Sunday, July 3, 1949

Stuttgart, Germany

Dear Lenore,

This is a bright beautiful afternoon. We arrived here by train about an hour ago from Heidelberg and now about further orders. The most striking thing in Heidelberg, the old 13th Century University town which by common agreement was spared by the war was the beauty of its two mountains, Königstuhl on the north side of the Neckar river and Heiligenberg on the South with its ancient looking, sturdy red stone houses climbing each slope upwards from the banks of the river. There is

quaintness and disrepair in the University buildings. Nothing matches the modern splendor of our schools. The clinic buildings are shabby.

We have very little direct contact with the Germans. Americans have taken over the best hotels, the best hospitals, the best homes for their officers. We are a part of an invading army. They accept it rather stoically, I've felt at.

We use American script for money and have not yet been able to get German marks. We eat in proscribed areas, live with the army and travel in American cars on German trains. I should like to return to Heidelberg some day when

the tension of war is gone. On the roads outside of town and the small villages one sees the women with their hoes working the fields as they did a hundred years ago. The villages have narrow streets, the peasants look as though they came out of story books — plodding, hard working, unemotional — only the kids are happy. There seem to be thousands of kids, hundreds of bicycles on every road and lane. Automobiles are seldom seen out of town. The farms are beautiful. Every inch of ground is used. The chief crops seem to be wheat, barley potatoes, clover for fodder, poppies

for poppy seed, oats, some mustard and a few beans. I have seen very few tractors. On these farms the world has not changed very fast.

In the other towns I have seen so far the one overwhelming impression is that of staggering destruction. Mannheim, once a proud industrial center has been leveled to the ground, Heilbronn, which resisted the 7th Armies advance is not much more than a shell. Even now four years later, very little rebuilding has taken place. The once great station here at Stuttgart still has no roof and there are

scars on every hand. The Germans were not hurt like this during the first war. They have been whipped 'til it hurts this time. They don't like it but still are not too anxious to have all of the Americans go because there is real fear that the Russians will walk in. War is even in its aftermath an almost totally unhappy thing.

The Col. has arrived. Off we go.

Love and kisses for you and all the kids.

Charlie