortened. We saw no unemployment. The people were as stocky and hard muscled as the ever present brown Swiss milk herds. There was little talk of war among the people. War was always happening and the Swiss were always out of it. The statue of William Tell stands for them symbolic of permanent independence. Of course all bridgeheads are mined permanently awaiting the electric button to block an enemy at all borders should an invader try to come.

But the most significant industry of Switzerland, outside of intrigue of foreign refugees and international spy rings, is money. At Zurich every day the money of every nation, except Russia, is freely exchanged at banks. Official rates such as an English Pound for 4, 600 Italian lira for \$1, 300 French francs for \$1, are totally ignored. Zurich makes the money market everywhere in Europe. The English Pound is worth about \$2.75. French and Italian money is discounted from ten to twenty per cent. The Swiss franc tied into the American dollar



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And so on over the low rolling cattle-studded western foothills of the Alps into France.

It was not until we reached Paris that the real bothersome business of money became apparent. The franc is worth three different prices the same day. A hotel concierge willingly cashes a Traveller's Check for 315 francs to a dollar. The perfume merchant takes your check for 300 francs. The Black Market runner meets you near the American Express office and offers you 340 francs for an American dollar bill and 325 francs for American Express traveller's checks. But at the Paris branch of the Chase National Bank you meet an official French control rate of 247 francs if you are planning to buy French goods for American export--that is up to half of your purchase.

As one French worker travelling as interpreter said: "This world needs one money everywhere--at least in a United States of Europe."



## Europe 1948

Dear Children:

The first French city we reached after crossing the border from Switzerland, was Dijon for over-night. Here we found a hotel, which according to the Michelin Guide, was a de luxe hotel. It was what had formerly been a most luxurious hotel, but now seemed cold and rather empty, with no attempt at a good dining room. This was true of other hotels in other cities we stopped in as we moved around France. We found rates for food and rooms and for merchandise purchased in both Italy and France extremely reasonable--the "soft" currency and good rate of exchange being an encouragement to tourist trade of all kinds. For instance, a bottle of Scotch whiskey which we needed because we all were tired and cold, was dug up from the cellar of this Dijon hotel, and sold to us for \$6 as contrasted later for a bottle of Scotch whiskey in England for \$16. When it came time for dinner, the concierge in a whisper said: "I do not think you will get the kind of meal you want here, but I will give you the name of a restaurant--The Golden Pheasant." We went to this restaurant and found it full of French middle class people. It was through a courtyard and up a flight of stairs. But three people had a meal for a king for about \$10 with wine--soup, snails, steak with asparagus, wild strawberries and thick cream, the standard "black" bread (for which you are supposed to have coupons) with butter, and cheese.

In Paris even at the highest priced restaurants, we could have the same luxurious meals for half the price of a similar meal in New York. Most of the items are "Black Market" and the poor people of the cities can not afford them, but they do go to the restaurants and have them. The great problem for these poor working people in the cities is clothing. Almost everywhere clothing is rationed and the prices are so high that no one can afford new ones even with sufficient coupons. In the country food is plentiful, and not Black market, but they too have the clothing problem.

As we moved north from Paris into Belgium and Holland we found prices for everything much higher. In Belgium the lace, for instance, was just too expensive to be interesting. The Belgians did not seem to know how to attract the tourist trade which would bring them dollars. In Holland, though prices were also high, we found such a black market in money that things evened up. Certainly the Dutch were glad to see us and wanted tourists. They are really poor though, and it was here that we sensed more suffering. Holland is a wonderful country--the same industry, cleanliness and desire to get back on their feet that we saw in Italy. But they have suffered terrible destruction from the war and despite the huge harvest there will be this year, and the way in which they have made tremendous strides in building back their herds of cattle for the cheese industry, it looks like a slow climb. Our hotel in Amsterdam which had been one of the outstanding top small hotels of Europe before the war, was perfect from the standpoint of service and meals, but they simply do not have the money for refurbishing after the war. The towels tore in your hands as you tried to dry your back after a bath.

On our way back to Paris from Holland we passed through the great Champagne country. Here we found the typical French sense of fear and depression which the German occupation has left with them. A man with a small vineyard, making 10,000 bottle of the best wine in the whole district, but not an internationally known name, was afraid to sell us direct 300 bottles of wine for shipment to the United States. Though he would have been paid cash in advance he argued that he could not do it because his agent in Paris who sold to the agent in New York (where a bottle for which he gets \$1 is sold for \$16) might blacklist him if he found out. He also said that he would rather take care of his regular French customers than run a risk of getting in wrong with the authorities by trying to expand his market outside of France. This was also true in the Burgundy section where we heard the same story at Beaune. We were given the name of the agent in New York, but he would not send us wine direct from France.

After a few days more in Paris we drove on through Brittany and Normandy. It was early for their summer season and most of the sea towns were not really open for business. But here was where the real war destruction was seen and felt. Here we found high prices for nothing--except for one place, there was real discomfort. They have not been able to get their land and cattle back in the way that Italy and Holland and Belgium have done. They seem to be whipped down still and have not come back mentally to a sense of work and industry in the way that the Italians have. Where in Italy, which had fighting all through the country and bombing and destruction, has cleaned up and repaired and made some semblance of rebuilding, these people have left the rubble lying where it fell. You will pass a field with two tanks and a machine gun standing on its tripod, just sitting where they were abandoned. Along the road hardly a mile is passed without war machinery just left to rust and decay. It is too far gone now for use, but certainly these machines could have been turned to scrap iron or to farm use. No one had the initiative to organize or was afraid to do so without being told to. The one really bright spot was the hotel du Rhin at Dieppe where we spent the night before taking the channel boat for England. This town was really destroyed. This hotel on the water-front had been occupied by the Navy. It was in a sad state. But the man and his wife who owned it, had everything spotlessly clean, had used what paint they could get, and had a kitchen which would have been the envy of any American housewife. And the meals were perfect. But on the door of my bedroom, the sign still was painted, because repainting and decorating is still too expensive for them: Naval Exchange Office-No admittance except on duty. But this French couple were cheerful and working though they had lost their only son and had no one to pass on their place to.

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without unless you are a farmer, except for the ration. Here is the ration:

For one week and English family of 3 gets:

3/4 lb butter  
4 1/2 ounces cheese  
6 ounces margarine  
3 ounces ~~lard~~ lard  
1 1/2 pound sugar  
6 ounces bacon  
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1 pound sausage (40% meat the rest meal)  
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In addition they get 3/4 pound of chocolate or sweets, and 24 points for additional cheese, tinned goods, sweet crackers, syrup, jam. The bread ration I do not know, but it is generous. A farm laborer gets 10 to 12 ounces of cheese. 2 small cakes of soap per person a month. 7 eggs a year. (children get more eggs). Coffee is not rationed but tea is, and is insufficient to last the allotted time so they supplement with coffee.

Clothing is also strictly rationed and a man (if he can afford one) can get a suit of clothes if he saves all his coupons for a year. Clothing coupons, we were told, can be bought on the black market. Beer is not rationed and most of the people drink four or five glasses a day, if they can get it, to supplement their food. But it is weak watery stuff.

But the English do not complain and we felt admiration for them, because certainly they are the worst off of any European peoples we saw from the standpoint of food. I am sure they get tired of fish. And it is hard to make unattractive food attractive if you have no butter, eggs or cream for sauces.

But I still have a feeling that Europe is much better off than I had expected--largely due to their own determination. They need help of course, and the job is to give it to them and administer it so that it does not dribble away and do little good. Then let them take care of themselves without too much interference, and they will come out all right. And certainly they do not want war.

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This and the following five letters which are to appear this week in                      newspaper, are personal letters written from Europe by one of three reporters who travelled slowly by automobile throughout western Europe, including England, talking to hundreds of the plain people. They saw no diplomats. They avoided the rich. They sought no advice from journalists stationed in capital cities. So the letters are merely those of a father writing to his son, who himself has sons who may fight, and daughters who may face a future balancing between war and peace.

June 28, 1948

TO OUR CHILDREN

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Three reporters, all having children headed perhaps toward a war maelstrom, travelled in Europe as parents seeking truth. They spent sixty days by auto from the Toe of Italy to the hook of Holland. They travelled back roads. They saw no diplomats. They gave scant heed to Rome, Paris, and London. They talked to hundreds of men and women at work. This is their story to their children about the days to come.

SS Nieuw Amsterdam,  
June 26, 1948

Dear *Chick*  
*John:*

This is written on a boat in mid-ocean coming home. There have been two months this side of the "iron curtain" from the Toe of Italy to the Hook of Holland--with some peepholes of observation through Trieste where Tito camps on the hills above, and Zurich, Switzerland, which has the only honest money market where Guilders and Pounds and Dollars and Francs meet in fair exchange for what they really buy in goods and service.

The trip was conceived and carried out selfishly. I could not go forward in my life plan without answering two questions.  
1--What is the likelihood of a third World War in the lifetime of a man of sixty? (Answer--yes)  
2--Approximately, when? (The best guess--not before five years, but before fifteen.)

So having honestly worked at the two questions, I reach New York in a few days to go forward with life work.

But since this is an ever-changing world and the sun is shining on a quiet sea, I passionately desire to call myself a mistaken man. There was no one among the hundreds talked to who wanted war. People were at work everywhere. Begging was almost non-existent. There was less hopelessness in Italy and France--less actual misery and beggary and idleness and unemployment--than in the days previous to Mussolini and Petain.

Only Holland and England seemed in worse shape than before World War II. Perhaps neither will recover, in our lifetime, the prosperity based upon colonial riches through profiteering. Kipling, Queen Victoria, and Disraeli are gone. England now gropes desperately toward a United States of Europe as South Africa grows cool and India breaks away and Canada grows up.

When Amsterdam was the richest city in Europe, Holland owned New York, controlled the gate to South Africa, named Australia and New Zealand, and was enjoying a 200 year monopoly with trade in Japan, and had put a Dutch fist around 60 million people of incredibly rich Java. But the days of Rembrandt are gone. Hitler has smashed many cities. People standing in ration lines seek bread and meat.

But one must not discount the genius and the stubbornness of the British and the Dutch, who, by the way, are probably more closely related in character of thought and history than any two peoples of what we hope may become leaders in a new United States larger in population than our own and potentially a third great world force nearer in thought to us than to Russia.

