UNCLAIMED
by George King

The night the snow fell in Kloster-Indersdorf, a little girl in a dormitory for "unclaimed" children of allied nations dreamed she saw a "wondrous vision" come into the room, its icy fingers caressed her, and she became unconscious.

The vision was of an old German woman who explained to her, in whispers, that she was a representative of the UNRRA (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration).

She spoke the word she had received. The children were terrified, for visions of the Germans are real things in Kloster-Indersdorf. Only the warm smile and understanding words of an American UNRRA worker gained the children, and gave the little girl confidence to close her eyes the following night.

When the snow was still falling, Kloster-Indersdorf was a village near Dachau. When the UNRRA people needed a center for children who had lived in concentration camps or who had been born of mixed slave laborers, they chose the ancient monastery in this village.

UNRRA christened it "D.R. Children's Center," sent to it an international team of 300 half-starved, frightened children.

With this assignment, UNRRA Team 153 directly informed a question all the world was asking: How do children who were in the concentration camp system as their way of life, even an freak to become decent, healthy human beings?

For several months, the Team has an affirmative answer: final badges and young minds heal quickly. Constant care will restore many to normality. But Kloster-Indersdorf is only a temporary stop, a place to rest and grow stronger. Whether the mental wounds remain sterile depends on what happens when they leave their present sanctuary.

Almost all of the children now there are between 13 and 16. Of these, a great number have spent two and three years behind barbed wire. Nearly 90 are infants and 3-year-olds whose mothers, all slave laborers, either deserted them or died. Only four in the entire group are in the 8-7 group. Youngsters this age, the Team believes, never survive their experiences.

The drafty halls in which these children live have taken on a monotonous odor—stale, noisy, boys, and girls giggling over nothing.

Tonight, before bedtime, there is a fascinating gathering, a play in rehearsal. A sing-sing season and a love-lustful but sounding off in the nursery. The kids are not good in their story, but are all fun. But it wasn't always this way.

White-haired Teddy is 12 and he's Polish. When his first love came, after nine months at Dachau where he used to carry rumbal victims to the concentration, they were a thorn. He stole bread from the table and slept with it at night. Still shy and reclusive, with a heart in his eyes, Teddy can't cut it alone. His name is Teddy, and he is friendly, and talks about Dachau as if it were a terrible nightmare especially made for little boys.

"Do you know one game we used to play at Dachau," Teddy said. "We'd crawl under those who died and we were just like they were alive. We could make them crawl and wave goodbye. It isn't hard to make dead persons. They're skinny."

Sheep is 13 and half Jewish. He has big black eyes and a wide, curious grin. His three years under the Nazis have made him thoughtful and speechless, those of Chauncey Stevens.

"When I used to watch, he said, "All the pretty and hate..." He grappled for the right word. The translator said, "Tire up," and he added slowly.

"Nothing is left inside. I used to say I should be sorry when people died. I cried. It was no use." Chauncey doesn't talk about his hatred of Germany. It goes too deep for conversation. It is his private business: "Germans know very little.

"Say," he added as he was leaving the room, "I wonder would he come. I don't know.

Several members of the Team claim a year-round athlete, 15-year-old, who is called Max, is the most interesting child in Kloster-Indersdorf. He came from an American medical unit where he was recovering from a bullet wound in his back. A butcher's knife had sliced the bullet out of him. A boy with intelligence and spirit, he was cut at the new and butchered will be his setting. Mostly it will be about a girl named Lorenze.

Such is Max. He will be known Kloster-Indersdorf. He is going to England with a small group of boys tagged as "Orphans, with concentration camp experience."

They are not the only ones who will be making a journey. Some 1500 children and young adults are scheduled for a convalescent trip to Switzerland. For the rest, it may be a long wait until some nation or individual offers to claim them.

This is Kloster-Indersdorf, where without and illegitimate children can find temporary refuge. It is a job to get them, to feed the orphans, the sick, and Max, the dreamer, and all the others, lose children, and to talk and, for many, the first "home" they've known.

If it can teach, as is the case that is altered, the rules and regulations of normal behavior, it will have done its job. It will try to tell the Chauncey Stevens, and Max, and that is another good, to be found in human beings.
Coffee and...

