

World War (1939-

PAMPHLET OFFICE

# EUROPE 1945

**BY H. V. KALTENBORN**

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*First-hand survey of the War and Peace  
Problems facing Europe in 1945*

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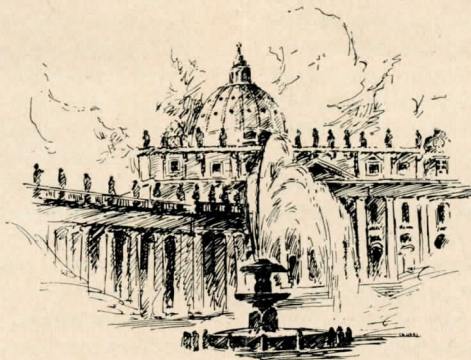


The broadcasts which are reproduced in this booklet were made within the five-weeks' period from November fourteen to December eighteen, 1944. All but the last one originated in Europe. Taken together, they present a picture of war-torn Europe at the turn of the year which, while necessarily incomplete, at least reflects the honest impressions of a trained observer. My first obligation as a reporter and editor, who is privileged to address an enormous audience, is to tell the truth as I see it. In wartime it is impossible, for security reasons, to tell all that one sees or hears in the front lines. But in fairness to the American and British censors who read my copy I should point out that I was granted complete freedom of speech on most matters of fact and on all matters of opinion. One year ago I returned from the Pacific war zone less optimistic about an early end of the war against Japan. I have returned from the European war zone less optimistic about an early end of the war against Germany. If these broadcasts help my fellow countrymen to appreciate the enormous effort which Victory demands, they will have served their purpose.

H. V. Patterson



# Speaking from Rome



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SPEAKING FROM ROME, NOVEMBER 14, 1944

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Since leaving New York on Saturday I have traveled some 6,000 miles and been a guest under six different flags. That kind of travel is possible in wartime with the help of the Army Air Transport Command. I have visited 2 strategic island possessions and spent a day and a night at Casablanca, Morocco, waiting in a fog. We visited both the ancient, much-neglected ruins of Carthage and the equally neglected modern ruins of Tunis.

This morning I crossed the Mediterranean in an hour and flew back and forth over the Salerno beachhead and before the Bay of Naples. At the very top of Mount Cassino there gleamed one single symbolic light for a few of the fathers still guard the ruins of their beloved abbey.

## Air Bases

My week-end journey from New York gave me fresh proof that our postwar world will be an air-minded world. At every airport keen-minded Americans were thinking and talking about our place in the booming air traffic of the postwar period. Their greatest worry is that once the war is over Uncle Sam will neglect or abandon the wonderful airports they have created in the world's far off places. They wonder whether the members of Congress and our people have become sufficiently air-minded to make the effort that

will be needed to hold on to the opportunities which war has forced into our unwilling hands.

Already there are rumors in North Africa that this or that airport will soon be abandoned. Having talked with some of the leaders in military aviation, I don't believe these rumors to be true. But they prove that the men who are in charge of American overseas airports are not too sure about our future policy.

*One thing is certain. We were not too smart in establishing the conditions under which we have spent billions of dollars in creating the world's finest airports outside of the U. S. In most cases neither the airports nor the installations belong to us. We must give them up six months after the war is over. We don't even have the right to go on using them. Of course that is not true everywhere.*

Take the case of Bermuda. There we even created the real estate on which our new army airport is built. We dredged coral mud out of Castle Bay. A few small islands suffice to take care of necessary housing and installations. As everyone knows, Bermuda will always be an important way station on the South Atlantic hop. We have a 99-year lease on the airport we have created. But when civilian flights across the Atlantic are resumed, we have no right to use this American-created airport for American civilian planes. By an unhappy oversight we leased our space on British territory



in the Atlantic for military purposes only. That means we ought to begin at once to make good on this oversight. We should work out with the British a friendly agreement that our commercial planes could use these military fields.

In the Azores, which belong to Portugal, we are the guests of the British in an island airfield which we created and which we are still improving. The New York Times recently published a dispatch about negotiations between Portugal and the U. S. for the construction of an all-American field in another one of the Azores Islands. I hope it's true.