Time is in the balance of those who seek world peace. Roosevelt, two years before he died, said: "In twenty-five years the new Russia has moved 30% toward us; since 1932 we have moved equally ahead. I believe Stalin and I can make world peace work."

But one is dead and the other is old. Perhaps with time new men may make progress for peace. Certainly the plain people of western Europe and the British Isles unanimously are praying and working to that end.

So much for my problems, questions, and answers. I have written you from each country what these plain people have said, how they are living, what they believe, and how they feel toward peace and the ever-present threat of a third World War. Certainly nothing I have written should govern you. But perhaps this group of reports may stimulate your thought. It may answer some questions which now disturb.

Your business as an American is to provide the best life possible for your wife and children. The challenge ahead for parents everywhere is perhaps greater than at any time in history. You are truly an average American because all future hope lies in time and knowledge and tolerance of those who are to live the next half century. "Peace on earth, good will toward men" may come out of the darkness of the now.



Europe, 1948

Dear ~~Uncle~~ <sup>Children</sup>:

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We hired a car, and headed south into the country for a drive until time to sail again for Genoa. As we drove along the great impression I had was of great use these Italians were making of their land--every inch of ground lying under and around Vesuvius (which no longer smokes, by the way) was under cultivation--wheat between the rows of grapes and fruit trees above the vines. Signs of the fighting everywhere--bridges and railroads bombed--but the rubble is neatly piled for future building use and the bridges and railroads are in operation.

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This year there will be a terrific harvest. Despite their crowded territory, it seemed as though they would have nearly enough. Meat is not included in this, because they do not have much. Certainly the country people do have enough of everything to eat, though the city people suffer because they are poor and cannot afford the Black Market. We saw no starvation, and ourselves ate too much of perfect food, but their clothes are a problem. They have plenty of merchandise to sell. The tourist trade shopkeepers greeted us with open arms, hoping we would buy lots because this means dollars to help them get back on their feet. The two hotels in Florence and Venice are the finest I have ever been in--smiling service of the most perfect kind with no hands out constantly for tips--these are included in your bill and they do not expect more. As one man in the hotel in Florence said, "We do need help now. The Marshall plan is necessary if the people actually get it and not the one's high up. But what we really want is a helping hand so that we can take care of ourselves independently of any outside nation. And no more war."

But the big thing to remember is that the Italians are happily at work. And by this I mean all the Italians--as you drive in the country you see not only the men in the fields, but also the old people, the women, and the children, working as long as the daylight lasts. There is much rebuilding to be done--in almost every town there is still war damage--but they have tidied it all up and have made the most amazing strides with the handicaps of no money and material except to use what had been torn down.

It has been exciting to see, and having seen it one can not believe that a war will come soon.

## Europe 1948

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Of course throughout Switzerland from Luxerne, a beautiful mountain lake city, to Zurich, the Swiss financial New York, to Basel, the city of intrigue, to the Lake Geneva country, a bit depressed through lack of tourists and students, money and the high cost of living was the main talk.

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As we moved north from Paris into Belgium and Holland we found prices for everything much higher. In Belgium the lace, for instance, was just too expensive to be interesting. The Belgians did not seem to know how to attract the tourist trade which would bring them dollars. In Holland, though prices were also high, we found such a black market in money that things evened up. Certainly the Dutch were glad to see us and wanted tourists. They are really poor though, and it was here that we sensed more suffering. Holland is a wonderful country--the same industry, cleanliness and desire to get back on their feet that we saw in Italy. But they have suffered terrible destruction from the war and despite the huge harvest there will be this year, and the way in which they have made tremendous strides in building back their herds of cattle for the cheese industry, it looks like a slow climb. Our hotel in Amsterdam which had been one of the outstanding top small hotels of Europe before the war, was perfect from the standpoint of service and meals, but they simply do not have the money for refurbishing after the war. The towels tore in your hands as you tried to dry your back after a bath.

On our way back to Paris from Holland we passed through the great Champagne country. Here we found the typical French sense of fear and depression which the German occupation has left with them. A man with a small vineyard, making 10,000 bottle of the best wine in the whole district, but not an internationally known name, was afraid to sell us direct 300 bottles of wine for shipment to the United States. Though he would have been paid cash in advance he argued that he could not do it because his agent in Paris who sold to the agent in New York (where a bottle for which he gets \$1 is sold for \$16) might blacklist him if he found out. He also said that he would rather take care of his regular French customers than run a risk of getting in wrong with the authorities by trying to expand his market outside of France. This was also true in the Burgundy section where we heard the same story at Beaune. We were given the name of the agent in New York, but he would not send us wine direct from France.

After a few days more in Paris we drove on through Brittany and Normandy. It was early for their summer season and most of the sea towns were not really open for business. But here was where the real war destruction was seen and felt. Here we found high prices for nothing--except for one place, there was real discomfort. They have not been able to get their land and cattle back in the way that Italy and Holland and Belgium have done. They seem to be whipped down still and have not come back mentally to a sense of work and industry in the way that the Italians have. Where in Italy, which had fighting all through the country and bombing and destruction, has cleaned up and repaired and made some semblance of rebuilding, these people have left the rubble lying where it fell. You will pass a field with two tanks and a machine gun standing on its tripod, just sitting where they were abandoned. Along the road hardly a mile is passed without war machinery just left to rust and decay. It is too far gone now for use, but certainly these machines could have been turned to scrap iron or to farm use. No one had the initiative to organize or was afraid to do so without being told to. The one really bright spot was the hotel du Rhin at Dieppe where we spent the night before taking the channel boat for England. This town was really destroyed. This hotel on the water-front had been occupied by the Navy. It was in a sad state. But the man and his wife who owned it, had everything spotlessly clean, had used what paint they could get, and had a kitchen which would have been the envy of any American housewife. And the meals were perfect. But on the door of my bedroom, the sign still was painted, because repainting and decorating is still too expensive for them: Naval Exchange Office-No admittance except on duty. But this French couple were cheerful and working though they had lost their only son and had no one to pass on their place to.

In England we landed at Newhaven which was completely destroyed. The harbor and many of the houses have been fixed up and the English countryside is so green and neat always that it looks beautiful even where it has been damaged. But the English are really having a hard time. Everything is expensive and everything is rationed. There is no Black Market to the extent there is in the other countries. You really can not buy fresh meat, and go



without unless you are a farmer, except for the ration. Here is the ration:

For one week and English family of 3 gets:

3/4 lb butter  
4 1/2 ounces cheese  
6 ounces margarine  
3 ounces ~~lard~~ lard  
1 1/2 pound sugar  
6 ounces bacon  
6 ounces pressed corned meat  
2 boxes matches  
1 pound sausage (40% meat the rest meal)  
6-8 ounces fresh stew meat

In addition they get 3/4 pound of chocolate or sweets, and 24 points for additional cheese, tinned goods, sweet crackers, syrup, jam. The bread ration I do not know, but it is generous. A farm laborer gets 10 to 12 ounces of cheese. 2 small cakes of soap per person a month. 7 eggs a year. (children get more eggs). Coffee is not rationed but tea is, and is insufficient to last the allotted time so they supplement with coffee.

Clothing is also strictly rationed and a man (if he can afford one) can get a suit of clothes if he saves all his coupons for a year. Clothing coupons, we were told, can be bought on the black market. Beer is not rationed and most of the people drink four or five glasses a day, if they can get it, to supplement their food. But it is weak watery stuff.

But the English do not complain and we felt admiration for them, because certainly they are the worst off of any European peoples we saw from the standpoint of food. I am sure they get tired of fish. And it is hard to make unattractive food attractive if you have no butter, eggs or cream for sauces.

But I still have a feeling that Europe is much better off than I had expected--largely due to their own determination. They need help of course, and the job is to give it to them and administer it so that it does not dribble away and do little good. Then let them take care of themselves without too much interference, and they will come out all right. And certainly they do not want war.

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Dear John

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letter out of them

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**

This and the following five letters which are to appear this week in newspaper, are personal letters written from Europe by one of three reporters who travelled slowly by automobile throughout western Europe, including England, talking to hundreds of the plain people. They saw no diplomats. They avoided the rich. They sought no advice from journalists stationed in capitol cities. So the letters are merely those of a father writing to his son, who himself has sons who may fight, and daughters who may face a future balancing between war and peace.



June 28, 1948

TO OUR CHILDREN

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Three reporters, all having children headed perhaps toward a war maelstrom, travelled in Europe as parents seeking truth. They spent sixty days by auto from the Toe of Italy to the Hook of Holland. They travelled back roads. They saw no diplomats. They gave scant heed to Rome, Paris, and London. They talked to hundreds of men and women at work. This is their story to their children about the days to come.

Europe, 1948

Dear *Hildra*  
~~Paris~~:

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without unless you are a farmer, except for the ration. Here is the ration?

For one week and English family of 3 gets:

3/4 lb butter  
4 1/2 ounces cheese  
6 ounces margarine  
3 ounces salted lard  
1 1/2 pound sugar  
6 ounces bacon  
6 ounces pressed corned meat  
2 boxes matches  
1 pound sausage (40% meat the rest meal)  
6-8 ounces fresh stew meat

In addition they get 3/4 pound of chocolate or sweets, and 24 points for additional cheese, tinned goods, sweet crackers, syrup, jam. The bread ration I do not know, but it is generous. A farm laborer gets 10 to 12 ounces of cheese. 2 small cakes of soap per person a month. 7 eggs a year. (children get more eggs). Coffee is not rationed but tea is, and is insufficient to last the allotted time so they supplement with coffee.

Clothing is also strictly rationed and a man (if he can afford one) can get a suit of clothes if he saves all his coupons for a year. Clothing coupons, we were told, can be bought on the black market. Beer is not rationed and most of the people drink four or five glasses a day, if they can get it, to supplement their food. But it is weak watery stuff.

But the English do not complain and we felt admiration for them, because certainly they are the worst off of any European peoples we saw from the standpoint of food. I am sure they get tired of fish. And it is hard to make unattractive food attractive if you have no butter, eggs or cream for sauces.

