

The Influence of The War on Me

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Wars wreck everything. A happy home, a lover's dream, a commercial manager's contract, and even politicians' plans suffer from the dire consequence of war. War, inevitable war, has broken, shaped, and reshaped maps and men's lives since the dawn of man.

In 1942, this day, I look with apprehension upon this world of conflict, and wonder (with no less apprehension) what will become of me. I had plans, yes. I've done my share of dreaming. I've even earned a large share of money at one time or another. I've seen a bit of the world. I've gained a considerable amount of experience, both the hard and the easy way; but what good is all this if I must go to war, perhaps never to return again? War, ignoble war — why do men and nations behave this way?

Do you see those creases in my forehead? Do you see that grave expression on my face, and that bewildered gleam in my eyes? Have you heard those glorious tales of heroism and those equally repugnant tales of woe, and crime, and shame? Do you see that half-defeated soldier to be? That's me! What influence does the war have on me in 1942? I tell you I just don't know what to do. I may be here today, but tomorrow?

The realities of life have changed: superficiality and celophanic artificiality have clothed this world of mine for 1942. Because of the present war the clashing, the clanging, and the bloodshed have led me to take a different perspective on life. I walk around in a stupor, half-dazed, bewildered, and amazed. My movements are only mechanical, because I am constantly thinking in terms of war; youthful spirit and zest have left me. I represent a portion of American youth — the eighteen and nineteen year olds.

Big money paying jobs are scarce, that is, for me. I am between the ages of eighteen and twenty. "Uncle Sam needs you worse than we do," so says the manufacturer, but I have to live and so do all the other youths of my age.

Don't get me wrong. If I could win this war, I would gladly render my services to this, my great country's cause. I'm as patriotic as you or the next fellow! There is nothing I'm more proud of than this, my native mother land. I've been clothed and reared and fed in her glorious sunshine, and on her own soft bosom of dewy grass and fragrant field. I've lived a good life, but today — 1942 — I'm in such a dither that I don't know what to do

