

Orgelsdorfer Eulenspiegel no. 2

Page 1) "Zuspruch" poem by Otto Schaefer [not translated]

Pages 2 & 3) "Lueber Eulenspiegel!" by Hans Buckebein [not translated]

Page 4) woodcut "The Baker's" by M. V Recklinghausen

Pages 5 & 6) "Alles kommt von Deutschland, wie vom Weibe" poem or poems [not translated]

Page 7) woodcut of men with pick axes by Hans Stengel

Page 8) "Xenien"

Liberty

Everybody has it; everybody talks about it
In this country – but you don't have it.

Barbed Wire

The wise overlook it with dignity,
The sensible stay politely in front of it.

Alarm Bell

"Why a second bell?"
'Cause the first rusted up because of non-use.

Heating

It is not noted in our lease that in the
Winter, it's getting cold from the North here, too.

Camp A

I don't see any difference to Camp B.
The only thing is: one pays – and that hurts!

Camp B

I don't see any difference to Camp A, my dear,
Only the end of the month is much more dull in Camp A.

Hot Springs Camp

Even though order, propriety, and contentment are reigning here,
People don't really get along with one another.

Tsingtau Camp

How you are pleased by the order!
That's because a will is reigning here.

Comparative

Pages 9 & 10) "Ein Brief" A Letter by Erich Posselt

Here I am, sitting in the dry, while outside, cold autumn rain is changing our whole big, sad, camp into a sea of loam and dirt; all the dogs hide away in their small houses, whimpering and moaning with their tails tucked between their legs. I am acting like a homesick high school student, letting my thoughts wander, feeling lonely... thinking of the world outside the camp, sitting in front of my home-made most personally primitive table and writing – love letters.

On my left and on my right are my comrades who, in a quite unbelievably good mood, lie down on their backs, make jokes, play cards, and express their feelings in other ways. Their joviality is abhorrent to me, especially today, as I would so much like to talk and be with you, even for an hour or so. God damns me!

Just while I was thinking of you and me strolling up and down Broadway, wandering whether to go to the theatre or cinema, somebody came up to me and wanted to – well, I don't even want to tell you what he wanted.

Do you now what I'd like to do? Of course, you guessed it: Yes, I'd like to stroll the paths with you through the park which lies inside New York, a park which stretches broadly and slowly through the city and provides relief from the city for its citizens.

I want to chat with you; I want to follow the girls with my eyes ungrudgingly; I want to listen to music (let it be noted good music) with you. Then I want to crack open a wine bottle somewhere, go into a cafe, and perhaps later go home with you.

But, but... There is somebody here who is as furious as any German P. O. W. can be in Georgia; somebody who has been entrusted with any cursed small task – from the government obviously – and he boasts and blusters and explains that they are already waiting for us at roll call. If only he would go to hell! But you, my small, good girl, shall be blessed nine times by the mystery man, [Since hell has been invoked, the mystery man refers to the devil.] that no harm shall befall you. Another kiss, my dear, and now, I've got to run.
Erich Posselt

Page 11) [not translated]

Page 12) woodcut of P. O. W. no. 1207 by R. Goldschmidt

Page 13) woodcut labeled Camp A "the ladies' path"

Page 14) "Lieber Eulenspiegel" [Dear Eulenspiegel]

One of the captains of the Hamburg –American shipping line wanted to be particularly economical during the first years of war. One afternoon, he came into the kitchen where the cook was preparing hamburger steaks. He then began the following conversation:

"Head cook, these hamburger steaks are much too big."

"If they are too big, Captain, why don't we just make them smaller?"

"Ok, let's make them smaller. And –" the honest captain added, "that'll be two for me, won't it?"

From the Editor

Orgelsdorfer Eulenspiegel is published by Erich Posselt, no. 3598; Erich Franke, no. 2111, is in charge of the printing. Paul Sperber, no. 3616, works as head of the caseroom. Wilhelm Habich no. 2228, Wilhelm Behrens, no. 3577, and Georg Wild, no. 3612, have also rendered outstanding services to the production of this issue.

There are some copies left of the first issue; a restricted number of especially bound (stitched) and hand-colored copies have been produced of no. 2. The continuation of "Amerikana" by Albrecht Montgelas can't be printed at this time, as the author had to undergo a little "change of air". We explicitly draw your attention to the fact that all articles in this newsletter had to be presented to the censor.

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