Munich, Germany
July 6, 1949

Dear Lenore,

Hello, how are you tonight? How are the children? Sorta wish I could span the miles and be with you tonight to hold you close and feel you near while the children patter around upstairs. The days are full, almost crowded with new problems, new people, new situations. So far I think I have done alright. At night, when the days work is done, I am lonely.

This is the queen city of the old Kingdom of Bavaria. On entering it as in the other cities there is a feeling of utter destruction. For blocks one can

see nothing but empty walls and rubble, shells of magnificent buildings standing stark against the sky with their empty windows like the hollow eyes of skeletons looking out into nothingness. One can not truly describe it, only feel it.

After a day at the hospital - a 1200 bed former teaching hospital for the University of Munich Medical School now the 98th General Hospital U.S.A. Two of the officers took us for a drive around the city. First around the old city with its large and once resplendant gates leading

into its central square or Pathowers (Town Hall). It is in shambles. Then to the University. Some class rooms have been covered over and school goes on. There are too many students, too few teachers and few areas for teaching.

We rode through the courtyard of the Palace of the Barrian Kings. Even in ruins there is splendor which staggers. No wonder the people revolted. Little one room, lean-too shops are beginning to peep out of the ruins. I am told that until very recently, there were no shops of any kind for there.

were no goods to sell. While
there is an attempt to wipe
out the cluster of little
shacks where tattering is
done and there are as many
as 12 policemen to the block
in attempt to break up the
black market a carton of
cigarettes still is the best
money in the country. For
instance we tip a waiter
two cigarettes, the porter
who carried ten bags for
four of us got ten, one
of the boys paid a pack
for a half sole on his

shoes and a carton will bring 20 to 25 marks - equivalent to from 7 to 8 dollars. I sold one of my $10 script notes for 50 german marks in order to buy German stamps to put on the children's post cards. Americans are not supposed to use German money nor to have it. Germans may be jailed if caught with American money and are not allowed to use script. An American on entrance must change all of his money into script (military certificates). If he spends over $5 he must sign his name, give his passport number and the no. of the bill.

It is a little complicated to say the least.

We were taken by to see the beergarden from which Hitler launched his first unsuccessful putsch in 1923, past the place where his first 12 men were killed and the square where they were later enshrined. We had dinner in the Haus der Kunst which Hitler had built at the height of his power as a modern art center for Munich and had dinner in the private dining room of the big wigs of the Nazi party held there world changing meetings while G.I's danced to jazz music in the once splendid

great salon. No germans, unless they are servants are now allowed in any of these places. All of the homes of the former great and near great here, as in the other cities are now the homes of American Army officers. The only hotel de paix I have seen which is available to Germans is in a former air raid shelter under the central plaza. It has been subdivided into rooms. One of our team, Dr. Perich who spent his honeymoon here in 1927 has had the blues all day. At times I think he

has been near tears. One, Dr Towell, a dry little Scotsman from Canada who is now an American and former Colonel simply feels it serves them right.

I have not talked a great deal about my hospital work. It is not much different from that at home. One can not enter town after town like this without being almost overwhelmed. It seems almost impossible to rebuild all that has been destroyed - either the buildings - the heart or the dreams; yet these people are hard at it. Good night sweet,

Charlie