

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.

Except for a few very brave souls who set out to search for the small bit of territory that was not owned by companies, and except for those who had enough money to go home, the migrants were compelled to work in the company-owned mines, in the meat-packing houses, or in the sugar-beet fields or refineries; the men slaved in these labor camps, working twelve hours a day, six days a week for years. After the work stopped for the day, the workers, exhausted from their day's labors, would eat and go to their cots and fall asleep. The routine left little time to refine or educate one's mind to any great extent; after living this animal-like life for a while, the men began to be animal-like in their actions. They escaped from their dreadful life every Saturday night by satisfying their baser desires in the burlesque shows, in the dance halls, and in the cheap reading of literature that thrives on sensationalism, sex, and crime. Men whose entire existence is animal-like can be led and told what to do with very little effort. And so it was throughout the United States, men, uneducated to any extent, from the "sweat mills" of the east to the lumber camps of the Northwest, all being led like animals.

Now, the working conditions in the United States have become examples for the entire world to follow. Because of the improved working conditions—shorter hours, more benefits for the laborer, and a higher level of work—and thanks to universal education, the American now has the time and opportunities to live a more cultured life, to live his own life. A society's culture is based first of all on the way in which it provides for itself; all other things are secondary. When man's economic situation improves, his cultural life will improve. In Denver, in Colorado, in the western states, in the entire United States, man's economic stability is such that he is capable of a great cultural level; whether he takes advantage of his opportunities is up to the individual. But the significance is that here and now in America, he has the opportunity to choose the way he lives to a greater extent than man had ever before thought possible.

Sailing by the Book

Nancy Brandt

IF YOU had mentioned a centerboard to me a couple of years ago, I would have thought that you were referring to the pleasant colonial custom of bundling. A boom was something lowered by Clancy, and a telltale was what I hoped my little daughter wouldn't be.

That was back in my pre-sailing days, before I acquired a second-hand Nipper, a nautical vocabulary, and a varied collection of bruises, rope burns, and beautiful memories.

No sailor can explain the fascination that sailing holds for him, although many try. Over a hundred years ago Lord Byron said it this way:

"This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction."