

1949 Diary of General Mark W. Clark

SAN FRANCISCO - 1 JANUARY 1949 - From 1100 to 1200 hours General and Mrs. Clark held their annual reception at the Officers Club. Immediately following they lunched and then the General left to attend the East-West Shrine Game at Kezar Stadium, accompanied by Bill Clark. Mrs. Clark and Ann did not attend due to inclement weather. Following the game, General and Mrs. Clark went for cocktails to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sutter, 1810 Jackson Street. They dined at home.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 2 JANUARY 1949 - Bill Clark left early this morning for Hamilton Field to catch a plane for the East. Inclement weather enroute delayed his arrival at West Point by several days. The General remained at his quarters this day.

SAN FRANCISCO - 3 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark arrived at the office at 0845 hours and attended to routine office matters. He left the office at noon and returned to his quarters. Spent afternoon at home and at 1645 hours, accompanied by Mrs. Clark, went to the Officers Club to attend the wedding reception of Dr. James Burnell, son of retired Brigadier General Ray L. Burnell of Coronado, California. The General returned to his quarters for dinner and the evening.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 4 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0930 hours and attended to routine office matters. This day Jack Beardwood of TIME, Inc. Los Angeles, arrived on the morning train and spent most of the day with the General going over plans for helping the General write his book on his war experiences. Mr. Beardwood wrote to the New York office that he believed it would be an excellent publication and would also work into two or three articles for magazine purposes. General Clark returned to his quarters about 1530 hours and at 1630 entertained Mr. Harry Lawson and his bride, from Seattle, at cocktails. Mr. Beardwood departed for Los Angeles in the evening. General Clark had dinner at home and later had a group of friends in for a movie.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 5 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark spent the morning attending to routine office matters and returned home at noon and spent the day at his quarters. He was not feeling well. coming down with a cold.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 6 through 13 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark was confined to quarters with influenza and saw no one, except on 10 January when he and Mrs. Clark were hosts at a cocktail party honoring Colonel and Mrs. Peter J. Lloyd, who are leaving for duty at Heidelberg, Germany.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 14 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark arrived at the office at 0930 hours and caught up on various office matters. At 1100 hours he saw Mr. Albert Rhine, a real estate man in San Francisco, who is about to embark on a world cruise. General Clark is writing a letter of introduction to be used on this trip. The General returned to his quarters for lunch and remained there throughout the afternoon. In the evening the family were guests at dinner of Colonel and Mrs. Frank Oxx.

SAN FRANCISCO - 15 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark remained at his quarters resting throughout the day and at 1700 hours had General Aurand in for cocktails.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 16 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark rested at his quarters throughout the day, as his cold was still active. At 1800 hours, General and Mrs. Clark went to the quarters of Colonel and Mrs. Woodward for cocktails and then went to the Officers Club where they were hosts at a dinner party for General Aurand.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 17 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark arrived at the office at 0945 hours and attended to dictation and seeing various staff officers. At 1045 hours he saw General Aurand, who had just spoken to heads of the various Head-quarters sections, and after which General Aurand went to the Armed Forces Head-quarters for discussion of that phase of activities. The General had lunch at the Club and returned to the office at 1330 hours at which time he saw Mayor of San Francisco, Mr. Elmer Robinson, to discuss the turning over of Army property for housing purposes to the City of San Francisco. The General returned to his quarters about 1500 hours and at 1845, accompanied by Mrs. Clark, went to the Officers Club as guests of the Keisers (Brig. General and Mrs. L. B. Keiser) at dinner.

SAN FRANCISCO - 18 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark arrived at the office at 0900 hours and at 1000 hours saw the Passport Agent from State Department regarding passports for the contemplated trip to Brazil. He talked with General Harry J. Collins at Fort Lewis, dictated, and saw various members of his staff. He returned to his quarters at 1215 hours and remained there throughout the afternoon and evening.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 19 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0915 hours and at 1050 saw Colonel Vivian Brown, new Sixth Army dentist, who came in for an official call. At 1100 hours the General met the other newly assigned field grade officers. At 1105 hours, General Butler and Colonel Oxx met with the General for a half-hour session on Reserve activities, and at 1145 hours Rear Admiral Ralph E. Jennings, new Commanding Officer of Alameda Naval Air Station, called to pay his respects. The General spent the afternoon at home and in the evening Admiral and Mrs. Nimitz came to call.

SAN FRANCISCO - 20 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0845 hours and at 0900 listened to President Truman's inaugural ceremonies over the radio with members of his staff. At 1030 hours Major General Curtis O'Sullivan, State Adjutant General for California, came to call and had a half-hour conference with General Clark. The General lunched at home and in the afternoon played golf with Colonel Woodward. In the evening, accompanied by Colonels McMahon and Pesek, the General went to the Bohemian Club for the regular Thursday night festivities.

SAN FRANCISCO - 21 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0900 hours and at 1030 hours Mr. Barron, Federal Revenue Agent, came out for a conference with the General regarding his amended 1947 income tax. The General lunched in town with Mr. Louis Lurie and returned to the office in the afternoon. He had dinner at his quarters and spent the evening there.

SAN FRANCISCO - 22 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark played golf all morning, returning to his quarters about 1230 hours when it started to rain. He spent the afternoon at home and in the evening the General and Mrs. Clark went downtown to dinner.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 23 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark remained at home during the day and at 1800 hours had 18 guests in for cocktails, and then all went to the Officers Club for dinner and bingo. The party was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Harriman of New York, here for the Red Cross convention. Guests included Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Gene Witter, General Robertson and General Collins, among others.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 24 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0900 hours and spent the morning conferring with various staff officers. He had lunch at home, returning to the office in the afternoon, and remained at quarters during the evening.

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PORTLAND, OREGON - 25 JANUARY 1949 - At 0745 hours, accompanied by Colonel Edmunds and Captain Dallam, General Clark drove to Hamilton Field and was flown to Portland, Oregon by General Upston, arriving 1130 hours. He was met at the airport by Mayor Dorothy Lee and Major General Thomas Rilea, Adjutant General of the State of Oregon. The group went directly to the Hotel Multonomah and after a brief press conference, went to the University Club for the Army Advisory Committee luncheon. After the luncheon, the General gave a short talk, and immediately following this meeting went to Vancouver Barracks with Major General Albert E. Brown, Commanding General of the Northern Military District. for inspection of the installations. The General returned to his hotel at 1630 hours where he rested for a time. At 1815 hours the General and his party accompanied by General and Mrs. Rilea, went to the Masonic Temple for the Junior Chamber of Commerce dinner honoring the 1948 Junior First Citizen of Portland, Mr. Lee C. Stidd, Jr. General Clark was the principal speaker of the evening, and upon completion of his talk at 2230 hours, the entire party departed for the Portland Airport for return to Hamilton Field. They arrived at the Presidio at 0230 hours 26 January.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 26 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0845 hours and discussed his Portland trip with several staff officers. He had lunch at home and played golf in the afternoon. Dinner at home with his family.

SAN FRANCISCO - 27 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark arrived at the office at 0900 hours and at 0930 hours saw Colonel Hidalgo, the departing National Guard representative. At 0940 hours he had a brief conference with Colonel Slocum, G-3, and at 1000 saw Mr. Louis Leverom, president of Automatic Canteen Company of America, Chicago. At 1100 hours he went to the Post Dispensary for a dental appointment. He had lunch at home and returned to the office in the afternoon. At 1800 General and Mrs. Clark went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Garret McEnerney II for cocktails and returned home for dinner.

SAN FRANCISCO-LOS ANGELES - 28 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office for the morning and had brief conferences with the staff officers in preparation for his trip East. At noon, accompanied by Mrs. Clark, Colonel and Mrs. Edmunds, and Captain Dallam, the General went to Hamilton Field and took off for Los Angeles, arriving there at 1430 hours. They went directly to the Hotel Ambassador where they were guests of the March of Dimes Committee. At 1800 hours, the group attended a cocktail party given by 20th Century-Fox Studios, followed by dinner at the Ambassador Hotel. At 0900 hours, the General left the hotel to ride at the head of the March of Dimes Parade as Grand Marshal. Following the parade, he was guest of Warner Brothers Studios at the Coconut Grove, Hotel Ambassador.

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LOS ANGELES-ENRTE EAST - 29 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark and Captain Dallam departed Los Angeles at 0800 hours enroute to Washington, DC. They arrived Barksdale Field, Louisiana at 1930 hours and remained overnight.

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BARKSDAIE FLD, IA-WASHINGTON, DC - 30 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark's plane departed Barksfield Field at 0900 hours and arrived Washington, DC at 1300 hours. The General went immediately to his mother's apartment and spent the remainder of the day with her. In the evening, he had dinner as the guest of Secretary of Defense and Mrs. James Forrestal.

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WASHINGTON, DC - 31 JANUARY 1949 - General Clark went to the Pentagon Building about 0830 hours and spent the day conferring with various War Department staff officers. He had lunch with General Bradley and Secretary Royall in the Chief of Staff's dining room and returned to his mother's home about 1630. General and Mrs. Gruenther came in for dinner that night.

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WASHINGTON, DC - 1 FEBRUARY 1949 - General Clark went to the Pentagon Building at 0800 hours for the opening meeting of the Secretary of the Army's Committee on Civilian Components, headed by the Honorable James F. Byrnes, former Secretary of State. This morning they were briefed on the world situation and the Army's relation to the world situation by the Chief of Staff and chiefs of the General Staff of the Army. Luncheon was served in Mr. Royall's dining room and the group reconvened at 1300 hours. The closed meeting lasted until 1700 hours. The General returned to his mother's apartment and spent the evening with her.

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WASHINGTON, DC - 2 FEBRUARY 1949 - General Clark went to the Pentagon Building at 0800 hours and the Board convened at 0830 hours. They listened to the testimony of the Chairman of the Reserve Officers Association and the Chief of the National Guard Bureau during the morning. The group had lunch in the Secretary of the Army's dining room and reconvened for a closed session at 1330 hours. The meeting adjourned at 1700 hours and the General returned to his mother's apartment.

WASHINGTON, DC - 3 FEBRUARY 1949 - General Clark went to the Pentagon Building at 0800 hours and further testimony was heard during the morning session of the

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Board. After luncheon another closed session was held from 1330 to 1730 hours. In the evening, the General had dinner with General and Mrs. Gruenther.