But I still have a feeling that Europe is much better off than I had expected--largely due to their own determination. They need help of course, and the job is to give it to them and administer it so that it does not dribble away and do little good. Then let them take care of themselves without too much interference, and they will come out all right. And certainly they do not want war.

# Dear Son Series

## EDITOR'S NOTE:

This and the following five letters which are to appear this week in \_\_\_\_\_ newspaper, are personal letters written from Europe by one of three reporters who travelled slowly by automobile throughout western Europe, including England, talking to hundreds of the plain people. They saw no diplomats. They avoided the rich. They sought no advice from journalists stationed in capital cities. So the letters are merely those of a father writing to his son, who himself has sons who may fight, and daughters who may face a future balancing between war and peace.

June 28, 1948

TO OUR CHILDREN

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Three reporters, all having children headed perhaps toward a war maelstrom, travelled in Europe as parents seeking truth. They spent sixty days by auto from the Toe of Italy to the Hook of Holland. They travelled back roads. They saw no diplomats. They gave scant heed to Rome, Paris, and London. They talked to hundreds of men and women at work. This is their story to their children about the days to come.

*Article I*

SS Nieuw Amsterdam,  
June 26, 1948

Dear Children:

This is written on a boat in mid-ocean coming home. There have been two months this side of the "iron curtain" from the Toe of Italy to the Hook of Holland--with some peepholes of observation through Trieste where Tito camps on the hills above, and Zurich, Switzerland, which has the only honest money market where Guilders and Pounds and Dollars and Francs meet in fair exchange for what they really buy in goods and service.

The trip was conceived and carried out selfishly. I could not go forward in my life plan without answering two questions.

1--What is the likelihood of a third World War in the lifetime of a man of sixty? (Answer-yes)

2--Approximately, when? (The best guess-not before five years, but before fifteen.)

So having honestly worked at the two questions, I reach New York in a few days to go forward with life work.

But since this is an ever-changing world and the sun is shining on a quiet sea, I passionately desire to call myself a mistaken man. There was no one among the hundreds talked to who wanted war. People were at work everywhere. Begging was almost non-existent. There was less hopelessness in Italy and France--less actual misery and beggary and idleness and unemployment--than in the days previous to Mussolini and Petain.

Only Holland and England seemed in worse shape than before World War II. Perhaps neither will recover, in our lifetime, the prosperity based upon colonial riches through profiteering. Kipling, Queen Victoria, and Disraeli are gone. England now gropes desperately toward a United States of Europe as South Africa grows cool and India breaks away and Canada grows up.

When Amsterdam was the richest city in Europe, Holland owned New York, controlled the gate to South Africa, named Australia and New Zealand, and was enjoying a 200 year monopoly with trade in Japan, and had put a Dutch fist around 60 million people of incredibly rich Java. But the days of Rembrandt are gone. Hitler has smashed many cities. People standing in ration lines seek bread and meat.

But one must not discount the genius and the stubbornness of the British and the Dutch, who, by the way, are probably more closely related in character of thought and history than any two peoples of what we hope may become leaders in a new United States larger in population than our own and potentially a third great world force nearer in thought to us than to Russia.

Time is in the balance of those who seek world peace. Roosevelt, two years before he died, said: "In twenty-five years the new Russia has moved 30% toward us; since 1932 we have moved equally ahead. I believe Stalin and I can make world peace work."

But one is dead and the other is old. Perhaps with time new men may make progress for peace. Certainly the plain people of western Europe and the British Isles unanimously are praying and working to that end.

So much for my problems, questions, and answers. I have written you from each country what these plain people have said, how they are living, what they believe, and how they feel toward peace and the ever-present threat of a third World War. Certainly nothing I have written should govern you. But perhaps this group of reports may stimulate your thought. It may answer some questions which now disturb.

Your business as an American is to provide the best life possible for your wife and children. The challenge ahead for parents everywhere is perhaps greater than at any time in history. You are truly an average American because all future hope lies in time and knowledge and tolerance of those who are to live the next half century. "Peace on earth, good will toward men" may come out of the darkness of the now.

## *Article II alternate*

Europe, 1948

Dear Children:

I thought of you and your sister a great deal as we came into the harbor of Naples. There was some time there just as there was when we were there together fourteen years ago. However, this time there were ships lying on their sides in the water and signs of the war bombing all around the harborside.

We hired a car, and headed south into the country for a drive until time to sail again for Genoa. As we drove along the great impression I had was of great use these Italians were making of their land--every inch of ground lying under and around Vesuvius (which no longer smokes, by the way) was under cultivation--wheat between the rows of grapes and fruit trees above the vines. Signs of the fighting everywhere--bridges and railroads bombed--but the rubble is neatly piled for future building use and the bridges and railroads are in operation.

The impression of work and activity of these first few hours was born out as we went along through all Italy. This country was fought over all the way from Sicily north, while France's ravaged territory was mostly in the north. But the Italians are cheerful and active and working hard to get back on their feet--glad to see us and full of optimism.

At Genoa we hired another car and drive to Florence, staying there several days and moving around in the vicinity. Then across the mountains and up the east coast to Venice, where we stayed another few days. Then on across the northern part of Italy and up into Switzerland. In this way we really saw most of the country from Naples north. We talked to many, many people--the working people in the country and in the cities. They are thankful to have the war behind them, and to be able to get at their fields and business again and only want to be left to do so without any further thought or talk of a future war.

This year there will be a terrific harvest. Despite their crowded territory, it seemed as though they would have nearly enough. Meat is not included in this, because they do not have much. Certainly the country people do have enough of everything to eat, though the city people suffer because they are poor and cannot afford the Black Market. We saw no starvation, and ourselves ate too much of perfect food, but their clothes are a problem. They have plenty of merchandise to sell. The tourist trade shopkeepers greeted us with open arms, hoping we would buy lots because this means dollars to help them get back on their feet. The two hotels in Florence and Venice are the finest I have ever been in--smiling service of the most perfect kind with no hands out constantly for tips--these are included in your bill and they do not expect more. As one man in the hotel in Florence said, "We do need help now. The Marshall plan is necessary if the people actually get it and not the ones high up. But what we really want is a helping hand so that we can take care of ourselves independently of any outside nation. And no more war."

But the big thing to remember is that the Italians are happily at work. And by this I mean all the Italians--as you drive in the country you see not only the men in the fields, but also the old people, the women, and the children, working as long as the daylight lasts. There is much rebuilding to be done-- in almost every town there is still war damage--but they have tidied it all up and have made the most amazing strides with the handicaps of no money and material except to use what had been torn down.

It has been exciting to see, and having seen it one can not believe that a war will come soon.



Article 3

Europe, 1948

Dear Children:

Climbing through mountain passes from Lake Como to the Swiss border Customs, we waved a friendly hand backward. We remembered most a waiter at Florence saying, "We Italians have one big enemy in Russian Communism, but we've got that ghost laid for a five year period through the last month's elections. We may have one smaller enemy in the United States. Sometimes it seems as though the United States wants war soon with Russia to get it over with. We want to be a nation of Italians at work in peace."

Snow-clogged mountain passes made it necessary to take the Gotthard railroad tunnel for about fifteen miles with the auto perched behind on a flat-car. It is difficult to speak of cleanliness as a national institution, but certainly an introduction to a Swiss electric train, railroad station windows reflecting the snow into beautifully kept cow barns, told a psychological story of self-respect, independence, and national pride. Only Holland with Switzerland reflected the higher American standards of personal life.

Of course throughout Switzerland from Luzerne, a beautiful mountain lake city, to Zurich, the Swiss financial New York, to Basel, the city of intrigue, to the Lake Geneva country, a bit depressed through lack of tourists and students, money and the high cost of living was the main talk.

After leaving a brave and busy Italy where a chauffeur took care of a family of four on \$10 a week through a hard winter at Genoa, we had not too much sympathy for a grumbling Swiss chauffeur who thought his \$25 a week a great hardship because his wife's little business was not doing as well as last year. We even doubted whether the five meals a day customary in Switzerland had been shortened. We saw no unemployment. The people were as stocky and hard muscled as the ever present brown Swiss milk herds. There was little talk of war among the people. War was always happening and the Swiss were always out of it. The statue of William Tell stands for them symbolic of permanent independence. Of course all bridgeheads are mined permanently awaiting the electric button to block an enemy at all borders should an invader try to come.

But the most significant industry of Switzerland, outside of intrigue of foreign refugees and international spy rings, is money. At Zurich every day the money of every nation, except Russia, is freely exchanged at banks. Official rates such as an English Pound for \$4, 600 Italian lira for \$1, 300 French francs for \$1, are totally ignored. Zurich makes the money market everywhere in Europe. The English Pound is worth about \$2.75. French and Italian money is discounted from ten to twenty per cent. The Swiss franc is tied into the American dollar

on a basis of 40% a franc, has become a one way street which foreign currencies must walk along for what they are really worth. This money reality based upon gold bath in New York and Zurich, forecasts a future. It shows that today at least, Bretton Woods and an international currency are very far away. It shows that free world trade awaits a clean up. And when one reaches the French border with English Pounds bought at \$2.75, we find a complete indifference whether one has English Pounds, American Dollars or Traveller's Checks. But there is an intense concern that no one crosses into France with more than 4000 francs (\$12). And when one crosses into England or Belgium or Holland with Pounds or Belgian francs or Dutch Guilders, the same intense concern stops every traveller at the border.

So Europe today is divided between the "soft" and "hard" currencies. The only "hard" (honest) money in Europe is Swiss--almost as "hard" as Scandinavia. The "softest" is England. The forecast is that the English Pound must reform, probably within a matter of months, to its real value in world trade. By Marshall Plan help the money exchangers at Zurich will place the world price of Pounds at \$3. Then perhaps Italy and France and even depressed Holland may find their money hardening. Only then will the road block of fake money be ended. Only then may the slow approach be made to a world money where all may trade in all countries save those under Russian control, without Black Markets and cheating and smuggling of money and goods.

While all Europe slowly is climbing toward a better standard of living with more merchandise everywhere, there can be no full recovery until American gold and the American dollar can move in justice and freedom within those countries which American gold and goods is to hasten toward money solvency.

And so on over the low rolling cattle-studded western foothills of the Alps into France.

It was not until we reached Paris that the real bothersome business of money became apparent. The franc is worth three different prices the same day. A hotel concierge willingly cashes a Traveller's Check for 315 francs to a dollar. The perfume merchant takes your check for 300 francs. The Black Market runner meets you near the American Express office and offers you 340 francs for an American dollar bill and 325 francs for American Express traveller's checks. But at the Paris branch of the Chase National Bank you meet an official French control rate of 247 francs if you are planning to buy French goods for American export--that is up to half of your purchase.

As one French worker travelling as interpreter said: "This world needs one money everywhere-- at least in a United States of Europe."

*Artistic*  
H

Paris 1948

Dear Children:

I am writing in Paris simply because there is a day here in which to "organise" for laundry and a few purchases for the folks at home. Out time in France, Belgium, Holland, and Brittany and Normandy was much greater and gave us the real detail of plain living and work and daily life which we were seeking.

The first French city we reached after crossing the border from Switzerland, was Dijon for over night. Here we found a hotel, which according to the Michelin Guide, was a de luxe hotel. It was what had formerly been a most luxurious hotel, but now seemed cold and rather empty, with no attempt at a good dining room. This was true of other hotels in other cities we stopped in as we moved around France. We found rates for food and rooms and for merchandise purchased in both Italy and France extremely reasonable--the "soft" currency and good rate of exchange being an encouragement to tourist trade of all kinds. For instance, a bottle of Scotch whiskey which we needed because we all were tired and cold, was dug up from the cellar of this Dijon hotel, and sold to us for \$6 as contrasted later for a bottle of Scotch whiskey in England for \$16. When it came time for dinner, the concierge in a whisper said: "I do not think you will get the kind of meal you want here, but I will give you the name of a restaurant--The Golden Pheasant." We went to this restaurant and found it full of French middle class people. It was through a courtyard and up a flight of stairs. But three people had a meal for a king for about \$10 with wine--soup, snails, steak with asparagus, wild strawberries and thick cream, the standard "black" bread (for which you are supposed to have coupons) with butter, and cheese.

In Paris even at the highest priced restaurants, we could have the same luxurious meals for half the price of a similar meal in New York. Most of the items are "Black Market" and the poor people of the cities can not afford them. The great problem for these poor working people in the cities is clothing. Almost everywhere clothing is rationed and the prices are so high that no one can afford new ones even with sufficient coupons. In the country food is plentiful, and not Black Market, but they too have the clothing problem.

As we moved north from Paris into Belgium and Holland we found prices for

everything much higher. In Belgium the lace, for instance, was just too expensive to be interesting. The Belgians did not seem to know how to attract the tourist trade which would bring them dollars. In Holland, though prices were also high, we found such a black market in money that things evened up. Certainly the Dutch were glad to see us and wanted tourists. They are really poor though, and it was here that we sensed more suffering. Holland is a wonderful country--the same industry, cleanliness and desire to get back on their feet that we saw in Italy. But they have suffered terrible destruction from the war and despite the huge harvest there will be this year, and the way in which they have made tremendous strides in building back their herds of cattle for the cheese industry, it looks like a slow climb. Our hotel in Amsterdam which had been one of the outstanding small luxury hotels of Europe before the war, was perfect from the standpoint of service and meals but they simply do not have the money for refurbishing after the war. The towels tore in your hands as you tried to dry your back after a bath.

On our way back to Paris from Holland we passed through the great Champagne country. Here we found the typical French sense of fear and depression which the German occupation has left with them. A man with a small vineyard, making 10,000 bottles of the best wine in the whole district, but not an internationally known name (the village was named Cramant) was afraid to sell us direct 300 Bottles of wine for shipment to the United States. Though he would have been paid cash in advance he argued that he could not do it because his agent in Paris who sold to the agent in New York (where a bottle for which he gets \$1 is sold for \$14) might blacklist him if he found out. He also said that he would rather take care of his regular French customers than run a risk of getting in wrong with the authorities by trying to expand his market outside of France. This was also true in the Burgundy section where we heard the same story at Beaune. We were given the name of the agent in New York but he would not send us wine direct from France.

After a few more days in Paris we drove on through Brittany and Normandy. It was early for their summer season and most of the sea resort towns were not really open for business. But here was where the real war destruction was seen and felt. Here we found high prices for nothing--except in one place, there was real discomfort. They have not been able to get their land and cattle back in shape

in the way that Italy and Holland and Belgium have done. They seem to be whipped down still and have not come back mentally to a sense of work and industry in the way the Italians have done. Where in Italy, which had fighting all through the country and bombing and destruction, has cleaned up and repaired and made some semblance of rebuilding, these people have left the rubble lying where it fell. One passes a field with two tanks and a machine gun standing on its tripod, just sitting where they were abandoned. Along the road hardly a mile is passed without war machinery just left to rust and decay. It is too far gone now for use, but certainly these machines could have been turned to scrap iron or to farm use. No one had the initiative to organize or was afraid to do so without being told to.

*Article 5*

England just across the Channel  
1948

Dear Children:

We have left France today. This is a contrast of two bomb-racked and shell-torn Channel ports--Dieppe and New Haven--and of two families of those ports.

Because in both cases only a few miles across the Channel we find hope and energy we are to arrive in England with some of the confirmation we found in Italy. There are everywhere in every country signs of growth through adversity.

For instance, in Dieppe was a truly bright spot of France at the Hotel du Rhin where we spent the night before taking the Channel boat for England. This sea town was almost completely destroyed. It was formerly a resort town--a spot where the English as well as the French could go quickly across the Channel for a holiday at the seaside. We were told that the hotels listed in the Michelin Guide were not in condition to stay in, but that the Hotel du Rhin on the water front could take care of us and would be the most satisfactory. It was in a sad state. The buildings on either side were skeletons and the front of the Hotel du Rhin was cracked and dreary. It had been occupied by all combatants, the last evidently being the Americans. The Merciers, who owned it, had everything spotlessly clean, had used paint when they were able to get it, and had a kitchen which would have been the envy of any American housewife. And the meals were perfect. But on the door of my bedroom, the sign was still left because this small amount of paint had been used on what furniture they had, and it read: Naval Exchange Office--No admittance except on Duty. Their furniture was gone, but by degrees, a piece at a time, they were getting more rooms ready for occupancy. The only son who would have inherited the hotel business, had been killed in the very last days of the war, and the little grand-daughter was there to be their incentive. But this French couple were smiling and cheerful and full of a desire to get back and going again.

With the Merciers waving a friendly au revoir to us we left to board the boat to take us to New Haven. It was noon so we went to the dining saloon for lunch and talked to the pleasant English waiter who served us. He lived in

New Haven which was more than half destroyed. The harbor and many of the houses have been fixed up to be livable and the English countryside is so green and neat always that it looks beautiful even where it has been damaged. But it is hard to "carry on" in a small town where five thousand houses have been destroyed.

His story was about as follows: "It is pretty hard about the butter and meat and things, but don't let any Englishman tell you that we are down and out. We are doing all right, but we are griping too much. It will be a long time before our homes and our port is really fixed up. It may be even longer before England is again the big shipping country. But I know that the worst is over. Families have been smashed up. There are orphans and widows and all that. But the grippers don't get us anywhere and England is coming through. I can feel it every month."

The lesson to me was that the common people with many, many problems to work at daily, had a distinct happiness through the mere fact of work itself. Two of the great estates we visited were certainly on their way out. Anyone can see that the ancient grandeur of Brittany and Normandy are passing out along with the castles on the Rhine and the great English and Irish estates. But for the plain people we can see a reasonable future while pathetically in France the so-called "little ones" have not yet grasped the need of unity in government. It is quite possible that they will do so. After all Italy and Ireland are rapidly rushing through to a better nationalism than were hill towns or counties cemented only by a common religion. DeValera may have done it for Ireland and Mussolini helped much in his early days of "living dangerously" before fat and women took him. But when one sees Madame Mercier planning to buy another chair next month; when one finds a cheerful Channel-crossing waiter going home to a bombed out dwelling, anyone can feel that pessimism is not the rule anywhere in Europe.



England,  
Great Missenden, 1948

Dear Children:

This is a small English town and countryside fifty miles northwest of London where we are visiting friends made during the war years at Washington. It is really our first chance to rest in the little guest house overlooking the garden and the incomparable beauty of the low-lying hills of Buckinghamshire.

In England we landed at New Haven which as I said before, was more than half destroyed. The English have had and are having a really hard time. Everything is expensive and everything is rationed. There is no black market to the extent that there is in the other countries. This means that you really can not buy fresh meat and the people must go without unless he is a farmer, except for the ration.

Here is the ration as I wrote it down yesterday when the grocer delivered it. There are two kinds of food ration--the regular issue which is automatic if you can pay for it, and the things one has a choice about and for which one uses coupons. For one week this family of three which we are visiting, gets:

$\frac{3}{4}$  lb butter  
4 $\frac{1}{2}$  ounces cheese  
6 ounces margarine  
3 ounces lard  
1 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb sugar  
6 ounces bacon  
6 ounces pressed meat loaf (corned beef)  
2 boxes matches  
1 lb sausage (40% meat-the rest meal)  
6-8 ounces fresh stew meat.

In addition they get  $\frac{3}{4}$  pound of chocolate or sweets a month and 24 points each for additional cheese, tinned goods, sweet crackers, syrup, jam, etc. The bread ration I do not know, but it is generous. A farm laborer gets 10 to 12 ounces of cheese. 2 small cakes of soap per person per month. 7 eggs a year for adults, but a few more for children. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  pints milk per person a week, with more for children. Coffee is not rationed, but tea is, and is insufficient to last the allotted time, so they supplement with coffee.

Clothing is also strictly rationed and a man (if he can afford one) can get a suit of clothes if he saves all his coupons for a year. Clothing coupons,

we were told, can be bought on the black market. But most of the poor people can not buy the clothes let alone the extra coupons. Beer is not rationed and most of the people drink four or five glasses a day if they can get it, to supplement their food. But it is weak and water stuff.

But despite what the waiter on the Channel boat said, I do not feel that the English people complain much and we felt great admiration for them. Certainly they are in the worst shape of any European people we saw from the standpoint of food--even those in the country with gardens. I am sure they get tired of fish. And it is hard to make unattractive food attractive if you have no butter, eggs, or cream for sauces.

We will be leaving here for home on board the Nieuw Amsterdam at Southampton in a few days. We keep remembering the warm welcome and spirit of hospitality which has been shown us--two more mouths to feed on what is not enough ever for three. The extra canned goods we have been able to find and the meager food parcels we brought with us do not make up for the lack of meat and fats and sugar.

Articles 4, 5, 6,  
Atlantic

Europe 1948

Dear Children:

The first French city we reached after crossing the border from Switzerland, was Dijon for over-night. Here we found a hotel, which according to the Michelin Guide, was a de luxe hotel. It was what had formerly been a most luxurious hotel, but now seemed cold and rather empty, with no attempt at a good dining room. This was true of other hotels in other cities we stopped in as we moved around France. We found rates for food and rooms and for merchandise purchased in both Italy and France extremely reasonable--the "soft" currency and good rate of exchange being an encouragement to tourist trade of all kinds. For instance, a bottle of Scotch whiskey which we needed because we all were tired and cold, was dug up from the cellar of this Dijon hotel, and sold to us for \$6 as contrasted later for a bottle of Scotch whiskey in England for \$16. When it came time for dinner, the concierge in a whisper said: "I do not think you will get the kind of meal you want here, but I will give you the name of a restaurant-- The Golden Pheasant." We went to this restaurant and found it full of French middle class people. It was through a courtyard and up a flight of stairs. But three people had a meal for a kang for about \$10 with wine--soup, snails, steak with asparagus, wild strawberries and thick cream, the standard "black" bread (for which you are supposed to have coupons) with butter, and cheese.

In Paris even at the highest priced restaurants, we could have the same luxurious meals for half the price of a similar meal in New York. Most of the items are "Black Market" and the poor people of the cities can not afford them, but they do go to the restaurants and have them. The great problem for these poor working people in the cities is clothing. Almost everywhere clothing is rationed and the prices are so high that no one can afford new ones even with sufficient coupons. In the country food is plentiful, and not Black Market, but they too have the clothing problem.

As we moved north from Paris into Belgium and Holland we found prices for everything much higher. In Belgium the lace, for instance, was just too expensive to be interesting. The Belgians did not seem to know how to attract the tourist trade which would bring them dollars. In Holland, though prices were also high, we found such a black market in money that things evened up. Certainly the Dutch were glad to see us and wanted tourists. They are really poor though, and it was here that we sensed more suffering. Holland is a wonderful country--the same industry, cleanliness and desire to get back on their feet that we saw in Italy. But they have suffered terrible destruction from the war and despite the huge harvest there will be this year, and the way in which they have ~~made~~ tremendous strides in building back their herds of cattle for the cheese industry, it looks like a slow climb. Our hotel in Amsterdam which had been one of the outstanding top small hotels of Europe before the war, was perfect from the standpoint of service and meals, but they simply do not have the money for refurbishing after the war. The towels tore in your hands as you tried to dry your back after a bath.

On our way back to Paris from Holland we passed through the great Champagne country. Here we found the typical French sense of fear and depression which the German occupation has left with them. A man with a small vineyard, making 10,000 bottles of the best wine in the whole district, but not an internationally known name, was afraid to sell us direct 300 bottles of wine for shipment to the United States. Though he would have been paid cash in advance he argued that he could not do it because his agent in Paris who sold to the agent in New York (where a bottle for which he gets \$1 is sold for \$1.50) might blacklist him if he found out. He also said that he would rather take care of his regular French customers than run a risk of getting in wrong with the authorities by trying to expand his market outside of France. This was also true in the Burgundy section where we heard the same story at Beaune. We were given the name of the agent in New York, but he would not send us wine direct from France.

After a few days more in Paris we drive on through Brittany and Normandy. It was early for their summer season and most of the sea towns were not really open for business. But here was where the real war destruction was seen and felt. Here we found high prices for nothing--except in one place, there was real discomfort. They have not been able to get their land and cattle back in the way that Italy and Holland and Belgium have done. They seem to be whipped down still and have not come back mentally to a sense of work and industry in the way that the Italians have. Where in Italy, which had fighting all through the country and bombing and destruction, has cleaned up and repaired and made some semblance of rebuilding, these people have left the rubble lying where it fell. You will pass a field with two tanks and a machine gun standing on its tripod, just sitting where they were abandoned. Along the road hardly a mile is passed without war machinery just left to rust and decay. It is too far gone now for use, but certainly these machines could have been turned to scrap iron or to farm use. No one had the initiative to organize or was afraid to do so without being told so. The one really bright spot was the hotel du Rhin at Dieppe where we spent the night before taking the channel boat for England. This town was really destroyed. This hotel on the water-front had been occupied by the Navy. It was in a sad state. But the man and his wife who owned it, had everything spotlessly clean, had used what paint they could get, and had a kitchen which would have been the envy of any American housewife. And the meals were perfect. But on the door of my bedroom, the sign still was painted, because repainting and decorating is still too expensive for them: Naval Exchange Office- No admittance except on duty. But this French couple were cheerful and working though they had lost their only son and had no one to pass on their place to.

*more than half*

In England we landed at New Haven which was ~~completely~~ destroyed. The harbor and many of the houses have been fixed up and the English countryside is so green and neat always that it looks beautiful even where it has been damaged. But the English are really having a hard time. Everything is expensive and everything is rationed. There is no Black Market to the extent there is in the other countries. You really can not buy fresh meat, and go

without unless you are a farmer, except for the ration. Here is the ration:

For one week an English family of 3 gets:

3/4 lb butter  
4 1/2 ounces cheese  
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3 ounces lard  
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6 ounces pressed corned meat  
2 boxes matches  
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6-8 ounces fresh stew meat

In addition they get 3/4 pound of chocolate or sweets, and 24 points for additional cheese, tinned goods, sweet crackers, syrup, jam. The bread ration I do not know, but it is generous. A farm laborer gets 10 to 12 ounces of cheese. 2 small cakes of soap per person a month. 7 eggs a year. (children get more eggs). Coffee is not rationed but tea is, and is insufficient to last the allotted time, so they supplement with coffee.

Clothing is also strictly rationed and a man (if he can afford one) can get a suit of clothes if he saves all his coupons for a year. clothing coupons, we were told, can be bought on the black market. Beer is not rationed and most of the people drink four or five glasses a day, if they can get it, to supplement their food. But it is weak watery stuff.

But the English do not complain and we felt admiration for them, because certainly they are the worst off of any European peoples we saw from the standpoint of food. I am sure they get tired of fish. And it is hard to make unattractive food attractive if you have no butter, eggs or cream for sauces.

But I still have a feeling that Europe is much better off than I had expected--largely due to their own determination. They need help, of course, and the job is to give it to them and administer it so that it does not dribble away and do little good. Then let them take care of themselves without too much interference, and they will come out all right. And certainly they do not want war.

Dear Bob:

WEST OR EAST?

In the opening article it was stated that war between east and west is a probability.

Three observers on the old battle grounds of World War I and II have reached a combined opinion that war between east and west probably would occur between five and twenty years from now. All three passionately hope they are wrong.

In this opinion they found themselves in agreement with the majority opinion in Italy, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Holland and England. Here also they found everyone hoping that their opinion is wrong.

Under this hope for peace may be growing the hothouse seedlings of permanent peace itself. Spiritual values can hardly be put in black and white with ink on paper. But in the plain mathematical facts which we have been attempting to put on paper by nations and food and clothing, there comes back always the feeling that hope and faith are the real values we seek to maintain. So for all readers of this series the three investigators in western Europe agree that they may be very wrong in their belief that war is more likely than peace within 20 years.

The thing is not so much Russia fighting America for a world supremacy in a material and spiritual world. It is not so simple as numbers of atom bombs and people and bread.

Perhaps it is a matter that people move, that man is restless. Certainly a moving, restless humanity has come out supreme on this earth over millions of other varieties of life.

But now that man is supreme, must he not--the two billions of him--stretch out humanity's hands upward toward a supremacy beyond bread and guns?

There are of course three active forces restlessly in motions. The age of western Europe's supremacy over all the people of the earth is definitely gone. It is not Spengler's "Decline of the West." It is rather the sunset of a western Europe as a single world-controlling force. The east marches west. The west, which in real fact is the United States, is finishing its westward march and finds itself turning back across the Atlantic to protect its rear.

So the important practical fact in a review seeking to solve the riddle

of the next twenty years in peace and war, must pay attention to the spiritual values above all else.

The question simply is, "Will the peoples of the western hemisphere (North and South America) protect the home-lands from which they have come against a third western march from the east?" Shall Slavs from the great heart of Eurasia lead where Tamerlane and Genghis Khan once led? Once the spiritual force of a common religion turned back the Turk at the walls of Vienna. Once the same spiritual force turned back the Saracens from the walls of Tours in France. In 1917 the west stopped the Prussians of east Germany before the walls of Paris. And now Moscow is a center of a planned fourth march from east to west.

Modern American foreign policy was started by Roosevelt himself in his famous Chicago speech when he said, "America's (Freedom's) frontier is on the Rhine." The people of America have caught up with this Roosevelt statement. When made they rejected the Roosevelt insight.

Today America's frontier has moved eastward to Berlin where it meets the Russian march from east to west. The line moves southward to Trieste on the Adriatic where Tito now is in revolt against Moscow rule. From the Balkans, swerving eastward, the western bastion guards the Turks and the oil fields of the middle east. From there on through Asia, India and south China and Japan are under western control while the east rules the middle deserts of Asia and the great north of Siberia. The line grows sharp and harsh across Korea where Slav eyes from Moscow face Japan and the American flag. The soft wavering line of China is now the active battle front. The bastions of Constantinople and Korea are ominously quiet.

This line must change. The immediate concern is western Europe. Western Europe is definitely with the west. Western Europe is definitely against Russia. Western Europe definitely expects the United States to turn back the east. So the question again becomes a matter of spirit. The true fact is that western civilization does not like and does not wish a Eurasian life. Western Europe believes that a Moscow-dominated world will turn back the clock of civilization. Western Europe knows that the march of time has ended a world supremacy which they possessed for 200 years. The fruits of Clive in India and Rhodes in South

Africa and the Dutch in Java and the French and British in Egypt and the Sudan, began to "pay off" in money and goods for the factories. Without the age of steam and electricity with their big ships and their mass making of cloth and nails and the thousands of things man uses, there could have never been the bossing of a two billion world by 200 million people of western Europe.

In this age which has just closed with the end of World War II, hardly more than ten percent of the human race bossed ninety per cent. First east Germany under the Prussians and now Moscow under the Slavs is challenging the west. The United States is the answer and the hope for all these countries of western Europe. They know it. The hope of the world is that this wavering battle line from Berlin to Korea, will disappear--that it will melt during the next twenty years under the light of reason and the warmth of human relations. The sun has been giving material light and life since man came into his world leadership. Perhaps the light of reason and the warmth of human fellowship may win in the twenty years ahead. Plain people everywhere--east and west--want it so. What they WILL, they may have.



*Autobiography*

England,  
Great Missenden, 1948

Dear Children:

This is a small English town and countryside fifty miles northwest of London where we are visiting friends made during the war years at Washington. It is really our first chance to rest in the little guest house overlooking the garden and the incomparable beauty of the low-lying hills of Buckinghamshire.

In England we landed at New Haven which as I said before, was more than half destroyed. The English have had and are having a really hard time. Everything is expensive and everything is rationed. There is no black market to the extent that there is in the other countries. This means that you really can not buy fresh meat and the people must go without unless he is a farmer, except for the ration.

Here is the ration as I wrote it down yesterday when the grocer delivered it. There are two kinds of food ration--the regular issue which is automatic if you can pay for it, and the things one has a choice about and for which one uses coupons. For one week this family of three which we are visiting, gets:

3/4 lb butter  
4 1/2 ounces cheese  
6 ounces margarine  
3 ounces lard  
1 1/2 lb sugar  
6 ounces bacon  
6 ounces pressed meat loaf (corned beef)  
2 boxes matches  
1 lb sausage (40% meat-the rest meal)  
6-8 ounces fresh stew meat.

In addition they get 3/4 pound of chocolate or sweets a month and 24 points each for additional cheese, tinned goods, sweet crackers, syrup, jam, etc. The bread ration I do not know, but it is generous. A farm laborer gets 10 to 12 ounces of cheese. 2 small cakes of soap per person per month. 7 eggs a year for adults, but a few more for children. 1 1/2 pints milk per person a week, with more for children. Coffee is not rationed, but tea is, and is insufficient to last the allotted time, so they supplement with coffee.

Clothing is also strictly rationed and a man (if he can afford one) can get a suit of clothes if he saves all his coupons for a year. Clothing coupons,

we were told, can be bought on the black market. But most of the poor people can not buy the clothes let alone the extra coupons. Beer is not rationed and most of the people drink four or five glasses a day if they can get it, to supplement their food. But it is weak and water stuff.

But despite what the waiter on the Channel boat said, I do not feel that the English people complain much and we felt great admiration for them. Certainly they are in the worst shape of any European people we saw from the standpoint of food--even those in the country with gardens. I am sure they get tired of fish. And it is hard to make unattractive food attractive if you have no butter, eggs, or cream for sauces.

We will be leaving here for home on board the Nieuw Amsterdam at Southampton in a few days. We keep remembering the warm welcome and spirit of hospitality which has been shown us--two more mouths to feed on what is not enough ever for three. The extra canned goods we have been able to find and the meager food parcels we brought with us do not make up for the lack of meat and fats and sugar.

*Antoni 6*

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*Article 5*

England just across the Channel  
1948

Dear Children:

We have left France today. This is a contrast of two bomb-racked and shell-torn Channel ports--Dieppe and New Haven--and of two families of those ports.

Because in both cases only a few miles across the Channel we find hope and energy we are to arrive in England with some of the confirmation we found in Italy. There are everywhere in every country signs of growth through adversity.

For instance, in Dieppe was a truly bright spot of France at the Hotel du Rhin where we spent the night before taking the Channel boat for England. This sea town was almost completely destroyed. It was formerly a resort town--a spot where the English as well as the French could go quickly across the Channel for a holiday at the seaside. We were told that the hotels listed in the Michelin Guide were not in condition to stay in, but that the Hotel du Rhin on the water front could take care of us and would be the most satisfactory. It was in a sad state. The buildings on either side were skeletons and the front of the Hotel du Rhin was cracked and dreary. It had been occupied by all combatants, the last evidently being the Americans. The Merciers, who owned it, had everything spotlessly clean, had used paint when they were able to get it, and had a kitchen which would have been the envy of any American housewife. And the meals were perfect. But on the door of my bedroom, the sign was still left because this small amount of paint had been used on what furniture they had, and it read: Naval Exchange Office--No admittance except on Duty. Their furniture was gone, but by degrees, a piece at a time, they were getting more rooms ready for occupancy. The only son who would have inherited the hotel business, had been killed in the very last days of the war, and the little grand-daughter was there to be their incentive. But this French couple were smiling and cheerful and full of a desire to get back and going again.

With the Merciers waving a friendly au revoir to us we left to board the boat to take us to New Haven. It was noon so we went to the dining saloon for lunch and talked to the pleasant English waiter who served us. He lived in

New Haven which was more than half destroyed. The harbor and many of the houses have been fixed up to be livable and the English countryside is so green and neat always that it looks beautiful even where it has been damaged. But it is hard to "carry on" in a small town where five thousand houses have been destroyed.

His story was about as follows: "It is pretty hard about the butter and meat and things, but don't let any Englishman tell you that we are down and out. We are doing all right, but we are griping too much. It will be a long time before our homes and our port is really fixed up. It may be even longer before England is again the big shipping country. But I know that the worst is over. Families have been smashed up. There are orphans and widows and all that. But the grippers don't get us anywhere and England is coming through. I can feel it every month."

The lesson to me was that the common people with many, many problems to work at daily, had a distinct happiness through the mere fact of work itself. Two of the great estates we visited were certainly on their way out. Anyone can see that the ancient grandeur of Brittany and Normandy are passing out along with the castles on the Rhine and the great English and Irish estates. But for the plain people we can see a reasonable future while pathetically in France the so-called "little ones" have not yet grasped the need of unity in government. It is quite possible that they will do so. After all Italy and Ireland are rapidly rushing through to a better nationalism than were hill towns or counties cemented only by a common religion. DeValera may have done it for Ireland and Mussolini helped much in his early days of "living dangerously" before fat and women took him. But when one sees Madame Mercier planning to buy another chair next month; when one finds a cheerful Channel-crossing waiter going home to a bombed out dwelling, anyone can feel that pessimism is not the rule anywhere in Europe.



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Article 4

Paris 1948

Dear Children:

I am writing in Paris simply because there is a day here in which to "organise" for laundry and a few purchases for the folks at home. Out time in France, Belgium, Holland, and Brittany and Normandy was much greater and gave us the real detail of plain living and work and daily life which we were seeking.

The first French city we reached after crossing the border from Switzerland, was Dijon for over night. Here we found a hotel, which according to the Michelin Guide, was a de luxe hotel. It was what had formerly been a most luxurious hotel, but now seemed sold and rather empty, with no attempt at a good dining room. This was true of other hotels in other cities we stopped in as we moved around France. We found rates for food and rooms and for merchandise purchased in both Italy and France extremely reasonable--the "soft" currency and good rate of exchange being an encouragement to tourist trade of all kinds. For instance, a bottle of Scotch whiskey which we needed because we all were tired and cold, was dug up from the cellar of this Dijon hotel, and sold to us for \$6 as contrasted later for a bottle of Scotch whiskey in England for \$16. When it came time for dinner, the concierge in a whisper said: "I do not think you will get the kind of meal you want here, but I will give you the name of a restaurant--The Golden Pheasant." We went to this restaurant and found it full of French middle class people. It was through a courtyard and up a flight of stairs. But three people had a meal for a king for about \$10 with wine--soup, snails, steak with asparagus, wild strawberries and thick cream, the standard "black" bread (for which you are supposed to have coupons) with butter, and cheese.

In Paris even at the highest priced restaurants, we could have the same luxurious meals for half the price of a similar meal in New York. Most of the items are "Black Market" and the poor people of the cities can not afford them. The great problem for these poor working people in the cities is clothing. Almost everywhere clothing is rationed and the prices are so high that no one can afford new ones even with sufficient coupons. In the country food is plentiful, and not Black Market, but they too have the clothing problem.

As we moved north from Paris into Belgium and Holland we found prices for

everything much higher. In Belgium the lace, for instance, was just too expensive to be interesting. The Belgians did not seem to know how to attract the tourist trade which would bring them dollars. In Holland, though prices were also high, we found such a black market in money that things evened up. Certainly the Dutch were glad to see us and wanted tourists. They are really poor though, and it was here that we sensed more suffering. Holland is a wonderful country--the same industry, cleanliness and desire to get back on their feet that we saw in Italy. But they have suffered terrible destruction from the war and despite the huge harvest there will be this year, and the way in which they have made tremendous strides in building back their herds of cattle for the cheese industry, it looks like a slow climb. Our hotel in Amsterdam which had been one of the outstanding small luxury hotels of Europe before the war, was perfect from the standpoint of service and meals; but they simply do not have the money for refurbishing after the war. The towels tore in your hands as you tried to dry your back after a bath.

On our way back to Paris from Holland we passed through the great Champagne country. Here we found the typical French sense of fear and depression which the German occupation has left with them. A man with a small vineyard, making 10,000 bottles of the best wine in the whole district, but not an internationally known name (the village was named Gramant) was afraid to sell us direct 300 Bottles of wine for shipment to the United States. Though he would have been paid cash in advance he argued that he could not do it because his agent in Paris who sold to the agent in New York (where a bottle for which he gets \$1 is sold for \$14) might blacklist him if he found out. He also said that he would rather take care of his regular French customers than run a risk of getting in wrong with the authorities by trying to expand his market outside of France. This was also true in the Burgundy section where we heard the same story at Beaune. We were given the name of the agent in New York but he would not send us wine direct from France.

After a few more days in Paris we drove on through Brittany and Normandy. It was early for their summer season and most of the sea resort towns were not really open for business. But here was where the real war destruction was seen and felt. Here we found high prices for nothing--except in one place, there was real discomfort. They have not been able to get their land and cattle back in shape

in the way that Italy and Holland and Belgium have done. They seem to be whipped down still and have not come back mentally to a sense of work and industry in the way the Italians have done. Where in Italy, which had fighting all through the country and bombing and destruction, has cleaned up and repaired and made some semblance of rebuilding, these people have left the rubble lying where it fell. One passes a field with two tanks and a machine gun standing on its tripod, just sitting where they were abandoned. Along the road hardly a mile is passed without war machinery just left to rust and decay. It is too far gone now for use, but certainly these machines could have been turned to scrap iron or to farm use. No one had the initiative to organize or was afraid to do so without being told to.

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The first French city we reached after crossing the border from Switzerland, was Dijon for over night. Here we found a hotel, which according to the Michelin Guide, was a de luxe hotel. It was what had formerly been a most luxurious hotel, but now seemed cold and rather empty, with no attempt at a good dining room. This was true of other hotels in other cities we stopped in as we moved around France. We found rates for food and rooms and for merchandise purchased in both Italy and France extremely reasonable--the "soft" currency and good rate of exchange being an encouragement to tourist trade of all kinds. For instance, a bottle of Scotch whiskey which we needed because we all were tired and cold, was dug up from the cellar of this Dijon hotel, and sold to us for \$6 as contrasted later for a bottle of Scotch whiskey in England for \$16. When it came time for dinner, the concierge in a whisper said: "I do not think you will get the kind of meal you want here, but I will give you the name of a restaurant--The Golden Pheasant." We went to this restaurant and found it full of French middle class people. It was through a courtyard and up a flight of stairs. But three people had a meal for a king for about \$10 with wine--soup, snails, steak with asparagus, wild strawberries and thick cream, the standard "black" bread (for which you are supposed to have coupons) with butter, and cheese.

In Paris even at the highest priced restaurants, we could have the same luxurious meals for half the price of a similar meal in New York. Most of the items are "Black Market" and the poor people of the cities can not afford them. The great problem for these poor working people in the cities is clothing. Almost everywhere clothing is rationed and the prices are so high that no one can afford new ones even with sufficient coupons. In the country food is plentiful, and not Black Market, but they too have the clothing problem.

As we moved north from Paris into Belgium and Holland we found prices for



everything much higher. In Belgium the lace, for instance, was just too expensive to be interesting. The Belgians did not seem to know how to attract the tourist trade which would bring them dollars. In Holland, though prices were also high, we found such a black market in money that things evened up. Certainly the Dutch were glad to see us and wanted tourists. They are really poor though, and it was here that we sensed more suffering. Holland is a wonderful country--the same industry, cleanliness and desire to get back on their feet that we saw in Italy. But they have suffered terrible destruction from the war and despite the huge harvest there will be this year, and the way in which they have made tremendous strides in building back their herds of cattle for the cheese industry, it looks like a slow climb. Our hotel in Amsterdam which had been one of the outstanding small luxury hotels of Europe before the war, was perfect from the standpoint of service and meals but they simply do not have the money for refurbishing after the war. The towels tore in your hands as you tried to dry your back after a bath.

On our way back to Paris from Holland we passed through the great Champagne country. Here we found the typical French sense of fear and depression which the German occupation has left with them. A man with a small vineyard, making 10,000 bottles of the best wine in the whole district, but not an internationally known name (the village was named Cramant) was afraid to sell us direct 300 Bottles of wine for shipment to the United States. Though he would have been paid cash in advance he argued that he could not do it because his agent in Paris who sold to the agent in New York (where a bottle for which he gets \$1 is sold for \$14) might blacklist him if he found out. He also said that he would rather take care of his regular French customers than run a risk of getting in wrong with the authorities by trying to expand his market outside of France. This was also true in the Burgundy section where we heard the same story at Beaune. We were given the name of the agent in New York but he would not send us wine direct from France.

After a few more days in Paris we drove on through Brittany and Normandy. It was early for their summer season and most of the sea resort towns were not really open for business. But here was where the real war destruction was seen and felt. Here we found high prices for nothing--except in one place, there was real discomfort. They have not been able to get their land and cattle back in shape

in the way that Italy and Holland and Belgium have done. They seem to be whipped down still and have not come back mentally to a sense of work and industry in the way the Italians have done. Where in Italy, which had fighting all through the country and bombing and destruction, has cleaned up and repaired and made some semblance of rebuilding, these people have left the rubble lying where it fell. One passes a field with two tanks and a machine gun standing on its tripod, just sitting where they were abandoned. Along the road hardly a mile is passed without war machinery just left to rust and decay. It is too far gone now for use, but certainly these machines could have been turned to scrap iron or to farm use. No one had the initiative to organize or was afraid to do so without being told to.

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Dear Bob:

WEST OR EAST?

In the opening article it was stated that war between east and west is a probability.

Three observers on the old battle grounds of World War I and II have reached a combined opinion that war between east and west probably would occur between five and twenty years from now. All three passionately hope they are wrong.

In this opinion they found themselves in agreement with the majority opinion in Italy, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Holland and England. Here also they found everyone hoping that their opinion is wrong.

Under this hope for peace may be growing the hothouse seedlings of permanent peace itself. Spiritual values can hardly be put in black and white with ink on paper. But in the plain mathematical facts which we have been attempting to put on paper by nations and food and clothing, there comes back always the feeling that hope and faith are the real values we seek to maintain. So for all readers of this series the three investigators in western Europe agree that they may be very wrong in their belief that war is more likely than peace within 20 years.

The thing is not so much Russia fighting America for a world supremacy in a material and spiritual world. It is not so simple as numbers of atom bombs and people and bread.

Perhaps it is a matter that people move, that man is restless. Certainly a moving, restless humanity has come out supreme on this earth over millions of other varieties of life.

But now that man is supreme, must he not--the two billions of him--stretch out humanity's hands upward toward a supremacy beyond bread and guns?

There are of course three active forces restlessly in motions. The age of western Europe's supremacy over all the people of the earth is definitely gone. It is not Spengler's "Decline of the West." It is rather the sunset of a western Europe as a single world-controlling force. The east marches west. The west, which in real fact is the United States, is finishing its westward march and finds itself turning back across the Atlantic to protect its rear.

So the important practical fact in a review seeking to solve the riddle

of the next twenty years in peace and war, must pay attention to the spiritual values above all else.

The question simply is, "Will the peoples of the western hemisphere (North and South America) protect the home-lands from which they have come against a third western march from the east?" Shall Slavs from the great heart of Eurasia lead where Tamerlane and Genghis Khan once led? Once the spiritual force of a common religion turned back the Turk at the walls of Vienna. Once the same spiritual force turned back the Saracens from the walls of Tours in France. In 1917 the west stopped the Prussians of east Germany before the walls of Paris. And now Moscow is a center of a planned fourth march from east to west.

Modern American foreign policy was started by Roosevelt himself in his famous Chicago speech when he said, "America's (Freedom's) frontier is on the Rhine." The people of America have caught up with this Roosevelt statement. When made they rejected the Roosevelt insight.

Today America's frontier has moved eastward to Berlin where it meets the Russian march from east to west. The line moves southward to Trieste on the Adriatic where Tito now is in revolt against Moscow rule. From the Balkans, swerving eastward, the western bastion guards the Turks and the oil fields of the middle east. From there on through Asia, India and south China and Japan are under western control while the east rules the middle deserts of Asia and the great north of Siberia. The line grows sharp and harsh across Korea where Slav eyes from Moscow face Japan and the American flag. The soft wavering line of China is now the active battle front. The bastions of Constantinople and Korea are ominously quiet.

This line must change. The immediate concern is western Europe. Western Europe is definitely with the west. Western Europe is definitely against Russia. Western Europe definitely expects the United States to turn back the east. So the question again becomes a matter of spirit. The true fact is that western civilization does not like and does not wish a Eurasian life. Western Europe believes that a Moscow-dominated world will turn back the clock of civilization. Western Europe knows that the march of time has ended a world supremacy which they possessed for 200 years. The fruits of Clive in India and Rhodes in South

Africa and the Dutch in Java and the French and British in Egypt and the Sudan, began to "pay off" in money and goods for the factories. Without the age of steam and electricity with their big ships and their mass making of cloth and nails and the thousands of things man uses, there could have never been the bossing of a two billion world by 200 million people of western Europe.

In this age which has just closed with the end of World War II, hardly more than ten percent of the human race bossed ninety per cent. First east Germany under the Prussians and now Moscow under the Slavs is challenging the west. The United States is the answer and the hope for all these countries of western Europe. They know it. The hope of the world is that this wavering battle line from Berlin to Korea, will disappear--that it will melt during the next twenty years under the light of reason and the warmth of human relations. The sun has been giving material light and life since man came into his world leadership. Perhaps the light of reason and the warmth of human fellowship may win in the twenty years ahead. Plain people everywhere--east and west--want it so. What they WILL, they may have.



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Europe 1948

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Article 2

Lake Como,  
Italy,  
May, 1948

Dear Bob:

There were no beggars on the wharves in Naples as we landed from the Italian liner, Saturnia. This ship almost alone on the north Atlantic as a representative of Mussolini's great merchant fleet--the Conte Grande, Rex, Conte di Savoia, etc.--had been scrubbed up a bit and leased to American capital because there was no money in Italy to go much further than repairing the war damaged Conte Grande at Genoa. First things first, of course. The war damaged Naples harbor and the sketchy repairs to the Saturnia were our first eye-view of how slowly and painfully a country without cash or credit must limp from war to a livable peace.

But the first day in Italy found us heading for the country. The Neapolitans were going to work as we passed through the poor residence sections with streets of bombed out factories. One's spirit lifted as we hit the countryside--the ripening wheat growing between rows of grapes, and fruit trees over the grapes. Every inch of available earth was in use with incredible ingenuity. There were more people of both sexes and all ages banding backs per acre than seemed possible in any other part of the world save perhaps in India and China. One felt that the march of the Italian industrious spirit was as permanent as Mt. Vesuvius which rose ahead.

Turning south through a beautiful and thoroughly cultivated valley, we climbed over low mountain passes to the sea--the fishing villages and little spaghetti factories with their product drying on racks in the open sun. And of course the ever present repairing of streets and houses and bridges. Each hour brought the evidence that Italy was on the up. Bountiful crops and hard work were daily doing the peace time job.

