

April to Bring Easter Festivities, Two Broadway Shows, Time Change, Spring Gardens to Oflag

Hollywood Hit, Variety Show Slated for April

"Three Men on a Horse," a Broadway-Hollywood 3-act comedy, will highlight this month's theater program on April 27, 28, 29.

The story revolves around Erwin Trowbride, greeting card poet and expert horse-picker, and the troubles he encounters when his wife, Audrey, discovers his hobby of picking winners.

John Hannan is producer-director. Leads will be played by Charles Eberle, Larry Phelan, Carl Burrows, Willard Duckworth, Jim Bancker, Dick Van Syckle, Don May, Tom Holt, Ken Goddard and Sid Thal.

Other events on the April theater calendar:

APRIL 7 — (Good Friday) — Russ Ford's glee club in "The Crucifixion."

APRIL 14 — Bob Rankin's Orchestra presents a concert of dance music.

APRIL 19 — Bloody Gut Saloon.

APRIL 21, 22 — A variety show produced by Larry Phelan, featuring a one-act play by Noel Coward, "Ways and Means."

Peerless Peelers Peel Peels

If at first you don't succeed, peel, peel again — ask Mess 23.

Dauntless peelers all, they deskinced five cans of spuds in record time one morning last month.

Awed by their speed and technique, Messführer Walter Oakes invited them back for a command performance that evening.

There they re-peeled the peels they had previously peeled — to the last peel.

Time Double Times

Prison life will be shortened by one hour this week. At 2 am on April 3, day light saving time will go into effect at Oflag 64, moving time forward 60 minutes.

Messes May Raise Victory Gardens, Hortikriegies Say

Private gardens for "raising hell, weeds or even vegetables" have been promised by Lt. Col. Walter Oakes for messes that want to do a little farming on the side.

That is, if there is seed and soil left over after the camp garden is taken care of.

Milk Stocks Soar As Salmon Sags On Mart

Lt. Ed Spicher, the big margarine speculator, last month broke all records at the Mart for large trading operations.

His ticker-tape record: 4000 points across the board and 3975 points withdrawn.

"My success lies in never trading on margin," said Ed modestly, munching a D-Bar dividend.

Heaviest Mart trading for the month was in Powdered Milk, 15,300 points being deposited and 75% withdrawn.

Trading was steady in cigarettes, brisk in prunes, sluggish in cheese. Salmon sagged.

With a steady increase in daily turnover, the monthly deposits totaled 111,774 points and withdrawals 93,816.

Mass, Prayer, Oratorio Mark Easter Services

Oflag 64 will observe Easter week-end next week with a program of prayer, services and a glee club oratorio.

Chaplain Stanley Brack will open ceremonies with an "Hour of Prayer" Friday afternoon and the Glee Club presents an oratorio that evening. High Mass will be said at 9:30 Easter morning and a General Communion Service will be conducted at 10:30.

"The Crucifixion," John Stainer's Oratorio, will be presented by the 30-voice Glee Club in the theater Friday evening. Tom Holt, Howard Holder, Frank Maxwell and Russell Ford are the soloists in this choral re-telling of the Easter story.

Music for Easter Communion Services will be sung by the Glee Club. Russ Ford, Glee Club director, plans communion music and anthems for the program.

A holiday menu is promised by Lt. Col. Walter Oakes for Easter Sunday. The luscious details were not given.

Sweeney Sets Speed Style

Capt. James L. Sweeney, executive officer of Zimmer 24, set an all time mail speed record this week.

A letter from his wife in Pensacola, Florida, mailed on March 3 reached him on March 27 — just 24 days in transit. It was sent Clipper Air Mail.

Runner-up in speed honors is Lt. Amon Carter, who received a letter from Texas in 26 days.

Sign Appears in Sky; Writing Appears on Wall; Man Appears from Hills; Kriegies Rejoice

By: Frank Diggs

Once in the days of the great wars in the land called Schubin it came to pass that glad tidings were rumored about among the people.

And these tidings were that all the people of "64" would be freed and sent to the land of Sweden and there would be a great migration of all kriegies.

And handwriting appeared upon the wall by a wise man from a far country that was a message to the people. And the message said that the Uncle called Sam would look after his chosen people and that a great repatriation was cooking.