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WASHINGTON, DC - 4 FEBRUARY 1949 -General Clark went to the Pentagon Building at 0830 hours and the committee reconvened at 0900. There was a closed session throughout the morning and another following lunch. The meeting and conference was adjourned at 1800 hours. The General spent a quiet evening at home with his mother.

WASHINGTON, DC - 5 FEBRUARY 1949 - General Clark arrived at the Pentagon Building at 0830 hours and spent the morning visiting with friends and staff officers in the Department of the Army Headquarters. During the afternoon he went out with his mother, calling at the National War College. In the evening he went to dinner as guest of honor at an informal dinner party given by Brig. General Edgar E. Hume at his club.

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WASHINGTON, DC - 6 FEBRUARY 1949 - General Clark spent the entire day with his mother.

WASHINGTON-NORFOLK, VA - 7 FEBRUARY 1949 - General Clark went to the Pentagon Building at 0900 hours and spent the morning conferring with various staff officers. At noon he went to the National Airport and took off for Norfolk, Virginia, where he spent the evening and night with his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Henry George.

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NORFOLK, VA-WEST POINT, NY - 8 FEBRUARY 1949 - At 0830 hours General Clark departed the Norfolk Airport and went to West Point, New York where he was met at the field by his son, Bill. They motored to the Academy, arriving at 1130 hours. There the General stayed as guest of Major General and Mrs. Bryant E. Moore (superintendent of the Academy) and had lunch with them at their home. During the afternoon, General Clark spent his time wandering around the grounds of the Academy, looking over old familiar sights. In the evening, General and Mrs. Moore gave a dinner party honoring General Clark.

9 FEBRUARY 1949

WEST POINT - NEW YORK CITY/- At 1000 hours General Clark and Bill, accompanied by Captain Dallam, motored to New York City to the Astor Hotel. In the afternoon the General saw various old friends and talked to others over the telephone, and in the evening he and Bill went to a show.

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NEW YORK CITY - CHICAGO, ILL - 10 FEBRUARY 1949 - At 0700 hours General Clark and Captain Dallam departed from the Hotel Astor and went to Mitchel Field to take off for Chicago. They arrived Chicago at 1430 hours and were met at the airport by the aide to General Chamberlin. They motored to Headquarters Fifth Army in Chicago.

NEW YORK CITY - 4 APRIL 1949 - This morning General and Mrs. Clark and Ann entered New York Harbor aboard the SSURAGUAY returning from their vacation in Brazil. At 0930 hours, the General's son and Captain Dallam boarded the ship as it entered the Harbor and were welcomed by the General. Customs clearance and debarkation were arranged by Lt. Spaulding, aide to the Commanding General of the New York Port of Embarkation, General Ewart Plank; the boat docked at 1045, Pier 32. General Clark and his group went directly to the Hotel Astor where they had lunch and spent the afternoon talking about their vacation trip. Mr. Robert Christenberry, president of the Hotel Astor, came up about 1630 hours for a dink, and the family went out to dinner and to the show KISS ME KATE - a new Cole Porter musical.

NEW YORK CITY-WASHINGTON, DC - 5 APRIL 1949 - Mrs. Clark and Ann remained in NYC and General Clark, accompanied by Captain Dallam, went out to Mitchel Field at 0900 hours and flew to Washington, arriving there at noon. The General went directly to his mother's apartment and had lunch with her there. He then went to the Pentagon Building at 1400 hours and spent the afternoon seeing and talking with various staff officers of the Department of the Army. He spent the evening with his mother.

WASHINGTON, DC - CHICAGO, ILL - 6 APRIL 1949 - General Clark went to the Pentagon Building at 0800 hours and saw the Chief of Staff, and Secretaries of the Army and Defense during the morning, as well as various other staff officers. At 1100 hours he went to his mother's home to pack his bags, and then, accompanied by his mother, went to the train station to pick up Mrs. Clark and Ann. From there the group went directly to the airport to start the flight back to the Presidio of San Francisco. The General's family, accompanied by Captain Dallam, arrived Chicago at 1630 hours and were met by Fifth Army officers who escorted them into Headquarters Building where they were to remain overnight. General and Mrs. Clark had dinner in the evening as guests of Nathan Cummings.

CHICAGO - SAN FRANCISCO - 7 APRIL 1949 - General Clark and party breakfasted at 0545 hours and went to the airport at 0615. They were in the air by 0700 for the long flight home, facing adverse weather the entire trip which took 12 hours. The plane landed at Hamilton Field at 1700 hours after stopping for fuel at Cheyenne, Wyoming. The family returned directly to quarters and retired early.

SAN FRANCISCO - 8 APRIL 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0900 hours. At 1000 hours he had a haircut and at 1100 conferred with the Chief of Staff, being briefed on activities during his absence. He lunched at home and spent the afternoon in his office clearing up various accumulated items. The family had dinner at home that evening.

SAN FRANCISCO - 9 APRIL 1949 - ARMY DAY. General Clark arrived at the office at 0930 hours and spent most of the morning clearing up accumulated papers and preparing his speech for this afternoon. At 1100 hours, accompanied by Mrs. Clark, he went out to view the exhibits on display for Army Day. He had lunch at home and at 1330 hours reviewed the Catholic Youth parade on the Main Parade Grounds. At 1430 hours there was a brief ceremony in the General's office when he was presented with a set of pictorial histories of World War II, given by the Veterans of theForeign Wars. At 1550 hours the General went to the baseball

11 FEBRUARY 1949 - 3 APRIL 1949 - During this period, General and Mrs. Clark and Ann were on a trip to Brazil. They left by train from Chicago and arrived in New Orleans. General Clark was guest of honor of the City of New Orleans and the Army-Navy Club. They sailed from New Orleans aboard the SS URAGUAY on 23 February and returned aboard the SS DEL MAR.

field to meet Governor Warren on his arrival by helicopter, following which he reviewed the guard of honor with the Governor and then took the Governor on a brief review of the exhibits. At 1630 hours, General Clark, with Governor Warren, Major General W. M. Robertson, Rear Admiral Lynde D. McCormick (12th Naval District), Rear Admiral J. E. Sticka (Coast Guard), Brig. General Ned Schramm (Air Force), Major General LeRoy P. Hunt (Marines) received the review consisting of 1,000 troops from Fort Ord, California, who had just completed their sixth week of training. Following the review and parade the General and Mrs. Clark held a reception at the officers club for some 700 guests. General and Mrs. Clark remained at home in the evening.

SAN FRANCISCO - 10 APRIL 1949 - General Clark spent the day fishing.

SAN FRANCISCO - 11 APRIL 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0800 hours and at 0945 hours saw Lt. Colonel Gray, JA of Sixth Army, who had several cases to take up with the General. At 1000 hours the General saw Colonel Paul Goode, the new Deputy Post Commander. He had lunch at home and played golf inthe afternoon.

SAN FRANCISCO - 12 APRIL 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0900 hours and saw various staff officers during the morning. He had lunch at home and went downtown in the afternoon. In the evening, he and Mrs. Clark called on the DeWitt Taylors in St. Francis Wood, and then the General stopped briefly at the Officers Club for a stag cocktail party honoring Colonel F. F. Carpenter who had just received his promotion to full Colonel.

SAN FRANCISCO - 13 APRIL 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0900 hours and spent the morning with various staff officers. In the afternoon he played golf and in the evening had a group of officers in for poker while the ladies saw a movie with Mrs. Clark.

SAN FRANCISCO - 14 APRIL 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0845 hours and at 1100 hours interviewed the prospective hostesses for the new Servicemen's Club on the Post. At noon he saw Mr. Bernard, former representative of the press in Vienna. He played golf in the afternoon and then attended a cocktail party in the Anza Room of the Officers Club given by the G-3 Section honoring Lt. Colonel and Mrs. Lyons.

SAN FRANCISCO - 15 APRIL 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0830 hours and saw various staff officers during the morning. He had an early lunch at home and went fishing in the afternoon. In the evening, General and Mrs. Clark had dinner at the Manger downtown in San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO - 16 APRIL 1949 - General Clark played golf during the morning, spent the afternoon at home, and in the evening had a group of friends in for cocktails and then took them to the informal dinner dance at the Club. This was in honor of Mrs. Titina Sartori, who is visiting the USA from Florence, Italy, and her son, Giovanni.

SAN FRANCISCO - 17 APRIL 1949 - General Clark played golf in the morning with Colonel Woodward and General Kilburn. He had lunch at his quarters and spent the rest of the day there.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 18 APRIL 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0845 hours and after consultations with various staff officers saw Mr. Felipe de Rotalde, Consul General of Peru, who paid an official call. The General had lunch at home and played golf during the afternoon. In the evening, the General and Mrs. Clark were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edmond Coblentz for dinner at the St. Francis Hotel and the theater to see the opening of THE GREAT WALTZ.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 19 APRIL 1949 - At 0800 hours, accompanied by Mrs. Clark and Captain Dallam, General Clark drove to Fort Ord for inspection of the 4th Infantry Division. They arrived there at 1030 hours and were met by Major General Robert Fredericks, the Commanding General, with whom General Clark conferred until 1200 hours. General Fredericks gave a luncheon for the General while Mrs. Clark was entertained by the Ladies Club. Immediately after lunch, General Clark toured Fort Ord and the Presidio of Monterey. Accompanied by Mrs. Clark and General Collins, General Clark returned to San Francisco, departing Fort Ord at 1430 hours and arriving San Francisco about 1715 hours. They had dinner at home.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 20 APRIL 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0815 hours and at 0830 hours had a conference with Colonel 0xx. At 0900 hours he conferred with Mr. J. Clauson Roop, Deputy Chairman of the Munitions Board. At 1130 he saw Lt. Colonel Gray, the Army JA, and at 1140 hours saw Colonel Martin, G-1. He had lunch at home and spent the afternoon in the office. In the evening General and Mrs. Clark went to Oakland where the General attended a banquet in honor of Mr. C. Galloway Calhoun, Imperial Potentate of the Shrine, followed by a meeting of the Scottish Rite Temple in Oakland, while Mrs. Clark attended a dinner honoring Mrs. Calhoun at the Women's Athletic Club.

