

# Midweek

THE STARS AND STRIPES  
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**DANCING LESSON**





# UNCLAIMED

by George King

The night the first snow fell in Kloster-Indersdorf a little girl in a dormitory for "unclaimed" children of Allied nations, dreamt she saw a "wicked" vision come into the room, its icy fingers clutched at her throat. She almost choked.

The vision was of an old German woman who first struck her, in another winter, in a snow-covered Nazi concentration camp.

By noon the word had spread. 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 calmed the children, and gave the little girl confidence to close her eyes the following night—when the snow was still falling.

Kloster-Indersdorf is 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 missing slave laborers, they chose the ancient monastery in this village.

UNRRA christened it "D. P. Children's Centre," sent to it an international team and 250 half-starved, frightened children.

With this assignment, UNRRA Team 182 directly inherited a question all the world was asking: Have children who came to know the concentration camp system as their way of life, an even break to become decent, healthy human beings?

After several months, the Team has an affirmative answer: Small bodies and young minds heal quickly. Constant care will restore many to normalcy. 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 200 of the children now there are between 12 and 16. Of these, a great number have spent two and three years behind barbed wire. Nearly 50 are infants and 2-year-olds whose mothers, all slave laborers, either deserted them or died. Only four in the entire group are in the 5-7 group. Youngsters this age, the Team believes, never survive their experiences.

The drafty halls in which these children live have taken on a cosmopolitan liveliness—racing, noisy, boys, and girls giggling over nothing.

Tonight, before bedtime there is a boxing match going on, a play in rehearsal, a singing session and a loud-lunged tot sounding off in the nursery. The kids are having a good time and are full of fun. But it wasn't always this way.

White-haired Toddy is 12 and he's Polish. When he first came here, after nine months at Dachau where he used to carry typhoid victims to the crematorium, he was a thief. He stole bread from the table and slept with it at night. Still shy and reserved, with a hurt look in his eyes, Toddy no longer steals. He tries to be 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?" Toddy said. "We'd creep under those who died and wiggle them just like they were alive. We could make them salute and wave goodbye. It isn't hard to move dead persons. They're skinny."

Steve is 13 and half Jewish. He has big black eyes and a wide, casual grin. His three years under the SS have made his thoughts and speech those of the combat veteran.

"You get used to things," Steve claimed. "It is all nothing after a while." He was talking about the camp near Weiden. "You get mean-like. All the pity and hate . . ." He groped for the right word. The translator said, "Dried up," and he nodded slowly.

"Nothing is left inside. I used to say I should be sorry when people died. I tried. It was no use."

Steve doesn't talk about his hatred of Germans. It goes too deep for conversation. It is his private business; "others" know very little.

"Say," he added as he was leaving the room, "the German kids might be okay. I don't know."

Several members of the Team claim a good-looking, athletic 15-year-old, who is called Mac, 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 Buchenwald guard shot him for breaking out of a line, a short time before an American task force overran the camp.

"I always knew I wouldn't die. I would say to myself, 'Mac, you're no dope. You are a handsome man, with brains. Look at all the things you can be.' All the time I would think to myself, 'It can't last . . . not forever.' When someone in my lager died, I never looked. All the time I would say, 'Mac, stay for tomorrow.'"

Mac dreams of school, and of the actor or movie producer that he will become one day. He has already planned one picture—a love story. He'll call it, "177060," the tattooed number on his left wrist, and Buchenwald will be its setting. Mostly it will be about a girl named Lorraine.

Soon, Mac will be leaving Kloster-Indersdorf. He is going to England with a small group of boys tagged as, "Orphan, with concentration camp experience."

They are not the only ones who will be making a journey. Some 30 chronically ill youngsters are scheduled for a convalescence trip to Switzerland. For the rest, it may be a long wait until some nation or individuals offer to claim them.

This is Kloster-Indersdorf, where outcast and illegitimate children can find temporary refuge. Its job is to give Toddy, the realist, and Steve, the stoic, and Mac, the dreamer, and all the smaller, less articulate children a bed, hot meals, and, for many, the first "home" they've known.

If it can teach, in the time that is allotted, the rules and regulations of normal behavior, it will have done much. Its goal is higher. It will try to tell the Toddis, Steves, and Macs that there is somewhere, some good, to be found in human beings.



They have come back to life at Kloster-Indersdorf, these children of slave laborers. They're getting plump, and cute and strong. One day, when they are big boys and girls they may ask, "Where is my mother?" Then the story of the Nazis will be told.



# Coffee and...

## A LITTLE MORE

Mirabelle Casino. Once Salzburg's dress circle dined here to Europe's best orchestras, before setting out for an opera at the Festspielhaus. Once its gardens and terrace were favorite rendezvous for Salzburg elite, following a concert at the Mozarteum or a play at the Landestheater. Once its glittering ballroom echoed to the revelry of Nazi functions.

