

Trip on the S. S. Elizabeth, September 3rd - 7th.

The famous skyline disappearing after the usual hurly-burly with porters, bags, tickets, etc. A spacious and elegant ship. The sea was calm, the sun was shining, the weather was mild. Bill played squash with Jack McCloy. The rest of us indulged - not too strenuously - in some amiable deck tennis. At our table - Gene Black, with a delightful and sophisticated sense of humor, Allen Sproul, with his kindly human and understanding expression, George Luthringer, Andy Overby, the Caffreys and J. Burke Knapp. Everytime we would look at our particularly tempting menus our steward would nod at us in commiseration and tell us that we might as well eat it, we wouldn't see anything like that again as long as we were abroad. (We saw what he meant as soon as we landed in England) The food was indeed delicious and we enjoyed our five days. Some rested, others, such as Andy with his usual conscientiousness, collected reluctant members of the International Fund and had meetings, and others, members of the Bank, met in little groups all over the ship and had impromptu talks on the meetings that were to take place in London, when we landed - which we did, all too soon!

Stay in England, September 7th - 20th.

Our first view of the European drought was at Cowes whose hills, usually bright with green, were now dry and yellow. This drought, a boon to tourists during a universally sunny, good summer "season", was cursed by agriculturists, economists and statesmen. Wherever one went,

principally Holland, Finland, Denmark, the lack of fodder was going to necessitate killing needed cattle, and the lack of rain was making the ground hard and difficult to plow - other related hardships were, particularly emphasized in France, the lack of water for navigation and for power.

We got off peacefully with our special HM hospitality stickers to denote Members of the International Bank and Fund and on to our special train. Mr. Dalton met Mr. Snyder and they whizzed off to London by car. Our ride on the train was interesting and we were served a dinner, with a small amount of butter and sugar, in fact, everything was rather meager. At Claridge's we were surprised to find hot water, soap, heat in the pipes and very freshly-done-over looking rooms. We realized that this was the best hotel and unusual in its continuing air of a before-the-war English hotel. The food there was still quite good although only the shell of chic remained - the spirit had gone out of waiters and only a few customers could look as cosmopolitanly correct as only the English used to look. Bread and butter were served only as a course and only three courses were allowed. The price of 5/6 was fixed but cover charges were allowed. Of course, one ate well in a hotel although everyone noticed after a while that no matter how much in quantity was eaten one was always aware of feeling hungry - and this even in the best of hotels! The rations for poor people were pitiably low although a certain allowance was made for children (This was criticized by anti-government people because children's food was only to be bought at a government place thus restricting more and more private independence and enforcing more and more dependence on the government).

Our first look out of our window before going to bed made us both think of old Dickensian England, but on stepping out of the door next morning we saw what poor Dickens never had to see - London still gaping full of wounds - some Squares stripped of all but staring stones - all their metal fences having gone to provide ammunition; some blocks seemingly untouched but in the center one house alone having had a direct hit. On the inside walls one could still see the paint, the panels of the livingroom, the papered walls of the diningroom and upstairs the pinks and blues for the bedrooms. And everywhere it was the same -- in all sections. Some buildings were being meagerly repaired (they have no adequate materials to put the heart into reparat<sup>ions</sup>~~ions~~), some left as parking lots or just as rubble.

Bill working on the meetings - a certain amount of grumbling by several members about taking ten days to do what could be done in twenty minutes - South Americans wanting to bolt and the usual international intrigues. (A Belgian chauffeur we had later on in our travels remarked that statesmen were travelling about even more than they did after the last war, but he asked where were they getting? Americans in England, Englishmen in France, French in Belgium, etc., etc., but what were they accomplishing? No answer.)

To Pangbourne to see Alice and glad to find her children well and happy and fat. Those in the country have decided advantages - chickens, eggs and milk, etc. Found the children very advanced in their English accent, and Chris saying "blahst" like a perfect English gentleman. Saw Streaton-on-Thames, very picturesque and old English -- there are still some parts of it left.

