

## Ludvik Fink In The Army



In the photo you can see my father, Ludvik Fink. He's standing in the top row, first on the left. In his hand he's holding a cigarette. My father was in the army for seven years, because in those days basic army service lasted three years, and just when he was supposed to take off his uniform, World War I broke out, and he stayed in for another four years. He spent the entire time in Yugoslavia, in Bosnia and Herzegovina and in Serbia. My father smoked 'Virginias,' those long, thin cigarettes with a straw inside. When you bent that straw and stuck it into the coin slot and hit the prize hole - you couldn't hit it too hard - the straw fell into the prize hole and some crowns fell out. I learned this from my father. I always came to him: 'Dad, give me a crown!' He'd give me a crown and I'd play the machines. I always managed to make some money, also with the help of that straw. Of course, as luck would have it, my father went to the bathroom and saw me standing on a wastebasket, because it was high and I was small. I immediately got a couple of cuffs and I yelled: 'But you're the one that taught it to me!'