sent for further examination to Corps. At Army level only selected 
prisoners are interrogated to develop further strategic or general 
military or economic information of value to higher commands. 
Prisoners selected for this interrogation usually possess information 
on Army supply, repair, replacements, interior defense, morale, 
higher organization and similar subjects.

The last stop in the prisoner evacuation channel is usually the 
Theatre of Operations PW enclosure, where the prisoners sit out the 
remainder of the war unless, as during World War II in its earlier 
phases, they are sent to prison camps in the continental United States. 
Any interrogations at this level are detailed, on specific and diverse 
subjects, conducted by trained specialists. Prisoners selected for in-
terrogation are themselves specialists or very important persons whose 
complete knowledge of some specific subject would enable us to ob-
tain detailed important strategic information.

This sequence of prisoner handling and evacuation is standard in 
our army today. Evacuation methods may differ slightly, depending 
on the situation, in that the journey from point of capture to the first 
interrogation station may be made on foot or some suitable conveyance 
as empty supply trucks returning to the rear. From there the move-
ment is either by truck or rail, until the last stop is made. The method 
is actually of slight importance. Most contributive to success in ob-
taining information are the proper handling of prisoners of war and 
the skill and ability of the interrogator, whose techniques, if he is 
well trained, are as varied and flexible as the personalities of the 
prisoners with whom he comes in contact. Prisoner handling pro-
cedure is almost a science today, for the captured foe's reaction may 
gain or lose the interrogator accurate and valuable information which 
could well make the difference between victory or defeat in battle.

Reflection on Man and Nature's Beauty

Bob Petty

"Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded, 
But must be current, and the good thereof 
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss . . ." 
Milton, Comus

To gain full benefit of meditation one must find a spot where the 
mind can be as nearly to itself as possible, void of care and 
anxiety. Thus it is that we so often seek the out-of-doors to 
nurture our more peaceful and unrepining thoughts. We are indeed 
a funny animal. We cut down, dig out, and level off. We pour 
concrete, lay asphalt, and rear our temples till they blot out the sky. 
Then in our leisure time we race frantically with discontented hearts
to seek the solace of what yesterday was but a pagan barrier to our progress. We go forth with traps and guns, with rods and creels, even with baskets and shovels, as though we were trying to bottle up this thing called nature and take it home with us. We tread its enchanted paths, demanding our share of such a heritage.

Why is it that we react in such a way? It is because in nature we find a beauty unsurpassed, the living vision of a beauty vanquished from the steel and concrete; a beauty, elusive as the wind among the branches, whose taunting whisper comes from the prehistoric layers of our minds. A winding path we follow . . . obscure amidst the shadows, and we are back where the cool breath of the forest soothes our restless blood, where yawning woodland pools reflect the physical conformations of tranquility, mocking our discontent, healing our tribulations, calling us friend. How can we help but love such beauty, when we know that it is God? What truer token could man ask to nourish his faith?

Waiting for the "Princess"

Hans Steilberger

The bright, warm sun which beamed benignly from an absolutely blue October sky seemed to presage a perfect holiday for us as we alighted from the still throbbing Army truck which had just rumbled to a halt over a pair of railroad tracks protruding from the aging pavement. We had arrived at the Port of Naples. Joking, laughing, shouting we sauntered to Pier D where we were to board the "Princess"—more precisely, La Principessa—the compact, dirty-white excursion steamer which had been chartered by Army Special Services to take us, the semi-weekly quota of 30 enlisted men, to the Isle of Capri for a luxurious week's rest and relaxation. We had been designated the recipients of this privilege by our various organizations and had traveled to Naples on the "Eighty-eight," the Army-operated express train which connected Naples and Trieste for the convenience of Army personnel and civilian VIP's only. The truck from which we had just disentangled ourselves had been awaiting our arrival at Garibaldi Station to whisk us over narrow, cobbled streets to the port, where we were now milling about in excited anticipation.

With a feeling somewhat akin to panic we suddenly discovered that Pier D, a narrow, concrete wharf which jutted about 70 feet into the slightly rippling, scummy gray water, was completely devoid of anything even slightly resembling a sea-going vessel. All three berths were empty. However, our first excited speculations were soon in-