And the people rejoiced; great was their rejoicing. They took up their Red Cross boxes and prepared to take it on the lam.

And behold there came a man from the hills that are called Geneva and brought a message to the people.

And lo, the people were exceeding glad and gave thanks, for the day of their deliverance was at hand. They prepared the fatted Preim for a great feast before going up to the land of Sweden.

While the people did break bread and cook toast a wise man from 3B did

speak long with the man from the hills. And he learned many things and behold he got the inside dope.

And he called some of the people together.

Then a great hush came upon the multitude. And the wise guy spake thus: "Verily I say to you that he that believeth these tidings hath been duped by false prophets.

"For this day is the Ancient Day of Fools."

And there was great weeping and wailing and dashing to the Tin Store. For it was April 1.

The Oflag 64 Item

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APRIL 1, 1944

Maybe Not Tomorrow, But

All because it conducted an invasion poll, THE ITEM staff has been badgered nigh unto hell this past month.

Bolstered by hindsight, readers accused that the date (March 12) was capriciously optimistic.

THE ITEM agrees! And hustens to add that the readers, not THE ITEM, set the date!

Now THE ITEM is ready to make its official and momentous prediction: The invasion will come in April, or else... THE ITEM will predict anew for May.

Keep Fit Thru Fun

In the Spring a young kriegy's fancy strongly turns to outdoor sports. It might as well. There's not a thing he can do about it if it wanders elsewhere.

Cooped up all winter, the time has come when he can get out, have fun and keep fit.

There's no reason why he should return home looking like he needed a stiff dose of monkey glands.

The athletic schedule will be full and varied, aimed to satisfy all.

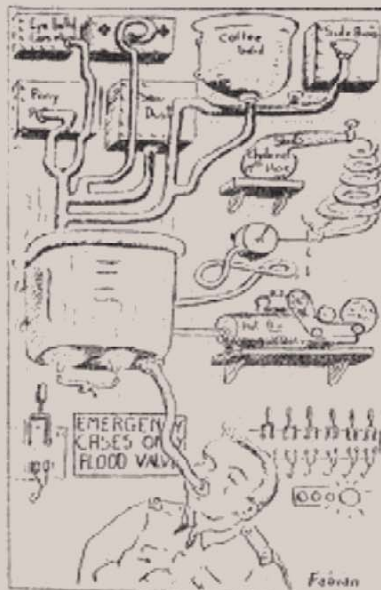
When the Orchids Bloom

When the first orchids bloom in the greenhouse, THE ITEM has commissioned John Creech to gather large bunches and pass them out generously to Jim Koch, John Hannan, John T. Jones and all the lesser but important lights who made "The Man Who Came to Dinner" a sparkling show.

The Front Line Fighter

Authorization of the Infantry Medal is an encouraging sign. It indicates that more and more credit is being given where credit is due: to the front line fighter.

Bash Mixer, M 1944 A1



For bashomniacs here, and home-sick ex-kriegies after the war, the M1 Bash Mixer has been designed by Bill Fabian, THE ITEM's hashing expert.

By pulling Switch A, a delightful mixture of Hasty Maid coffee solid, Pony parts, well-browned sawdust, a few choice eye balls, a sprinkling of cholera dosing, and a liberal flavoring of ancient cheese is mixed in Container B with propagandized hot air.

The resulting choice tidbit travels down Tube C to the gourmet below.

The dose is repeated daily until numbness ensues.

Army Authorizes Two New Medals for Combat Infantry

Two new medals — "Combat Infantryman" and "Expert Infantryman" were recently authorized for infantry soldiers who have "been under enemy small arms fire," according to recent arrivals.

The "Combat" medal has the higher rating, more combat time being required for the award. No man may hold both awards at the same time. The "Expert" medal is returned when the higher award is earned.

Among service ribbons now authorized are those for each theater of operation with bronze stars for campaigns. That the stars will probably be replaced by campaign awards was indicated by War Department publications made in Sicily.

Present ribbons are for the North Africa-Middle East-European theater, the Asia-Pacific theater, and the American theater. Duty on



By:
Frank
Hancock

If you can keep your food when all about you
Have eaten theirs and are scrounging off'n you;
If you can bake a cake with lesser weight than lead,
And make allowance for the extra stress of issue bread;
If you can swap and not be cheated swapping;
Start with one Red Cross Box and end with two,
And find that your recent deals are topping
All previous records made by you.

