

EMIL MOHR AND FAMILY VISIT PARIS AND VIEW THE RUINS OF VERDUN

(This is the second letter from Emil Mohr, owner of the Hotel Medford, who with Mrs. Mohr and the children are enjoying an extensive stay in Germany and other parts of Europe. Further letters will be printed in subsequent editions of the Mail Tribune.)

Hamburg, Germany.

Saturday, Nov. 17, 1928.

To the Editor:

Continuing our trip from Inter-laken to Leri, we went to Lausanne, thence to Geneva, the city where the League of Nations holds its assemblies. Here we saw the building wherein the nations meet and discuss peace. (Let us hope they can keep peace forever.)

Geneva is a fine city, built right around on the shores of Lake Geneva, which makes it very beautiful. We did not stay here though, but went right on into France.

The trip from Geneva to Paris is not very interesting—the country looks rather poor to us and the people seem to live a hundred years back, not any too clean and apparently without much energy.

On account of getting a late start, we could not make Paris that day. Had to stop in some very old town in a very old hotel over night and were glad when next morning came.

The people in this hotel told us that Pasteur was born in that very hotel; so that was of course, quite a redeeming feature. The people in this hotel were very nice and talked French to us to their hearts content, they could neither speak English or German and we had to strain our noses to understand them as best we could—however, as long as one has a dollar he can get along all right either in France or any other country.

Next day to gay Paris—

Well, that is a lively city—one does not see any more of the horse and drachke, but all taxis, thousands of them, and big auto buses, and autos and trucks, just as one sees in New York. They don't drive slow either and, while the regulations are quite good, one has to be on the lookout to cross the street in safety.

We stayed here several days—saw a lot of museums of which one becomes so tired that he does not care to see another—also we went to Versailles to the big palace. We saw the Hall of Mirrors in which the peace treaty was signed, we were also shown the table on which it was signed, and in this palace are so many oil paintings that when one is through with the thing he really doesn't know what he has seen.

The Louvre in Paris is another

at this place. We drove a radius of sixty miles to see the battle fields—trenches are still visible, but are covered up by falling earth, shell holes the same way. The French have erected a statue of a dying lion. This statue represents the German enemy and the spot shows as far as he went and there died. (Far better had he died much sooner, or even turned back years before, thus avoiding the misery and the mourning created.)

Then the guide took us to a place over which a long monument is built. Under this monument were buried about two hundred and fifty French soldiers—these boys were just ready for attack—bayonets in hand when all at once both sides of the trench fell in and buried all of them alive. Their bayonets above which are still standing there to be seen, they have left them that way to remind people of the horrors of war and imbue them with a feeling for peace. Yes, for peace. If anyone has any other feeling, he will certainly after viewing this, change his mind and pray for peace. If not, he is not human.

We then went on and the guide showed us where entire villages had been shot away, with excepting a few ruined walls still there. The people having left with what little they could take and never returned. We also saw many beautiful monuments erected in honor of the dead. Other interesting places were old forts, some are partly destroyed, others still standing. We also saw Hill 304 and a view of the Argonne Forest from the distance.

Then, we went to the American cemetery, where there are still fourteen thousand boys resting. There are a number of men working here all the time and the cemetery is kept up beautifully—the wooden crosses are all being replaced by marble crosses, so many at a time and soon all will have a marble cross on which is shown the name of the boy who is resting there.

The cemetery is laid on a hill and at the top of the hill is a large flag pole on which Old Glory waves every day and as we had brought a wreath and had no one in particular the superintendent thought it would be proper to put it at the bottom of the flag pole which our three children did, thereby honoring our departed sons who are slumbering softly in their everlasting home.

The superintendent told us that in all he had about sixty men working to keep up the American cemetery. The office of the superintendent lies at the top of a hill right opposite the cemetery. As one reaches the top of this hill he gets a beautiful view of the rows and rows of white crosses making it a very impressive sight.

We then returned back to Verdun and thence to Brussels.

The lands in the battlefields are gradually being cultivated again

and some of the villages are being and have been rebuilt, many they stand forever and never be destroyed again. The enemies forget their differences and become friends so that everlasting peace may reign and good will to men be kind.

We avoided any more battlefields in going to Brussels, as our hearts were already so saddened that we felt we did not care to see any more of them.

Brussels Next to Paris

We drove through Brussels. This is a fine city, also very lively. In fact, what we have seen of Belgium surpasses anything we have seen of France. Paris of course, is excepted. The lands in Belgium seem to be richer and the people impressed on us as more energetic than the French, also much cleaner. However, that should not mean that it is so—it is only our impression.

From Belgium we went to Holland.

This is a wonderful country, not only in raising cattle for milk, butter and cheese, but for beauty in the line of homes and flowers as well.

There are thousands of black and white Holstein cows in the fields—grass unbounded, no wonder the people raise the finest milk, cheese and butter.

Dutch Farmers Prosperous

Apparently every farmer is well off, some rich. They have the finest homes surrounded by huge beds of flowers and the loveliest trees—here prosperity shows up in all its glory.

They make it a business to raise flowers for the market, and send them all over Europe. Fields of flowers are to be seen everywhere, and the roads are wonderful and kept up wonderfully.

There are no mountains but on account of the green grass fields and then the flower fields and the beautiful trees and wonderful homes, one certainly is amazed at the beauty of the country. Many of their lands were swamp lands and have been brought under cultivation. They are continually increasing their agricultural lands by filling in swamps and draining the waters, just now they are filling in the Zuyder Zee, at least a large area of it, thus gaining more land. They are aggressive and are certainly noted for cleanliness.

Our goal was Amsterdam, and going there we passed through many other cities. One was Rotterdam, a manufacturing city, very busy and densely populated. These cities have a way to make you see their stores whether you want to or not. On a corner they have a sign, "To Amsterdam," drive about one or two blocks, another sign, "To Amsterdam," but you turn to either the right or left. They keep this up for quite a while and when you finally get to the real point where you go to Amsterdam you are almost at the place

where you originally started. Thus, you see their best stores, which are really very fine. We stopped and purchased things which we likely would not have thought of, had we gone right on, besides we saw that part of the city worth seeing which would otherwise have been missed.

Well, we came to Amsterdam—a splendid city, very lively and clean as a whistle. Population about eight hundred thousand. There is one street of which the pedestrians take possession in the evening and autos can hardly drive there as there are thousands walking, taking in the entire street—beautiful stores on either side, everything well lit up, almost daylight like and certainly like a promenade. There are splendid buildings in this city and many new ones being built. In fact, it looks as though that country is rolling in wealth.

Well, enough of this, we had to go and so we went. From Amsterdam to Dusseldorf, Germany next.

After leaving Holland we came back into Germany. The first city was Dusseldorf, a splendid city of something over 300,000, but people thriving and working and although taxed to the limit, will eventually get ahead again. This city is near the Ruhr district—the busiest part in Germany, and possibly the busiest part in Europe.

We drove to Essen, the city of the famous Krupp works, saw some of the buildings and it seemed like a bee hive the way work is being done. But there are many other very large factories, but they claim they are not having enough orders to again have so many working as they had before the war.

From here we went along the Rhine and back into Germany, proper of which I will tell you in my next letter.

Kindest regards to everyone.

Sincerely yours,
Emil Mohr and family.

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