

third time, there was a gleam of respect in Miller's eyes.

I suppose that, in the last paragraph, I've given the impression that Shamus was a superman. He wasn't. In all the two and a half years I knew him, that was the only time he ever had a fight. Most often, when I look back, I see him either drunk and singing or sober and singing.

He had many nicknames and one of the first he collected was "Bing." He could sing; and he loved to sing. I guess no one in the old battery will ever forget the night in Naples when he and I lay awake until two o'clock singing. At least, they said they wouldn't.

As his buddy, I soon found that he operated on the communist theory — what was mine was his and what was his was, surprisingly, mine. Thus, if I had seven packs of cigarettes to last until the ration came the next week and he had none, we smoked for three and a half days and became snipers until the rations arrived. And, if I lost a field jacket and he had two, one of them became mine. To him this was natural — we were buddies; we shared.

If a shell came in a mile away and could be seen, it was a safe bet that Shamus would see it, make mention of it,

and become nervous about it. He was super-cautious, but we didn't laugh at him for that. When we were established in our prairie-dog town in Purple Heart Valley, it was Shamus who daily took his three-fourth ton truck up that shooting gallery the French called a road and brought rations back to us. He wasn't fearless — he was sweating blood all the way up the mountain and all the way back down — but he was sure brave!

To me, the greatest example of his foolhardiness wasn't the time he yelled, "Geronimo," as our observation section was pulling a very quiet withdrawal through the rear second-floor window of a Nazi house. The rest of the section will never forget or forgive him for that, but I maintain he couldn't help making wise-cracks at critical moments and that his most foolhardy act occurred when the powers-that-be told us that because of our Mediterranean service, we wouldn't be sent to the Pacific. At this, Shamus waxed indignant, announced that he had "joined the Army to see the world and I ain't stopping half-way," and, waiving his ninety-one points, volunteered for an active theater.

A Veteran's Philosophy Of Education

ROBERT B. JOHNSON

The acquisition of an education, to the veteran, is more than a desire—it is a must! The veteran's opportunities for observation of society, perhaps more numerous than those of the non-veteran, enable him to instantly conclude: education is the foremost prerequisite to life.

Observation of the uneducated mortal

striving to sustain himself and his family, much like the Greyhound in hot pursuit of the never quite attainable metal rabbit, serves only to intensify the veteran's will to procure an education. The uneducated man is restricted to those phases of life which are coincident with his comprehension. The more intricate concepts of life,

the more livable aspects of our social and economic democracy, are inconceivable to him.

Education, or the development of culture, since even before the Indian philosophy of "Upanishads," has comprised the efforts of man to live more fully, to appreciate more readily the wonders of the universe and to evaluate accurately each in its respective relation to him. Perhaps the experiences encountered during the war effect a definite bearing upon the veteran's ideals, or what he wants to be. Whether this be relevant or not, the facts are obvious. The veteran of this war is not content with the meagre fruits borne of an uneducated existence.

The educated individual not only anticipates life to the utmost, he is prepared to live and become an integrated part of society. The extent to which man may participate in the democratic practices of the world today are limited only by the extent of his education. Limitless opportunities constantly present themselves, in each and every phase of our complex modern civilization. The educated man is prepared to grasp each individually, exploit it, utilize it, bend it to his will and, supplementing it with previously acquired opportunities, continue to advance in life, secure in the knowledge that through education he is LIVING.

Night In A Manufacturing District

JOHN M. SATTER

Night in a manufacturing district offers impressions quite different from those one gets in the same location during the day. Darkness hides much of the detail of the surrounding buildings, and softens their sharp lines so that they melt into great mounds of blackness. Occasionally there is a patch of brightness to show that a night-shift is working, or perhaps there is a line of gasoline flares marking the edge of an excavation. Farther along, a cluster of red lanterns outlines a pile of materials for a factory which is under construction. If one should look up, perhaps he should see a few stars hidden now

and then by clouds of steam from power house exhausts, or by smoke from the tall chimneys. The roar of the day has diminished almost to complete silence, and a number of small, isolated sounds can be heard. The quiet hum of a motor, the muffled rumble of some heavy machinery, and the steps of a night-watchman making his round all are greatly amplified. In the distance one hears the blare of an auto horn and the clatter of a street car as it crosses intersecting tracks. In the daytime these sights are changed, the sounds blend into a great background of noise, and each goes unnoticed.