Even the walls were scrubbed as people turned their minds toward recovery and away from the election. For in Italy the walls are the campaign posters along the main streets as in Moscow and Spain. Papers and posters cost too much.

The tourist Italian route of course moves one into Rome and then north over the hill towns. We jumped directly to the business at hand by carrying on by sea to Genoa. North Italy from Florence to the Alps and Genoa to Venice is the real Italy of commerce and industry. Roughly it corresponds to the eastern part of the United States from New England to the Mississippi and north of the Mason-Dixon line. Milan is Italy's largest city. The country has four cities of approximately one million, each ranking roughly Milan, Rome, Naples, Genoa. But there are four or five cities such as Turin which concentrate on autos, farm machinery, and steel--little Pittsburghs and Detroites of from three hundred to 350 thousand. One who has seen Italy merely as a tourist rarely sees these cities as he concentrates on the art of Florence and the canals of Venice and the catacombs of Rome and the medieval beauty of Siena.

So we come to Prospero who drove us out of Genoa southward along the

bombed out coast to the almost deserted little Mediterranean resort town called Viareggio. The hotel staff of course was in action waiting for the tourists who were not there. But they were waiting and ready. They were clean and seemed well fed. Prices were reasonable. Courtesy everywhere. Food surprisingly plentiful.

Prospero wound up to his work as guide and chauffeur. We switched him of course from sight-seeing to the actual business of life. In snatches of talk throughout the day he said in effect: "Wages are 25% higher than a year ago. I get 30,000 lira (\$50) a month as a garage mechanic and driver. My wife and I and her mother and father live in three rooms. I hope to get a suit some time this year. (He certainly needed one!) But a suit will cost me three months wages and the cost of macaroni in the black market is going up. I am lucky because I get night work repairing private cars and I am sure the tourists are coming even if the tips won't be as big as before the war. My brother helps a lot. He works for the city bus lines and gets American packages of food of 20 pounds each, from America, because the bus company knows he must eat well and he is on the bus company list. I work for a little fellow and he does not get any packages."

Leaving the sea along the well repaired road from Genoa to Rome--a sort of American highway number one from New York to Florida--we found much truck traffic of country produce and building material as we moved into Florence, and the destruction along the Arno River which cuts through the city. Here repair work was of course much slower. Again you felt first things first. They must have roads. The bridges come next. The railroad stations and only afterwards, perhaps next year, will come the repair of the beauty spots. But the leading hotels were being turned back to the pre-war owners. Newspaper advertisements and notices everywhere invited tourists. "Reparation" was the word for it. Open for business but under repair was about the meaning of it all. Hotels half-filled perhaps, but everybody busy making ready for the Americans. The manager of the Excelsior on the Arno--one of the most famous hotels of Europe--said: "We have got our hotel back. It is fixed up as you see." The bar tender said he was glad to be making Martinis again. And then the three bar-tender staff started to talk about Italy and the United States and Russia and the Italian elections. Said Ralph, the boss bar tender, "Now that the Communists have been whipped and we have got a five year democratic set-up we feel better. I haven't any politics. I have a family. I live outside the hotel. We folks are working seven days a week. Business is picking up. Our money is getting better. The inflation is slowing up."

"How about America and Russia and the Communists?" he was asked.

"We like Italy best. We like America next. And we don't like Russia at all."

"How about the Marshall Plan and aid from America?"

"Well, we don't expect to see any Marshall Plan as it will go to the government first and then the big boys. But maybe in a year or two the factories will raise wages and employ more people and that will be all to the good. We get from our own work here more food. The farms are



getting more care since there is more labor with the soldiers back. The crops this year will be enough almost for the macaroni and fresh fruit. There won't be any more meat for some time but we Italians get along pretty well on wine and bread and vegetables and olive oil and fresh fruit. Only the big shots get the beef and the spring lamb."

"How about clothing?"

"That is the worst of all," said Ralph. "New clothes haven't gotten down as far as us. A Sunday suit for a working man costs 35 to 40 thousand lira (\$55 to \$60)."

And then he listed prices from shoes to shirts and hats--in American money \$3 for a shirt, \$8 for a pair of shoes, \$4 for a hat--prices completely fantastic when you know that \$50 a month is a working man's average pay and when you know that rent and food take up all of it. And you find out that the clothing manufacturers are getting very rich.

But of course it is a different story in Bologna--the communist center--where agricultural machinery is the main industry. The story is different in the Milan working man suburbs where the communists are still in the majority. Here they say--that is the labor leaders at least--"We are not licked. The government will fall. We will take over from the underground. Togliatti is on the job."

And now over the Alps into Switzerland.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Since this was written Togliatti has been shot and the strikes are on, but the Communist Party has lost over half of its dues-paying members and its treasury is gone, through campaign expenses. Indications are that the government will stand the shock and that present communist strike paralysis will be the last serious threat to democracy in Italy for several years. Tito breaking with Stalin has immeasurably weakened the communists in Italy.

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Turning south through a beautiful and thoroughly cultivated valley, we climbed over low mountain passes to the sea--the fishing villages and little spaghetti factories with their product drying on racks in the open sun. And of course the ever present repairing of streets and houses and bridges. Each hour brought the evidence that Italy was on the up. Bountiful crops and hard work were daily doing the peace time job.

Even the walls were scrubbed as people turned their minds toward recovery and away from the election. For in Italy the walls are the campaign posters along the main streets as in Moscow and Spain. Papers and posters cost too much.

The tourist Italian route of course moves one into Rome and then north over the hill towns. We jumped directly to the business at hand by carrying on by sea to Genoa. North Italy from Florence to the Alps and Genoa to Venice is the real Italy of commerce and industry. Roughly it corresponds to the eastern part of the United States from New England to the Mississippi and north of the Mason-Dixon line. Milan is Italy's largest city. The country has four cities of approximately one million, each ranking roughly Milan, Rome, Naples, Genoa. But there are four or five cities such as Turin which concentrate on autos, farm machinery, and steel--little Pittsburghs and Detroit of from three hundred to 350 thousand. One who has seen Italy merely as a tourist rarely sees these cities as he concentrates on the art of Florence and the canals of Venice and the catacombs of Rome and the medieval beauty of Siena.

So we come to Prospero who drove us out of Genoa southward along the

bombed out coast to the almost deserted little Mediterranean resort town called Viareggio. The hotel staff of course was in action waiting for the tourists who were not there. But they were waiting and ready. They were clean and seemed well fed. Prices were reasonable. Courtesy everywhere. Food surprisingly plentiful.

Prospero wound up to his work as guide and chauffeur. We switched him of course from sight-seeing to the actual business of life. In snatches of talk throughout the day he said in effect: "Wages are 25% higher than a year ago. I get 30,000 lira (\$50) a month as a garage mechanic and driver. My wife and I and her mother and father live in three rooms. I hope to get a suit some time this year. (He certainly needed one!) But a suit will cost me three months wages and the cost of macaroni in the black market is going up. I am lucky because I get night work repairing private cars and I am sure the tourists are coming even if the tips won't be as big as before the war. My brother helps a lot. He works for the city bus lines and gets American packages of food of 20 pounds each, from America, because the bus company knows he must eat well and he is on the bus company list. I work for a little fellow and he does not get any packages."

Leaving the sea along the well repaired road from Genoa to Rome--a sort of American highway number one from New York to Florida--we found much truck traffic of country produce and building material as we moved into Florence, and the destruction along the Arno River which cuts through the city. Here repair work was of course much slower. Again you felt first things first. They must have roads. The bridges come next. The railroad stations and only afterwards, perhaps next year, will come the repair of the beauty spots. But the leading hotels were being turned back to the pre-war owners. Newspaper advertisements and notices everywhere invited tourists. "Reparation" was the word for it. Open for business but under repair was about the meaning of it all. Hotels half-filled perhaps, but everybody busy making ready for the Americans. The manager of the Excelsior on the Arno--one of the most famous hotels of Europe--said: "We have got our hotel back. It is fixed up as you see." The bar tender said he was glad to be making Martinis again. And then the three bar-tender staff started to talk about Italy and the United States and Russia and the Italian elections. Said Ralph, the boss bar tender, "Now that the Communists have been whipped and we have got a five year democratic set-up we feel better. I haven't any politics. I have a family. I live outside the hotel. We folks are working seven days a week. Business is picking up. Our money is getting better. The inflation is slowing up."

"How about America and Russia and the Communists?" he was asked.

"We like Italy best. We like America next. And we don't like Russia at all."

"How about the Marshall Plan and aid from America?"

"Well, we don't expect to see any Marshall Plan as it will go to the government first and then the big boys. But maybe in a year or two the factories will raise wages and employ more people and that will be all to the good. We get from our own work here more food. The farms are

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"How about clothing?"

"That is the worst of all," said Ralph. "New clothes haven't gotten down as far as us. A Sunday suit for a working man costs 35 to 40 thousand lira (\$55 to \$60)."

And then he listed prices from shoes to shirts and hats--in American money \$3 for a shirt, \$8 for a pair of shoes, \$4 for a hat--prices completely fantastic when you know that \$50 a month is a working man's average pay and when you know that rent and food take up all of it. And you find out that the clothing manufacturers are getting very rich.

But of course it is a different story in Bologna--the communist center--where agricultural machinery is the main industry. The story is different in the Milan working man suburbs where the communists are still in the majority. Here they say--that is the labor leaders at least--"We are not licked. The government will fall. We will take over from the underground. Fogliatti is on the job."

And now over the Alps into Switzerland.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Since this was written Fogliatti has been shot and the strikes are on, but the Communist Party has lost over half of its dues-paying members and its treasury is gone, through campaign expenses. Indications are that the government will stand the shock and that present communist strike paralysis will be the last serious threat to democracy in Italy for several years. Tito breaking with Stalin has immeasurably weakened the communists in Italy.

Lake Como,  
Italy,  
May, 1948

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material  
for U. S.

"Dear Son"

Series



\* Scanning Note: File contained negatives of the following prints. Useful images of these negatives were not able to be created via scanner.



Allen Jones, 76 m  
Barlow, Ky Dec 17, 1948

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