But "Hiya, Joe" has replaced "Sieg Heil", while the polished floors which once resounded with the clicking of metal-tapped heels are massaged with rubber soles of combat boots.

Now Mirabelle Casino 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; Olga from New York, Edith from Bryn Athyn, Pa.; Jean from Minocqua, Wis.; Lola from Enfield, N. C., and Doris from Waterbury, Conn.—toward whom he'd like to be sailing.



Doughnuts are good and so is coffee, but the chief attraction for Pfc Henry Marcuez and T/5 Chester W. Berlin is Edith Childs, 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 Corbera and the Red Cross pooch gather around T/5 Louis Zecchini's accordion.



Chinese checkers, Pfc Johnny Bennett of Detroit learns, is doubly interesting with the proper company. Jean Baillies is the kibitzer.

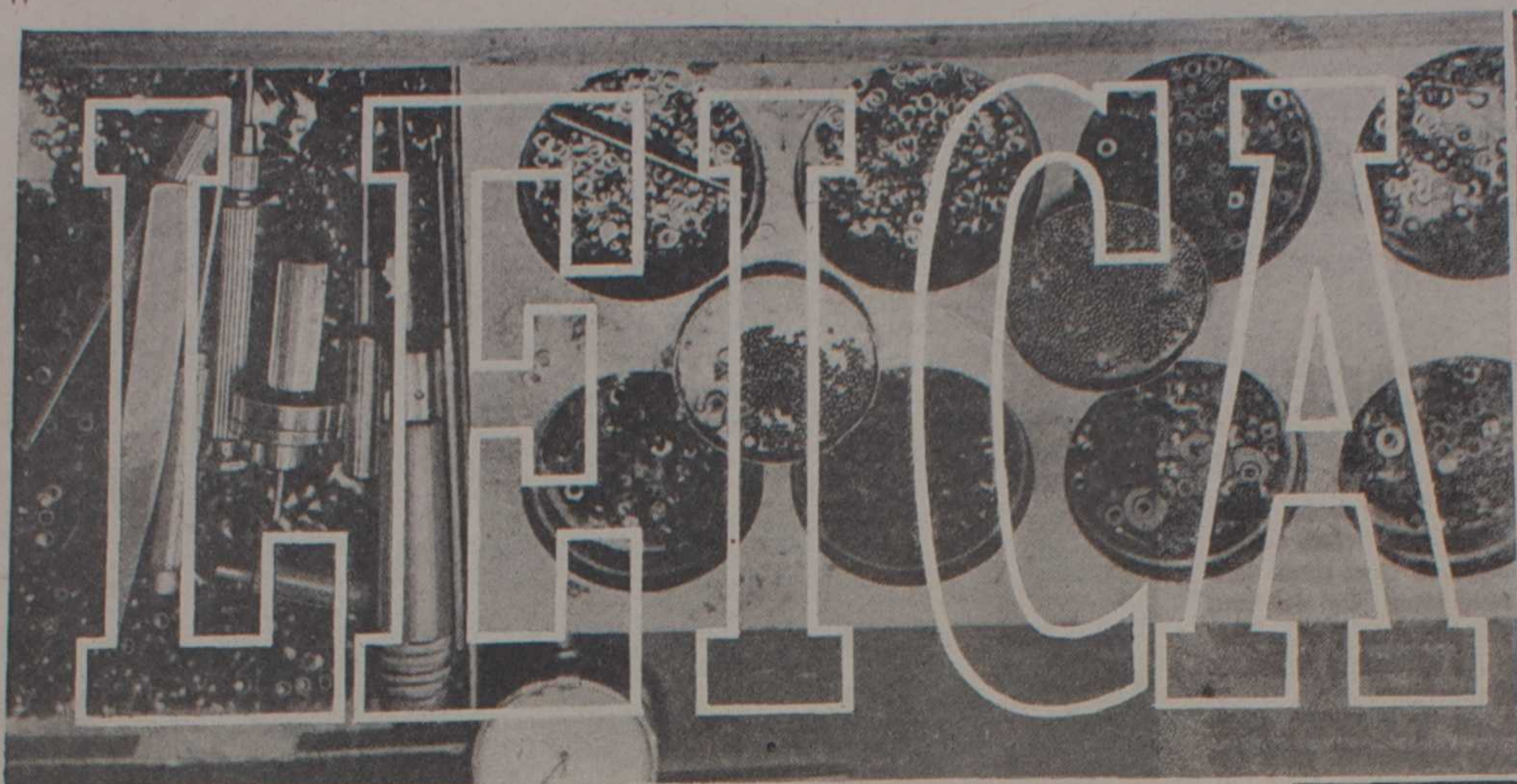


He may be dreaming of home, or perhaps just relaxing. Cpl. John Kanco wouldn't say, which.

### Midweek ON THE COVER

Pfc Jim Reeves of Atlanta, learns an open step from Lola Foulkes, while Cpl. G. William Spangler of Harrisburg, Pa., Pfc W. Bouley of Hartford, Conn., and Pfc Ronald Nece of Erie, Pa., look on approvingly in the Mirabelle ballroom.





