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from the steering wheel, slid onto the seat, and gently coaxed the engine into life. The little vehicle snaked through the winding streets easily, and he was already well away from the town when his ears picked up the tortured wailing of the air raid alarms. Having gone through this exercise many times, he quickly doused his headlights, and as his eyes became accustomed to the dark he continued rolling slowly along the road.

High overhead an airplane engine moaned and the Captain speedily swung over to the side of the road, killed the engine, and leaped out. Breaking into a sprint, he raced down the road for about a hundred feet, crossed over to the other side, and slid down the shoulder into the drainage ditch that ran alongside. It wasn't a second too soon, as the sky suddenly became alive with long probing fingers of high-intensity lights seeking to pinpoint the intruders.

The anti-aircraft batteries, starting to zero in, began firing and as the cacophonous clamor of combat intensified, the Captain swore softly. "Why did I have to louse up Eddie De Feo's love life"? Now we both got problems.

The airplane engines rose in screaming crescendo to a high snarling whine, intermittently interspersed with the angry chatter of machine guns. The aircraft proved to be Ju 88s, well-known workhorses of the Luftwaffe, and who were now attempting to work over the searchlight battalion near the road. The markings on the wings reflected eerily in the weird patchwork of light and darkness, and as it flashed past overhead, the telltale shrill whistling scream of falling bombs grew ominously louder. The Captain braced himself as a sharp, crackling explosion, accompanied by a spreading luminescent sheet of intense flame arose when one of the bombs scored a direct hit on the nearby searchlight. With an angry hissing roar the long beam of brilliant light suddenly went black. The engine noises slackened, and the Captain raised his head cautiously and glanced about.

It was a scene of surprising disorder. Vehicles had been crazily tossed about like toys, the searchlight had been demolished, and its crew were nowhere to be seen. Staring at the various components strewn haphazardly about he was startled to see, standing not 50 feet away, the power source for the unit, a big heavy-duty generator mounted on wheels that had been chocked to hold it in position. And more impossible to believe, it wasn't even scratched.

The Luftwaffe decided to make another bomb run, and as they swung around, the Captain scrambled up the embankment like a man possessed. He ran back to the jeep, started it up and carefully inched it off the road, over the ditch and out onto the field next to the generator.

While the night raiders were busy lining up on the lights for another bomb run, the Captain jumped out of the jeep and moved swiftly to undo the tow bar of the generator and connect it to his towing hook. Throwing a hasty glance towards the sky, he continued to disconnect the power cables and flung them into the

back of his vehicle. Now starting to clamp the metal side covers into position, he again heard the agonized whine of the engines and the screaming whistle of the bombs, but did not even turn his head and continued feverishly to button up the generator. Sweating profusely, he finally grunted with sheer joy as the last snap lock clicked into place. Vaulting into the jeep, he started feeling his way toward the road. The flak was intense as the bombs struck again with thunderous bursts; now they were wide of their mark, but their flashes helped him find his way back to the road.

Cautiously following his earlier track, so as not to get mired in the drainage ditch, he inched out slowly while silently exhorting FUZZY FOCUS not to fail him. He breathed a long sigh of elation as the wheels of the generator barely cleared the rise of the embankment and rolled onto the road.

Suddenly, just as it had begun, the air attack was over. The intruders of the night were quickly lost to view and the steady insistent drone of their engines gradually faded away to the north. One by one, the big searchlights slowly flickered out until the whole area was again immersed in silent darkness and peace.

The Captain sat immobile for a time, his ears tuned for any sound or cries of wounded for assistance, but there were none. The unit began to resume its activities, and some guarded lights became visible as crews began moving about inspecting the damage. Now easing the jeep further down the road, the Captain could still hear their voices in the night quite distinctly."

Jeez, they really clobbered this light!"

Then another voice chimed in, "Not only the light, Lieutenant, but the damn generator's gone. Completely disappeared. There ain't even a hunk of scrap metal left!"

"OH NO!" came the Lieutenant's voice, "The Major will blow his mind. That's the third one we creamed this month, and that's not counting the one we scrounged from the Air Force."

"Okay, Okay," sang out another voice, "Let's stop all the jawing and get this mess cleaned up. Anybody get hurt?"

"No, Sir, the crew crawled into the slit trench, and took off when the light got pranged."

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Now the Captain had heard enough. He stepped lightly on the gas pedal and rolled quietly down the road and out of sight. It had all happened so quickly. Riding down the road slowly for a few minutes, he braked to a very careful halt, got out and took a long appraising look at the big mobile powerhouse he had just acquired. Then straightening up, he snapped to attention and smartly tossed a crisp salute in the direction of the recently departed Ju 88s.

"My compliments to your Luftwaffe, Sirs," he sang out. "Your supply system beats the 90th's cold, and there's no paperwork." He was laughing uproariously as he slid back into the seat of FUZZY FOCUS and asked himself,

"But what do I REALLY tell the Old Man?"

The End