A LITTLE MORE

Mirabelle Caution. Once Salzburg’s even circle dined here in Europe’s best orchestras, before setting out for an opera at the Porte St. Cloud. Once its gardens and terraces were favorite rendezvous for Salzburg socials, following a concert at the Monstrum or a play at the Landesbühne. Once its glittering ballroom echoed to the revelry of Nazi functions.

But “Hurry, Joe” has replaced “Sieg Heil!”, while the polished floors which once resounded with the clicking of metal-topped heels are managed with rubber soles of combat boats.

Now Mirabelle Caution is one of hundreds of American Red Cross Clubs, where the footloose soldier finds the usual offerings of coffee, doughnuts, jazz and chinese checkers. And where the soldier finds all too few examples of the American girls—in this case, Anne from Davenport, Iowa; Olgia from New York, Edith from Baye Ablyn; Pj. Jean from Mimoqua, Wis.; Lola from Enfield, N. C., and Doris from Waterbury, Conn.—toward whom he’d like to be talking.

Doughnuts are good and so is coffee. But the chief attraction for Pfc. Henry Marcoux and T/Sgt. Chester W. Berlin is Edith Chizek, and an opportunity to talk about the States with an American girl.

There’s always music of some sort at the Salzburg club. Anne Heuer, Olga Carbone and the Red Cross posse gather around T/Sgt. Louis Zaccardi’s accordion.

Chinese checkers. Pfc. Johnny Bennett of Dakota learns it doubly interesting with the proper company. Jean Baffes is the knitter.

He may be dreaming of home, or perhaps just relaxing. Cpl. John Kane would fall in with...
The Trade-Name Is Golden
Its Disadvantages Are Many

by William Jordy

For American leaders who took the little central German town of Wetzlar stumped into a gold mine. The town itself is an undistinguished and nondescript as a small town can be. But practically every family had at least one mother heir his house on the dirt of hills, on which the community is built, to make a daily descent to the pocket in the middle, where an equally undistinguished graystone factory is located. In the course of years, almost every worker brought home at least one or two new Leicas, which were used up to the top of the mountain by the 200 factory wives. In Wetzlar, the factory produced Leicas.

For a while thereafter, Wetzlar was a flourishing center for black market activity, as its returning citizens bartered away the Leicas that the first troops hadn’t uncovered at prices which eventually soared to between 12,000 and 20,000 marks or its equivalent in Army food, clothing or PX oil. Those latter commodities were sold for a few pounds in turn, when CIC agents went through Wetzlar houses last July, so that today the citizens of the town painfully wish that they had held onto what they had.

After the CIC moved into town, they stayed: Their plant was heavily guarded. A CIC kept a bewildered eye on its contents. But the pilgrims, bearing the fabulous gold mine in Wetzlar, continued to pour into towns from every corner of the American occupation zone, only to find that they have arrived too late and that a complicated chain of command approved all passes before anyone enters the plant.

Meanwhile, much useful surveillance is made of the top managers who those Leicas remaining are well guarded away.

Inside the gray-stucco building, about 70 Leicas a day three days a week, now are being turned out for PX distribution on workbenches which, at their present rate of production, will support the far side of the globe. The daily output averages one thousand cameras, of which some 800 are for the American Forces. The factory has been described by the Army as the biggest PX source of cameras, which costs somewhere around 1.5 dollars at the PX. The Leicas are each a camera in the United States which some 70 in the entire Army, which is a billion dollars, and that is a billion dollars, which costs some 800 dollars in the market with the Army. It is the optical factory which retails it in America for about 25 dollars, is now scarcer. Before coming in the United States, the average soldier, who rarely wants a camera to record the picture of his dinner, and who expects a drug store to deliver his photos, would have considered a 25 dollar bill for an "expensive" camera. Now people will go away, except the optical professional Leica.

"LEICA" has become something more than a mere brand name. It has become a magic word, summing up in two syllables the soul of modern photographic production. It is described as the most complete camera in the world, in which a continuous series of exposures can be made at various focal lengths. More than a camera, it is ideal for the professional photographer. It is not until some years later that someone realized such a camera might be used in a highly compact camera. The first 50 millimeter camera left the Leica plant in 1934. It was not very popular at first. Photographers were used to rules and plates. But finally, its advantages, in particular its ruling a series of "classic" states, became apparent. As the Leica became more famous, it attracted more photographers from the U.S. and Europe, and its sales increased. In 1935, the Leica was introduced in the U.S. and Europe, and it quickly became a popular camera. The Leica factory was expanded to meet the demand, and new models were introduced.