## The Trade-Name Is Golden Its Disadvantages Are Many

by William Jordy

THE American troops who took the little central German town of Wetzlar stumbled into a gold mine. The town itself is as undistinguished and nondescript as a small town can be. But practically every family had at least one member leave his house on the circlet of hills, on which the community is built, to make a daily descent to the pocket in the middle, where an equally undistinguished, gray-stucco factory is located. In the course of years, almost every worker brought home at least one sample of the product on which he labored. The factory is Leitz; the products were Leicas.

For a while thereafter, Wetzlar was a flourishing center for black market activity, as its returning citizens bartered away those 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 rations. These latter commodities were seized from the populace in turn, when CIC agents went through Wetzlar houses last July, so that today the citizens of the town ruefully wish that they had held onto what they had.

After the CIC moved into town, they stayed. The plant was heavily guarded. IG kept a benevolent eye on its contents. But GI pilgrims, hearing of the fabulous gold mine in Wetzlar, continue to jeep into

town from every corner of the American occupation zone, only to find that they have arrived too late, and that a complicated chain of command approves all passes before anyone enters the plant. Meanwhile, such careful surveillance is made of the townspeople that those Leicas remaining are well tucked away.

Inside the gray-stucco plant, about 70 Leicas a day, three days a week, now are being turned out for PX distribution on workbenches which, at their prewar peak, produced 170. A few lucky soldiers will get these cameras, costing over 200 dollars in the States for the present PX price of around 40 dollars for the F:3.5 Elmar lens and 50 dollars for the F:2 Summar. Leicas, however, are one of several types of cameras now going into PX channels. The range of available cameras is only topped by Leica, and runs down the photographic price ladder to a Billy Record folding camera, which costs somewhere around 3 dollars at the PX. The irony about the camera mania which has swept the Army is that the Billy Record, retailing in America for about 25 dollars, is now scorned. Before coming to the Continent, the average soldier, who merely wants a camera to record the progressive stages of Junior's growing-up and who expects a drug store to develop his prints, would have considered a 25 dollar Billy Record an "expensive" camera. Now nothing will do, except the highly professional Leica.

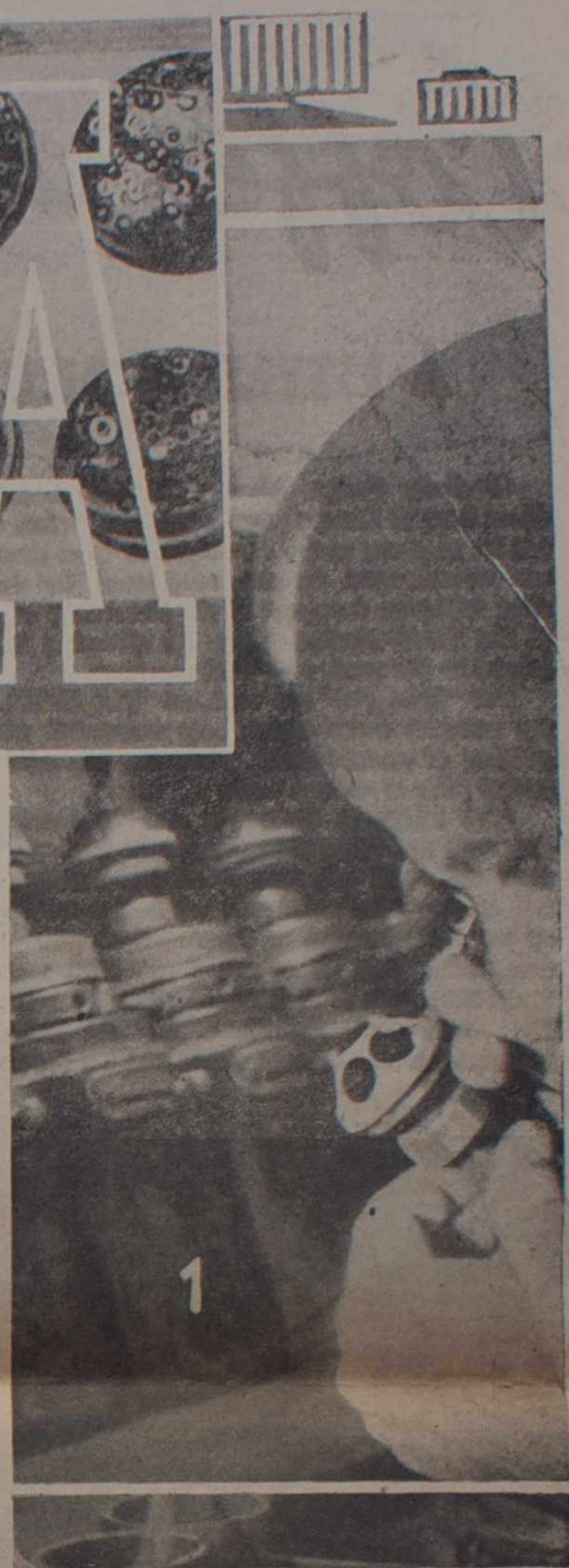
"LEICA" has become something more than a mere camera. It has become a magic word, summarizing in two syllables the soldiers' longing to acquire something valuable at little cost while in the ET.