SAN FRANCISCO - 21 APRIL 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0900 hours and had various conferences with members of his staff. He had lunch at home and in the afternoon played golf. In the evening the General and Mrs. Clark went to the home of the Edward DeWitt Taylors for cocktails and dinner.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 22 APRIL 1949 - General Clark arrived at the office at 0845 hours and spent the morning conferring with members of his staff. He lunched at home and spent the afternoon at the office. At 1730 hours General and Mrs. Clark went to cocktails at the home of Consul General and Mrs. Chang, given in honor of Dr. Hu Shi. They returned home and after dinner, accompanied by Lt. Colonel and Mrs. C. C. Smith, went to the Cow Palace for the Scout-O-rama as guests of Mr. Max Lilienthal.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 23 APRIL 1949 - At 0500 hours General Clark, Colonel Goode, Lt. Col. Gray and Mr. Edward deWitt Taylor and Sergeant Flint, went fishing and came in after a rather unsuccessful day at about 1500 hours. At 1800,

accompanied by Colonel and Mrs. Martin and Colonel and Mrs. McMahon, went to Berkeley for cocktails and dinner given by Colonel and Mrs. James L. Hayden for the USMA class of 1917.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 24 APRIL 1949 - General Clark played golf during the morning and then General and Mrs. Clark went to Burlingame Country Club as guests of Lt. General and Mrs. Delos C. Emmons. They returned home about 1600 hours and spent the remainder of the day at quarters.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 25 APRIL 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0900 hours and at 0945 hours saw Messrs Smith and Ley of Sears-Roebuck and Company. At 1015 the General saw General Bessen, Deputy Chief of Transportation, and at 1030 hours had a conference with the Commanding Officers of the ORC Divisions and smaller units, who will participate in the weekend CPX. At noon the General went to a luncheon given by the Chamber of Commerce at the St. Francis Hotel honoring the San Diego Chamber of Commerce delegation. He returned to his office in the afternoon, and in the evening the General, Mrs. Clark and Ann went to the home of Mr. Al Schwabacher, Jr. for dinner and the evening.

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SAN FRANCISO-FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS - 26 APRIL 1949 - At 0600 hours General Clark and Colonel P. D. Ginder went to Hamilton Field and departed for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, at 0645. They stopped for refueling at Cheyenne and then proceeded to Sherman Field, arriving at 1815. They were met by Lt. General Eddy, Commandant of the Command and General Staff College. General Clark was the Commandant's guest at quarters. General and Mrs. Eddy had a small dinner that night at which General and Mrs. Hartness, Colonel Post and Colonel Ginder were present.

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FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS - 27 APRIL 1949 - At 0745 hours a Guard of Honor was held in front of General Eddy's quarters for General Clark. General Clark then proceeded to the Post Theater where approximately 450 students, including foreign students from 26 countries, were present. General Clark spoke for approximately one hour, and then after a short break, held a 35-minute question period. Following this lecture, General Clark was briefed on the curriculum of the Command College and then inspected various classes in session. During the morning, he wasmet by Mr. Robert Reed of the KANSAS CITY STAR newspaper, who accompanied him on his tour of Fort Leavenworth. At 1200 hours a luncheon was held at which officers who were in the General's command in Italy were present. At 1330 hours, the General threw the opening ball in the Army-wide bowling contest. At 1400 to 1700 he was on the golf links with General Eddy, and at 1830 hours, accompanied by General and Mrs. Eddy, the General went to the Post Club where a cocktail and dinner party was held. About 80 guests were present, the majority of whom had known and served with the General.

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KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI - 28 APRIL 1949 - General Clark, accompanied by Lt. General Eddy and General Hartness and Colonel Ginder, went to the Muhlbach Hotel where he was greeted by his old friend Mr. Barney Allis, President of the Hotel. He had reserved for the General the Presidential Suite. The General had a conference at 1115 hours with the press in order to give them the substance of his talk to be given at the Rotary luncheon. This luncheon was held at noon and was pre-

ceded by General Clark meeting prominent people of Kansas City in a special room that had been reserved for this purpose. The luncheon was sponsored by the Rotary Club of Kansas City in conjunction with the Military Order of World Wars. The 26 foreign officers from Fort Leavenworth were also there and were introduced. At 1235 hours, as part of the regular Rotary program, a news broadcast was received, one of the announcements being that informed sources from the Pentagon Building indicated General Clark to be the Presidential choice to succees General Clay in Germany. General Clark was introduced by Mr. Robert Reed of the Kansas City Star. The latter opened with remarks that the newsbroadcast just received was "asmuch news to them as it was to General Clark." General Clark talked to about 600 assembled Rotarians, giving his experiences from Italy to Austria, ending his speech with stress on unification. General Clark's party left the hotel at 1335 hours, arrived at Fairfax Field at 1345 hours and was airborne at 1400 hours. They refueled at Ogden, Utah and after very stormy weather arrived at Hamilton Field at 2128 hours.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 29 APRIL 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0845 hours. At 0900 hours he saw Brigadier General Westover, Director of Reserve Affairs, Department of the Army. At 0930 hours Brigadier General Bradford, Assistant Division Commander, 1st Cavalry Division, Tokyo, called on the General. At 1130 hours the General had a conference with Colonel Oxx. He lunched at home and returned to his office at 1345. At 1430 he saw Lt. Colonel Gray regarding court martial cases. In the afternoon he played golf with Colonel Woodward. He dined at home and at 2000 hours went to Stilwell Hall to address the opening meeting of the Command Post Exercises. He returned home at 2030.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 30 APRIL 1949 - At 0900 hours General Clark went to Stilwell Hall to inspect the operations of the Command Post Exercises. He visited each of the units and discussed problems of interest with the Unit Commanders. He lunched at home and played a round of golf in the afternoon. At 1700 hours General and Mrs. Clark boarded the Cascade Limited at Oakland and departed for Eugene, Oregon.

EUGENE, OREGON - 1 MAY 1949 - General and Mrs. Clark arrived at Eugene at 0815 hours and were met by Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Mattei. The group went to Thompson's Lodge at Vida, Oregon for a weekend of fishing. Unfortunately, the weather turned bad and it rained heavily all day. The McKenzie River was at near-flood stage which made fishing impossible. They had a very pleasant stay at the Lodge with the Matteis and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Jr.

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EUGENE, OREGON - 2 MAY 1949 - General and Mrs. Clark spent the day at the Lodge and at 1530 hours Captain Dallam arrived with the official car and they returned to Eugene to the hotel where they had an early dinner.

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EUGENE, OREGON - 3 MAY 1949 - General Clark held a press conference in the hotel with members of the local press and at 1030 hours went to the ROTC Headquarters at the University of Oregon where he was greeted by Colonel Frank Maeridian, the PMS&T officer, and Lt. Colonel Watt, the senior air ROTC representative. The General inspected the facilities of the ROTC and then called on Dr. Pallett (spelling?) the acting president of the University. After visiting various classrooms, the General and Colonel Maeridian, Colonel

Watt and Captain Dallam returned to the hotel where they joined the ladies for lunch. At 1330 General and Mrs. Clark and Captain Dallam departed from Eugene and arrived at Salem at 1500 hours where General Clark went directly to the office of Major General Thomas Rilea, the Adjutant General of Oregon, and from there they went to the Governor's office for a 15-minute visit with the Governor (Douglas McKay). Immediately following this short visit, General and Mrs. Clark departed for Fort Lewis, arriving there at 2000 hours. They were greeted by General Collins, had dinner at Fort Lewis Inn and retired early.

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FORT LEWIS, WASH. - 4 MAY 1949 - General Clark went to General Collins' office at 0930 hours and spent the morning in conference with General Collins and various members of his staff. They had lunch at the Officers Club and in the afternoon the General played golf with General Keiser, Colonel Tulley, the Chief of Staff of Second Infantry Division. In the evening, General and Mrs. Clark went to the home of General Collins for cocktails and then to Colonel and Mrs. Edwin B. Howard for a buffet supper. After dinner they played poker.

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FORT LEWIS, WASH. - 5 MAY 1949 - General Clark visited various installations on the Post and at noon was guest of honor at luncheon at the Fort Lewis Inn, given by General Collins. Included were members of the Army Advisory Committees from the Northwest area, the organization commanders at Fort Lewis and senior staff officers of the Second Infantry Division. Immediately following lunch there was a review given in honor of General Clark, composed of about 15,000 troops of the Second Infantry Division and Fort Lewis Operating Company. Immediately following the review, General and Mrs. Clark and Ann and Captain Dallam departed for Seattle where they went directly to the home of Maud and Tom Griffiths. There they stayed overnite.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON - 6 MAY 1949 - At 0830 hours General Clark went to the Seattle Port of Embarkation for an inspection and had a lengthy conference withthe Commanding Officer, Brigadier General Fenton Jacobs, and Rear Admiral Goode, commandant of the Naval District. Immediately following the inspection, General Clark picked up his family and departed for Camano Island, stopping enroute for lunch. They arrived at Camano at 1530 hours and spent a quiet evening at the house celebrating the birthday of Sgt. Frank Roberts. There was a large cake.

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CAMANO ISLAND, WASHINGTON - 7 MAY 1949 - At 0700 hours General Clark, Ann and Tom Griffiths went fishing and spent the entire day on the Sound. Returned about 1630 hours, had dinner at the house and everyone retired at 2030 hours.

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CAMANO ISLAND, WASHINGTON - 8 MAY 1949 - At 1000 hours General Clark, Ann and Tom Griffiths again went fishing. About 1100 hours Colonel Ginder arrived by helicopter and spent several hours visiting. The fishing party had caught two large cut-throat trout and several small trout, which they had for dinner.

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CAMANO ISLAND-FORT LEWIS, WASHINGTON - 9 MAY 1949 - At 0830 hours General and his family packed and had breakfast and departed from Camano Idand about 0945 hours. They arrived at Fort Lewis at 1230 hours and had lunch at the Officers Club. In the afternoon General Clark went on an inspection of the units which

were in the field for the annualtactical inspection. In the evening, General and Mrs. Clark gave a large dinner party at the Club. Guests included General Collins, Colonel and Mrs. Howard, Colonel and Mrs. Tulley, General and Mrs. Keiser, General and Mrs. Loyal Haynes.

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FORT LEWIS, WASHINGTON 10 MAY 1949 - General Clark started on his inspection tour at 0830 hours and spent the entire morning in the field. He had lunch at the Club with General Collins and again went out to complete the inspection. About 1530 hours General Keiser picked up General Clark at the Inn and they went out to play a round of golf. At 1845 hours General and Mrs. Clark went to General Collins' quarters and then General Collins gave a dinner party at the Officers Club.