In 1938, the Leica became the official camera of the German military, and its production increased significantly. The Leica continued to be produced and improved, and it became one of the most iconic and successful cameras in history. It was used by many famous photographers and artists, and its design and features became a benchmark for future camera technology. Today, the Leica remains a symbol of quality and craftsmanship, and it continues to inspire camera designers and enthusiasts around the world.
because the wider area of glass cannot be perfectly ground and fastened together as the smaller area. By using an F:2 lens, then, the beginning photographer only puts another obstacle in the path of getting good pictures, since this lens requires a more delicate focusing-sense than the F:3.5.

For the casual amateur, other cameras now are going to Army PXs as long as spare parts last. In the 35 millimeter field, there will be two less expensive cameras (selling for a mere 100 to 130 dollars in the States)—the Agfa Karat, and after the first of the year, the Kodak Retina I and II. After January 1st too, the Zeiss Contax, equal to the Leica in every respect, will be available. A complete line of folding cameras, the old-reliable for Sunday afternoon smutters, is also going to your unit store. These cameras, ranging from about 30 dollars up to well over a hundred in terms of U.S. prices, include many Zeiss Ikonta models, the Agfa Billy Record, and the Adox. Finally, negotiations are under way with the British, who control the Braunachweg plant, to obtain more Rolleiflex, one of the finest roll film cameras.

**PLOTTERIES** determine the camera purchasers. In the 2nd Army a specific directive has ordered all camera distribution to be made according to this system, while in the 3rd a recommended practice is in the works. Anyone who wants a camera fills in a slip of paper which is cataloged in a box from which the drawings are made. First name is to be drawn upon the first choice of the available supply.

At present, the 2nd Army quota is one camera for every 80 men. Only a small percentage of this total are Leicas. Most division will operate division-wide lotteries. The only units to be unfairly dealt with according to this system are the smaller units, which are entitled to as many cameras as 50 men get into their total strength. Therefore, while the individual odds in getting a camera are greater in the smaller units, the selection is limited to the brand of camera which the PX depot allocates.

Winning a Leica—or any other camera—in a PX lottery is about the equivalent of winning something on the Irish sweepstakes. But there is a chance.

Here's all it takes to make a Leica. (1) A worker in the lens grinding department assures that the six lenses on the grinding-head are accurately made. (2) The F:3.5 Sommergrit goes into the objective. (3) The range finder, a miniature model of the artillery range finder, is fastened on next. (4) The shutter mechanism goes into the camera. (5) The mechanism is fastened into the body, and finally, (6) the objective completes the Leica. It is now ready for Yankee use. See the one below. He can record pictures like this in the lens, providing he makes the proper adjustments—and finds the models.
by Dean Kendall

"Yes, there's no doubt about it," the lieutenant said, "business has changed."

By "business," Lt. Michael A. Klingman referred to the wooden crates of all sizes and shapes stacked on the floor of APO 124, the Nurnberg post office serving a flak-filled area of miscellaneous units around Nurnberg, as well as the heavy volume of Palace of Justice correspondence.

Boxes have suddenly taken the place of money order applications in this APO, and as far as T4 Edward J. Dyner of Brooklyn is concerned, it's been a bad swap. "I came here with a bookkeeper's background," he complains, "and now I'm shoveling dirt."

The principle commodities bound for the States at the moment are clothing and dishes. The haberdashery is largely that of reemployed brass. But dishes are something new. Forecasting future shipping trends, Sgt. Dyner expects that household articles will figure prominently in the APO export trade. He pointed to a coffee-stained crate, "Vacuum cleaner."

"Vacuum cleaner!" the lieutenant exclaimed eagerly. "Where do you suppose he got it?" But no one in the APO seemed to know.

Other articles, figuring prominently in outgoing Nurnberg freight, at the moment, are tons from one of the largest toy factories in Germany, located in the city, rubber goods, especially rubber slides, and assortments of dwarf tulipets, particularly watch and hand-stamped kerchiefs.

No declaration of contents is required on packages leaving the Nurnberg APO, except in the case of firearms, but many of the boys talk the postal clerk what they are sending. And eventually, of course, the post office personnel can pretty well guess inside contents from the outside appearance. Sgt. Dyner shook a small, squarish package. "Perfumes," he said.