The Azores are a busy point in the central route across the Atlantic. Since most postwar transatlantic flights will be by land planes, the Azores will always be an important refueling station. And while we are negotiating with Portugal, we ought to secure landing rights in the Cape Verde Islands. The air route from the Caribbean to Dakar passes over the Cape Verde Islands. Many a pilot who turned back would have kept going if he could have refueled at the Cape Verde Islands. It takes an experienced airman to appreciate the value of an airfield that is available a few hundred miles before you get to the end of a long transoceanic hop.

My conclusion after flying these 6,000 miles through storm and fog and sunshine is that you can never have too many available landing fields for safety, for convenience, and for economical operation. The less extra gas you must carry to be safe, the more useful cargo you can carry.

On my jump from San Francisco to Pearl Harbor a year

ago, we carried one ton of useful load for each 16 tons of plane, crew and fuel. On my longest transatlantic jump this trip, we carried one ton of useful load for every 5 tons of plane, crew and fuel. But even that isn't good enough.

## Flying Our Wounded Home

*The finest human service our planes are doing now is bringing our wounded boys back home. I rode in some of the planes that carried them and talked to the men and women who are doing the job. A flight nurse with whom I've traveled impressed me as one of the most efficient human beings I met. She was off duty, but when our C-54 hit rough weather, she jumped into action. She ordered those lying on the floor into the bucket seats, helped the clumsy ones adjust straps, told the sick men what to do, got the oxygen ready, and was everywhere at once regardless of her own safety in the careening ship. She took command as if by instinct and everyone from majors down obeyed this slip of a girl lieutenant.*

Air evacuation is a godsend to our wounded men. From the front line hospital in Europe to one near their home town takes no longer than it took in the first World War to get them to a back area hospital in France. It is the blind, the maimed and the crippled who are being brought home. The nurses tell them when the blessed home land is first sighted and tears of joy often come to brave men's eyes when they hear the news.

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## SPEAKING FROM ROME, NOVEMBER 15, 1944

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### Unrest in the Mediterranean

I have been away from America for only 5 days. Yet one thing has already struck me about the old world. Every country where I have been so far, Morocco, Tunisia, Italy, seems to be very much afraid of Communism. This is the first time since the Bolshevik revolution that the world has faced postwar chaos. It is in troubled waters that Communism thrives.

Both North Africa and Italy have suffered more dislocation than I had expected. Everywhere the well edited Communist publications are exploiting that dislocation. The Communist Party members seem to shout the same party line in Africa and in Europe and they shout more loudly, more persistently and more cleverly than the members of any other party.

Everywhere there is good reason for Communist complaint. Any party with a completely negative approach to every current economic problem, can be intelligently destructive with little effort.

Morocco is one of the world's strange countries and the port of Casablanca is its most amazing wartime city. I be-

lieve Morocco is the only country in the world that is still operating under capitulation. That means we have more independent rights in Morocco than we have in any other foreign country. This will be all to the good when we begin to negotiate for peacetime use of some of the magnificent airfields we have created in Morocco.

Just now Morocco has an interesting mixture of De Gaulle authority, Arab authority, local French authority and American authority. Anything can cause a diplomatic crisis. They had one over the week-end on who was to participate in the Armistice Day parade. They also had a food riot. Two short wheat crops, plus black market operations, have left the poor without enough bread. And the lack of bread seems to be universal in the modern world. Everything is short and prices are high. Each group in Casablanca's cosmopolitan population blames every other group. The war has turned things upside down. My one hope is that we don't promise to do something about Africa's postwar problems. Everyone over here just seems to be waiting to lean on somebody else.

Every American officer and civilian official with whom I have talked pleads for more understanding in Washington of



local conditions in Africa and Europe. Everything is going to be more difficult than I supposed. And the only people who have an easy answer for every problem are the Communists.

In Tunisia all political parties have been so frightened by the Communists that they have decided to make common cause against them. That may happen in every country.

