

March 3, 1947

A.P.O. 696A, c/o PM, NYC

Dear Mother:

At last I have a typewriter so that I can tell my friends about all the exciting things which are happening to me. First let me begin by giving a sort of itinerary so that you will know where I have been and on what experiences I am basing my impressions.

I traveled all the way to Nurnberg with the Judge and family. We arrived in New York on the 7th and spent four days at Fort Hamilton being processed. That has become a very much over-worked word in my vocabulary in the past 3 or 4 weeks and it covers a multitude of sins. On the 11th late in the evening we sailed on the Thomas H. Barry, an army transport, with 250 others, mostly women and children going to join their husbands and fathers. It was a marvelous trip. At first I thought I should die from boredom, but soon became a confirmed deck sitter. We had some lovely sunny weather around the Azores. Even the English channel was very well behaved. None of our party were sea sick at all. The food on the ship was very good and there was plenty of it. The ship docked at Bremerhaven on the morning of the 21st but we were not permitted to leave the ship until the following day at 6:35 p.m. when our sleeper left for Furth (a town just 3 miles from Nurnberg). We arrived there at 10:20 on the 23rd, Sunday, and went by taxi to the Grand Hotel in Nurnberg which is located just outside the old walled city. The Judge has a very sumptuous suite in the Hotel and will be there for some days yet until they have selected a suitable house. But I was there only two nights.

Tuesday I moved out to the Press Camp (so-called because it was the billet of all correspondents who attended the 1st Nurnberg Trial).

It is a castle which belonged to the Faber pencil people. The factory oddly enough is located just several hundred yards from the castle. Men live in the castle and surrounding houses and the women (33 in all) in a Villa behind the castle on the estate. We all take our meals together on the third floor of the Castle. It has been a very fine residence in its time. The stairway to the dining hall is all marble. The grounds around are lovely or will be very shortly as soon as spring begins. I am told there is swimming there in the summer. I have a room-mate, Miss Vera Solander (more about her later). Our room is comfortable but not fancy. It is heated by a Porcelain stove which reaches all the way to the ceiling and is very efficient. There are 8 maids for 33 girls. They do all our washing, pressing, shoe-cleaning, mending and of course cleaning and stove firing. We tip them a few cigarettes or a chocolate bar. Fortunately Miss Solander speaks German and English very well so I have no trouble telling Anne what I want done. (Anne, of course, is the maid—typically German with long blond braids).

The first day we reported early in the morning at the Palace of Justice for more processing. That took all day. I now have 7 different passes and each one is absolutely essential. And that is not the end of them yet. Since that first day I have spent my working hours writing letters and listening to the trials. That in itself could keep one entertained for several weeks. All the judges of our tribunal have not arrived (4 total, only 2 here now) and they have no word as to when the remainder will come. So in the meantime we who are here have a chance to read and listen to the trials and orient ourselves to life in this Maze. And I do Mean MAZE. There is no

rhyme nor reason to the numbers around here. As each section of the building was repaired they started a new series of numbers. Room 200 might be on the 4th floor or it might be in the basement. One has no way of knowing. Then many halls are blocked off necessitating going from one floor to another to get to another office which may be on the same floor from which you started. There is a very definite caste system here. The brahmins are, of course, the U.S. Army personnel. Then come the U.S. civilian personnel, then the allied personnel and last Deutsche. The Germans are not permitted to eat in the Army cafeteria and are supposed to use separate wash-rooms marked "Für Deutsche" They are paid only about 100 Marks a month. A carton of cigarettes brings anywhere from 600 to 900 marks. Allied personnel and Germans alike are all very poorly clothed. But Allied personnel is allowed the use of army cafeteria and also has P.X. privileges which is helping to alleviate their clothing difficulties.

Miss Solander is one of this group. She tells me that allied personnel receive salaries which are only about 1/2 of those of Americans for comparable jobs. This is at the request of their own countries. It was interesting to learn that only two competent American translators have been brought over here. Only two of the many who applied were competent enough to pass the rigid tests. Most of the translating and interpreting staff (which is not nearly up to the desired numbers yet) consists of refugees who fled Germany, Austria and other continental countries. These people are familiar with the vocabulary of Nazism. Many of these people live out at Press Camp and nearly all are what we would term "characters". I am looking forward to learning more about their lives and experiences. About 1200 people in all work here in the Palace. The first day I was here I was glancing through the Telephone Directory and the name of Marie Kitazumi jumped out and hit me in the eye. For the benefit of my friends who did not know her, she is a very lovely Nisei girl with whom I became acquainted in Indianapolis. It was a wonderful reunion that night at dinner. Marie lives in a large residence for girls at the edge of town and along with all other single town residents takes her evening meal at the Grand Hotel. We who live at Press camp have the privilege of eating in town whenever we wish, ~~but meals are served~~ so Marie and I will probably be spending a good deal of time together in the evenings. She has been here since November and was able to help me a great deal with information about the mechanics of life in Nurnberg. To date my boss and I have not been assigned a permanent office as they have to move somebody out and they had to wait until somebody was moved to make room for them, und so weider.

