

Orgelsdorfer Eulenspiegel no. 5 Dec. 15, 1918
Page 1) "Abschied" [not translated]

Pages 2 & 4) "Momentaufnahmen" [Photos]
"Nacht" [In the Night]

Restless shadows – the soldiers are wandering around the third, outer barbed wire fence. In the observation posts, the telephone shrills at frequent intervals; the searchlights spit their cruel, dazzling rays of light into the night and reach out for the shadows.

In the huts, all are sleeping soundly. Here and there, somebody groans loudly - - Somewhere, water is babbling—The stars are flashing with coyness and shame down onto the wealth of smooth roofs.

On a far, forbidden road, trains are rushing and bumping through the night. They are ugly and dirty but, nevertheless, offer promise for the internees.

Someone is standing at the barbed wire and is staring across – to the outside. He is standing there for a long time, just staring. Then he sighs thoughtfully. And steals, as if being oppressed by a heavy weight, to his bed.

The next night, he is standing there again, for a long time; as he did yesterday and the day before yesterday. -- He is melancholy and filled with longing. He just doesn't know why. He only knows that he wants to be free – free again --

"Typen" [Characters]

Those who spend more than a short time behind the barbed wire are all more or less crazy. And the products of their imaginations are strange. We observe somebody named Dr. Phil, who hammers from early in the morning till late in the night, building sheds, clotheshorses, doorknobs, calendars, tables, picture frames, and other lovely things. He is only happy when he can hammer.

Somebody else builds totem poles; by the sweat of his brow he collects stones and stones from the most remote corners of the camp for his building. He leaves the monument unfinished, collects barbed wire, and old horseshoes, bites off four-leaf clovers with his mouth – if he finds some – lies down in deep puddles to get them. A third somebody is contorting his arms and feet in an indescribable way. He calls it physio-therapy and is also studying the greatest nonsense in twenty-six different books. Someone who can't paint is producing dozens of oil paintings – nobody wants them. They will probably adorn someone's bathroom some day. Another person is breeding dogs and is struggling from morning till night with their training.

Those who have an occupation are lucky. Because the others are even more sure to see their brains petrifying. Erich Posselt

Page 3) "Die Wascherie" woodcut of the laundry by Max V. Recklinghausen

Pages 5 & 7) "Amerikana" [not translated]

Page 6) woodcut "Die Druckerei" the printer's by Max V. Recklinghausen

Page 7) "Lieber Eulenspiegel" [Dear Eulenspiegel]

Scene: Internment camp Oglethorpe, Hauptstrasse

Characters: The newcomer and me

He: Tell me, I need to go-

Me: The bathhouse is over there.

He: No, I want to-

Me: You want? Here you are wanted, but you don't want.

He: I am always misunderstood. I-

Me: The censor is there for that sort of thing.

He: It makes me sick! I-

Me: The hospital is over there.

He: Is there nobody who can help me? I-

Me: The relief auction committee is available from 11 to 12 a. m.

He: I don't need mo-

Me: The bank is open from 9 to 11.

He: (turning away outraged) Are you crazy?

Me: (eyeing him hopelessly) Nebbish!

He: (coming back, with a glimmer of hope in his eyes) Are you from Camp A?

Me: How did you know that?

He: [knocking on my shoulder] Nebbish!

Page 8) woodcut of P. O. W. no. 721 Kunwald

Page 9) "Ernst Kunwald"

Every morning, from 11 to around 12 o'clock, a small group of internees is standing at the camp's motorcar shed. They are wearing blue working pants, old American army coats, and broad, mud covered shoes. They are listening to the sounds of a beautiful Steinway grand piano which come over from the grounds in Camp A. They are standing around with their hands in their pockets, heads bowed and hardly moving. They respond excitedly to the music; you see it in their faces, feel it in their manner. They need the passion of the music. This master pianist who is practicing in his hut doesn't see these people; they don't see him either; but they belong together. The same feeling unites them!

On Sunday evenings, people are sitting close together in prayer in the barracks. They are holding evening service but without confession and dogma. The creed that unites them is music. They honor the ideas that speak to them out of the music of the master! Bach – Beethoven – Brahms – Schubert – Schumann! German music – German thinking – German feeling!

They all give thanks, those who stand outside and those who sit inside, for the friendly and unceasing provider of the exciting, the captivating, the shattering, the cheerful, the beautiful! ---

They always come out, to stand beneath the calm, starry sky, when Ernst Kunswald is playing, thus leaving them with a great belief in the future. O. S.

