

held the good jobs during the war are now creating a situation which will cause prices to soar even higher. This is a condition which was carefully guarded against during the war. These ungrateful citizens will be able to pay these prices for a while because they have had an opportunity to save from their good salaries. On the other hand, the veteran's income has been so meager that he has no savings to rely upon. His greedy countrymen have blocked any chance he might have of getting a new start in life. We express our gratitude for a job well done by refusing to manufacture the com-

modities which are so vitally needed, but most unforgivable of all, we close his source of employment and leave him without any means of bettering his situation except charity. This is our thanks to the veteran.

Is this the true principle of democracy? If that is the case, I doubt that many other nations will desire to follow our example. History has some great lessons for us. Men remain free to govern themselves only as long as they are willing to remain progressive and united within themselves.

A Trap

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Just after I was discharged from the Army, my parents and other people often asked me what I disliked most about the Army. Was it the regimentation, the food, the officers, — what was my pet peeve? My reply has been very consistent: *the pockets on Army fatigue pants.*

I always managed to carry the essentials of life in my pockets, which included: a handkerchief, a candy bar, cigarettes, matches, some money, and a deck of cards. The pockets are very easily made. The manufacturer discovered after completing the M 2 A 3 fatigue pants that he had forgotten to include pockets. This problem was solved by sewing a rectangular piece of scrap material six inches by nine inches on the front side of the pants about two inches below the belt line. For the sake of beauty a pleat was included down the center of the newly born pocket. These

pockets being rectangular had square corners. We all know how the dirt in a house always converges to the corners, and so it was with these pockets. I've spent up to ten minutes trying to locate some small object that has snuggled innocently in a pocket corner. When we were children, all of us have gone to the pantry to snatch some cookies. Reaching inside the jar and grabbing as many cookies as possible, we attempted to withdraw our clenched hand only to find the neck of the jar was too small to emit our hand. The similarity between the cooky jar and pockets on fatigue pants is astounding. Slipping your hand into the pocket and pulling out some article is practically impossible. Anything placed in fatigue pants pockets is trapped until the pants can be removed and a thorough search with a flashlight can be made.