If you can make one heap of all your money,
And risk it all at "The Bloody Gut" saloon
And lose, and think it all quite funny,
That you should lose so much so soon;
If you can force your mouth, stomach and sinew,
To endure the beer they serve at the canteen,
And keep drinking when there's a gallon in you,
And still not spend all night in the latrine.

If you can sleep 'til the last Appell bell sounds,
And not be late—or suffer half an hour;
If when you're O. D., you're not noisy on your rounds,
And your friends smile and don't look sour;
If you can fill each passing minute Of this prisoner's life with fun,
Yours is the lager and everything that's in it,
And, what's more—you can have it, my son.

Continued from Col. 2

the Atlantic, or in Alaska are included in the American theater, but not service in the continental United States.

The European ribbon has a green background, the American theater ribbon is predominantly light blue, and the Asia-Pacific ribbon is based on yellow. Vertical stripes on each ribbon indicate nations involved.

Schubin Skyline...



Kriegy Sketches

CAPTAIN TONY LUMPKIN

By: Larry Allen

Stretching the lifeline between the Red Cross to your stomach is the job of Captain Tony Benson Lumpkin.

This steely-eyed, 86-year-old, six-footer from Missouri basks in the radiant title of "parcels officer" — which is a lot easier to say than Oberpaketzimmermeister.

Dipping his fingers into the reserves, when further shortening notches in one's belt may be threatened, comes readily to Captain Lumpkin, for he learned about that in Missouri.



There, in Mexico — his home town in Missouri — he was commandant and treasurer of the Missouri Military Academy, an institution for training boys eight to eighteen.

He's a real booster for his home town. He says, "this is the outstanding military school in the Midwest, I might even say the whole west, but I'm modest. Send for catalogue."

Captain Lumpkin held down those jobs from 1933 until 1941, when word reached Mexico that the Japs had said it with bombs at Pearl Harbor.

As a reserve officer, he immediately reported for duty, but the army let him go back to Mexico as professor of military science and tactics.

He crossed the Atlantic with the First Armored division and

SCHUBIN'S VERSION OF the N. Y. skyline, looking North, includes, from left to right; the windmill, the county administration buildings, Protestant Church, brewery, Catholic Church, fire tower, water tower at the RR station. That's all, brother.

Lt. Paul Lampru Wins DSC For Tunisian Battle Action

The Distinguished Service Cross was awarded to Lt. Paul Lampru, Barracks 3A, according to a recent letter from home.

While in a fierce engagement during the latter stages of the Tunisian campaign, Lampru's company was ordered to withdraw.

Lampru, wounded in the shoulder, volunteered to remain at the radio and report enemy movements. He was captured a short time later.

His home is in Jacksonville, Florida.

after a three-months stay in North Africa, accepted, perforce, an invitation of the Germans to sojourn in Deutschland indefinitely.

His ultimate objective is "Two Parcels in Every Pot" — which he fears likely will not be attained — owing to the lack of pots.

Captain Lumpkin is married and has three children.

He was graduated from The Citadel, military college in S. C., in 1929, with a B. S. degree and reserve commission.

Aside from doling out food packages, he has worries about what is liable to happen, and probably won't.

A military prophet of the first — and only — rank — he admits "These rumors are driving me crazy!"

They should. He starts most of them.

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Allen Drops 300 Bucks As Allied Commanders Foul Up

Kaput went Larry Allen's luck on March 12, but it took the combined American and British High Commands to do it.

For some time now, Larry has been predicting Allied strategy with monotonous regularity—he cleaned up 1500 dollars on the invasion date for Italy, for instance.

But last month fate and the Allied OKW let March 12 slip by without an invasion, costing Larry 300 dollars to the Van Vliet—Thibodeau—Leas betting combine.

Undismayed, he re-bet Leas another 100 with April 15 as the new deadline.

Fort Worth Fable

This story just arrived by Clipper airmail from THE ITEM's Texas correspondent. He swears it is true. It could be, for all we know.

Two Texas darkies were talking soon after Pearl Harbor. One said: "Dem Japs is liable to bomb Houston."

"You is right," his companion agreed.

