

head and he wouldn't flinch. Many is the time I've wondered what we would do if he were wounded or killed.

Buddy had a well founded hate for the Germans, so whenever I got the chance I'd let him turn loose his wrath against them. In house-to-house fighting, I'd let him break in doors and window panes whenever necessary. This he would do with great glee. Now, at last, he was a man, a free man, a man with a gun, and a man who knew only too well for what he was fighting. He was out for revenge—and blood.

All of this came to an end at the close of the war, or soon after. Buddy lived with us as a conquering hero for a

few weeks, but when we had to move back to Frankfurt, he was told that we could no longer keep him. Tears filled his large brown eyes and he choked up inside. We all hated this as badly as he did, but before he left we showered him with gifts and secured him a good job with the military government in Nordhausen.

Buddy was more than a Polack, a forced laborer, a soldier. He was a legend! To me, the words courage, bravery, loyalty, valor, friendship and Buddy are synonymous. He was all this and more. There will never be another Buddy.

Home Again

(Impromptu)

JOSEPH ZIMMER

The times are too numerous to mention when my thoughts turned to home during my long three years overseas. Home and the general situation there was often discussed by us, and many letters contained information concerning changes came to me from home. Most everyone there was concerned with what he called radical changes and how they would affect the service man upon his return. Biggest changes were cost of living and lack of young men present in social and worldly activities. Then, too, women in industry were wearing slacks in winter and summer, changing our town and giving it the resort town appearance. New unity and cooperation of all was noticeable and agreeable to all.

Upon arriving in the States, I found that no place looked very similar to when I left three years before. The telephones were much busier, and, of course, transportation was crowded almost beyond description.

Even if I had been gone ten years instead of three, the changes I see now are minor, and the joy of seeing my parents and friends (who have not changed and never will for me, thanks to their charming outlook on life) is so wonderful that these minor changes around me go unheeded like the March winds we so notice when they blow, but that we so rapidly forget with their going. Home is home, and it can never change.