A glance, "Some sort of a medal-like a Bronze Star or a Good Conduct Medal."

These confused, somewhat casual letters were obvious, even to the amateur. "About fifty-per-cent of all packages moving through this post office are still war trophies," Dyner claimed.

Sgt. Dyner's experience with packages go back to the period immediately following V-E Day. At this time he was stationed in an APO in Munich-Gladbach, and the parcel post department was weighted down with Nazi flags, records, German chancellors, Weimar medals, and all the rest of the German paraphernalia which will someday decorate U.S. dens. Then, Dyner moved to Munich, and the package-trade took a sharp slump. The trophies had been mailed; occupation purchases had not yet been made. And, of course, the money order department was getting most of the attention.

Money orders still represented the majority of APO business when Dyner reached Nurnberg. During the post month, this trade built up to an all-time high of 40,000 dollars daily. "Today, Sgt. Donald Kneidler of Nurnberg, Pa., sent in that being in charge of the MO section is a relative luxury. He averages a mere 500 to 1,000 dollars in a day's collection. And instead of the usual 90-900-dollar bills of the past month, Kneidler flipped over a few applications from the top of a small pile on his desk, "Here's one for 40 dollars. A 30 dollar order. 18.65. . . . . . And similar sums."

During the recent gold rush, APO 124 was careful not to approve of the sort of fabulous 16,000-dollar application which were reported from Berlin. A hundred at the time was the usual maximum, any sum too far out-of-line was immediately investigated. And so Sgt. Kneidler has his well-earned reprieve, while his two assistants have been moved into the parcel post department. What with the annual flood of packages marked "Do Not Open Until Christmas" now beginning to besiege the APO, this new assistance is doubly needed.

Lt. Klingman noted a basic contrast between the packages coming in from the States, and those leaving Nurnberg. "These wooden boxes coming in are usually packed in corrugated cardboard. It used to be that cardboard boxes left the ET, but no more. Now the boys send everything in wood."

"These wooden boxes assure that the contents reach their destination," T5 Jimmy Fullon of Centerville, Pa., admitted, "but they sure are heavy.

One of the heaviest parcels mailed thus far has been a civilian motorcycle which one GI purchased, and shipped in three pieces for a total of 3 dollars and 11 cents in postage. A close second is a series of rocks sent by a certain field grade officer at the 116th General Hospital. The colored is not a geologist, but the owner of a lavish rock garden.

Weight presents its problems too. It happens that there is a limit to the weight which can be shipped from the States to the ET, and this worries a bevy of civilian girls now working at the Palace of Justice. How can they get their coats and evening gowns across the Atlantic? They were recently invited to a Red Cross function—and not one showed up. The following night, it is doubted if any of them missed a general's reception. And, of course, the winter whirl of gaiety planned by the international brass at the Palace of Justice requires . . . well, something a little extra-special.

As for the most unusual package, the boys at APO 124 believe they shipped one that came close to an ET record for this category. A wooden canoe was brought in one day, literally labeled "space" on all sides. "Registered airmail," the GI applicant demanded. It sounded like a very expensive procedure for a carton of tulle. Then, Dyner noticed the address: Office of the Surgeon General, Washington, D.C. "Robert Lee's brain," the GI explained.

Heavy wooden boxes being shipped to the States have suddenly taken the place of money order applications.

Dishes are the latest fad. Pfc. Joe Pescinacny and T4 Dan Shea handle this chore with reasonable care.
low-pointers fresh in the E.T.

learn much about candy bars

but little about occupation

The Stars and Stripes' headlines trumpeted the fact that SF-pointers would leave in December, and further hinted that others, with less points, could expect to quit the E.T. shortly. But the 800 GIs stripped the maps without divining in a glance, and fastened B-4 bags and the results of the Army-Pennsylvania game.

This particular detachment now stationed in an SS barracks near Vilsack, Germany, had just arrived at the 3rd Army's 13th Reinforcement Depot with somewhere in the neighborhood of half a dozen points. The lowest score in the group was held by several four-pointers, who had graduated from high school close to V.F.D. and immediately thereafter plunged into basic training. The highest scores were held by a father of two G.I. soldiers and an unmarried boy whose 30 points were obtained exclusively in the Nebbi. Most of them expect that they'll see "at least one more camp" before a new army unit is thrown into the line, as headquarters on Mars going home in the immediate future are only of remote interest.