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FORT LEWIS-PORTIAND, OREGON - 11 MAY 1949 - At 0830 hours General and his party had breakfast and departed Fort Lewis about 1000 hours for Portland where they arrived - at the Hotel Multnomeh - about 1300 hours. They lunched at the hotel and then went shopping in the afternoon. General Collins arrived about 1730 hours and joined the Clarks for cocktails in their suite, and then the three went to dinner at a small restaurant in Portland, returning to the hotel about 2100 hours.

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PORTLAND, OREGON - 12 MAY 1949 - General Clark spent the morning preparing his speech. At 1130 hours, General and Mrs. Albert Brown (Northern Military District) came by the hotel to escort the General to the opening of the Army and Air Force Exposition in Portland. General Clark on arriving at the Exposition grounds was given a Guard of Honor by the Second Infantry Division band and a small detachment of Engineer troops. Immediately following the Guard of Honor, the General held a short press conference with members of the local press and National News Services. At 1215 hours Governor McKay arrived and was met in front of the Honor Guard by General Clark. After reviewing the Guard of Honor with Governor McKay and Major General Thomas Rilea, General Clark greeted Mayor Dorothy Lee of Portland and the Second Infatry Band and troops again rendered appropriate honors for her. Following this review the entire party went to the tent which had been erected for the luncheon which also was attended by prominent Portland civilians as well as local military and naval dignitaries. Following lunch, General Clark and Governor McKay made a rapid inspection of the exhibits and following that the two men went to the stand for the opening ceremonies, starting at 1400 hours. Governor McKay and Mayor Lee made short addresses and General Clark was introduced by Mr. Jack Matlack, head of the Army Man Power Committee in Portland. The General gave the main address. Following these ceremonies and addresses, General and Mrs. Clark went directly to the airport and flew to Hamilton Field, arriving approximately 1700 hours. They spent the evening at home.

SAN FRANCISCO - 13 MAY 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0810 hours and spent the morning conferring with various staff officers. He had lunch at home and golfed in the afternoon with Colonel Woodward. In the evening he and General Clark went to a cocktail party at the Officers Club given by Colonel and Mrs. Byron J. Peters. They spent the evening at home.

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SAN FRANCISCO 14 MAY 1949 - At 0845 hours General Clark went to Pier 44 to meet Mr. Joseph Dodge who was arriving on the liner, SS President Wilson. Mr.

Dodge has been acting in the capacity of financial and economic advisor to General MacArthur in Japan, with rank of Minister. After seeing that Mr. Dodge was properly cared for and having delivered messages from the Secretary of the Army, General Clark returned to the Presidio and went fishing. He returned about 1700 hours and in the evening went to the home of Paul Smith for dinner.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 15 MAY 1949 - At 1100 hours General and Mrs. Clark drove to Sonoma County to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Coblentz for lunch. They returned to San Francisco about 1700 hours and spent the evening at home.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 16 MAY 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0900 hours and at 0930 hours saw Chief Warrant Officer Knapp. At 1000 hours he saw Mr. Oppy. He lunched at home and at 1300 hours had a conference in his office with Admiral Bogan, commander of the First Task Fleet, USN, and various members of the Admiral's staff and Generals Robertson and Davidson, General Collins of the Second Infantry Division, and Colonel Edwin B. Howard, commander of the 23rd Regiment, Second Infantry Division. Following this conference the General played some golf. At 1800 hours General and Mrs. Clark went to the home of General and Mrs. Robertsonfor a cocktail party. At 1930 hours General and Mrs. Clark went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred McNear for a formal dinner party.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 17 MAY 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0900 hours and at 1000 hours saw M/Sgt Chaney. At 1030 hours General Julian A. Gascoigne, deputy commander British Military Staff, Washington, DC, called to pay his respects. General Gascoigne had commanded the 201st Guards Brigade at the landing at Salerno, Italy. In the afternoon, General Clark played golf and at 1715 hours he and Mrs. Clark went to the Officers Club for their 25th wedding anniversary party. About 125 guests attended. It was a complete success and as a surprise the General had had flown to the Presidio the bagpipe band from Fort Lewis, which gave a performance. Following the party, the General had a group of his old friends at the house for dinner, and broke out several bottles of champagne for the occasion.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 18 MAY 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0845 hours and at 1000 hours received General of the Air Force H. H. Arnold, who came to pay a visit. At 1045 hours Major General LeRoy Hunt, U. S. Marine Corps Commander, came in to say farewell upon his reassignment to the East Coast. At 1100 hours, Mrs. Frank Drake of Omaha called. She is an old friend of the Clarks. General Clark lunched at home and spent the afternoon at the house. He had injured his toe while playing with the dogs this morning. Later in the afternoon he returned to the office for a short time and at 1800 hours General and Mrs. Clark went to the Mark Hopkins Hotel for cocktails with the Harry Lawtons. At 1900 hours they went to a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Merritt C. Speidel, President of Speidel Newspapers. The dinner was held at the Clift Hotel.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 19 MAY 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0900 hours and at 1025 saw Colonel Louis Martin, Army G-1. At 1030 hours he saw Colonel Monroe, Chief of Staff from the Alaskan Command. At 1100 he saw Colonel Frank 0xx and at 1115 Lt. Colonel Gray, JA of Sixth Army. He lunched at home and returned to his office in the afternoon, at which time he talked with General Bolling in Washington, DC, as well as Brig. General Hume. He dined at home that evening.

SAN FRANCISCO - 20 MAY 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0930 hours and saw various staff officers. He departed for Los Angeles by plane at noon, arriving Los Angeles and the Ambassador Hotel at 1500 hours. That evening he went to the opening of the Armed Forces Public Information office in downtown Los Angeles and following that was guest of the University of Southern California Alumni Association for dinner.

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LOS ANGELES - 21 MAY 1949 - General Clark spent the morning at the hotel preparing his speech and at 1145 went to the President's office at the University of Southern California where he was greeted by the Chancellor, Dr. von Kleinschmidt. Following the reception in the President's office, the General was escorted to the banquet hall in the Student Union Building where, following the luncheon, he was the principal speaker of the day. Following his speech, he was awarded an honorary LLD by Dr. von Kleinschmidt. Immediately following the ceremonies, the General went to the airport and returned to San Francisco.

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SAN FRANCISCO - 22 MAY 1949 - General Clark played golf and spent the afternoon and evening at home.

SAN FRANCISCO - 23 MAY 1949 - General Clark arrived at his office at 0930 hours and at 1015 saw General Heileman, Deputy Chief of Transportation, Department of the Army. He lunched at home and played golf in the afternoon.

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SAN FRANCISCO-ENROUTE TO WASHINGTON, DC & ROME, ITALY - 24 MAY 1949 - General Clark accompanied by Mrs. Clark, departed Hamilton Field at 0700 hours enroute to Washington, DC and Rome, Italy.

HEADQUARTERS SIXTH ARMY PRESIDIO OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

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AIDE-DE-CAMP

MEMORANDUM:

SEE "THE ROAD BACK TO ROME" BY GENERAL MARK CLARK FOR ACCOUNT OF TRIP TO ROME, ITALY AND NORTH AFRICA - ON OCCASION OF FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF LIBERATION OF ROME 28 PAGES

THE ROAD BACK TO ROME by GENERAL MARK WAYNE CLARK

I was in my Headquarters at the Presidio of San Francisco when a radio message from our Ambassador in Rome, transmitted through the Department of the Army, advised me that the Italian Government had decided to delebrate the fifth anniversary of the liberation of Rome and at the same time the third anniversary of the foundation of the Italian Republic, the original dates being, respectively, June 4, 1944 and June 2, 1946. Would I care to accept the invitation to participate in the celebration? I felt a shiver of emotion as memories flooded over me like water surging over the shores of the sea.

Pictures like television images of war-time Salerno, Naples, Anzio,
Cassino, Minturno, Rome, Florence and the other places so intimately associated with every soldier of the Fifth Army, rippled through my heart. I
cabled at once that I would be delighted to accept, provided it was satisfactory to my Government, which, of course, it was. The Italian authorities
were kind enough to invite both Mrs. Clark and my daughter Ann and an aide.
Ann could not go because of other commitments. For my aide, I selected my old
and dear friend Captain Michael A. Musmanno, USNR, of Pittsburgh, who had
served me magnificently in varying posts of great responsibility during the entire Italian campaign and who later became one of the judges at the Nuremberg
international war crimes trials.

My first reaction to the wonderful invitation was one of elation as I visualized the pleasure of visiting old scenes and of renewing many friendships made during the war, but superimposed on this, and underlying it too, went the realization of the solemn responsibility of representing the Fifth Army in paying respect and homage to the thousands of gallant Americans and

their allied comrades who had made the supreme sacrifice for the ideals of democracy and all that we hold dear in America.

We left Washington on the morning of Way 27 in an Air Force B-17 - incidentally, my seventeenth flight across the Atlantic. My first one had occurred in May, 1942, when with General Eisenhower and General "Hap" Arnold
we flew to England in order to prepare a report for Chief of Staff General
Marshall. It was on this first flight that I became a "short snorter," and
the dollar bill with which I began to collect signatures on that day has now
become a yard-long series of joined bills of many nations, containing such
names as Franklin D. Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, Smuts, Marshall, the Sultan
of Morocco, and many other celebrated persons.

After stopping at Newfoundland and at the Azores for refueling, we headed for Casablanca, but changed course enroute when we received a message from General Alfonse Juin, my French war associate, bidding me to visit him at Rabat, the capitol of Morocco, of which he is now the Governor-General. He assembled at his palace that evening almost a hundred officers who had served under my command in Italy.

Remaining as General Juin's guest overnight, I recalled my first visit to this residence in 1942 when I visited General Auguste Nogues, then Governor-General of Morocco, who had ordered his troops to resist the landing of General Patton in Casablanca. On that trip I had also paid my respects to the Sultan in his palace. As I entered the walls of his citadel, an imposing array of native soldiers in bulging red bloomers and jaunty fezes with sabers flashing in the sun, stood at attention. Colors were presented and then the Sultan's band played the Moroccan national anthem. This was followed by the French Marseillaise, and then as I prepared to hear the familiar strains of the Star Spangled Banner, the indigenous musicians broke into the suprising turfor

Yankee Doodle. Without batting an eye, I held the salute.