"An' dey might bomb Dallas."

"Dat's so."

"An' dey could bomb Fort Worth."

"Nah, suh, not Fort Worth! Mr. Amon Carter wouldn't stand for dat!"

NOTICE

Shortage of space forced the Of-
lag 64 Directory out of this issue.
It will be resumed next month.

Gefangener Gus... On Der Tag

By: Ross



Softball, Basketball, Badminton and Tennis To Head Spring Sports Here

Athletes will come out of winter hibernation this month when the outdoor sports leagues get under way.

A full schedule of softball, basketball, tennis and track has been set up by Herb Johnson, Oflag sports director.

Assistants in charge of the various sports appointed by Johnson are John Shirk, softball; Leo Farber, basketball; Ellsworth Cundiff, track and volley ball, and Maurice Bedwell, tennis.

Opening dates will depend upon the weather. Outdoor sports equipment arrived last month from the YMCA.

Track, Field Meets Planned

Olympic Games may be passed up by the rest of the world this year but not at Schubin.

The sportplatz south of camp may be the scene of All-American track and field meets arranged by Ellsworth Cundiff and his assistant Joe Brown.

Events planned are inter-room relay races, sprints, high jump, broad jump and shot put.

Capt. Joe Schneider, Iowa Gets Six Parcels In Month

Capt. Joe Schneider, of Iowa, topped the parcel league last month with a record of six private parcels received during February.

Lt. Bob Rankin led the big-letter-operators list by scoring 55 for the month.

Total mail for the month was 3050 letters — 252 less than the previous month; and 379 parcels — a decline of 3 percent.

Parcels included 177 tobacco, 154 food and 48 books.

Lt. Stanley Stetson still retains the "most letters" title of the lager. During February he averaged better than one letter a day to reach a grand total of 307.

Close behind followed Lts. Amon Carter, 277, John Scully, 260, Bob Rankin, 255, William Rudel, 254, Capt. George Juskalian, 240, Lts. Henry Perry, 239, Earl Buckley and Francis Roy, 236, and Robert Lobb, 235.

Married Life in the USA

Tri-weekly
Try-weekly
Try-weekly

Body Builders Bulge Biceps

You can never tell about a kriegy.

One day he's lazier than a windmill on a calm day. The next he's knocking hell out of his vitamin balance by turning skin and bones into muscle.

Remember the epidemic that hit the camp last summer? Professor Carl Hansen tabbed it "horizontomania." No cure was apparent.

Then without warning the most confirmed horizontomaniacs formed the Body Beautiful Club.

Bill Fabian and Herman Littman, renegade members of the Grow Old Gracefully Club, brought on the fad by building a 60 pound bell-bar.

George Muehlbauer, from the other side of town added weight to the idea and came out with a 140-pounder.

Jiu-jitsu disciple Red Bancker then rigged up a 70 pound bell-bar and started a class.

Banker's routine includes 10 exercises. Pupils must do each exercise 15 times before tackling heavier weights.

The world's record for an overhead lift is 400 ½ pounds, held by a Frenchman.

"So you see," says Bancker, "we haven't far to go. Just a couple hundred odd pounds."

"Well Pressed Is Well Dressed," Says Knapp

By: Willard Duckworth

Warrant Officer Austin Knapp's tailoring shop offers little or no competition to Hart, Schaffner and Marx, but with scraps of material and practically no tools, it performs miracles in maintaining the wellpressed standards of the American Army.

All clothing repairs in camp are made from scraps out from salvaged garments.

There is no steam press in the establishment—only a charcoal-heated iron. For pressing small articles such as ties, cuffs and collars a small hand-iron is used. As each new problem in pressing arises, pressing forms are constructed by Knapp and his three assistants from specially shaped wood covered with cloth.

Most of the customers, realizing the handkeeps under which the tailor shop operates, are reasonable in their requests. Occasionally, however, "one of those show people" dashes in, gesticulating madly, and demands some weird and improbable creation for the next production.

However, if the required costume is not a Flo Ziegfield dream for one of the Oflag glamour girls, something suitable can usually be turned out by Knapp or one of his three versatile assistants, Lts. Jim Norwood, Verria Hubbell or Bernard Opitz.

Texans and Damnyankees Take Schubin Prep Honors

Texans get around; especially at Oflag 64.

