

Prisoners in Nazi Camps Develop Their Own Slang; Flowers Bloom in England

BY HAL BOYLE.

LONDON, May 27 (AP).—American prisoners of war in German camps are developing a new "slanguage" to avoid boredom in confinement.

The first dictionary of this war-born tongue is contained in a letter to Wes Gallagher, Associated Press correspondent, from Lt. Joe Klaas, young American Spitfire pilot captured after he was shot down in Tunisia more than a year ago.

Klaas, a former Seattle newspaperman, described life in a Nazi prison camp as the "Battle of Barbed Wire Bend." He told how a group of American fliers—he called them "Uncle Sam's Fallen Angels"—were enjoying a snowball fight on the parade ground "until the command 'fall in' caused the hundreds of heaving, dodging, white-spattered warriors to cease firing."

"In sudden silence," the letter continued, "a pair of our captors made their routine march around the center of our huge rectangle of caged airmen, counting us by fives."

Klaas then gave this list of typical expressions used by "kriegies," or old prisoners of war:

"Circuit"—a walk; "purges"—new arrivals; "bash"—banquet; "gash"—extra issue of anything; "cooler"—punishment, and "round-the-bend"—stir crazy.

American troops who survived the winter in chilly bivouacs are now being rewarded by the rural beauty of one of the famous English springs. The air on most days still has a March nip to it but the patterned countryside is abloom with colorful flowers. Fields and pastures are green like no other green in the world—so bright it almost hurts the eye.

In Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens young soldiers stroll with

girls past purple lilacs and flaming red maytrees, or lie on the turf under white-blooming giant chestnut trees, careless of slightly envious glances from middle-aged passersby.

Other couples take long bicycle rides by country hedges, flamboyant with purple trumpeted rhododendron and yellow jonquils. They shiver the surface of quiet ponds with skipping pebbles and in the grass on the yonder side of shrubbery hidden from roadside view hunt for blue forget-me-nots.

Rural England now seems an island at peace. Only an occasional plane buzzing through the blue sky reminds the holidaying soldier he is on brief furlough from war and that heavy work still lies ahead.

Some troops from the Southern states find the weather still inclement and complain "When does summer ever come to this country anyway?" The stock reply is: "Remember that day last week when you got up late? That was summer. You slept through it."

A young Nazi pilot had been shot down and was about to die. A young American officer wishing him to have religious consolation in his last hours asked: "Do you wish us to bring you a minister or priest?"

"Hitler is my priest!" the dying Nazi explained.

"If you'll just hold on," he was told, "we'll get him for you."

Nazis Report Commando Raid

LONDON, May 27 (AP).—The German DNB news agency said Saturday that British Commandos landed on the island of Mljet, off the Yugoslav coast, the night of May 23-24 but have now withdrawn, leaving four dead and several wounded and captured.