Madame Juin reminisced at the dinner given in our honor over the impression I had made on her husband seven years before, when I met with Darlan for the first time at Algiers.

"I saw a tall American general today," her husband had reported to his wife. "He is swfully tough, he scolds, he scowls and pounds the table. I don't think I'm going to like him."

She could not know that her husband was destined to become one of my dearest friends, and as commander of the French Expeditionary Corps, which covered itself with glory in the Italian Campaign, he became one of the most cooperative, courageous and competent battle leaders with whom I have ever been associated.

The next day we took off for Italy, flying over much of North Africa which was so familiar to me in the training period prior to our invasion of Italy. As we approached the shores of Italy, I directed the pilot to fly up the coast over the many battlefields which marked the course of our campaign for the liberation of Rome. I was considerably impressed by the reconstruction of the various ports, and by the repair work done on the railroads, the high-ways and the communication systems. The scars of battle were being eradicated, Italy was returning to the days of peace, tranquillity and song which had endeared it to mankind through the centuries. Flying low we could see the vine-yards, the orchards, the cultivated fields and the new homes.

At last we arrived over the Eternal City and we put down at the Ciampino Airport at four o'clock in the afternoon, exactly as prearranged. The field was gay with color and music; the Star and Stripes and the Italian tricolor intertwined in bunting and banner, and a hundred-piece band played the Star-Spangled Banner, followed by the Hymn to Mameli, the new Italian national anthem.

A host of high officials and dignitaries were present to welcome us: Ambassador and Mrs. James C. Dunn; Lieutenant General Geoffrey Keyes, my wartime associate who commanded the II Corps and later succeeded me as High Commissioner in Austria; Lieutenant General Claudio Trezzani, Italian Chief of Staff of Defense; Lieutenant General Efisio Marras, ArmyChief of Staff; Lieutenant General Mario Aimone-Cat, Air Force Chief of Staff; Admiral Emilio Ferreri, Navy Chief of Staff, Lieutenant General Angelo Cerica, President Supreme Military Tribunal and Senator; and many, many others.

The guard of honor consisted of a contingent of men from each of the armed forces. After officially reviewing them, we were escorted to Rome via the old Appian Way, rich not only with landmarks of the days of Caesar, but with memories of our entrance into the Eternal City on that memorable June 4th of 1944. I recall that as we rolled by the Coliseum on that day, one of my GI's remarked: "Say, we certainly plastered that old football stadium. Didn't think our artillery could do so much damage."

Then up Corse Umberto (now renamed Via del Corso), Via Trittoni, Via Vittorio Veneto, and we are at the Excelsior Hotel, where I was assigned the very same rooms I occupied the day of the liberation. My first act on entering the room was to do the same thing I did five years previously: get down on my knees and render a prayer of thanks for the Divine guidance we had received in the battle for Rome. I remember how, on that first occasion, as I was kneeling, General Juin, the French Commander, entered the room. As I embarrassedly tried to rise, General Juin said: "Go ahead, General, I just said my prayers too."

And now came a parade of most of the domestic help in the hotel: the cooks, waiters, chambermaids, telephone operators, porters - all to shake hands and, with faces shining, speak out, "Benvenuto! Benvenuto!" They had been there when we first entered the city and they had remained when later I re-

quisitioned this hotel and the Massolini Forum with its vast facilities as a rest center for the Fifth Army men who had fought the arducus battle through the mountains. Here they could not only enjoy the rest they had so deservedly earned, but also the cultural, historical and musical resources of the famed capital of Italy.

Now we went into action. With the characteristic expansiveness of the Italians, a program of events had been prepared which might have taken the breath of one even more accustomed than I to the enthasiasm of the Mediterranean people. Fortunately, the schedule passed through the hands of the able American Military Attache, Colonel John Willems, who had served with me through the entire Italian Campaign as Chief of Staff of the II Corps, and he sought to ease the pressure of events somewhat by at once allowing me a quiet evening with some friends.

I was joined in Rome by Lieutenant General John K. Cannon, of the United States Air Force, who had commanded the Air Force which supported us so magnificently and effectively throughout the entire Italian Campaign; Major General Robert W. Douglas, his Chief of Staff; Major General Maxwell D. Taylor, Chief of Staff EUCOM, who had served with me in Italy and it will be remembered had undertaken a secret and perihous mission into Rome, as early as September 1943, to confer with Italian officers; Major General William W. Hoge, commanding U. S. Forces in Trieste; Major General William E. Hall of the United States Air Force; and Vice Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, commanding the United States Mediterranean Task Fleet now present in the Mediterranean—all of whom, like myself, were guests of the Italian Government for its week-long celebration. The wives of most of these officers were with them.

The next morning, which was Memorial Day, we took off for Anzio. My heart tensed with reminiscence as I made the thirty-mile ride over roads which had preoccupied us so much in the battle of five years ago. As we were now coming

down from the north end looking at our Anzio bridgehead from the ventage points of the Germans, the difficult position which our men had held so long was further emphasized. Every mile was strewn with sad and vivid memories of the conflict which had raged for months in the Anzio and Netturno areas.

We arrived at the cemetery at 11 o'clock, the hour specified. I can report to the people of the United States that our Graves Registration Service has been very efficient and thoughtful in the accomplishment of their piteous and reverent task of assembling and re-interring the bodies which had been temporarily buried in various parts of Italy. After shipment to the United States of so many of the fallen heroes, way approximately 16,000 new remain in Italy and they are gathered in two cometeries - one at Florence and the other at Anzio. The graves are arranged in orderly, slightly curvilinear lines and one can almost feel that the lads buried here are still in the service, awaiting the call for still another march, still another counter-offensive, still another charging into these surrounding hills once held by the fee and now made hely with their blood. An Italian journalist writing of the services that day began his story with: "What a tragedy to come so far to die in our lovely land." Italian Defense Minister Randolfo Pacciardi, in his remarks, declared: "With this ceremony, the Italian people, and, in particular, the armed forces, render homage to the heroic soldiers of the noble American nation who fell in the cause of liberty. These crosses are entrusted not only to our honor, but to our love."

As I approached the speaker's stand, I kept thinking of the parents across the seas who would wait in vain for these boys under the crosses, and I wondered whether I could speak without a faltering voice. I thought of the treacherous propaganda of the Nasi warlords of 1943-45 - a propaganda similar to that emanating at present from other sources - to the effect that America was seeking territorial gains, that we wished to conquer Italy to divide up her land among the victors. At that time, I replied that our purpose was to liberate Italy -

not conquer her - and then the only land we would request would be enough in which to bury our gallant dead.

And now, looking out over the cemetery, I said: "We have maintained that pledge. With the war ended, the world can see that the Americanflag in Italy, with the exception of those at the Embassy and Consulates, waves only over these little mounds of grass beneath which sleep the American soldiers who gave their lives for the cause of humanity, of justice, and of peace.

"In each of the graves before us, there is a bit of the heart of America, not an imperialistic America, but an America devoted to the cause of peace.

Although it would seem that efforts made by my country for international amity ever since the war ended, a war which cost us dearly, have been met by frustration, nonetheless progress is being made."

Captain Museanno, who speaks excellent Italian, stood at a microphone in the grounds and translated. Italians from the vicinity, many of whom had suffered grave personal losses as the foreign arsies fought over their farms and through their homes, listened with reverent attention as they heard in their own language: "Cruel and heartrending as was this war in Italy, as every war must be, I will always be grateful for the part played by the Italians in the liberation of their country. The soldiers, the partisans, the citizens gave of their services, their unbounded energies and many paid the supreme sacrifice just as did the patriots of the days of Caribaldi. International ecoperation is possible if all involved are seeking the same objective of good will. In this campaign, I had the honor to command British, French, Brazilian, South African, Canadian, New Zealander, Polisk, Palestinian, Greek, Indian, Misei, Australian and, of corrse, a hundred thousand of your fine Italians, and many other nationalities - they all laid aside their nationalistic ambitions and cooperated on winning the battle and destroying the mad dogs of Kasism who were running loose in the world."

Many of the Italian men applauded, but their women remained silent, for war has a significance all its own to the gentler sex. Following my speech, a group of about fifteen women and young ladies came toward me, weeping. They told me that for five years they had been placing flowers on the graves of these men they had known and respected.

I went into the town of Anzio itself, the town which from January 22 to May 23, 1944, was as turbulent as a popcorn roaster. Scarcely a square yard of the town was not under direct bombardment from the air and from the German guns on the outside of the perimeter, hardly a building that was not struck and damaged. A magical transformation met my eye. Whole, white and clean, the repared and newly-built structures surrounding the port smiled in conscious triumph over the scourge of war. Sailing boats, fishing craft and pert little motor boats rode at anchor in the still waters which only a half decade ago churned and geysered as in a primeval eruption. I remembered the small boat which, carrying me into this harbor five years previously, was hit by a shell, killing two of the crew and wounding several others. The building which had been my Headquarters had undergone some architectural plastic surgery and it now revealed a face of benignity I had never seen on it when it defied the guns and the planes of the enemy. Another building which had been completely wrecked had now risen from its rubble and carried a large sign: "The Clark Hotel." The proprietor sent word that he had set aside rooms for Mrs. Clark and me, but events awaiting us in Rome deprived us of the pleasure of accepting this good man's hospitality.

Returned to Rome, I called on the President of Italy, Luigi Emaudi - small in stature, but large in the estimate of his countrymen who, through their representatives, chose him because of his great talents as an economist and the purity of his democratic ideals. I brought him the greetings of the President of the United States and it pleased him for me to repeat to him President

Truman's declaration of December 14, 1947, when the last shipload of American soldiers departed for the United States: "Although the United States is with-drawing its troops from Italy in fulfillment of its obligations under the Treaty of Peace, this country continues its interest in the preservation of a free and independent Italy."

