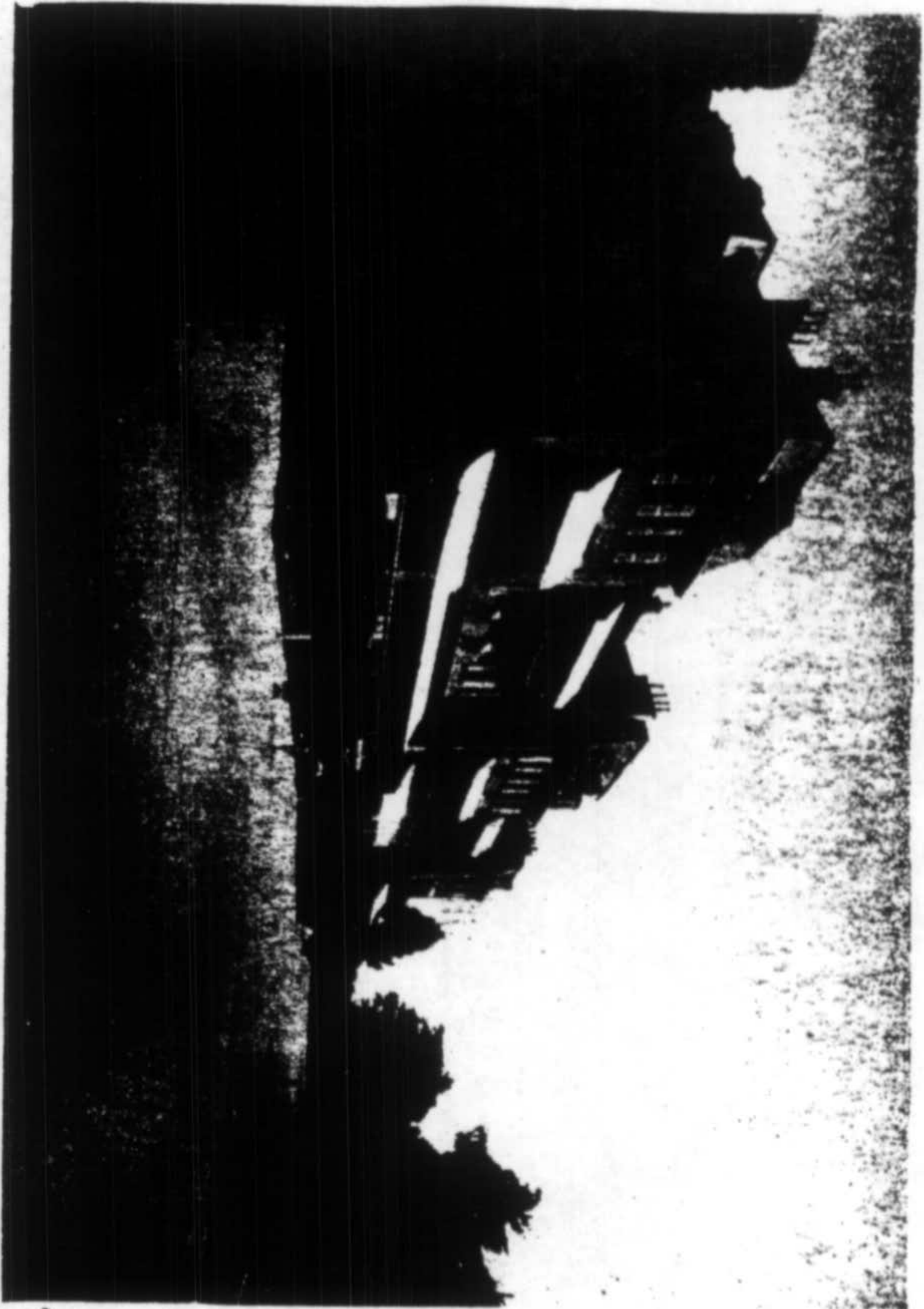
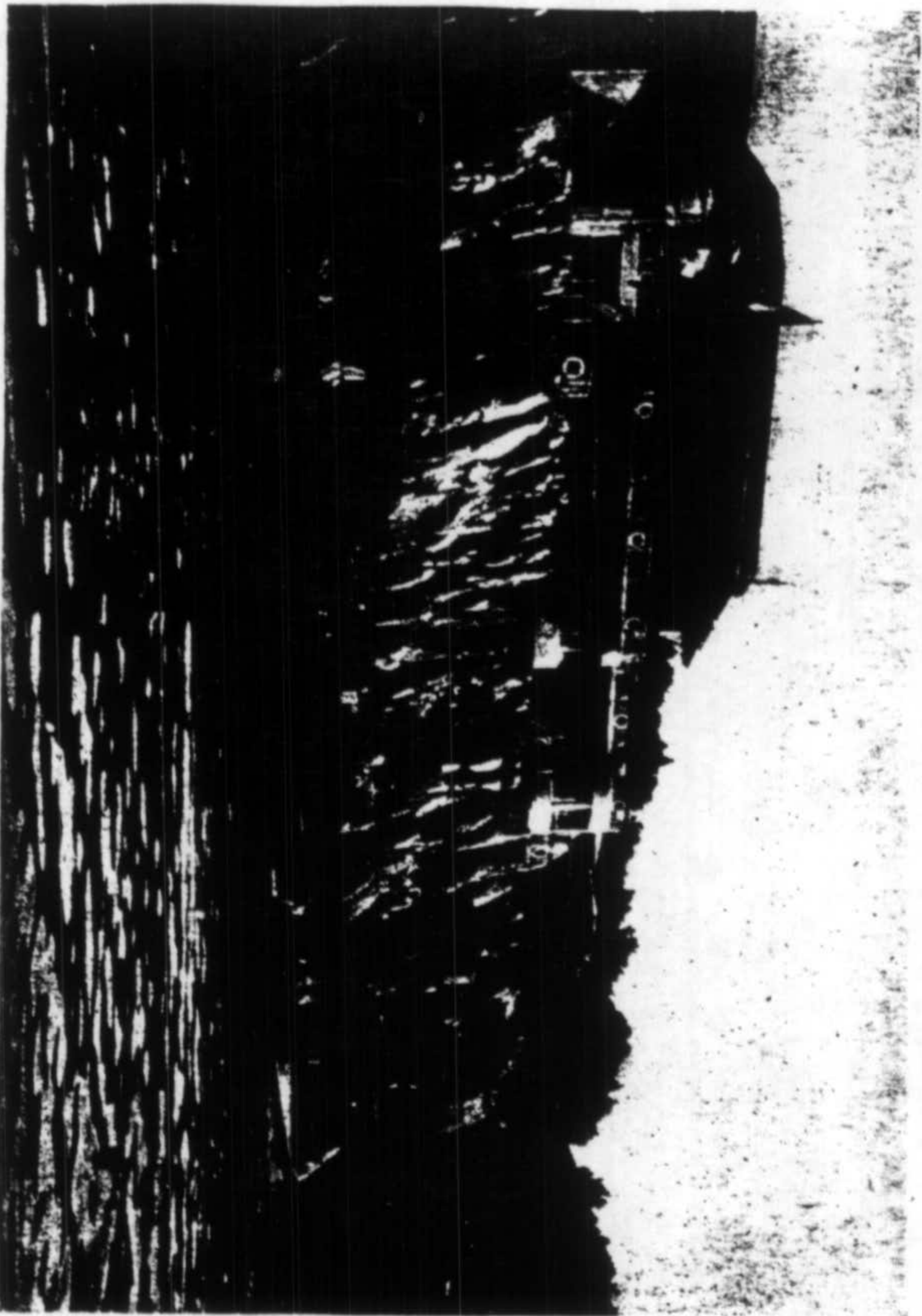