They came over on the transatlantic James Barry a month ago, stayed a while at Lorriv Strike, and wound up in Vilsack and the most unforgettable European countryside the patchwork of small farms which utilized every bit of soil, the use of cans for horse hide water, and the extent to which a German city like Nurnberg is demolished.

But THIS information is little valued against the insights which veterans leaving the E.T. through the same reinforcement depot, have told the newcomers about the power of the absolute bomb. Many of them are eager to test its miracle-making powers in a more urban setting.

These stories make the job of Lt. Marvin Wick, who comes from Moscow, Idaho, a little harder, since he is supposed to orient the future occupiers on the official version of the G.I.'s mental approach to the Germans. But this is only one of the reasons why he feels that it's not good to mix greenhorns and veterans in the same command.

The boys who are going home don't give a damn, and they instill the boys fresh from the Zone of the Interior—we call them ZO—"with the same attitude," he says. Lt. Wick's first orientation lecture concerns finances, it comes too late in many cases. Why old-timers have already taken the newcomers aside and swapped civilian marks for the first dollar bills they've seen in months. The thousand-mark Russian note, which can't even be credibly received in Berlin and Vienna, also appears in a few pockets still greedy from the boot ride.

Of COURSE, the veteran chuckle over certain ZI terms, like the greenhorn who stilled up for veteran in Vilsack with the complaint that he was hungry. "Hey, buddy, where's the restaurant to town?" Or there was the boy who was inadvertently left behind in France when the 40 to 60 men of their incomparable stage, a Signal officer only, had apparently gone too far ahead. The astonished ZI said, "Jack will catch up to us. He's got plenty of dough, and he'll hire a taxi."

But the Zs pull few handfuls like these. For the most part, they carefully scrutinize the behavior of the veterans while in Vilsack, and act accordingly. They are so eager to see some outfit's patch on their sleeves as they once were in exchange civilian—new OIs in the reception center.

The boys are only mildly interested in what their jobs will be. They expect guard duty and more guard duty. When Lt. Wick told of E.T. plans for highly mobile forces, they brightened at the thought of little hikes. When told that the 5th and 8th Divs. had recently held maneuvers in the very area in which they were temporarily billeted, the smiles disappeared.

Of COURSE, most-frequently asked questions are "To what extent are we. profited and where will stationed?" Except for those with clerical possibilities, who are sent to a school near Paris, the remainder are chided out as "refuseniks." But "refuseniks" they realize they will not be. "Occupation" calls for other skills. Or perhaps "skillet" is the proper word, for most of the boys seemed to think that occupation duties called for little initiative, and but meager mental possibilities. In every instance, the job of occupation was of less interest to them than the life of occupation. When questioned on their feelings toward the Germans, they responded somewhat as follows: "Oh, we talked to some Krauts in Nurnberg while we wanted to come out here. They seemed friendly enough."

If the Army has any idea on how an occupying force should conduct itself and how its mission differs from that of a fighting unit, these Zs don't know it. If any indoctrination course has been formulated, they haven't yet received their first lecture.

On the whole, the E.T. rookie looks on his immediate future as a period of considerable boredom, broken by whatever bits of entertainment he can arrange for himself. Ask him what answer he can't want to know, and his response is almost invariably the same: "When do we go home?"

Beside boys painted by some homestick veteran, who has already been雕塑ized. "Oh," dive in the Vilsack mess hall. Their point scores are in the single digits.
STREET SCENE

Both Pfc. Ralph Watts of Shelby, N.C., and the 79-year-old peasant, called "Rindfleisch" or "Cow Meat," happened to meet on the streets of the Bavarian village of Feinmann. Both were smoking—Watts, an American cigarette, and Rindfleisch, a "forester's pipe" fashioned from hollowed beech and branches.

"Look here, I'll swap you," Watts offered. Rindfleisch was delighted—"Fe! gut!" Rindfleisch murmured. "Omm, Watts said.

Then Rindfleisch pulled another pipe from his pocket. "Keep it, keep it," he urged. "I have more."

Rindfleisch explained that a forester's pipe was "more for old men, like myself, or for young men who want to meditate." Now Watts can choose to smoke on the run, or puff over dreams of youth...