I felt as the days went on a growing feeling of claustrophobia - nobody can leave now; there is the expectation that things will be worse; one expects the food to be bad, therefore it usually tastes so. The people look pinched and mournful and brave - one furniture dealer said to me, "In the old days people used to be gay. If somebody gave a big laugh in the underground today everybody would look at him and think 'he must be balmy'."

One needs coupons for most things in the stores and many have signs saying "For Export Only". Saw a play called "The Linden Tree", and found they could still laugh at all the inconveniences of their couponed life. Met a "political exile" who was proud of it. Socialists were making class hatred, did not dare say No to the working man, took everybody's money and frittered it away. He was going to Kenya.

Personally I had nightmares of war, bombs and horrors for two weeks. I was glad to leave England, although I can never forget it -- pitiful but still proud, naked but still noble, exhausted but still England. ....

Train to Dover - Boat to Ostende, September 21st - 25th.

First impressions of Belgium - a lightening of the atmosphere - and yet as time went on one felt two clouds in the sky. The two clouds hanging over the whole of Europe - the past occupation and the next war. Our chauffeur, Louis, with the lines of war-suffering in his face which one learned to recognize, saying about the occupation: "It is very difficult to forget, Madame, very difficult." Everything dates from the liberation. I wonder sometimes if being occupied wasn't harder than fighting - having to stand by - at least the English were never humiliated and enslaved.

We stopped at Bruges on the way to Brussels - a dream city, almost impossibly charming, old walls, canals, swans. Arrived in Brussels about

8:00 o'clock and had what seemed like a most delicious meal, an omelet; we had not seen eggs for so long. Everything is here and only high in price, relatively, as New York prices are as high. There seems to be plenty but there was a two-day strike and people bought out the stores -- that fear -- having experienced hunger must be unforgettable. Again the ominous suspended shadow, enigmatic and crippling.

We took many trips into the lovely countryside, green growing sunspotted fields, bending poplars, beech forests, many parts in and around Brussels, large luscious grapes, the first of three oases we visited in Europe, the other two Sweden and Switzerland - we heard that Spain was a fourth. Their flowers are particularly lovely and they are especially fond of them.

Camille Gutt is credited with saving the money, inhibiting the black market. The men of the Central Bank are very impressive, serious, hardworking, grave, polite and rather young. There is an undercurrent of feeling against France. They pride themselves on being hardworking people.

Brussels itself is a lovely city, many old buildings, charming square, great gateways. Unfortunately, Americanization is setting in, in all its more shabby forms, jazz, movies, blatant restlessness.

Belgium is now a mecca for European tourists, very latin, very welcoming and very charming - if only all of Europe could rebuild itself as Belgium has.

We had dinner with Mr. Frere, Governor of Banque de la Belgique, in such lovely rooms, all gold and cream with high ceilings.

Antwerp Harbor - Impressive but so many difficulties because of the lack of German shipping which was so important.

Holland, September 25th - 29th.

Having been warned in Belgium that Holland suffered miserably during the occupation, we weren't surprised to see more austerity, although she had done much to recover her strength. The countryside is not as pretty but grows on you - flat lands, cows all over the place, boats occasionally sailing up the fields (on unseen canals) and luckily, still a few windmills of the oldfashioned type still working (on Sunday they fold their arms in a cross and do not work). The people look as Dutch as can be, clean, some wearing wooden shoes, the little girls with great big bows on their hair. Some villages, such as Edam, are perfect in their untouched reticent charm - the bridges over the canals, the facades at the roof, rising step by step, the little shops and friendly people. Some others, like Volendam, more sophisticated, with people dressed in native costumes, the girls in long skirts and white bonnets, the men all in black with puffed pants, little hats, and fancy scarves, looking all of them too good to be quite true. One rides by and looks down upon their houses as all this part of the coastland is below sea level -- other villages, like Marken, are a desecration, dressed and polished for tourists.

