

in religious tolerance, and in the philosophy and practices of freedom. When the fear that Communism might be forced upon them is lessened by a policy of mutual defense, they will be able to use the time and security thus bought to work for lasting peace and international justice.

—EVELYN HESSIAN '49

### THE SAVIOUR

His eyes were soft, His voice was kind,  
His ways were simple, yet Divine;  
His countenance, though always sad,  
Was friendly, peaceful, saintly-glad;  
His heart o'erflowed with Love for men.

He made the wretched maimed to walk,  
The blind to see, the dumb to talk;  
And most of all, upon the Tree,  
In sufferings and in misery,  
He died that we might Live again.

His the supreme, unselfish task.  
He gave His all. But yet we ask:  
Has time wiped out what He has said?  
Has man forgot the price He paid  
To purchase Life and heaven regain?

—LEONARD O'HANLEY '51

### THE AMAZING CAREER OF PVT. BARTHOLEMEW P. BOTTLENECK

There were three dams, not extra large dams, but fair sized dams on this river, not an extra large river, but a fair size river. The river, normally a lazy sort of a river, stretched south through many miles of peaceful country. It seemed to wander aimlessly through twists and turns, bordered for awhile with high banks which changed in turn to low marshy stretches. This is the river as seen through countless eyes, rivermen, farmers, tourists, sportsmen, innumerable others down through the centuries.



If a casual observer could have stood off at a distance at the time my story takes place he might not have noted anything peculiar about the banks of the river or the surrounding country, but let him make a closer inspection and the impression of peacefulness created by the river would soon vanish. On either side he would find amassed huge armies each bent on the annihilation of the other. Enormous concentrations of men and machines of destruction could be found stretched for miles on either side. On the west there was an air of tension created by the men's expectations of the signal to attack; in the east this tension came from the momentary anticipation of this attack. The lazy wandering river had little effect on these men except as a barrier between the two opposing forces.

Out of all these armies, along the whole river, in one of the many little towns and in one of all the cellars and holes in the whole town there sat one little private—myself, Bartholemew P. Bottleneck. As I sat in my hole day after day biting my fingernails and waiting for the signal to attack I never dreamed that I was destined to be the hero of the attack. But naturally as every other Red Blooded Amer . . . Ooops! I mean as anybody else would do, when my time came I proved myself.

We received our orders at dusk one evening and spent the early hours of the morning carrying small boats and pontoons down to the bank of the river. At 4 A.M. our artillery started softening them up, and the enemy, realizing that the attack was imminent, replied in kind. This terrific barrage was kept up until and after the crossing at 6 A.M. This was the time of our test.

As there would be no vehicles across for at least a day until a bridge was built we were all loaded down to capacity with ammunition and supplies. Each man carried ten bandoliers of rifle ammunition slung over his shoulders, three dozen hand grenades, two weeks' supply of rations, a rifle, machine gun and pistol, two clean handkerchiefs and a small sized pill box. There could be seen an occasional ukelele, or guitar and there was a story, which I will not swear to, that one guy had a piano strapped on his back. These extras were to show that we weren't taking this thing seriously. There was no disputing the fact—we **were** pretty well loaded.

Just as daylight was breaking we headed for the boats and succeeded in getting afloat without mishap. Once afloat we were spotted and immediately their artillery, mortars, and machine



gun fire started to get our range. We were about fifty yards out with twenty five left to go when a near miss almost upset our boat. In the confusion I dropped all my weapons overboard and jumped up in the bow of the boat. I had no sooner stood up than two bullets nicked my shoulders and cut the bandoliers loose. I was left without weapons or any description which was soon to prove very fortunate for me.

The next shell upset the boat and my whole squad was thrown into the swollen river. The odds were all against the rest of them as one of the dams had been destroyed and with all the equipment they were carrying they were soon carried under. Being a strong swimmer and stripped of my equipment I easily swam to shore. As I didn't see much I could do with no squad and having no weapons I reported to the commanding officer who was trying to get an attack organized on a particularly stubborn pill box.

As soon as he spotted me without weapons he shouted at me, "Bottleneck, you're just the man I'm looking for. Since you not only can't sing or play any musical instrument, but have no weapons, you must be considered expendable. In view of this fact I hereby order you to attack yon pillbox and destroy it. But before you go I would remind you that although you are expendable, the War Department still considers you worth ninety seven cents. I need not point out to you the importance of protecting yourself as best you can, because I look forward with horror at being court martialed for the needless destruction of government property. In other words, during the attack you must keep uppermost in your mind the fact that Headquarters would doubtlessly frown upon the needless destruction of your body."

For a moment I thought I would burst with pride at knowing I was in the same army with such a great man. The way he shouldered his responsibility, the way he conducted himself under fire showed that he had what it takes to become a great officer. What was he doing while he was giving me my instructions? Was he carelessly exposing himself to the enemy guns? Was he risking the wrath of headquarters by endangering his ninety seven cents worth of government property? I should say not. Fully aware of the responsibility he had of caring for his body he was furiously digging a deep foxhole for himself. In fact, before I left he was rapidly disappearing from sight into the bowels of the earth. Suddenly I felt a great surge of confidence. With great men like this leading our armies into battle how could we lose? I was ready to do anything this great man suggested I was his slave.



Just before he disappeared he shouted, "Now be off with you and silence that pillbox with dispatch."

He gave me a couple of dispatches, which looked very much like hand grenades to me, and I was off.

I had a pretty good chance of covering the first hundred yards because there I had a little cover but after that my course was a hill fifty yards long with no cover whatsoever. The whole distance was well within range of every weapon the enemy had to say nothing of liberally distributed foot mines, shell holes, uprooted trees, and other obstacles, all of which added to the difficulty of traversing the distance. And here was I gambling against such fantastic odds with only a four million red blood corpuscle rating.

Odds or not I gritted my teeth and managed to run, roll, and jump the first hundred yards but from here on the rifle, mortar and machine gun fire increased with every yard. I could feel bullets tugging at me with every step but I pushed dauntlessly onward. I had a job to do and I determined to do it or die trying.

As I neared the pillbox I noticed an "88" in it traversing in my direction. I knew that if I didn't get to it before that gun was trained on me I was finished so I pushed on with every ounce of energy I had in me. It looked at first like I wasn't going to make it but then I suddenly saw that I still had a chance. I pulled the pin out of the grenade (or despatch or whatever they called them—I wish they'd give these things one name and stick to it) and got ready to throw it as soon as I got within range. It was getting close now—a few more steps and I would be able to throw the grenade through the slit of the pillbox but the gun was steadily bearing down on me. I could almost see the men inside training the gun as fast as they could. Now I was ready, my arm was back, the grenade ready when—Crash!—the "88" went off!

They say that my officer, when he heard of such careless destruction of government property refused ever to come out of his hole and face the shame of it. They also say that they were picking up parts of me over the whole countryside. But then I always did like to get around.

—TOMMY O'CONNOR '50