Pages 10 & 11) "Lieber Herr Eulenspiegel" [Dear Mr. Eulenspiegel]

In consideration of the fact that not only can't we come out but that even more and more are coming in who don't know the customs and traditions and rules of good camp behavior, I consider it appropriate to finally remedy this problem. I take the liberty of respectfully presenting to you, dear Mr. Eulenspiegel, a short extract of my new book: *The Good [Tone] in Fort Oglethorpe or The Etiquette Manual in the Prison Camp*.

One item that can't get enough attention is the fact that you must get up as early as possible for it is known that you will be well occupied with being counted. It is highly recommended that you arise at or before 5 a. m., to wear as heavy as shoes as possible, and to go through the hut with them quite often. And of course, people who can't sing or whistle but who do it as a hobby are naturally particularly favored. These people should not miss singing or whistling a Strauss opera or any other piece of music as often and as incorrectly as possible in the morning hours and during the quiet time. By doing so, they won't fail to leave a memorial in the hearts of their grateful brothers who not even a whirlwind could bother. There are also the really divinely gifted people who, at every roll call in the morning and evening, are able to cause hopeless confusion. But even people who aren't as naturally gifted as those would do well to appear at the last moment and to stand, if permissible, at a wrong place.

The usual table manners are to be followed. You should eat as loudly as possible so that everyone can hear you. By doing this, you show how cheerfully you endure captivity. Even here some manners must be followed: complaining at every mouthful, legitimate complaining, clearly recognizable, and late appearance on the scene. It's also very good to talk about politics during the meal. It aids digestion and provides entertainment during the deadly monotony of prisoner existence.

During the night and mainly during the period of afternoon quiet, one has to close the doors as violently as possible, do not tip toe, but do initiate interesting conversations or visit somebody above all in Camp A.

Also, if you, on top of all that, have a subscription for several newspapers, and read them with the most long-ranging voice as possible to anyone, whether he wants to hear or not, and give long-winded lectures with pleasure concerning subjects that you have not dulled your mind into learning, then you can leave camp with a good conscience, knowing that you have been a worthy member of the Orgelsdorf community. Till

Page 12) "Legerangelgenheiten" [Camp Matters]

Music and theater criticisms aren't justifiable in the prison camp. With that sentence, we have answered the question that has been put to us several times: why haven't we issued critical reviews of the concerts and recent theater events. Lack of critical reviews have been necessitated by the conditions of our captivity, the absence of open competition, the cramped living quarters, and other things that make criticism undesirable. Thus, we want to print only the theater bills and express our thanks to those, large or small, who have put their art and energy, large or small, into the service of the general public.

The symphony concert of the Tsingtau Orchestra which took place on November 12th and repeated on the 13th and 26th of November presented:

1. Erste Symphonie, Beethoven;
 2. Siegfrieds Rheinfahrt aus "Goetterdaemmerung" Wagner
 3. Les Preludes, Liszt
- Conductor O. K. Wille

The next symphony concert will be conducted by Dr. Karl Muck and will present the "Eroica" by Beethoven as well as the "Akademische Festouverture" by Brahms. It will take place on Dec. 12th.

On the 28th, 29th, and 30th of November, after many months, the first public theater evening, organized by Erich Franke, took place in the old school building. Messrs. Asbach, Bezkicka, Bruckner, Christiansen, Debald, Grell, Jessel, Lauritzen, Posselt, and Richter, and Dr. Krueger played a part in it. Besides musicals and other acts, the two one-act plays "Der Zigeuner" by Berla and "Der Stille Teilhaber" by Philipp were performed.

On the 8th and 9th of December, a second light entertainment took place. Messrs. Hochstrass, Meisel, Tack, and Vollmer, along with the amateur orchestra, performed.

Sunday night, December 14th, a third theater evening is to take place, which will present "Stein Unter Steinen" by Sudermann. The profits from the performance will be added to the Christmas fund.

In school, the biology lectures of R. Goldschmidt arouse the greatest interest and promoted particular lively participation. Even the Spanish and French language courses of Mr. Steinforth, Dr. Penning, et al., the lectures on music history by Dr. Merx, the lectures by Dr. Kuhn about international law, and lectures about the cultivation of plantations by Costenobel, are also well attended.

Concerning sports, there haven't been any important events recently. The woodcut on the previous page by A. Schneider could be called "How they leave and how they come."

Pages 13, 14, and 15) "Arnold Schonberg" [not translated]