Its popularity was not always thus. The forerunner of the Leica was a box, set up in the Leitz laboratories in 1914, in which the company tested its world-famous microscope lenses. For this purpose it was desired that the box accommodate a strip of film, on which a continuous series of exposures could be made at various focal lengths. Movie film was ideal for the purpose. It was not until some years later that someone realized such a film might be used in a highly compact camera.

The first 35 millimeter camera left the Leitz plant in 1924. It was not very popular at first. Photographers were used to rolls and plates. But finally, its advantages, particularly in recording a series of "candid" shots, became apparent. And as the Leica began to sell, Zeiss perfected its Contax, an Exakta also appeared in Germany, and Eastman Kodak eventually brought out its Ecta. This quartet today represents the best 35 millimeter cameras that money can buy. But the demand for this type of camera has never been as great as it now is in the ET.

Even those at the Leitz factory are amazed at the sudden clamor to own one of the most complex cameras ever put on the market. They can understand the logic of the lieutenant who came to Wetzlar recently with a request for 100 Leicas for his rifle company. The company was moving to Berlin. But, those at the plant hope that black marketeers don't get their hands on a Leica, because, for the boy who is really going to use one, the present price tag represents a chance for him to ease into 35 millimeter photography—and once he is in, Leitz will be happy to sell

*Tweezers replace the monkey wrench in this workman's kit. The containers set askew hold ball bearings, which Leica developed for the Luftwaffe, when it was found that grease-packed models froze at high altitudes.*



him any of 350 costly attachments, along with elaborate darkroom equipment.

No one at Leitz discourages the idea that 35 millimeter photography is the most expensive way in which to enjoy the hobby. The only inexpensive item is the film, on which much can be recorded in a very small area. Perhaps a little too much, for without a darkroom of his own, the candid cameraman (as the 35 millimeter photographer has been somewhat inaccurately called) is virtually helpless. Every picture he takes must be enlarged. In farming-out his films to an outside processor, he runs into the almost prohibitive cost of innumerable enlargements. This is the reason that the specialists in the Optical Division of MG's Industrial Branch are certain that the Leicas will eventually drift into the proper hands—but at a higher cost.

The Optical Division points out another disadvantage about owning a Leica in Europe: film. While about 108,000 rolls of 120 film are going to PXs now, almost all the 35 millimeter film produced in the U. S. zone is allocated to the Information Services Branch.