In the city of Tunis the thrifty French have been afraid to begin reconstruction lest the war come back in their direction. They don't anticipate that, but they want to be on the safe side. The harbor area is completely destroyed and has been left that way. There is no merchandise of any kind to be had. Building materials are non-existent. The Americans are the chief employers in Tunis. We are constantly improving our airfields and our installations everywhere.

*No one over here seems to think that the war is anywhere near an end. They rather resent our talk at home about an early end of the European war. Especially is that true in Italy. There the going at the front has been so rough and tough that no one imagines the war can be nearly over.*

### Italy Prostrate

Today I talked with some of the American civil and military officials who are trying to help Italy help herself. All of them are deeply pessimistic about Italy's immediate future. A large part of the people are on a near-starvation basis. There is not enough food, not enough clothing and hundreds of thousands of Italians have no homes. The black market is flourishing. These conditions have created unrest. They have always promoted Communism.

I read an editorial in an Italian paper today headed "Must We Starve?" Without blaming anybody, it pointed out how the health of the Italian people is being undermined. Everyone agrees that the situation is so serious that a crisis may develop. No one to whom I talked has any easy solution.

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## SPEAKING FROM ROME, NOVEMBER 17, 1944

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### An Interview with Pope Pius

At noon today I had the good fortune to enjoy a private audience with Pope Pius. He spoke to me much more freely and frankly than I had expected. His English is good, but his German is better, so we carried on in German.

His tall lithe figure, which he carries extremely well, would be almost gaunt but for the pontifical robes. He moves with a quick firm step and his gestures are graceful. His face when animated presents a curious contrast of human kindness and intellectual asceticism. I had seen him before at public audiences, but today when I saw him first privately and then stood next to him at the public reception, I had my first opportunity to observe him closely.

We have given Italy a government but that government seems to function in a vacuum. Politics is a poor substitute for clothing, for fuel and for power.

*There is no blackout in liberated Italy, but last night I drove through town after town where not a single light was visible. The people have nothing with which to produce light. The streets of Rome are as dark tonight as those of London at the height of the blackout. Weird shafts of dazzling light from automobile headlights seem to make the darkness more intense when they vanish. Rome has already had one crime wave which appears to have been checked by the successful intervention of the military police.*

The city of Rome is under a curious combination of civilian and military rule; a rule that is exercised by several groups and by quite a number of individuals. General S. K. Brown, whom I last met in El Paso, Texas, is the Commanding General of the Rome Area Allied Command. He has his combination of the municipal administration, of diplomatic administration and of military administration. It's supposed to be a military job he has, but he has to run half a dozen hotels, a score of restaurants, a department store, and a motor pool. He is the one who tells the Roman citizen how much electric power he can have for his light and for his radio. He has to watch Army supplies with the utmost care and he needs a police department for more than one purpose.

Today, the manager of the huge Army Post Exchange in Rome showed me a handful of counterfeit allied military currency. Some clandestine print shop is turning out these Italian lire at a rate that has added to the 150 million dollars worth already spent by allied military forces. Rome prices expressed in a 1c lira have multiplied several hundred per cent in a year. One cigarette is a more generous gift than a 10 lira note.

I found him keenly alive to the sufferings of the Italian people, but a true cosmopolitan in mind and spirit.

I spoke of the importance of the Vatican's influence in promoting the true spirit of peace among the peoples of the world, and when I suggested that the organization of world peace deserved frequent emphasis by the Vatican, he said: "You know, I do speak frequently; do you mean I should speak even more often than I do now?" And I replied in the affirmative. Then he emphasized once more his firm belief that the problems engendered by hate and national antagonism can be softened and removed by the exercise of Christian charity, which is certainly true.

*Half an hour after my private audience I saw the Pope*





ROME, ITALY—H. V. Kaltenborn stands on the famous balcony in the Palazzo Venezia from where Mussolini spoke to the Italian people on many occasions.