Speaking English, President Enaudi asked me to convey to Fresident Truman and the entire American nation Italy's gratitude for this continued interest and concern in her peace and security. I was privileged to do that in person upon my return to Mashington.

on the following day, Italy staged her biggest military review since the ending of the war. Under radiant Mediterranean skies, the marching columns passed by the ever-spectacular Coliseum and down the Imperial Way. The fresh uniforms of the revitalized army, navy and air force, the historical background of ancient Rome with its sturdy marble and classic ruins, which have withstood the assault of centuries, the martial and vivacious music of the many bands, all went together to form as colorful and moving a spectacle as must ever have enlivened this ancient metropolis in the days of Caesar. The Carabinieri Band, which can be compared to our United States Military Band, did me the honor of playing a number entitled "The General Clark Liberation of Rome March."

One of the unique features of the parade which sent the people into deliriums of applause, was the beplumed, helmeted and highly-acclaimed Bersaglieri, who, instead of marching, went by at a full run, their trumpets and drums preceding them and sounding the rhythm of their fantastically rapid step. It made one breathless just to match.

Although the Italian army is small by virtue of limitations placed upon it by the Treaty of Peace, and although it needs equipment, it has developed to the point where it is capable of caring for the internal security of its country. The men looked determined, it is well officered, and the morale is good. It forms the basis upon which can be built a good defensive force.

Although a decade ago it would have been difficult perhaps to conceive of Italy as anything but a monarchy, now it is equally difficult to imagine her anything but a republic. On the morning of June 2, a statue of Guiseppe Mazzini, who might well be termed the Thomas Jefferson of Italy, was unveiled on the Aventine Hill overlooking the stupendous scene of the Palace of the Caesars. I was present with the rest of my party to pay homage to the memory of the man who, although a forced exile for forty years from his native land and sentenced to death for his patriotic endeavors in behalf of the liberation of Italy, never despaired, and finally, with his dashing compatriot Guiseppe Caribaldi, lived to see the unification of his country in 1870. And now from the summit of an imposing and massive pedestal he looks down in bronze upon Italy - the Republic. From another hill, the Janiculus, Caribaldi, astride his restless horse, gazes with equal satisfaction on the scene which marks the achievement of his centuryold dream. I thought how this same Caribaldi might have been one of our own American generals had he accepted in the early days of the Civil War the invitation sent him by Lincoln to command a northern army. The stunning defeats administered by the Confederates to the Federal forces in 1861 caused our great Civil War president to turn across the sea to Garibaldi, who, however, was unable to leave his land because the unification of Italy was not yet complete.

The bond between the United States and Italy is closer than perhaps is generally recognized, as I pointed out in one of the many talks I was called upon to deliver during our stay in Rome. Some ten millions or more of our American citizens of today are of Italian origin.

As Italy emerged from the eight monarchies of 1831 into the one republic of today, so the United States also is the produce of a unification of many governments into one. The United States is a God-fearing nation with a government of, by and for the people. The Mazzini Republic of Rome had for its motto: "For God and the People." Both the United States and Italy achieved their independence

by resisting and driving out foreign tyrammical forces. Cries of "Bvviva l'America! Evviva l'Italia!" invariably greeted by statement many times made on this trip that "Italy and the United States stand today as allies in the determined effort of civilized nations to establish security, peace and liberty for all the peoples of the world."

When I spoke to Prime Minister Alcide De Casperi, he repeated over and over the appreciation of his people for the friendship of the United States. I told him that in return America is grateful for the assistance rendered by all elements and classes of his compatriots in the long Italian Campaign. Many of them fought shoulder to shoulder with the Fifth Army troops. The partisans contributed greatly to our success.

I can report to the United States that Italy is working untiringly, that her people are mindful of and grateful for the sacrifices America has made and is continuing to make for them. I hope that Italy will find her proper and lofty place among the democratic and peace-loving nations of the world who are determined to resist influences which would destroy the peace, freedom and blessings that we hold so dear. It was in defense of these principles that so many of our sen gave their lives in Italy and elsewhere.

I frequently was asked on my travels what America intended to do about Germany. I invariably replied that I was a soldier and not a statesman. None-theless, I often added that it was obvious to anyone who followed thenews of the day that America was interested in seeing a free and democratic Europe and that the problem of Germany was simply that of integrating her into the pattern of that free and independent Europe. I pointed out the relatively fortunate position which Italy holds in the post-war picture. She enjoys national sovereignty as a result of the peace treaty and her destiny is largely in her own hands while Austria, for example, a liberated country, is still occupied by foreign troops and subject to a four-power control commission. The situation of other countries

involved in the war as more or less unwilling partners of Mazi Germany is even more unfortunate. The restoration of their sovereignties by treaty of peace did not bring the freedom of expression which is found in Italy. They live in the shadows unable, because of fear, to speak out freely their true thoughts.

On the evening of Republic Day, June 2, President Einaudi held a reception at the Quirinal, the place originally inhabited by the royal family. Refreshments were served in the vast gardens for the guests which, in addition to all the officials of the Government, the diplomatic corps, and our party, included the eight thousand mayors of the towns of Italy. By traversing the grounds - elaborate and beautiful with fountains, flowers and statuary, and constantly vibrating with music, one had the impression of traveling the entire length of the Italian peninsula. Many of the mayors generously greeted me and my companions with applause and specially rendered musical numbers, and not a few made impromptu speeches as they conjured up the days when we passed through their towns with some one or more units of Fifth Army.

On the morning of June 3, with appropriate ceremonies and accompanied by the French Ambassador, Mr. Fouques du Parc, I laid a wreath at the French cemetery in Rome. Here are buried some two thousand of the French who served so magnificently in the Fifth Army and died in the battle of Italy. Excellently terraced, the cemetery is so laid out that the graves of those of Catholic faith face in the direction of St. Feter's Church, while those of the Moslem faith are buried on the other side of the elevation turned toward Mecca. Each grave has its own little wallof marble with a headstone carrying the name of the deceased and the inscription: "Died for France."

At noontime, our party was taken out to the Quadruped Supply Center on the vast Monte Maggiore estate beyond the confines of Rome, where horses and mules are bred, raised and trained for the army. Our host was Chief of Staff General

Marras, who arranged for a most delightful luncheon, served on a verandah adjoining the fields in which the quadrupeds of all ages, colors and breeds pastured and from time to time galloped by, apparently quite aware of the looks and expressions of admiration they received from our tables. One group of frisky colts came clattering up/their long-jointed legs and suddenly stopped at the gate across from the verandah, crowding and pushing and looking up at us like so many curious children. Soon some of their mothers and fathers came around as if to make excuses for the conduct of their offspring. A few of them were old enough to recall that five years ago these beautiful rolling green hills reverberated not to the drumbest of colts, stallions and mares, but to the thunder of artillery and the storm of airplane propellers.

With the exception of this pleasant affair out in the open, each day had its official luncheon in some palace or hotel, a reception and a dressed-up dinner amid merble columns, iridescent chandeliers, paintings and sculpture which would have enriched any art gallery. The men came in the uniforms of their various services, with gorgeous stripes, epaulettes and glittering braid, the ladies were arrayed in the most fashionable of gowns with jewels. decolletes and coiffures which would have graced any gathering of the Napoleonic imperial period. We knew it was all done in honor of the liberation of Rome, and by no means represented the usual life of the city, but after a week of these functions, Mrs. Clark and I began to long for something not so formal and ceremonious, and at last it came: a buffet supper offered by the American Legion of Rome under Commander Reginald Perkins. I looked forward to hot dogs, baked beans, potato salad and Coca Cola - and that's what we got. In a subterranean hall, not far from the celebrated Piassa Venezia, we found a bit of pure Americana in an empire of classic ritual and the ineffable ruins of ancient Rome. It was like a sandlot baseball game played in a corner of the Coliscum or a hand of stud poker in the Trajam Forum. In true American fashion, everybody knew everybody else. These are the Americans who, for one reason or another, have taken up permanent or semi-permanent residence in Rome, but with all the contentment which flows from their respective jobs or missions, they still long for the vibrating, brimful, uproarious life of the United States, unparalleled in this world.

Of course, the men were all ex-soldiers and a goodly percentage of them had known the beaches of Salermo and Anzio and the forholes of Cassino and the Garigliano. As the baked beans and frankfurters disappeared, washed down with the Roman equivalent of Milwaukee beer, the talk grew more and more reminiscent of 88's and mortar barrages, of nocturnal fording of the Volturno and pontoon crossing of the Po, until I would not have been surprised if, upon leaving around midnight I had stepped out of the marble building into my old war-time trailer-home parked outside.

On the morning of Jume 4, accompanied by my good friend of many years, Ambassador Myron Taylor, the personal representative of the President of the United States to the Vatican, Mrs. Clark and I were received in private audience by His Holiness, the Pope, exactly five years after his ardent prayers had been answered that the Eternal City be spared the devastation and the ruin which met so many cities of the world in the holocaust of World Mar II. We both recalled my visit on that epochal day in Jume, 1944, when he indicated his desire to see me for three reasons; one, to congratulate us on our victory; two, to voice his concern that the establishing of my Headquarters just south of the Tiber might provoke the enemy into bombing Rome; and three, to ask that I extend an invitation to all my men, regardless of faith, to visit him. I accepted his blessing and then explained that in order to keep touch with my troops now engaged in vigorously pursuing the Germans, I had to move my Headquarters from Anzio to Rome, although I assured him that this would be only for two or three days, which it was.

On point number three, I ran into a rather anomalous situation. After issuing orders that members of the Fifth Army be allowed leave to visit Rome and call upon the Pope if they so desired, I found that so many thousands had accepted the invitation that I began to wonder if I had enough left with which to continue the war!

Although Mrs. Clark and I are Protestants, we always leave the Pope feeling ourselves refreshed, stimulated and inspired.

At eleven 6'clock of the same morning, I was received by the Mayor of Rome, who spoke eloquently of the Fifth Army, linking it "indelibly and eternally with the destiny of Rome." I was presented with a beautiful bronze replica of the Roman wolf, bearing a silver plaque: "To General Clark and his liberating Fifth Army." In accepting the handsome gift on behalf of the men of the Fifth Army, I declared that it would accompany me to the United States and "it would, therefore, achieve perhaps the distinction of being the first wolf to fly the Atlantic."

I was particularly thrilled by a message which arrived in the very midst of this ceremony at the Capitol. It came from a very dear friend, a soldier who will be recorded as one of the greatest military leaders of history - General Eisenhower. The message, which was read aloud to the audience and drew enthusiastic applause, was as follows:

"Dear Wayne: Warm Greetings to you as you revisit the scenes of your brilliant exploits of five years ago. Your friends rejoice with you that you may go in peace and security to places that then were filled with the sounds and terrors of war. Ike."