Downtown Nurnberg is a shambles and the old walled city just a pile of ruins where it is estimated some 20,000 dead are still buried under the rubbish. The Army has spent close to 2 million here repairing buildings for its own use and it will take 50 years to clear away and rebuild the city. So work has already been begun. There are signs of work at the Lorenz Cathedral and the home of Albrecht Durer.

The United States Army is a wonderful organization. Please don't think I am going militaristic but in the confusion of post war Europe it is very comforting to have the Army looking out for you. From the time I arrived at Ft. Hamilton until the time I am safely back there my safety and welfare are their first concern. Now the question of speed does not enter in--nor economy. It is frequently the old story of hurry up and wait but eventually you are taken care of. The army firmly believes in 3 square meals a day and all the extras they can cram into you. The cuisine at the Grand Hotel is reputed to be the best in Europe today. And I can believe it. And such incomparable service as these European waiters give. How can I ever come back to hashslingers again and be happy. At the Palace we have free cokes. Meals cost only \$1.15 per day, room \$15.00 per month, all bus and taxi service is free. You just call the Grand Hotel or Press Camp and ask them to send a taxi for you any hour of day or night and after a wait it arrives. All it costs is a cigarette tip to the driver. At the Red Cross there is a wonderful ice skating rink with skates provided. A coffee shop overlooks the rink and an orchestra plays constantly there. At Press camp we have an orchestra to play dinner music nearly every night. Then the army hires a German opera troupe which gives daily performances at the Opera House for all Army and civilian personnel and Germans too---all free (movies however cost \$.35) I have seen Carmen and Abduction from the Harem. This latter is a tuneful comic opera by Mozart rarely played in the U.S. When I go with the Judge we sit in the box where Hitler used to sit in his prime. It is now reserved for the commanding general and judges. They tell me that on the weekends to Garmisch, Berchtesgarden and other rest camps that the same policies prevail. As soon as I get oriented a little more I shall be going on some of these as well as to Paris, Prague, etc.etc. But it will be better to wait for many of these trips until the weather is pleasanter. There is snow here and it is still cold, down around 15° or 20° most of the time.

The American civilian and some G.I. there are really being taken in in these black market operations. Some of the girls were showing me with great pride things they had given a half carton or a carton of cigarettes to procure. Some of the china was even marked "made in Japan", it did not even match and the paintings they had were very poor. The nicest things the girls had were china pieces given them by German girls working in the offices and given in appreciation for kindness shown them. People who know the language and what they are looking for can procure some very nice pieces however.

Now a little more about my roommate. She is really what one might call a "world citizen." Her mother was American and her father a Russian who became an Austrian by naturalization. She told me that she fled from Austria after the Anschluss in 1938 and arrived in England with just \$25.00 and had to begin to earn her living for the first time in her life. She has lived and traveled all over Europe and speaks and understands all the German dialects. Her clothes are pathetic and she does not look at all healthy.

Every night she wraps and mails packages of soap, chocolate, powdered coffee to send to her sister who lives in the French Zone. She returned there after several years working in the Jugoslavian underground. Many of these allied peoples look worse off than Germans.

The Germans who have it best are those living in the American Zone. And even they lack for many things. Fuel is rationed, of course, and most kinds of food. The people are very anxious to get chocolate and soap and cigarettes can be traded for food. Actually they prefer to receive cigarettes and will take them in preference to Marks.

From all the signs it seems that we will be marking time more than a month. The rules under which all of the courts operate provide that defendants shall be served with a copy of the indictment at least 30 days before arraignment. Usually it is in the neighborhood of 40 days. After arraignment there is additional delay until the day of the opening statement. When the taking of evidence is begun there are adjournments from day to day made at the request of one or the other of the sets of counsel. Tribunal I which is trying over 20 defendants, Doctors accused mostly of experimenting on human beings, began taking evidence December 2 and will not be through for at least two months. Tribunal II starting later is trying Milch, one defendant, and expects to complete the trial in about a week. Tribunal III has the Justices, about 10 in number. Charles LaFollette is chief prosecutor for that court. General Taylor is chief prosecutor for all the tribunals and chief in command here at the Palace. There are three groups awaiting trial one of which will be assigned to Tribunal IV (our tribunal) The first consists of the ministers five (charged chiefly with slave labor); the second consists of the industrialists, a much larger number and the third comprised of S.S. men, 18 in number. The other judges have told us that the toughest of these cases is that against the industrialists and likewise it will be the longest because there are barrels of documentary evidence to be introduced.

I have made carbons of this letter and will of all subsequent letters, so you will understand if you receive a carbon copy some time. With so many to write to it would take forever to type the same information over and over.

Would you be good enough to send this letter on to my mother. I have written her a number in longhand but believe this letter contains some information which she has not had.

Mrs. M^c Grew,

I'm forwarding
this letter from Jean to you as
she requested. I can't remember
your first name if I ever knew
it but trust you will receive the
letter anyway.

Mr. M^c Kinley
is ill and I have been rushed.
Hope he will be able to be back
before too long.

Yours sincerely,
Rufus Ayres.

Just as with the boys
in service letters are always
a welcome event when
one is 4500 miles from home.

Sincerely,

Jean