*being carried through the central aisle of one of the many chapels of the Vatican. As he was borne towards the Dais in his sedan chair, he leaned far out to touch as many as possible of the hundreds of hands of men in uniform that were stretched towards him. He made every effort throughout the half hour of public audience to do as much as was physically possible to make the occasion memorable for those who attended. And he does this every day, including Sundays.*

He first spoke to the entire audience in English and then in French, words of friendly affectionate greeting. Then instead of being carried out at once, he mingled with groups of soldiers and officers near the front of the chapel. He asked everyone where they were from. Within a few minutes he had spoken words of comfort to a war widow, had given some cheering words to a group of Polish soldiers, and had personally blessed innumerable rosaries and religious souvenirs. To most of our soldiers he said: "American?" And when they replied affirmatively, he gave them a blessing. As he passed me, he nodded recognition and said with a smile: "A special blessing for you." That is a generous gesture from the head of the Roman Catholic Church to a baptized Lutheran.

## Italy Knocked Out

Yesterday I motored for 15 hours to reach Italian front headquarters. Having now flown or motored the length of liberated Italy, I have some idea of what war has done to Italy. This country is knocked out, physically and spiritually knocked out. There isn't any easy answer to a single one of its problems. Everybody here is inclined to blame somebody else.

*Apart from food, clothing and other immediate necessities, Italy's chief need is a clean-up squad. I have myself seen enough scrap metal littering the Italian roadside to start Japan on another war. Last night as our car kept rounding curves on the hillside roads of central Italy, the headlights kept picking up the weird metal skeletons of tanks, trucks and artillery tractors.*

The only reconstruction going on is of roads and bridges. That is one point where Italy profits by military necessity. But in the scores of partially destroyed towns and villages, I could see nothing that had been rebuilt.

## On the Italian Front

I spent several hours with General Alexander, Commander in Chief of the Allied armies on the Italian front. He is the complete antithesis of what we call the blood and guts general. He is a charming British gentleman, quiet and restrained in speech and manner. At lunch we exchanged impressions of the Palazzo Venezia art exhibit and discussed dictator psychology. His approach to war is that of a trained

technician who makes a painstaking preparatory study of the means needed to achieve a given end. I got the impression that at this stage of the war General Alexander refuses to ask the battle-tired troops on the Italian front to do the impossible. Some of his best troops were taken away to other fronts where they were more immediately needed.

Standing in front of his huge headquarters war map, General Alexander briefed me in the history and present status of the Italian campaign. As he himself said publicly not long ago, the story is a succession of disappointments. We have had too many fronts to look after to do our best on this one. There are many more German than Allied divisions on the Italian front right now, although they are not full divisions. The Germans are not as strong as we are in air power or artillery. But from now until spring 2 out of 3 days will be bad for active bombing or shelling from the air.

*The boys on this Italian front are angry when they get letters from the States telling them that the war is about won and they'll be home soon. From a cold, muddy foxhole on the Fifth Army front here, it does not look like it.*

The Germans are still holding magnificent defensive positions. It will cost a lot to take even the city of Bologna which is now in plain sight from the front line.

Yesterday I came to realize what a multi-language organization General Alexander commands. Our car broke down on the way back from the front, and we also ran out of gas, so we hailed all passing cars asking for help. In the course of an hour we stopped Hindus, Brazilians, Moroccans, Poles, Frenchmen, South Africans, Italians, Englishmen and Americans. But a South African and an Englishman carried extra gasoline—they were the only ones who did. General Alexander told me that one of his best battalions had been the Japanese-Americans who were now fighting on another front.

## Mussolini's Palace Revisited

My happiest hour in Italy was spent in Mussolini's famous Palazzo Venezia. I went there to escape from the unhappy story of wartime Europe to see a collection of masterpieces of Italian art. When I came to the great hall where I had interviewed Mussolini, his desk and the bust of Caesar that stood above it were gone. But facing the same corner where Mussolini once held his prideful place was a glorious Venus by Titian. She was facing the Duce's corner with a benignant smile which seemed to say: "Italian dictators last for but a day, while the glories of Italian art are eternal."

In the square below were a few peaceful people and pigeons, both eager only for food. It was a warm sunny day after weeks of rain. It was good to breathe the air of non-Fascist Italy in just that spot. It gave me hope that Italy can be herself again.