The touching and reverent custom begun by France after World War I, in honoring one of the unknown war dead as a symbolic tribute to all those who fell for their country, has now been accepted by most of the nations of the world, and by Italy no less than the others. Her unidentified hero lies in perhaps the most monumental tomb of all. The mountain of marble in Piazza

Venezia, known as Il Monumento Vittorio Emmanuele, contains enough marble to supply an individual tomb for every soldier who has died for Italy in all her wars. In this towering and impressive collective sepulchre rests the Milite Ignoto (The Unknown Soldier). At his feel I laid a wreath that day, in symbolism of the comradeship between the American doughboy of 1917-18 and the Italian fante of 1915-1918, as well as the common bond of brotherhood of today between the American and the Italian people.

At noon, Italian Minister of Defense Picciardi conferred the high decoration of the Military Order of Italy on Generals John K. Cannon, Geoffrey Keyes, Robert W. Douglas, Maxwell D. Taylor, William W. Hoge, Wajor General William E. Hall, and myself, as well as on Vice Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, Colonel John M. Willems, Captain Michael A. Musmanno, and Lt. Colonel Richard Stilwell.

This was followed by a lunch in the grandiose Palazza Barberini. That evening, Ambassador Dunn entertained with a dinner at his handsome villa on Viale Rossini. Mr. Dunn is very popular with the Italians. They have found in him not only a capable diplomat according to the classic standards of diplomacy, but an enthusiastic human being filled with understanding, sympathy and energy energy devoted to the objective fulfillment of the ideals of democracy. Mrs. Dunn is a charming, gracious hostess and of great assistance to her husband in his high position.

On Sunday, June 5, we witnessed the brilliant parade of the Carabinieri, the Italian national police whose red plumes and trailing sabers are the indicia of law and order throughout the land. It was this fine organization, many Italians say, which guaranteed the sanctity of the voting last year and allowed the people freely to indicate their preferences for public officials.

Following the Carabinieri demonstration, we left Rome and flew to Florence where I placed a wreath at the American cemetery there. This cemetery, well-tended, although not yet completely landscaped, lies along a main road, a con-

stant reminder to the traveling public of the incalculable cost of freedom.

Our next stop was Naples where I inspected the port, which in 1943 was as desclate as an automobile junkyard. After our planes had turned the Italian Neapolitan fleet into an involuntary submarine flotilla, the Germans came along and worked over the remaining commercial ships until many parts of the harbor presented almost a solid footing. We cleaned up the port a great deal at that time and it served as our base of supplies throughout most of the Italian Campaign.

I was now looking on a sight which made me as proud of Uncle Sam as any one of his young nephews reporting to Annapolis or West Point. Largely with American funds and American planning under the Economic Cooperation Administration, which under Mr. James D. Zellerbach is doing a magnificent job throughout Italy, the port has been cleaned of its derelicts, the piers have been repaired, the maritime station has been rebuilt. Everything has been brought back to pre-war utility, with but one exception - the attractive white plume of smoke constantly at the crest of the venerable Mount Vesuvius has disappeared. As one Italian put it: "When the American soldier, with his generously distributed cigarettes departed from Naples, everybody stopped smoking, including Vesuvius."

That night we dined at Giacomino's. Mr. Giacomino must be accounted as one of the eight wonders of Naples. Short, loquacious, and with a lame leg, he is as full of affectionate enthusiasms as a cocker spaniel. When we first entered war-wracked and devastated Naples, he volunteered to furnish food and assist in many ways. Over a campfire in the woods of Capadimonte he boiled spaghetti, stewed goat meat and fried hot peppers, all the time singing "Santa Lucia" and hurling imprecations at the Germans dropping bombs over his beloved Naples. Now he came toward our car shouting: "Benvenuto, Gemerale: Benevenuto, Generale:"

When we finally settled back in our car headed for Sorrento, it was with a

feeling of delightful repose after the astonishing six-course Giacomino dinner served to the accompaniment of mandolf and guitar music produced by Neapolitan troubadours. Briving through olive groves and orehards laden with oranges whose perfume scented the air with all the romance and poetry of this captivating region, we entered Scrrento. At the Albergo Vittoria, which had been the Fifth Army Rest Center after the fall of Naples, we were greeted by the Mayor and his associates, and with an outburst of violins and accordions, speeches of welcome and then a most attractive program of folk dancing. Arrayed in all the colorful extravaganza that is associated with the legendary tarantella, five couples of pretty girls and handsome young men trotted out on the terrace surmounting the moonlit sea. With resounding tambourines and excellent voices, they swung their partners and stamped their red-slippered feet while their rainbow sashes streamed about them in rhythmic splendor.

As was true at nearly every place where I stopped throughout our tour, I was called upon to speak, and here I narrated an episode of the war which, in the telling, seemed only to have happened yesterday.

Caserta and the beachhead in a small cub plane equipped with pontoons for landing in the water. We could not use the regular air field for it was under direct observation and fire from German batteries. One day, while taking off, we ran into heavy waves which wrenched the pontoons completely free from the plane. After attaining altitude, Lieutenant Colonel Jack Walker, my pilot, turned in his seat and said: "General, do you see what's happened? We've lost our landing gear."

"'I see it', I replied.

"'We'll have to make a crash landing, and where would you like to crash?'
"Without a moment's hesitation, I said Sorrento. After two hours' flying,
we circled Sorrento and finally came down in a terrific splash. And my greatest
compliment to this town today is that it looks just as beautiful as it did that

day when we scrambled shore from a badly-bent plane. Setting the pontoon-less plane down on the Mediterranean was due to the superb skill of Jack Walker, a splendid soldier who shortly thereafter was killed in a plane crash near Florence while traveling as a passenger.

The next morning, the Italian Navy provided us with a motorboat with which we cut an aquamarine curtain of spray all the way to the famous Isle of Capri. Spiralling 1900 feet above the blue waters at its feet, this haven of peace and enchantment could never, it seems, have been associated with war. Yet it played its part, and later became a rest center for the Army Air Force, offering perfect repose for the fliers in between their perilous missions over the mountains into the Jerryland of anti-aircraft guns and red-blossoming flak.

One of my unforgettable reminiscences of Capri had nothing to do with the war. In the summer of 1946, while commanding the American Forces in Austria, I went there for a short rest and occupied a little villa on a picturesque rock dropping sheerly to the sea. Our cook prepared perfect Italian meals, but one evening he became fired with the ambition to bake an American chocolate cake which, with all the appreciation in the world, I simply must say fell a little short of its objective. He had made a mistake somewhere, probably reached into the cement sack instead of the flour bag. Still I went through the courteous pretense of eating a small piece. Knowing that I would be expected to take a further portion later on, I waited until he had left the room and then, picking up the major part of the Portland pastry, I threw it out of the window and presumably into the sea. A few minutes later, the cook himself entered the house with much of the cake spattered over his head and shoulders. He had been walking on a stone ledge close to the water at the time of my fill-advised jettisoning of the concrete cake!

From Sorrento our motorboat merrily glided over the blue glass of the sea to Positano where a few hundred years ago the compass was invented, and where more recently a luncheon had been prepared for the new Positanian, namely, Mark Wayne Clark. I had been made honorary citizen of this quaint little town during the war and then, like so many of my co-citizens, I had left for the United States. The Mayor, Marquis Paolo Sersale, informed me that although the population of Positano is only 2500, there are over 6000 Positanians living in New York. In fact, one source of the town's means of livelihood is the remittances sent back by the ever-homeloving sons across the sea.

We ate at a lovely pavilion close to the turquoise waters bathing the shore. The parish priest made a little speech in English - he had lived in New York for several years - and told of the many matrimonial matches he had arranged for Positanians in the United States who wrote him to select wives for them. They would mention the little girl of ten or twelve they had known as boys, and the Monsignor would make the arrangements to send the girl to the fendly waiting lover in the United States. The Mayor, who uses perfect English, also spoke and presented Mrs. Clark with the key to the city, a key in inverse proportion to the size of Positano. Fashioned of solid metal with elaborately wrought figures of all the sea animals which had disported on Positano's shores in the days of antiquity, it required the strength of a strong man to carry it to the car, in which we now drove back to Sorrento over the Amalfian Drive. An old man with a huge beardy looking like Neptune himself, stood at the car to bid us farewell. In the olden days, he had made various trips to America in a sailing ship. He told of one voyage, back in 1880, which required three and one-half months for the passage. His cargo was oranges. Mrs. Clark asked him whether the oranges had not spoiled on so long a trip. He stroked his patriarchal beard and replied: "I dare say some of them did."

Our last stop in Italy was, paradoxically, the first place where I had made the acquaintance of this charming land; namely, Salerno. But Salerno was not so charming when on that morning of September 9, 1943, we established our beachhead. The mountains surrounding the bay blazed with cannon fire, the sky crackled with the cataracting of bombs, the beach seethed with a hundred hot activities. Conditions were even worse five days later when the Germans, under General Kesselring with direct orders from Hitler himself massed all his soldiers and tanks to drive us back into the sea. As I was reminiscing this aloud to Mrs. Clark, I espied a mountain top with a familiar configuration. "There's Piccolo Peak!" I exclaimed.

"Why such a peculiar name?"

And I told the story. We had committed all our reserves into battle, and when the Germans attacked at that point, all we had left was the band. We put rifles into hands which had been holding horns and drums, and they held the mountain. From then on, I called that decisive point "Piccolo Peak."

The piccolos were whistling, the clarinets singing, the base horns comphosomphing, and the drums booming like a barrage as Mrs. Clark and I drove up to Salerno. Mayor Buoncuore was waiting at the city limits and pointed out a wide street which skirted the sea and was in the process of being paved and further widened. "We are very proud of this thoroughfare," he said. "It has been named the General Clark Boulevard."

Before actually entering the City of Salerno, we drove to the British cemetery in the company of the British Consul, and I laid a wreath on the ground where thousands of Britain's heroic youth had shed their blood for the great cause which had brought Britishers to Italy, as it had taken them to many parts of the world. The band played God Save the King, The Star-Spangled Banner, and the Italian national anthem. We then proceeded to the townhall where Mayor Buoncuore and the Prefect, Signor Livoti, officially greated us

again. There were further speeches and then we were advised we could rest
for a while preparatory to the official luncheon which had been set up. I had
promised Mrs. Clark to show her Pompeii and we were scheduled to take off from
Naples at 1:30. It was now 10:30. To wait for lunch was impossible, I explained,
at the same time expressing my profound regret.