I got stories of the intimate trials the women went through when I lunched with two of the wives of the Central Bankers while Bill was having lunch with their husbands. They hid their sons, they learned to lie and cheat and here, for the first time, I heard what was to be repeated to us so many times, that is, the difficulty Europe has morally to unlearn what it took four years of German domination to teach -- that is, sabotage, slow-up of work, cheating, black marketing, etc. In those days, as they repeat over and over again, all these things were patriotic

things to do. The children also became proficient and it is a real worry for parents how to convince them that these things are no longer right.

Nice dinner given by Lieftinck. Talked about Indonesia with her Minister and realized that there was the big problem they are all concerned about.

We found the Hague charming but had not much time to do much sightseeing. We did see the fine Museum with many Vermeers, Rembrandt's Lesson in Anatomy and amusing Jan Steens.

Amsterdam is really the big city and the ride in the small motor boat around the canals was interesting - old buildings and modern ones lined up neatly, Dutchly and positively along the canal streets. The countryside is greatly restored, some entire villages rebuilt entirely in bricks -- houses, streets and sidewalks. It makes a pleasing pink effect. We drove to Arnheim and relived the bridge disaster of September '44. There was much destruction here, buildings still standing peppered with shot, churches holding up blasted walls in empty protest, but again it is striking how the human being lives on; bomb holes are covered up or children play in them, people ride their bicycles as always, and the birth rate grows again .....life's stream flows on and Holland is not the country to lie down and let it flow by.

Norway, September 29th - October 3d.

Nice flight over choppy water. First stop at Christiansand, delightful to eyes accustomed to the low lands. Here was invigorating air, green hills, a bumpy coastline, sun and strong colors. Oslo itself is not very pretty, nor interesting as a city, but looking down on the harbor from the mountain, Bill declared that it was even prettier

than Rio. The feeling of the people, the hardships of occupation, the toughness of the winters on skis, the ruddiness of the children, the pulling together - all this is Norway. There is criticism, however, that the workers no longer know how to work except at their pleasures (almost everything stops in the summer while everyone takes a summer vacation) but still they give a feeling of Viking strength and capacity. One heard also of many couples wanting to leave and go to America - Why? Fear of the Russians.

The King and Queen of Denmark were visiting the King of Norway while we were there. A great state concert was given. We sat among red-coated, gold braided, cocked-hatted diplomats and looked across to the glittering crowned heads, symbols of the romance of a past civilization. They bowed to the audience and we bowed back. The Queen most queenly in her diamond tiara and blue ribbon of Olaf across her chest, and the Kings in Naval uniforms -- did they look at the Russian delegate, rather plainly dressed, sitting in the first row with his naive dead-pan face -- the courtly crown and the hammer and sickle.

And every-day Norway -- the law against drunken driving in all the Scandinavian countries, except Finland (where it couldn't be imposed) applied to all without favor. At parties the ladies refuse to drink, with the excuse that they are driving home tonight - the blood test applied even to those not guilty of an accident and all who have alcohol in their blood are put in jail unconditionally for 35 days. They do things seriously in these countries. And on the 1st of November all gas was to be stopped except for essential uses, as in England and other countries.



The Ambassador took me to the opening of an art show where the King was attending. I forgot about him looking at the pictures until I was told "Pas Op. Kong" and stepped back as he passed by -- an old man with a bald head, very much beloved by his people. The pictures which I then returned to were gay in color, original in design and inventive in form. There is a garden too, full of powerful, if cluttered, statues by the great Norwegian artist, Vigland. These things interest the Norwegians -- they take art seriously, too.

The Norwegians are less sophisticated than the Swedes, less debonair than the Danes, but hardworking and proud people in their own right.

Sweden, October 3d - 5th.