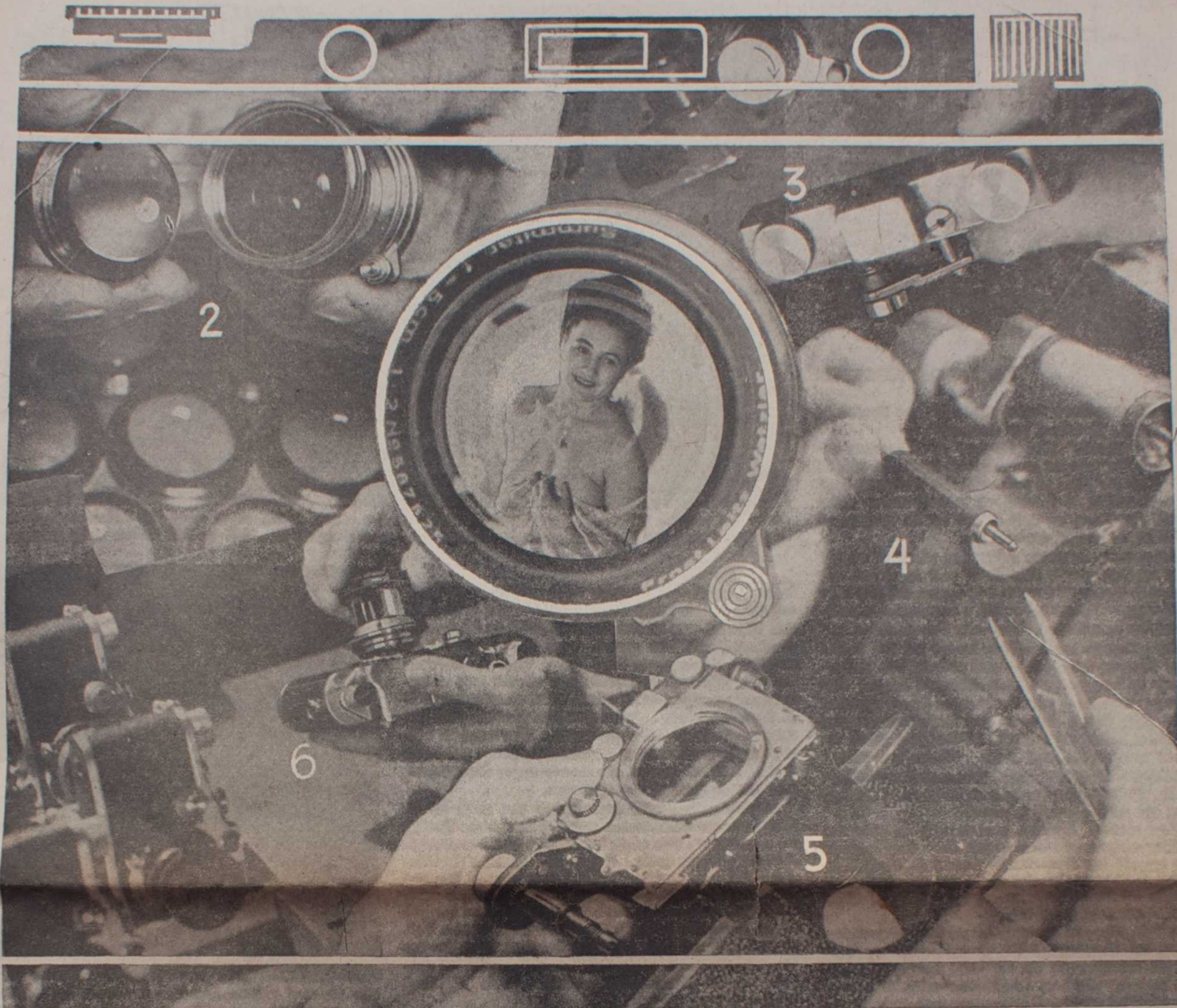
THOSE AT THE Leitz plant are also amused at the universal demand for the F:2 lens, instead of the F:3.5. Just as "Leica" has become a magic noun, so "F-2" has become the magic adjective. Some GIs think the lower the number, the better all the pictures will be. Nothing could be more fallacious. It is photographic ABCs that the lower the number on the lens, the larger its diameter, hence (1) the lens can take pictures in less light, because the shutter can be opened farther, and (2) the lens is more expensive, because there is more glass involved in its manufacture, and because this larger diameter requires a more complicated process of grinding.

What most "F-2" adherents don't realize is that the F:3.5 lens is the best all-round lens that they can buy. In the first place, a Leica Elmar F:3.5 lens is capable of taking pictures under an ordinary 60-watt light bulb. Most photographers aren't going to snap pictures in less light. Secondly, of course, the average picture, made under daylight conditions, requires closing the shutter to F:6 or F:9. At these openings, the F:3.5 is a sharper lens than the F:2.



Pfc Robert T. McCutcheon, of Millvale, Pa., is one of the guards furnished by Company "M," 15th Infantry to ascertain that only those with credentials pass under the "Leica."





because the wider area of glass cannot be as perfectly ground and fastened together as the smaller area. By getting 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.

