

Corrected

Name Raikos, John D.  
Last Name First Name Middle Name

Number of Course \_\_\_\_\_ Section \_\_\_\_\_

Instructor \_\_\_\_\_

Hour \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Theme Number \_\_\_\_\_

Title Old Soldiers Never Die.

Source of Information (if based on reading)

Experience \_\_\_\_\_

Pledge Three points:

Too many elementary errors,  
by far.

Too rapid alteration in style  
between rather formally correct  
English and ignorant usage

Too abrupt and inadequate on

John D. Raikos ending  
John D. Raikos

2 ~ 4

Corrected  
John D. Raikos

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## OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

The fog was settling over Luxemburg City like a dense cloud engulfing a mountain; but inside the cafe Villa Nova, there was music, dancing, and gaiety. Everyone was having fun and everyone was drinking.

A young lieutenant and his platoon sergeant were sitting together in a lonely corner drinking beer. They were strangers to the crowd of soldiers who were ~~merrymaking~~ <sup>drinking & dancing.</sup>

*Week*  
The <sup>two</sup> ~~they~~ had driven a long way to enjoy ~~a pleasurable evening.~~ <sup>an evening of entertainment</sup> ~~ing.~~ at the cafe Villa Nova.

*Reference?*  
The lieutenant's eyes were bloodshot from lack of sleep and too much drink. "You know Joe," he began, "These rear-echelon commandos are all alike. They're glad you're fighting the war instead of them and they're too damn proud to admit it. Look at them, all polished up in their neatly pressed uniforms--you'd never know there was a war on." The lieutenant paused to take a drink of beer, and continued, "I don't begrudge it to them though, hell, I'd have grabbed a job like that myself if I'd known about <sup>such positions</sup> ~~them~~.....But what burns me up is with <sup>these Rear echelon commandos</sup> ~~them~~ it's just a 5 minute walk home when they're through here. We poor souls have to trek 32 kilometers back to Junglinster--and on a night like tonight that black forest between us and home might decide to swallow us. Did you ever think of that, Joe?"

*P*  
The sergeant leaned back in his chair in typical Yankee fashion. "Well Lieutenant, I think our biggest concern isn't getting lost in that black forest as much as it is of running out of gas. This gas rationing is sure playing 'hob' with our night life. The gauge was sitting



No. copy.  
Continued quotation  
on empty when we left, and we don't have a spare can either.

p Don't forget, Lieutenant, it was your orders to come to town tonight."

p The lieutenant held two fingers up to the waiter, motioning for a refill. "Well Joe," he said, "that's the trouble with you pessimists--always worrying when you don't have to. Just cause the gauge said empty doesn't necessarily imply that all the gas is gone--even gauges sometimes are off. And suppose we do run out of gas, we have blankets don't we? The mail truck takes the same route in the morning and 'Cossy's' bound to see us and tow us in.

Altruistic instruction unless he is drunk.  
p "Just the same, Lieutenant, I would feel a lot better about it if we had that extra can of gas," declared the sergeant. "I seem to sense that we're not only going to run out of gas, but something more serious than that will happen to us--it's that sixth sense I've cultivated since I've been overseas."

No. copy.  
"Poppycock," retorted the lieutenant, "pure bunk. There isn't any such thing as premonition or intuition. That stuff is a lot of chooey'."

The waiter brought two full glasses of beer and set them on the table. The lieutenant handed him a 10 Franc note. "Keep the change!" he said. The waiter bowed, and with a "Merci Beaucoup", left.

"As I was just saying Joe," the lieutenant continued, "There isn't anything to that intuition business, just watch and see."

Such an enormous amount of construction work prevalent among troops.



Spelling  
The two turned their attention to the orchestra which was adding an additional member. The orchestra started out with an accordion and a piano, and as the evening progressed other players would show up at various intervals. Joining the accordion and the piano were two saxophone players, a violinist, a bass fiddler, and a guitar player. The two especially enjoyed listening to "Komm Zurück," "Hear my Song Violetta," and the "Woodpecker Song."

