

March 28, 1945: While sitting at my desk shortly past 3:00 in the afternoon, I heard airplanes circling over Laubach in pursuit of retreating German columns of troops. Suddenly, while I was looking out the window toward the sky, a bomb hit the post office and two more bombs landed just across the street at the entrance of Rühl's courtyard. The blasts damaged the front of the courthouse and blew out all the windows, including in our apartment. Not much damage to our apartment. My oil painting, Plönlein, has been punctured. My desk and I were covered with glass splinters and pieces of the ceiling. Our window curtains and the flowers are now part of the war. It was only a quirk of fate that minutes ago Pauline and I were outside closing the gate.