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Echoes of "When the War Went West"

In a German Prison Camp

WHAT was I doing on November 11, 1918? I'll never forget. I had just finished sixteen days *strengarrest* in the cooler of the German brig at Rastatt, Germany, said sixteen days being given for hitting toward the Swiss border A. W. O. L. from Fritz's rest camp. There had been considerable rumor of an armistice or something for several days, but on the BIG day, some of the buddies rallied around and raised Old Glory, right in front of our German guards.

Then we knew that the war was truly over. Our flag was made of Bull Durham and Lucky Strike sacks sewed onto an old shirt for a field. Believe me, fellows, it gave us all a powerful thrill to see the Stars and Stripes floating again, in the heart of Germany, too.—O. BRANDT, *Ex-5 Co. G, 307th Inf., St. Paul, Minn.*