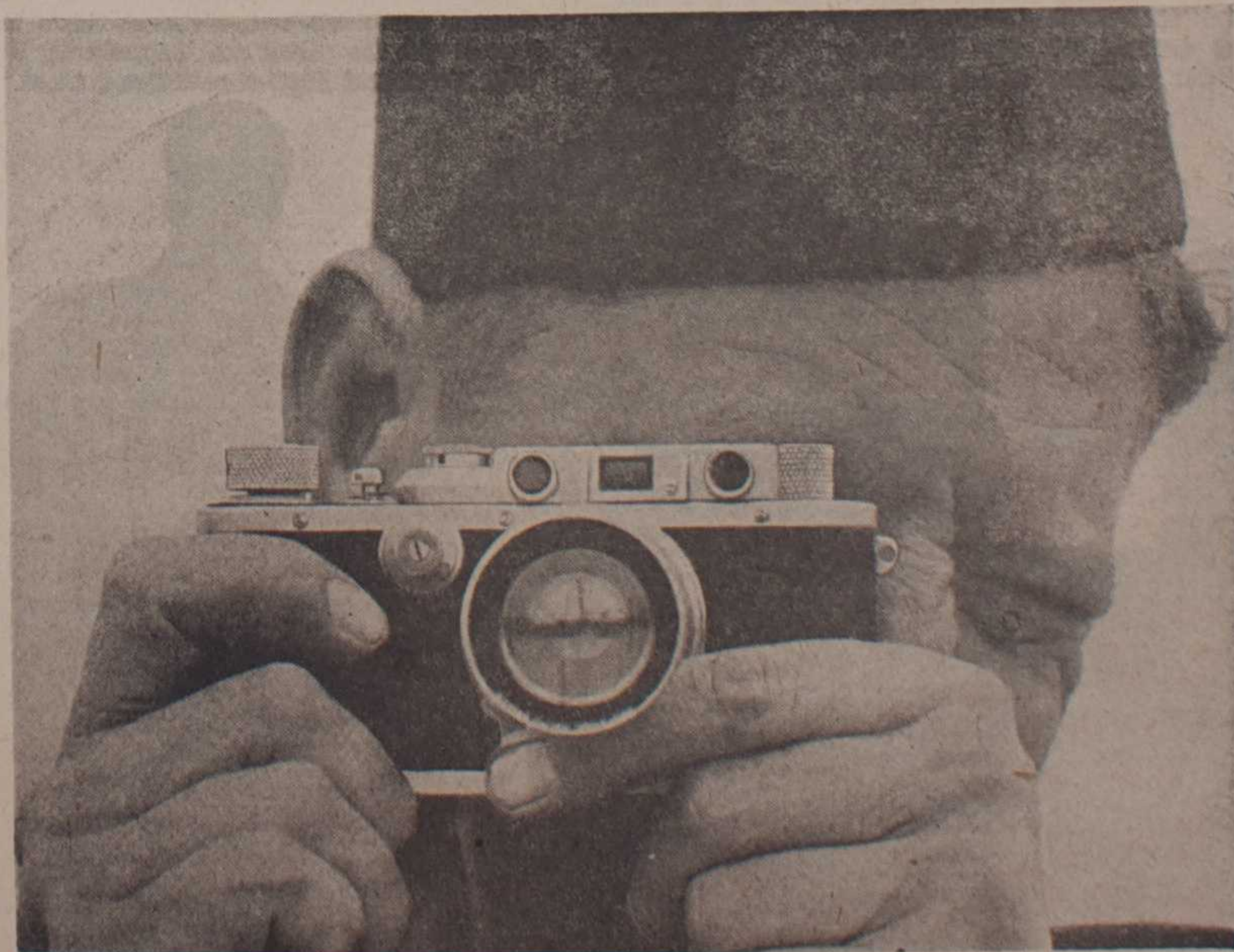
For the casual amateur, other cameras now are going to Army PXs as long as spare parts last. In the 35 millimeter field, there will be two less expensive cameras (selling for a mere 100 to 150 dollars in the States)—the Agfa Karat, and after the first of the year, the Kodak Retina I and II. After January 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 amateurs, is also going to your unit store. These cameras, ranging from about 25 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 Braunschweig plant, to obtain more Rolliflexes, one of the finest roll film cameras.

**PX LOTTERIES** determine the camera purchasers. In the 3rd Army a specific directive has ordered all camera distribution to be made according to this system, while it is a recommended practice in USFA. Anyone who wants a camera fills in a slip of paper which is deposited in a box from which the drawings are made. First names to be drawn get first choice of the available supply.

At present, the 3rd Army quota is one camera for every 80 men. Only a small percentage of this total are Leicas. Most divisions 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 80 goes 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 ascertains that the six lenses on the grinding-head are accurately made. (2) The F:2 Summarit goes into the objective. (3) The range finder, a miniature model of the artillery range finder, is fastened on top. (4) The shutter curtain goes into the camera. (5) The mechanism is fitted into the case, and finally, (6) the objective completes the Leica. It is now ready for Yanks, like the one below. He can record pictures like that in the lens, providing he makes the proper adjustments—and finds the model.



These cameras are not easy to come by. Although the current quota in Third Army PXs is one camera for every 80 men, a very small percentage of these will be Leicas. Other valuable cameras will be available, however, with the cheapest price-tagged at 25 dollars in the States. In both the Third Army and USFA all camera purchasers are determined by a lottery, with the first name drawn receiving his choice of the supply. This lottery winner takes his first squint.





by Dean Kendall

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

By "business," 2/Lt. Michael A. Kliegman referred to the wooden crates of all sizes and shapes stacked on the floor of APO 124, the Nurnberg post office servicing a fistfull of miscellaneous units around Nurnberg, as well as the heavy volume of Palace of Justice correspondence.

