

At this point the author recalls the proud possession of a "genuine" Stradivarius violin, purchased for seven and a half dollars, containing a label dated forty-three years after the death of the famous violin maker! However, some virtue has been shown by modern man in his general concern for the welfare of the individual. Laws for the protection of the ax, food, and wife of modern man have aided in the bettering of civilization. These laws pertaining to the moral obligations will not soon be suppressed, because modern man has learned by experience that they are desirable for the advancement of civilization.

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Just as Good

Frederick W. Robinson

IT WAS a long, steep climb, but he had set his mind to it. Never let it be said that Private Travis Blande couldn't do what others had already done. He was just as good as any man.

After reaching the top of the hill and reporting to the commanding officer, he was sent along the ridge line to the Second Platoon. He had heard some "war stories" from some combat veterans in the rear area, and he thought to himself, "I'll show these guys that they aren't any better than I am. Those Chinks can't be as mean as they say."

When he reached the Second Platoon area, he was greeted by Sergeant Jones. "Hi, soldier. Are you the replacement for Corporal Anderson?"

"That's what they tell me, Sarge," he said. "I'm Private Blande."

"I'm Sergeant Jones," he replied, "and that is how you will address me from now on. You can find Corporal Anderson on the other side of the ridge in the machine-gun bunker. Send him back up here when you find him."

"Okay, Sarge," Blande said as he turned to walk away.

"Come back here, soldier," Sergeant Jones shouted. "Don't you realize that I mean what I say? I'm putting you on listening post tonight!" Now go find Anderson."

Blande knew that the listening post was between the enemy and the main body of the platoon, and spending the night there was one of the more hated duties of a "dog soldier."

When Blande found Anderson, he sent him to see Sergeant Jones. He introduced himself to PFC Williams and the other three men in the bunker and then started to fix up his bunk. As he worked, Williams told him all about the life on the hill. He even explained that they hadn't seen a Chink in almost two weeks, but that they should always be on the lookout for them. They could never tell when the Chinamen might show up.

When Anderson returned, he told Blande to report that night to the listening post with Williams.

About eight o'clock Blande and Williams went out to the listening post, which was nothing more than a "fox hole," and prepared to spend the night. Williams explained that one of them would sleep for two hours while the other listened for the enemy, and thus they would change back and forth until daylight. If they heard the Chinese, it was their job to warn the rest of the platoon. Williams, being a combat veteran, decided that he should pull the first shift, and in that way, he would also get the last shift. The sun would come up about six o'clock, and by taking the first, middle, and last shift he would be giving Blande two extra hours of sleep.

At two o'clock Williams woke Blande. "Roll out. It's your turn again."

"Okay, hold your horses." He fought his way out of the sleeping bag and got up. "A guy never gets a chance to sleep. I sure would like to see Sergeant Jones out here—he isn't any better than I am."

"Don't be complaining about Sergeant Jones," Williams answered as he crawled into the sleeping bag. "He has had his turn at this duty." He rolled over and fell asleep.

Then Blande thought to himself, "Sergeant Jones just stuck me out here for spite. I'm just as good as he is; I'll show him. He wants me to miss a good night's sleep. There haven't been any Chinks around here for two weeks; I believe I'll snooze for a few minutes, and no one will ever know the difference."

When Blande awoke, there was a small man with slanted eyes standing above him.

Blande was right. He is just as good as Sergeant Jones and the rest of them. In fact, he is just as dead.

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Wanted: A Course in Human Relations

Mildred L. Walters

THE fundamental purpose of our high schools is, or should be, to prepare students for solving the problems that they will face in life. Of paramount importance in our civilization is the practical problem of earning a living, and one's progress is dependent not only upon knowledge and experience in a chosen field but also upon ability to get along with people. This latter problem has not been given sufficient recognition by many of our secondary schools. Because their curricula have been tailored to train boys and girls for a specific occupation or to prepare them for college entrance, very little attention has been given to teaching the art of making friends and getting along with people.