"Well, then perhaps," the Mayor said, "a little refreshment would be in order." And at once a bevy of girls appeared with large dishes of ice cream and cakes and glasses of wine. It was the first time in my life that I had ice cream and wine for breakfast, and I was still feeling the rare combination in my stemach when I took up my duties as tourist guide for Mrs. Clark through the ancient excavated city of Pompeil. How far have we advanced in two thousand years which have passed since this highly civilized metropolis succumbed under the ashes of Old Man Vesuvius? The geometrically laid out streets, the fountains, the baths, the market places, the water conduits, the libraries, all spoke of a society of the highest culture and municipal orderliness. During the battle for Naples, a few stray bombs fell on Pompeii, but the venerable ruins were not touched.

The B-17 is rolling, the four engines are turning, and we rise from the Maples airport, past Vesuvius, headed for the past. H. G. Wells once wrote a book entitled "The Time Machine" which described a fantastic vehicle on which one could ride forward into the future. I was aboard a machine which was taking me into days that are gone and events new gathering the dust of time. I was heading for the submarine rendezvous of October, 1942. I was traveling into North Africa to read again in the sands of history the footprints of men like Franklin Delano Roosevelt, General Henri Giraud and General George S. Patton, who walked here in the opening of the great drama of the Allied liberation of the Western Hemisphere and who have now disappeared from the earth.

We landed at Algiers where we dired and rested for the night at the summer

palace of the Governor General of Algeria - Mr. Maegelen.

The following morning, we were on our way to the house which, seen through the telescope of memory, loomed as familiarly as my own home in San Francisco. It was just past midnight on October 22, 1942 when my comrades and I splashed out of the little rubber boats in which we had paddled from the submarine two miles out at sea. With my six companions, I climbed the steep bank to the farmhouse whose dormer window, facing the sea, had flashed a light in accordance with our prearranged plans. We entered from the porch, the French officers arrived shortly afterwards, and we began our conference. We were still at our maps and plans when in mid-afternoon the posted sentinel sounded an alarm. Vichy police were coming up the road. To be apprehended might mean not only being tried as spies, but calamitously it could mean the death of thousands of Americans coming in with the invasion of North Africa. There was not enough time to reach the beach. I espied a trap door leading to an empty wine cellar, and ordered everybody into it.

Clutching my carbine, I directed that no one was to fire unless I gave the order. My plan, in the event the police came down into the cellar, was to overwhelm them and get back to the submarine before reinforcements could arrive. As we crouched in the cellar, British Commando Captain Courtney coughed. The police were walking over the trap door. Another cough and we might be discovered. I thrust a wad of chewing gum into Courtney's startled mouth. It stopped his coughing, but later he asked why the gum was so tasteless. I explained that that was not surprising for I had been chewing it myself for two hours!

And now I was down in that same cellar again. The intervening seven years had melted away as I relived that day and night of tension - but I felt no worry, no preoccupation. Our boys had successfully landed, and the Nazis driven out of North Africa and then destroyed in Europe, the war was ended -

and here I was standing by the steps with my beloved wife. It was a moment of true happiness.

Madame Teissier, mother of the man who owned the house at the time, was present, acting as hostess. Various French officials, including General Marcel Mannier-Condroyer, who had served with me in the Fifth Army, were doing the honors and lunch was set up in the very room where we had held our conferences on the day of the rendezvous. During the first course of the lunch, a tall, lean "Arab" dog, that looked more like a soup bone pointer than anything else I can describe, prowled through the room. On a sideboard rested a huge platter of ham, awaiting its proper turn for serving. Suddenly our pointer attacked this ham. With a torgue as long and as pointed as a bayonet, he cleaned up the plate just as an Arab servant, screaming the Arabian equivalent of Murder! hurled himself like a Notre Dametackler at the haz-fed dog and dragged him away. A few minutes later the servant returned with another platter of sliced meat. Mrs. Clark looked at it and asked: "Wayne, what is that meat?" I whispered to her: "Better pass it up. I think that's the dog."

From the farmhouse, we drove to the little town of Cherchel, eight miles away, where the Mayor, Henri Baretaud, exhibited the model of the memorial to be created at the spot where we came ashore, to commemorate, the Mayor said in his gracious speech "the first exploit which led eventually to the liberation of all of France and her territories from the Nazi oppressors."

That night we had dinner in the Hotel St. George in Algiers, and from nearly every room and every corner memories spoke of those crucial days at the time of the landing. Here was the room in which I had delivered the ultimatum to Admirel Darlan that he issue orders to all French troops to cease firing or take the consequences; here, as General Eisenhower's deputy, I had my office as we planned to meet the Germans who were then pouring into Tunisia.

At the time of the landing, I had flown in from Gibraltar, escorted by

eighteen fighter planes which, however, as we approached the airport of Maison Blanche, took off to fight some German planes and we landed alone while Nazi bombs shook the field like an earthquake. I immediately went into the city in an armored car. Every day the Germans came over in bombers, seeking to sink the Allied shipping in the harbor. I showed Mrs. Clark the house in which Darlan was assassinated, the villa in which General Eisenhower and I lived when we established Allied Force Headquarters here; the famous Hotel Atletti where Ernie Pyle and other war correspondents gathered. She was as excited as a high school girl visiting Civil War battlefields as she saw place after place in the history all so recent, and yet all so far away too.

The next day we flew to Oujda where the Fifth Army was born, it being the first American army ever created outside the continental limits of the United States. At the municipal hall, the Pascha (native leader) of the town, in his long white robe and beard, delivered in Arabic his speech of welcome. The French senior member of the Town Council spoke in French. They both eulogized the Fifth Army and it was no small pride to me to hear their words of commendation because foreign armies sometimes get into unhappy situations with the citizens at or near their zone of operations. In the earliest days of the Fifth Army, I said to my men that wherever they went, they were ambassadors of good will from America, and I am happy to say that America need never be ashamed of the manner in which the Fifth Army men acquitted themselves not only in Africa, but in Italy and wherever they served our flag.

Our next stop was Rabat, the capitol of Morocco where again we were guests of my dear friend Governor General Juin. The following day I was the guest of the Sultan of Morocco, who too recalled the days of the Fifth Army in his country and also expressed his gratitude to America for her contributions towards world peace.

Now I took Mrs. Clark to one of the most spectacular places in Morocco -

Marrakesh - where in the public square she beheld, in addition to many other sights belonging to the world of Arabian Nights, the snake charmers who make cobras sway and dance to the weird strains of oriental flutes. I also showed her the villa where President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill had rested after the momentous Casablanca conference in 1943.

In this wast pile of Moorish architecture, we encountered an old friend of ours from California, Tyrone Power, who, for the moment, was an "oriental" on location.

But what thrilled Mrs. Clark most, and awakened nostalgic recollections in me, was the Anfa Hotel in Casablanca, scene of the famous Roosevelt—Churchill conference in January, 1943. I had been with President Roosevelt for a week during that historic meeting and I shall always carry with me the fondest reverence for his memory. He always exhibited the keenest interest in every detail of the military picture unfolding at the time. I recalled my flight across the Atlantic to see him just before we launched the offensive which took us into Rome. He grasped every item of the plan and after we had attained our objective, he wrote to congratulate me on how the plan had "clicked" in every detail.

In this famed Anfa Hotel, we attended a reception given in our honor by French members of the underground movement which had served our cause so courageously and effectively in the early days of the North African campaign.

Immediately following this reception, Mrs. Clark and I were driven to the Casablanca Air Field where our B-17 was waiting to take us back across the Atlantic. We had been gone from the United States for two weeks. By the time of our return, we would have completed almost 20,000 miles by air - a journey from the present into the past - and now we were headed home again.

One thing stood out definitely in my mind - a satisfaction that the terrain over which we fought in Italy, and the peoples whom we had liberated, were

gradually being rehabilitated, that the Italian people were determined to fight for the principles of democracy which are cherished in America. Vivid memories of the desperate fighting were recalled to me every time I visited the many cemeteries. At each one I had said a silent prayer that the men who had died on the fields of battle in order to win the peace may not have died in vain, and that somehow before too long the peacemaking which has been under way for the past four years would produce the results which all peoples await, and that peace would soon be implemented throughout the world.

DATE 22	FROM	TO	IR MILES FLOWN	FLIGHT TIME
Lay 49	Washington National Aprt Washington, D. C.	Harmon AFB Stephenville, Newfoundland	1180	06:35
27 May 49	Harmon AFB, Stephenville, Newfoundland	Lagens AFB, Azores	1710	08:10
28 May 49	Lagens AFB, Azores	Sale Airport, Rabat, French Morocco	1175	06:00
28 May 49	Sale Airport, Rabat, French Morocco	Port Lacutey French Morocco	21	00:15
29 May 49	Port Lacutey, French Morocco	Sale Airport, Rabat, French Morocco	21	00:10
29 May 49	Sale Airport, Rabat, French Morocco	Champino Airport, Rome, Italy	1370	06:25
5 Jun 49	Champino Airport, Rome, Italy	Penetola Airport, Florence, Italy	153	00:55
6 Jun 49	Penetola Airport, Florence, Italy	Capodichino Airport, Naples, Italy	263	01:30
Jun 49	Capodichino Airport, Naples, Italy	Maison Blanche Airpor Algiers	t, 662	03:50
10 Jun 49	Maison Blanche Airport, Algiers	Oudja Airport, Algeri	a 296	01:55
10 Jun 49	Oudja Airport, Algeria	Sale Airport, Rabat, French Morocco	285	01:35
10 Jun 49	Sale Airport, Rabat French Morocco	Port Lacutey, French Morocco	21	00:10
12 Jun 49	Port Lacutey, French Morocco	Marrakech, French Morocco	204	01:05
12 Jun 49	Marrakech, French Morocco	Casablanca	137	00:55
12 Jun 49	Casablanca	Lagens AFB, Azores	1180	06:00
12 = 13 Jun 49	Lagens AFB, Azores	Kindley AFB, Bermuda	2200	11:20
13 Jun 49	Kindley AFB, Bermuda	Washington National Airport, D. C.	825	04:15

and Number of Aircraft: VB-17G 43-39440A