According to an ITEM survey this month, 10 percent of all kriegies are from Texas—exactly twice the percentage of Texans in the States.

Second most popular home state here is Iowa, with New York and New Jersey tied for a poor third.

But the East still beats the Mid-west with 37 percent over 36 percent of Schubin Collegians, respectively.

That deep southern drawl in the Oflag dialect comes from the 12 percent of Kriegsgefangenern from below the M-D line.

A scant six percent come from the far west, mostly Californians.

THE MAJOR'S GOLD MINE . . .

BY
LEO FISHER

MAJOR MICCOLLAUX, FRENCH First Regiment, was in despair. Not because he was a prisoner of war. He was honorably taken. "C'est la guerre!" Not because he was hungry. "Ah, oui, ze macaroni, she is endless. She is tasteless. But I, Pierre Jacques Miccollaux, have caten fried camel's dung, which is not much better!" Moaning, he paced the hallway.

A large mirror stood in a niche at one end of the hallway. This was the Major's shrine. To it he took his troubles. Before its reflecting flattery he would twirl his sharp moustache, stroke his pink-topped bald head and grin. His sorrows would disappear. For when he smiled the radiant wealth of the lost Incas shone forth. Every front tooth was heavily armored with gold!

"True gold, mon ami," he said to me, "ze very best! Always, only ze best for ze commandant, Pierre Jacques Miccollaux!" He then preened the campaign ribbons over his left breast. Of these, too, he was proud, all twenty-two of them. Four rows of five each, and the top two were the Italian Cross of Honor (1917) and the British Victoria Cross. He counted them over in odd moments like a nun her rosary.

He stood before this mirror now. But the glitter of gold and the glamor of gallantry on the battlefield cheered him not.

"I must smoke, mon ami. I must have a cigarette! For three weeks I have smoked ze leaves from ze trees. I have smoked ze leaves of ze tea. I have rolled ze paper and ze grass. Now—Waterloo she is come. We have no tea. Ze leaves and ze grass are green. Even ze Red Cross has forgotten poor Pierre Jacques Miccollaux!"

"Major, you have enough tobacco in your mouth to satisfy the whole camp," I suggested.

He turned from the mirror. "I-mon ami? How can zat be? My mouth she is empty. You are a foolish boy!"

"You have a toothache, have you not, Major?"

"Toothache? Mais oui, ze tooth she is raising the hell! She is lightning and thunder in ze mouth."

"Then why not have it pulled?"

"Pulled?" he roared, flailing his arms in my face. "Ze tooth zat aches—she is nearly all gold! My fortune is in my mouth—ze pride of my life—ze pride of my life—ze sunshine of my cloudy days—"

He raced on singing the virtues of his rotten tooth—then quietly—

"But she do ache—oui—she do ache."

Suddenly the import of my idea struck. "Mon dieu!" he shouted. "Tobacco in ze mouth! Pierre Jacques Miccollaux see all now.

My friend you are wonderful. You shall be rewarded—mais oui!" he promised as he hurried off.

Two hours later he returned. His cheeks were swollen—he was pale but his eyes gleamed.

"Mon ami, look!" He opened wide his mouth. Four of his golden gems were gone!

"But Major," I moaned weakly "only one tooth was aching, wasn't it? Why on earth—"

"Mon ami," he lisped, "ze dentist offer me two hundred cigarettes for ze tooth she was aching. Business is business. So—here my friend. Pour vous."

And he began to unload from every pocket packs of Elegantes!

RAVINGS OF A DEUTSCH PROF

By: Prof. C. V. Hansen

Mein Gott im Himmel! Donnerwetter und verdammt mal! Such a life as I am forced to lead! Mein situation ist fürchterlich! schauerlich! grausam! (Das means pretty bad, to put it lightly.)

Do I see a ge-puzzled look on someone's face? Do I hear someone sagen: "It is an advantage for you, German to know?" To which I reply mit vigor und Heftigkeit: "Nein, mein lieber Freund! You know not die Facts!" Bitte, permit me to explain alles.

To begin mit I studied Deutsch eight long years in den Vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika. Das war mein first mistake. Anyone who would study a language eight years mitoudt mastering it is either too dumm to learn oder too dumm to know when he ge-licked is. So I must admit that I have ge-brought alles on meinselb. Und maybe it was to punish me that Fate me ge-captured got. Ja, it could be.

