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**A Glimpse of Adolph Hitler**

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*This is an unedited entry from Dr. Rulison's diary on July 10, 1937, in Salzburg, Austria. Following are an interview about his 1937 trip and photos taken in 1945.*

Off to the Bahnhof this morning to catch the 8:52 "Buckelbahn" (as Frau Christ called it) - a glorified street-car - to Berchtesgaden. I remembered to take along some German money, but didn't remember my passport until I got to the station. It was then only 10 minutes until train time, but I dashed home and, with time to spare, bought Wurst and rolls and met the train at a stop nearby. Through town, across the river and off over the fields we bounced and bumped, traveling perhaps no faster than 25 miles an hour. Through Hollbrunn, a tiny little village, St. Leonhard-

Gartenau, and Haugender-Stein, where the Austrian customs came aboard, then on to Schellenberg, where the German customs next checked us over, and finally into Berchtesgaden-about 2 hours after leaving Salzburg and a distance of 33 Kms.

But, to go back to Salzburg for a moment, as we were bumping through the streets, I started on my breakfast of Wurst and rolls, only to have the conductor interrupt, calling "aussteigen". We had come to the bridge over the Salzach, and as the train alone is considered a sufficient load for the bridge, we had to get out and walk across the bridge and then, with all the traffic stopped, the train proceeded slowly across.

Berchtesgaden was alive with Saturday tourists, so I took the little train up to Königssee to look around there first. What a beautiful lake it is - winding up a steep-walled valley, the water has a bright dark green color which contrasts beautifully with the green slopes and the wooded mountain sides, the rocky snow-capped peaks and sky filled with big puffy clouds. I walked part way around the lake and then sat down on a rock to enjoy a lunch of Wurst and the heel of a loaf of "grau Brot". I wandered back and through the little settlement at the end of the lake, then part way around on the other side.

Finally, back to Berchtesgaden with the little electric train about 1:30 p.m. where I decided to hike up to Obersalzburg - which I understood was "Der Führer's" birthplace. The pilgrimage was being made by a great number of other people, and it was no easy one! Right up the mountain-side, a good hour's climb brought us to Obersalzburg, where a barrier across the road blocked further progress. There was great activity going on, for besides about 500 people lined up behind the barrier, there was a busy stream of trucks and workmen working on the Alpenstrasse, which is to connect with the Reichs-autobahn. I didn't know just what I was waiting for, but I stood around, too.

Then, at 3 o'clock the barrier was lifted and we marched along the road around the mountain, finally coming to a halt in front of a house that looked something like "Der Fuhrer's" new home, but it was only barracks for the S.S. soldiers on guard. Then on through two more gates to another halt. Here the road curved around the mountain so that I couldn't see what was beyond, but when those ahead burst into excited whispers of, "There he is!" I stretched my neck and could see a party of men coming down a driveway from a big white and tan house ahead and above us.

"He"- good grief I thought, that must be "Der Führer"! I hadn't expected anything like this. Then the line moved on, and with soldiers on each side urging us to move faster, we passed slowly in front of that little group at the bottom of the driveway. There was only one figure there that interested me - he was dressed in a double-breasted gray suit, and wore a gray fedora, beneath which a lock of black hair curved down over his forehead.

All the other figures were in uniform. Standing off rather by himself, the little man in gray smiled and saluted as those passing alternately cheered and then fell into an awed silence. He shook hands with the young "Hitler Jugends" who had courage enough to run up and salute him, and accepted bouquets from little pig-tailed girls whose eyes shown wide with amazement. Then, it was all over before we hardly knew it, and we were moving on down the hill below the house, looking back we could see those in the line saluting as they passed the man in gray. Photographing had been forbidden, and though some risked taking a snap or two of the figure at the bottom of the drive I had been much too preoccupied during those few moments, and contented myself later with a "shot" of the house.

Thinking back, the first thing that I can remember passing through my mind as I saw the little man in gray was, "I don't see how he's done it", but that was "Der Fuhrer" whom I had seen.

Down the mountain, I wandered through Berchtesgaden, a quaint little old Bavarian mountain town, until train time when, as I was starting for the station, a rainstorm broke forth. The train was crowded and no seats were available until we got to Schallenberg, and meanwhile the rainfall had become a driving storm.

But, almost everyone got out at Schallenberg and I had a chance to dry my clothes, which had gotten rather wet in spite of a raincoat. In Salzburg, we got out again to walk over the bridge, and as this was near the little place I had had dinner last night, I walked over to have another generous meal and pay my 5 Grosshen debt.

After dinner, walking up through the city in the rain, I passed the Marionetten Theater which was to play "Faust" this evening, and attracted, I went in and was able to get a seat for 1 schilling, the performance starting in just 15 minutes. The production was really quite a spectacle, with wonderful lighting and scenic effects, and voices were very distinct. The movements of the puppets, though, were really remarkable, and some of their antics left me wondering how they were possible.

The play was over before 10 o'clock, but the streets were deserted, so feeling I had had rather a full day, I turned homeward and to bed.

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