

smug and complacent as to believe himself to be superior to all those who have gone before him? It is impossible for man to reconcile himself to the belief that heretofore life has revolved around the nothingness of stereotyped thoughts and ideas. We must respect some of the wisdom of the ages. Those intellectual snobs who would hold themselves so high above the "lethargic masses" yet fail to comprehend their own true perspective in their thinking are as bad as those people who fail to think at all. It is well to think creatively and to be decisive about our opinions, but few are those geniuses who are capable of reforming the world's thought processes. If each person would seek to revise his own beliefs, he would raise the intellect of the race infinitely more than if he sought to revise his neighbor's.

The Eyes of War

William J. Wheeler

THE WARM breeze of night and the refreshing spray of the ocean waves bring a smile to your face. As you sit and stare at the galaxy of the sky, your thoughts regress to the past months—to the day it all started. . . .

The whistling sound of the shells was like the flash of a bright light in a dark room. The most terrifying experience of your life was ready to unfold itself. For seven months you had trained, sweat, and cursed while preparing for this moment. You look around; there are your friends and your enemies: the kids who were worried about finding a place to buy a beer and whether their girls were waiting for them; old "Gunny" who had cursed at you and made you wish you were dead; the "Skipper" who you thought was a big fake; and the fellows who had gone with you on the last liberty and had gotten drunk. They were all there. Suddenly you became sick inside. The PCV hit land, and the front gate went down. The water was cold as you went ashore. . . .

This seems like a thousand years ago. Your mind runs back to the move inland. It was not as you expected. There was very little fighting, just hundreds and hundreds of refugees. This war was almost over and you would be home in a short time.

As you walked down those wind-swept roads, with the cold eating at your body, you could see the faces of your friends as they died. You remembered those snowy hills, the screaming Chinese as they poured into your lines, the confusion, the chaos, yes, and even the panic as you watched the men around you die. They would never laugh, curse, or worry again.

Your thoughts were broken many times by the thud of artillery as it came in around you. The cold ground and the snow seemed to hide you from someone you could not see. Then it would stop and the hills around you would be alive with the enemy as again and again they attacked. You moved on again like a machine, your mind any place but there. . . .

Soon, despair gripped you. You would never make it out. There was no one to help you. It was the whole damn Chinese Army against you. You would never make it out. If the "Gooks" did not get you, the freezing cold would. Already you could not feel your toes. Why didn't someone help you. . . .

Day after day you moved through the snow and cold. The attacks seemed to be almost routine by now. There was no one going to get you out of this but yourself. You were surrounded, and the only way out was to fight your way to the sea. There (you hoped), there would be help. . . .

The ship sways and the stars seem to swing in the sky. You look down on the foredeck at the sixteen-inch guns and you remember the sound of their shells as they went over your head. How differently they sounded from those of the enemy. . . . You climbed over the last, long hill and there in the bay you saw thousands of ships waiting for you. There was someone helping you after all. . . .

After "chow" you meet in one of the large compartments on the ship for regrouping of the company. There in the smoke-filled room you look around. You see the guys with whom you went through hell. They look the same, yet there is something different about them. Yes, that is it, their eyes. Their eyes tell a story that will never be heard.

The "Gunny" calls the roll. As his voice brings back the memory of lost friends, there is a long silence. Then your name is called. "Here" you say with relief. It is over. You have made it.

The Triumph of the Laboring Class in America

Raymond Kriese

A HIGH degree of prestige and culture for the individual in the laboring class has constantly been a goal striven for by the "blue collar" worker. Slowly, since the beginning of civilization, each economic level, from the professional class to the merchant class, has gained a certain degree of prestige and respect. Today the working class in America has risen from its lowly existence to a stratum of living toward which the entire world looks with envy. A good example of the change occurred in Denver, Colorado. Denver in the latter part of the nineteenth century was a "wide-open town." The town's population was constantly shifting because of the mining activity in the surrounding country. Men from all phases of life flooded into Colorado and the surrounding states, all of them being possessed with the idea of getting rich from the precious metal that they would extract from the mountains. Upon reaching the mining states, the would-be prospectors found that they could not find the ores because most of the good mining country was owned by large mining companies.