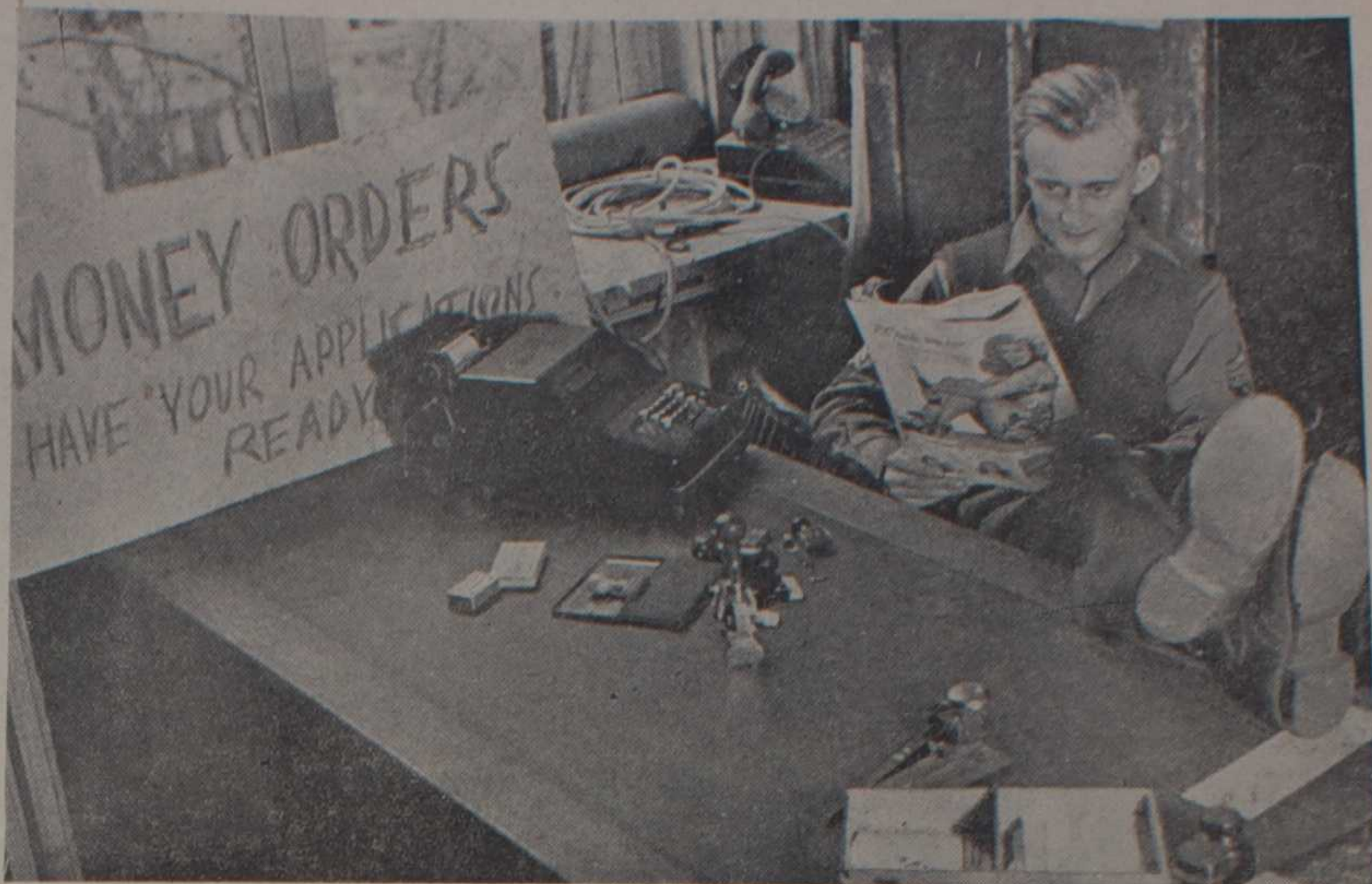
Boxes have suddenly taken the place of money order applications in this APO, and as far as T/4 Edward J. Dyner of Brooklyn is concerned, it's been a bad swap. "I came here with a bookkeeper's background," he complained, "and now I'm stevedoring."

The principle commodities bound for the States at the moment are clothing and dishes. The haberdashery is largely that of redeployed 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 coffin-sized 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 toys (from one of the largest toy factories in Germany, located in the city), leather goods, especially camera cases, and souvenirs of Swiss furloughs, particularly watches 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 tell the postal clerks 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. "Perfume," he said. A flatter one. "Some sort of a medal—like a Bronze Star or a Good Conduct Medal." Those containing swords and rifles were obvious, even to the amateur. "About fifty-per cent of all packages going through this post office are still war trophies," Dyner claimed.



After last month's gold rush, Sgt. Donald Kreidler takes a break. There aren't many 100-dollar applications anymore; most are for small amounts. Business has now slumped to a 500 to 700 dollars daily average.

Sgt. Dyner's experiences with packages go back to the period immediately following V-E Day. At this time he was stationed in an APO in Munchen-Gladbach, and the parcel post department was weighted down with Nazi flags, swords, German helmets, Wehrmacht medals, and all the rest of the Germanic 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 past month, this trade built up to an all-time high of 40,000 dollars daily. Today, Sgt. Donald Kreidler of Easton, Pa., feels that being in charge of the MO window is a relative furlough. He averages a mere 500 to 700 dollars in a day's collections. And instead of the even 100-dollar MOs of the past month, Sgt. Kreidler flipped over a few applications from the top of a small pile on his table. "Here's one for 40 dollars. A 30 dollar order. 16.45 . . . ." And similar sums.

During the recent gold rush, APO 124 was careful not to approve of the sort of fabulous 16,000-dollar applications which were reported from Berlin. A hundred at a time was the usual maximum; any sum too far out-of-line was immediately investigated.