The orchestra continued to play until midnight, and then one by one, the players ~~w~~ parted until only the accordionist remained. The lieutenant and sergeant quaffed their last glass of beer, donned their overcoats and helmets, and left.

Within an hour they were well on their way home. The jeep was making its way slowly through the foggy asphalt highway to Junglinster. The two occupants drove in silence since they were straining themselves trying to see the highway through the murky fog. They were well into the dense forest that separated Junglinster from Luxemburg City. As the jeep wound its way almost to the top of a tall hill, the motor sputtered a few times. The sergeant pulled his choke out and stomped on the accelerator. The jeep made a desperate attempt to reach the top, but the sputtering caused it to lose momentum rapidly.

Spelling  
"Pull her over <sup>2</sup>Joe!" the lieutenant barked. "I guess I was wrong about gas gauges." approved by Webster's Dictionary

je  
The sergeant cautiously drove the vehicle onto the road shoulder bringing it to a stop. "Well, Lieutenant,



what do we do now?" he questioned. "Shall we start walking or should we try to sleep here?"

cap. The lieutenant paused to think. "Well," he replied, "it's about six of one and half a dozen of the other. If we stay here, we'll be miserable sleeping with two blankets in this kind of weather, and if we walk, we'll be at least three hours getting there. It's up to you, Sergeant."

p  
p "I'm for walking," the sergeant answered.

As the two dismounted and started to walk, the sound of a motor growling strenuously could be heard as another vehicle was climbing the hill. The two stopped and looked. In the distance a couple of dim lights began to show themselves through the fog.

"By Gory! We're in luck! the lieutenant exclaimed. The two stood in the center of the highway waving their arms desperately. In a matter of seconds the vehicle ascended the short distance and pulled up to a stop. The two recognized it as another jeep with a lone occupant behind the wheel. The lieutenant hurried alongside the driver. "Say,.....  
Well I'll be damned if it isn't Captain Shelton from B Company." A horrified expression came over the lieutenant's face. "I could swear my men told me you were killed in Normandy," he muttered, and began to shake with fear.

Shelton, "Well, seeing is believing, isn't it Lieutenant? I'm Shelton all right, I guess you got your wires crossed about me being killed."

p "Yeh, I guess that's it," the lieutenant answered dumbfounded.



"Joe! the lieutenant yelled to his sergeant who was standing guard nearby in case the approaching vehicle was the enemy, "Come here! It's Captain Shelton from B Company!"

"It's who?" the sergeant echoed as he ambled over.

"Why...It can't be?" He stepped back astonished. "Why I....thought".....

"Are both of you drunk?" the captain interrupted.

"Well, I guess we were mistaken," the lieutenant answered trying to gather his self-control. "Yeh, that must be it," he repeated. "How are you fixed for gas?" the lieutenant asked.

"I have a spare can on the back," the Captain replied.

"If you're out go ahead and take it. But do me a favor and return the can to B company tomorrow.

"Yes sir!" the lieutenant answered. "We're sure glad you happened along or we'd be walking."

The two walked around to the rear of the jeep and in a matter of seconds had taken the spare can of gas off of the rack.

"O.K., Captain," the lieutenant called. "Thanks a million."

"Don't mention it," came the reply as the captain started his motor. "Don't forget the can!"

The two started to fill their tank with the precious fluid. When they had finished, they tossed the can in the back seat and started again for Junglinster.



The next morning at chow, the lieutenant was talking to his company commander. "Say Captain," he said, "Last night we ran out of gas between here and Luxemburg city, and Captain Shelton from 'B' Company happened along and gave us his spare can."

"Are you crazy! the company commander growled. "Captain Shelton was killed in Normandy three months ago."

"Well, I have his gas can to prove it," the lieutenant retorted.

"Where?"

"Right there in the back of my jeep." He gave it to me himself.

The two walked across the street to the jeep.

"Well, where is it," the company commander asked.

"That's funny! I ~~put it in there myself last night.~~

*distinctly remember putting the  
can in the jeep last night."*

*After,*

*Incomplete,*