Train trip, too long and not very interesting although the countryside quite pretty. Arrival in Stockholm was like arriving in the strange old world -- music, lights, women in jewels, evening dresses; men in tuxedos, waiters pouring champagne, and anything one wanted to eat available. Coupons were given for bread, meat, fats, but not required. The stores likewise were crowded with goods from all the countries, goods that cannot be bought in the countries in which they are made. Mr. Roothe gave us a birdseye view of Stockholm, lovely clear day with the Baltic Sea whipped up to a blue and white beauty as it wound through the city. The town hall in all its modern brick splendor takes its place proudly among the other spires.

We saw a part of the city which is like any wooded suburb of any modern city, the odd difference being the modern aspect of these Swedish houses. As is the case with cheap modern anywhere, they were more showy than practical, more self-conscious than cozy. Stockholm has always lived in apartments, they don't seem to mind.

It seems the Swedes have overextended themselves which is unfortunate because their basic sobriety has made them among the most enviable of all European nations.

Boat Trip October 6th to Helsinki.

Boarded our tiny boat and sailed all afternoon through lovely blue water. All around us were peaceful looking islands forming narrow straits through which we wound our way on our small Brunhilde. The Swedish archipelago was covered with sun. After our smorgasbord and bed we arose to find ourselves going through the Finnish islands. In that short time, what a change! Instead of sun, bleak grayness, instead of grass and smiling land, rocks and grim defiance - there was a heaviness in the air, a lack of cheer on land and sea. As we neared Portcalala, however, tension seemed to ride the very waves. We were boarded by a Russian pilot and the story got around (but unsubstantiated) that the Russians had mined the waters. We passed a dirty looking boat flying the red flag, tugging a bargeload of torpedoes .....

On our arrival we were met by Mr. Tuomioja, Governor of the Bank of Finland, and Mr. Thesleff of the Foreign office, who took us to our unheated dejected hotel. This was our first taste of what winter must be in these countries without heat and without hot water. One is perpetually cold and even the great mountains of wood one sees all over the streets aren't enough to dispel the feeling that real heat will not return until the summer sun reappears, and that seemed a long way off in October.

Finland, October 7th - 11th.

Our admiration for the Finns grew as we saw more of them and their country. They are proud of their strides in modernization. I was taken

through the children's hospital and found it apparently up to date in almost everything, although most of the materials for it had to come from Sweden. The Finns feel a great gratitude to the Swedes due to the help provided for its children by them during the war years.

The city of Helsinki seemed to be a mixture of oriental and occidental, very firmly built and not lacking in a sombre Finnish charm. They say it used to be painted white but since the war there is no more paint -- just one of the things there is no more of. The shops have long yawning shelves with nothing on them. What there is, is not very pretty but of fair quality and the people are sturdily if not beautifully clothed. However, they sell most of their goods for export and the standard of living is not high. There is an arctic dreariness in people's faces and occasionally I caught that look in people's eyes which is indescribably part of the wounds of war, tragedy and despair; one learned to recognize the lines in faces of people who had been in concentration camps -- one could not understand what these faces and these eyes had suffered -- one cannot forget them.

The country itself, with its yellow-leaved birch trees and dark green pines is not at first sympathetic but brave, gradually it also wins one's sympathy and admiration. We saw much wood everywhere, cellulose, all kinds of paper, hardworking people, polite, friendly, even optimistic and hopeful. They showed us workers' houses and communities, trade schools - they can hardly be called luxurious but it has been such an effort. It is so hard to live and prices are so high -- eggs \$4.40 a dozen, and Walter's demi-tasse \$1.75! When he expostulated, they repeated to him, "But it is real coffee".

Our trip to the Diet was very interesting. A fine modern building, the Communists sitting as a party, strange it looked but a strange situation it is. We left with deep admiration for the Finns and found later that all who knew them felt as we did.

Boat Trip October 11th - 13th to Copenhagen.

Sat at the Captain's table and had a very pleasant trip, some fog, mostly sun, Finnish choir, much cheese and smorgasbord. We talked with Hjorth, the Captain's nephew, who told us what trouble they had delivering reparations to Russians. They seem to take it so philosophically. For example, "We had many of this type of ship, but of course, the Russians took all the best, etc., etc.," -- another example of their fortitude and courage.

