Subject: Strains of the work at the post in Berlin.

It was late one night after Raymond Geist and I had spent a good part of the evening in looking after several Americans in one of the Gestapo prisons that I returned to my home about midnight. It was usually my custom to telephone my wife when I knew I would not be coming home before ten. When I arrived home that evening at midnight I found her in tears and in a state of great nervous excitement. She said that she had not been able to go to sleep and that since about ten in the evening newspaper correspondents and others had been trying to get in touch with me by telephone. It appeared that there were several Americans, I believe it was in Stuttgart, who were there trying to find some relatives who had disappeared, had been arrested and put in jail by the SS or SA. They had been very badly treated and somehow their story had got to the newspaper men in Berlin. They were told that if the story was published that they would be shot in the morning.

I was completely exhausted after a long day. I called one newspaperman who had been trying to get me and got the facts as he knew them. There was only one thing that could possibly be done, to try to save the life of these men. I was able to get Milch on the telephone. I gave him the story and he immediately realized that nothing must happen. I said to him that I thought it was important enough for him to get in touch with Göring even at that late hour of the night. He said that he would make every effort to see that nothing happened and that the men were released. I made no promise whatever that there would be no newspaper story. I did not have to explain this to Milch, for he knew while they controlled the press completely in Germany that we had not and did not wish to have any control over the press or the correspondents in Berlin. After I had made this call I knew that I had done everything that I possibly could in the matter. I quickly got into bed and in a few minutes was asleep from sheer exhaustion. About three o'clock in the morning I was awakened by my wife shaking me and hysterically telling me what kind of a man I was. She berated me for being able to go to sleep when I knew that these two men might be

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shot in the morning. She should have known that when she married a Pennsylvanian Dutchman that they were hard hearted and had no feeling. I told her that I didn't blame her at all for calling me all kinds of names, but that after all she must realize that I had done everything that I could. I had got to the very top from which the orders would have to come if something like this were to be stopped. I had to get some sleep because the probabilities were that when I got to the office next morning I would have another day just like the one I had had that day and that there would be other incidents of the same character to deal with. It was better to get some sleep and get ready for the morning. My wife shared with me so much in the work that I was endeavoring to do and the strains and stresses were bound to be serious.