With an understanding appreciation of how hard we had been working, the Army, with characteristic thoughtfulness, pencilled in a collective nervous breakdown for our combat unit near the end of our campaign. This is the ultra Hotel Cap d'Antibes where we were forced to rough it for a few days.



Hotel Cap d'Antibes, directly on the Mediterranean, about midway between the famous resort cities of Nice and Cannes.



Famous Edem Rock, the swankiest swimming hole in the world.

lar WAC Capt. Margaret Sherman, in charge of Public Relations.

For the first time, since leaving Washington, we can come and go as we please. . . . On a three day pass, as it were. . . . A few of our more hardy radio sals went on a big deep sea fishing thing. . . . Net result: three herrings and a Swiss riding boot. . . . Those two daring cavalrymen, CBS' Joe Ream and Billboard's, Joe Caida, went dashing into the hills atop fiery steeds. . . . Harry Wilder, Clair McCullough, Morris Novik and NBC's Bill Hedges, are somewhere in the Grasse Mountains trying to make a deal for some hot perfume. . . . Personally, we are practically living at the pavillion at Eden Rock, probably the most famous and swankiest swimming hole in the world. . . . The fact that the place is loaded with WAC officers and nurses had nothing to do with our decision. . . . One cannot help reminisce of the old days here at Juan Les Pins, where the ultra set of five continents gathered to swank and eat and drink and gamble. . . . Our travelled and sophisticated liaison officer, Maj. Tom Dougall, seems to melt into the picture, either in formals or in swim suit. . . . Major Tom is from WXYZ, Detroit, and among other things, wrote and produced "The Lone Ranger."

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Last night we were the guests of the co-operative Gen. Riley Ennis, at his elaborate shore home, for a formal dinner. . . . Later, strictly in the line of duty, we went for a complete and thorough tour of as many night clubs as we could drink, ending at the idyllic Provençal at Cap Antibes where the floor show and dance band,—and by the way there are 29 Army band units giving out here—was the par of anything the east side of New York has to offer. . . . Illuminating observation. Dancing partners were ample both as to quality and quantity.

This afternoon, most of our outfit are winging it to Monte Carlo, obviously from an esthetic and historical standpoint. . . . Bidding them happy landing, we shantiaed a car and drove to Nice, the zone exclusively for enlisted men and the dramatic center of this whole undertaking. . . . From the kids themselves we got enough human interest material on the war to fill a book. . . . Here is the largest GI PX store in Europe. . . . Here officers are not allowed to enter, for to them, the Nice zone is off limits. . . . Here saluting for a week is forgotten. Here the beach, miles long, is crowded with military merry-makers, and the GI and his WAC gal can romp and play with abandon 24 hours a day.

• • •
This genial Gen. Riley Ennis, captures our imagination. . . . He gets along on four hours' sleep, and was in command of our toughest training program, the whipping into shape through a hot, dusty, back-breaking, nerve-wracking grind of the armored units in the desert, back of Indio, Calif. . . . He is plenty tough and carried through just as his men carried through. . . . Now he is here in Cannes running the biggest night club in the world.

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MEDITERRANEAN INTELLIGENCE: Our invasion landings were at Raphael, a short ride away. There were no casualties at Monte Carlo among our returnees, for those in uniform cannot play. . . . In Nice, the GI has a bar 100 feet long, the largest in Europe, serving good beer brewed by Army men. There is a hot black market here, cigarettes two frogs a pack and soap at three bucks a copy. . . . If you ride along the less frequented shore in early morning, it is nothing unusual to see French made moiselles bathing in the nude.