Copenhagen, October 13th - 16th

Don't feel we saw much of the city as we stayed far out of town in the Embassy and didn't get much feel of Copenhagen, except for noticing the spires that stick up into the sky and make the great charm of the city. However, we did see Hamlet's Elsinore (which was a disappointment and much more impressive on the stage), and another castle which was interesting for the shields of the Order of the Elephant. We were ashamed that Eisenhower, who with Montgomery was the only commoner to be given the honor, had not come to Denmark to receive his decoration. Otherwise, we learned much of Christians and Frederick which I have since forgotten. There is a small palace in Copenhagen called Rosenborg, full of memories of kings and fascinating varieties of pictures, swords and, of principal interest to me, the magnificent collection of the Queen's jewels.

A memory, although not particularly Danish, was a stirring production of the opera Peter Grimes - we got the main idea although much escaped us.

Danes look fat and eat much; in fact, all the Europeans seem to eat much more than we do (although we seem to get the habit easily, too).

Train Through Denmark and Germany, October 17th.

Denmark looking like children's toy farms, green, pretty, sophisticated farms, lovely rolling profitable-looking land, fat contented cows, little farm houses, painted, pretty, tidy.

The Germany. The passport people courteous as if they were trying to make up for former times. So our train started through Germany. If there was one thing that was really indescribable in our trip this was it. The land, hardened by the drought, barren for lack of seed, dismally deserted, weary and without hope. The cities, empty staring shells, no windows, just holes, some walls left, ragged-edged gray slabs. Some houses untouched, some villages untouched but the fingers of destruction seem to reach even them -- and the people, blank and bony, dirty, dreary and indifferent, indifferent to everything but food. They stand in the stations just watching the trains to see if someone won't throw something to them -- beggars. It is impossible to read their eyes; people say they don't understand that they are beaten, others say they know they were beaten, they can't figure out why. Also, as a Belgian woman said to me with bitter hatred in her eyes, "Twice in one generation, it's just too much". They have left a fire of hatred behind, and they themselves hate with what energy is left them, but can one see people in the state they are now in and not feel sorry? But, say the Europeans, Americans are too soft, they haven't seen, they haven't felt what beasts these

people were - as they say it, I know we cannot understand.

Toward the South in the French zone things appear more natural, more prosperous. This was always an agricultural district and Hitlers come and Hitlers go but the peasant goes on tilling his field as he has done through the centuries. The stations are bombed but the fields still produce.

Switzerland, October 17th - 20th.

Oasis - As the bedouins in the desert must feel when they sight the green trees and feel the cool water, so was Switzerland to us after the desert of despair that is Germany today. We stayed at the Three Kings Hotel on the banks of the Rhine. We had a bath and hot water, we had dinner (we wondered whether the lack of dining car the day before was due to fear of the Germans seeing the passengers eating) with white bread, butter, meat and whatever else we wanted. This was at Basle, a rather heavy town, but friendly (except that I heard the Horst Wessel lied being whistled in the street the night of our arrival), and the B. I. S. people were very cordial to us. They have quite a fine Museum there and I was particularly thrilled with the picture of the dead Christ by Holbein.

We took the train to Geneva and what a lovely trip, green mountains, blue lakes, white clouds and way above the clouds, snow covered peaks -- it was like a little train going through paradise.

Geneva, more of a French town, with the lake and Mont Blanc being a part of the city.

Trip Through Alsace and Lorraine, October 19th - 29th

Met Messrs. Igonet and Gabory and packed into our Hotchkiss for what was to become a most fascinating trip. All the charm of France

swept back as we crossed the border, the countryside changing, gay, colorful, the people still laughing, still taking everything in their stride, still arguing, disagreeing, gesticulating. The Germans had been over them again, but the French seem to have a rubber ball quality, they have to react, they have to bounce back. I have heard that they don't know how to work anymore, I even heard that from an old Frenchman himself, who railed against the youth of the day, but I still had a feeling of buoyancy from them.

