

One Man's Delusion

Gene Gorman '41

Parry. Thrust. Parry. Ach! Be careful there! Hans admonished himself as he danced back and forth, fencing with the big American. The two had become fast friends during the past two years at Heidelberg. Now, he reflected sadly, their close companionship must be cut short because times were so bad in America that Peter could not afford to remain. As Peter had told him only yesterday, here it was 1937, and still there were 12,000,000 jobless in his country. Ach! That man Roosevelt could not be such a fine man as der Fuhrer, for the Fatherland had not such unemployment. Of course many were making battleships and guns but still—Nein, der Fuhrer was always right.

But why could he not convince Peter of this? The two were so alike in other matters. They liked the same music and sports, went to Mass together always, hunted together. Yet he was so obstinate in his views regarding der Fuhrer. Always getting into trouble with the Stultzstaffel. Poor Peter.

"Ding blast it!" Peter had been touched,—hurt too,—just below his mask. Funny, thought Hans, every time Peter got hurt he blurted out those words. There was that time when he fell and broke his leg while mountain climbing. "Ding blast it!" had been his way of calling,—Ach! watch there Hans! Day dreaming too much.

Bang. Crash. Whine. Ach! That sniper will have you yet, Hans admonished himself as he inched along on his stomach. They had taken Sedan last week and from Mezières he had been transferred to a new unit at Lille. The verdammt English were on the run now. Only this morning der Fuhrer had said they were fleeing Dunkirque like gulls before the storm and that London would be the Fatherland's in a month. Ach! soon he could get home to his Leni and little Manfred, and the flowers.—Zip. Himmel! dreaming again Hans! That sniper was closer now, much closer. He must have moved from that broken wall into that mud-spattered concrete tile. That was no more than twenty-five yards away. Watch, Hans! Sure enough, there was a rifle barrel snaking out from the tile-mouth. He must conquer that nervous shiver that ran up and down

his spine, for had not der Fuhrer said that a soldier of the Reich must always be fearless, even disdainful of danger. But he was young yet, and there was Leni,—and little Manfred. Ah, there,—a hand,—an arm. Wait Hans, the body. Down-n-n-n. Bang. He saw the tin helmet slump forward. Good, Ha..... "Ding..... blast it!" What! Those words? No. It couldn't be. Peter was an American. He would never have to do with these English dogs who shot women and tortured prisoners. Why Peter was just like himself. But he must be sure,—just a look. He came around the tile. Gott It was he. Sightless eyes accused him. His friend, whom Mother had often called her other son, it was he. How? Why? Questions raced in his distraught mind. Peter fighting against the *just* cause. Maybe Nein! Der Fuhrer was always right.



Autumn

Kenny Mooney, '41

When summer bids farewell to us once more
To move with quiet haste to southern lands,
Another yearly visitor returns
And glumly offers us his cold brown hands.

Though sad we are to see the summer go,
To stay for months before it comes again,
'Twill be more valued when it then returns,
As pleasures are more pleasant after pain.



There is no revenge so complete as forgiveness.

—H. W. Shaw.

Every man should bear his own grievances rather
than detract from the comforts of another.

—Cicero.