For 18 months in the Army I used nicht mein Deutsch. Und dann — Sidi Bou Sid! Did I ever tell you about Sidi Bou Sid? Nein, Nein! Come back! I promise nicht zu sagen ein Wort about it! Anyway, a Deutsche Soldat sagte, "Für Sie ist der Krieg fertig." But das ist where der real trouble comes in, because für mich der

Krieg ist shtill raging mit unvermindeter Heftigkeit.

I am shtudying Deutsch again und trying to teach it, und das ist ein Krieg zu der Death! Against die Difficulties of die Deutsche Sprache und die Stupidity of meine Studenten ich battle immer, und es ist beginning to tell on me. Some of meine Freunde sagen, "You are ein hard man to live mit. Waren Sie immer like das?" Ich sage: "Nein, On der Front ich war ein pleasant young Offizier easy to get along mit. But there ich war confronted mit dem relatively simple task of fighting ein Krieg against Panzer, Flugzeuge, Bullets and Shells, but here es ist ein Krieg fürchterlich beyond Description. Und a hopeless Krieg. Ach, Herrgott! But ich will never capitulate! Never!

In order to give you nur ein vague Idee of mein Predicament, let me explain mehr aboutt the Dummheit of meine Studenten. Perhaps das größte Hindernis ist die Fact that die kleinen Dummköpfe will never verstehen die Grammatik. Und was ist mehr, sie verstehen nicht why it necessary ist, for them it to learn. "Herr Lehrer," sagen sie, "we don't know English Grammar, so why should we lernen Deutsche Grammatik?"

(See RAVINGS, Next Page)

REAR ECHELON . . .

By: Donald May

Jimmy Bender had graduated from high school in 1940 with the rest of us, but we had lost sight of him until Christmas when he came home for his vacation. The rest of us hadn't been able to go to college. We were working at the steel mill.

Jimmy had always been the brains of our gang, preferring to "work the angles," as he put it and, although we were frequently in trouble, he assured us it was smart to stick to him.

I remember one time we set fire to old Mrs. Hitchens garage to see if the fire engines could put out the blaze before it could jump to the house. And the time we released the brakes on all the cars on Parkway hill. Dick Sands and Jack French were caught by the police. Others, too. But not Jimmy.

Soon we all started talking about the war and the draft. Those of us at the mill had been exempted because of our work, but Jimmy, though he said he was working on an angle, was 1-A.

He went back to college and in February of 1941 some of us at the mill decided to enlist in the army.

That summer at camp, I received a letter from Jimmy and he said—well, I'll let you read it:

"Dear Fred, When I got home from school and found the bunch had broken up, I started thinking about this draft deal. There's no sense in a smart cookie being caught and dragged into the Army when there is so much easy dough lying around to be picked up.

"I'm looking around and I think I can beat the drum and bugle rap.

"I'll keep you posted on how we smart people are living.

"Drop me a line. As ever, Jimmy."

I didn't mind his letter much because we had felt it was a duty, sort of, to join the Army, and we got a kick out of it, though we never admitted it.

That Fall I received another letter from him. Here it is:

"Dear Fred, I'm all set. I've got a job working for a contracting company that is building flying fields for the Army and Navy. When the outfit took me they said they would arrange for me to be exempted from the draft. It broke my heart.

"I have to laugh when I think of you guys slaving away for thirty bucks a month while I'm pulling down one hundred and twenty five for my forty hours a week. And to top it off, I may get around as much as you do! My boss told me that they have a contract to build some air fields outside the country. I may get in on the job. We get paid more if we leave the country.

"I guess that's all for now, but I'll write again. Keep your gun clean—I'm jaughing. Love 'n Kisses, Jimmy."

That was the last letter I received from him, but a letter from home in March 1942 said that Jimmy had left early in the year to help build an air field for other men to fight from. He had gone to some out of the way place called Wake Island.

EARLY FURLOUGH...

By: Frank Maxwell

Ray was underneath the six-ton Diamond T wrecker greasing up her joints when he heard his name called.

"Over here," he shouted.

"There's a long distance call for you in the office," the voice shouted back.

Ray placed his grease gun carefully on the floor, wiped his hands quickly, and hurried to the office.

The operator answered his greeting with: "Sgt. Raymond Barry?"

"Yes."

"I have a call for you from Monterey, California. Go ahead please, Miss Barry."

Ray recognized the voice of his sister, Lil, and he noted she was crying.

"Ray, it's Sarah," sobbed Lil, "there's been an accident." She paused, then continued, "there was an explosion at the defense plant this morning, and..."

The words rushed out of him in a scream: "Lil, my Sarah's dead..." He dropped the receiver on the desk, stood still for a minute, dazed, then cried convulsively.

He remembered nothing after that until he found himself seated on his cot. Tim was beside him saying things he didn't understand.

"Capt. Miller," said Tim, "thought you'd be wanting to leave for home right away, Ray, so your furlough begins tonight. He's also arranged for a seat on the West Coast Airlines. It's getting near plane time now. Ray, are you listening?"

"Eh? Oh, sure Tim. Sure, that's fine, fine. I'll get ready."

"Will you be wearing civvies or your uniform?" Tim asked.

"I thing she'd rather I wore my uniform, she hasn't seen me with the extra stripe yet," answered Ray.

The trip from camp was a quiet one. That is, it was quiet except for the few minutes after they had passed the Sequoia Cabins just before reaching town.

"Look, Tim" Ray had said, "that third cabin from the left. She stayed there five months ago when she came to camp. We planned things there, Tim, and it's not working out, is it?"

"We used to say our love was the strongest love in the world. That we weren't like other couples... we were different... we used to say we'd never leave each other... that when our time was up on this earth, we'd stay together ever after... but it's not working out... it's not... Oh, God!"

When the "jeep" had moved off leaving Ray standing alone, he heard the motors of the giant airliner being warmed up. He walked over to the terminal and to the ticket clerk.

"You have a reservation for Sgt. Raymond Barry?"

"Yes, sergeant," replied the congenial college boy clerk. "Nice flying weather for March... Here it is... Seat No. 4, and incidentally, sergeant, you're a lucky fellow. You'll be sitting in back of the screen star, Carole Lombard..."

Ravings . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

So after mein Blut Pressure genug down ge-gone ist, sage ich, "Because you learned English by hearing it since you were born and by imitating, but you are nicht able to lernen Deutsch das Way. Natürlich nicht!" By der time I this Punkt across ge-put have, ist mein throat sore as well as mein arm, und viele Studenten have quit die Klasse und die udders have sore Heads oder schwarze Augen.

Next habe ich das Problem of breaking down der linguistic Provincialism of mein Schüler. Zu them ist es wrong for Deutsch zu sagen: "Wieviel Uhr ist es?" "(How much clock is it?)" instead of having ein Wort für Wort Korrespondenz mit Englisch. Yet diese People agree that a Wort kann haben zwei Pronunciations.

Ich habe viele Cats-o-Nine-Tails kaputt-gemacht in trying to explain diesen Punkt, but shtill habe ich wenig success gehabt.

But evenschlimmer als die Dummheit of meine Schüler ist die cheek of those officers who can not understand mehr als drei deutsche Wörter und who sagen those incorrectly, but who claim to be great linguists. Das beste Beispiel (example) of such cheek happened den Tag when Geezil Englehart commanded die Kompanie zum Appell. (Geezil ist ein apprentice Gobbler. As he will tell you, "I'm Geezil the Gobbler: I gobble Shoes.") His boss is "Dja-Dja" Roberts.

Vell, us Englehart tried to sprachen mit dem deutschen Offizier, Roberts sagte, "Geezil speaks good Deutsch; I've been giving him lessons." Ei! Ei! Ei! Ich habe personally tested Dja-Dja, und he knows zwei deutsche Wörter. Diese sind: "Ja" und "nix."

I will admit that Deutsch zehr schwer ist, und die only Remedy für das ist: immer studieren. After nine Jahre habe ich nicht Deutsch ge-mastered. Ich bin not discouraged. Ich habe ge-hört Kinder sprechen gut deutsch. Sie waren Deutsch Kinder, to be sure, aber Kinder.

So one must nicht get die Idee that die Sprache impossible to lernen ist. I believe thirty Jahre ist genug.