We saw many things. First stop - the great dam they are putting up at Genissiat. They seemed to be working like beavers, with the help of German prisoners, some of whom have been given their freedom but elected to remain in France. They don't lead an enviable life surrounded by hostility and looking forward to no hope. We saw the pipe factory where only old men and women are employed because it is all very old-fashioned and takes a great deal of craftsmanship. The whole little town of St. Claude contains about 70 pipe factories. If we needed an extra worry, we might wonder what would become of the pipe-making business when these old people died. We passed lovely little Jura towns, grey with people dressed in black and blue and wooden shoes, oxen, straw and the general smell of France. We loved Dole, typical French town with all its impertinence, grayness, oldness, charm -- to complete the picture, the old priest in his long robes and black beret swinging down the street, nuns flapping their white headdresses as they ride by on their bicycles, fine old hospital with walls caressed by the affectionate hand of age, little boys with loaves of bread under their arms, wise children -- all of this delightfully naturally France. The bread, by the way, is very dark and sometimes

unappetizing, but in the country it is not bad. It seems to cause disagreeable things, however, if eaten too long, but as the cheese situation is poor, too, maybe they will not eat as much of it as formerly. The food that we were given was, of course, special. It was plentiful and good, and in the country, generally, the people eat better everywhere than in the cities. In Paris almost everyone agrees that one can't live properly, that is adequately, without going to the black market, hence its strength and persistence. The Alsaciens and Lorrainnians were very hospitable to us, drinks and cakes after each visit to mine or factory, large lunches, teas and dinners. In many of the factories they showed us what they called Services Sociales - houses for workers' families, nurses, schools, etc. As most of them were bombed out and lost everything during the war, they are grateful for anything, and much attention is being paid to this, heating, water, light, etc. Here again, they were being held up for lack of materials.

We were shown how wine was made, still is made in a little town called Ammerschwihir, where nothing was left except a house or two and the wine cellar, with its vineyards climbing the hills beyond; we were shown about a champagne cave and watched the corking and packing of the bottles. All these methods were out-dated but they had the serious handicap of the war and lack of money to modernize; we saw mines, potash, coal and iron, steel and castiron foundries, thread and textile factories. Everywhere we went people were most cordial and we had three meals with Prefects where we learned a little bit more of the administrative running of France.



I must mention a special little Alsacienne town of Riquewihr which is impossible for me to describe because it is almost Hollywoodian in its romantic antiquity, except for the saving grace of absolute un-self-consciousness on the part of its inhabitants. It was eminently paintable if only there had been time.

Our tour of the river port of Strasbourg must also be mentioned and in the same breath, of course, the drought again which made the river low and practically unnavigable. The Cathedral clock must also be included with all the excitement that goes on at the stroke of 12 -- the apostles march past Christ who blesses them, the old father time strikes the gong and the cock flaps his wings and crows three times.

We stopped at Luxembourg over Sunday and enjoyed the quiet of the small town full of parks and quiet prosperity (at least here the French can buy those things they can't get at home, cheeses, chocolates, cigarettes, etc.)

When we were there talking to M. Dupont, the Prime Minister, a Communist parade went by. This brings up the intangible question of their power -- all I can say that I'd seen was that everywhere they were aggressive, many posters, many rallies. As to their strength, it is hard to tell superficially.

Then we saw the graveyards of the two wars, through Rheims to Paris.

Paris, October 29th - November 7th.

First impressions - cheapened - American Bars, movies have invaded the Champs Elysees. Thought I was cured of Paris, like the

death of an old love, then gradually, subtly the flames were fanned and burst again. Painted, coarsened, drab on the surface, it was still the same charming, irresistible spirit that caught me again as I wandered about the same old streets, the same old Seine. It is still the most lovely city, with a certain defiance of the present, a knowledge that no matter what goes on in the world, the spirit of Paris will always live.