And so Sgt. Kreidler has his well-earned respite, while his two assistants have been moved into the parcel post department. What with the annual flood of packages marked "Do



T/5s Howard Walton and Kenny Fullom can identify the contents of most packages from shapes and sizes.

Not Open Until Christmas" now beginning to deluge the APO, this new assistance is doubly needed.

Lt. Kliegman noted a basic contrast between the packages coming in from the States, and those leaving Nurnberg. "These parcels 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 insure that the contents reach their destination," T/5 Kenny Fullom of Center-ville, 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 5 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 colonel 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 fur 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 doubtful 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 comes close to an ET record for this category. A square wooden case was brought in one day, liberally labelled "spices" on all sides. "Registered airmail," the GI applicant demanded. It sounded like a very expensive procedure for a carton of spices. Then, Dyner noticed the address: Office of the Surgeon General, Washington, D. C. "Robert Ley'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 Prezeniczny and T/4 Dan Shea handle this chinaware with reasonable care.



# ROOKIES

low-pointers fresh in the ET  
learn much about candy bars  
but little about occupation

THE Stars and Stripes' headlines trumpeted the fact that 55-pointers would leave in December, and further hinted that others, with less points, could expect to quit the ET shortly. But the 800 GIs flipped the page without giving it a glance, and leafed for B Bag and the results of the Army-Pennsylvania game.

This particular detachment, now situated in an SS barracks near Vilseck, Germany, had just arrived at the 3rd Army's 31st 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-E Day and immediately thereafter plunged into basic training. The highest scores were held by a father of two (28 points) and an unmarried boy whose 30 points were obtained exclusively in the States. Most of them expect that they'll see "at least a year, and maybe a year and a half in the ET," so headlines on 55ers going home in the immediate future are only of remote interest.

They came over on the transport James Barry a month ago, stayed a while at Luck Strike, and found 40 and 8s their most unforgettable experience so far. Along the way, they were surprised at the well-manicured European countryside, the patchwork of small farms which utilized every bit of soil, the use of cows for hauling wagons, and the extent to which a German city like Nurnberg is demolished.

BUT THIS information is little valued against the legends which veterans, leaving the ET through the same reinforcement depot, have told the newcomers about the power of the chocolate bar. Many of them are eager to test its miracle-making powers in a more urban setting.

These stories make the job of 2/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 GI'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 compound. "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 ZIs—with the same attitude," he claims.

Lt. Wick's first orientation lecture concerns finance, it comes too late in many cases. Willy oldsters 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 cashed readily in Berlin and Vienna, also appears in a few pockets still greasy from the boat ride.

OF COURSE, the veterans chuckle over certain ZI boners, like the greenhorn who sidled up to a veteran in Vilseck with the complaint that he was hungry. "Say, buddy, where's the restaurant in town?" Or there was the boy who was inadvertently left behind in France when the 40 and 8s made one of their innumerable stops. A worried officer only noticed the absence after the train had pulled on for half an hour. "Don't worry, lieutenant," another ZI said, "Jack will catch up to us. He's got plenty of dough, and he'll hop a taxi."

But the ZIs pull few boners like these. For the most part, they carefully scrutinize the behavior of the veterans while in Vilseck, and act accordingly. They are as eager to sew some outfit's patch on their sleeves as they once were to exchange civilian-wear for ODs in the reception centers.

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 ET plans for highly mobile forces, they brightened at the thought of little hiking. When told that the 83rd and 90th 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 outfit are we going? and where is it stationed? Except for those with clerical possibilities, who are sent to a school near Paris, the remainder are shipped out as "riflemen." But "riflemen" they realize they will not be. "Occupation" calls for other skills. Or perhaps "skills" is not the proper word, for most of the boys seemed to think that occupation duties called for little initiative, and but meager mental capabilities. 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 waited to come out here. They seemed friendly enough."

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

On the whole, the ET rookie looks on his immediate future as a period of considerable boredom, livened by whatever bits of entertainment he can scrounge for himself. Ask him what answer he most wants to know, and his response is almost invariably the same. "When do we go home?"



First impressions of Europe? Most greenhorns from the Zone of the Interior claim that they were impressed by chocolate bribes, wagon-pulling cows, and German ruins. They expect to live amidst these phenomena for a year at least, and maybe a year and a half.



Beside legs painted by some homesick veteran, who has already been redeployed, "GIs" dine in the Vilseck mess hall. Their point scores are in the single digits.



# STREET SCENE



Both Pfc Ralph Watts of Shelby, N. C., and the 70-year-old peasant, called "Rindfleisch" or "Cow Meat," happened to meet in the streets of the Bavarian village of Pfronten. Both were smoking—Watts, an American cigarette, and Rindfleisch, a "forester's pipe" fashioned from hollowed twigs and branches.

"Look here, I'll swap you," Watts offered. Rindfleisch was delighted. "Fei gut!" Rindfleisch murmured. "Ummm," 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 redeployment.

