

Postscript

by Margaret E. Bateman

Every item in this issue of the Henry George News is, I am sure, of interest to you; but this letter which I have just received from one of our teachers now in the front line of battle has a special message for us. It will, I hope, induce every one of us to re-double our efforts to bring an end to social maladjustments and their inevitable successor—WAR.

"Belgium, Jan. 5, 1945.

"Dear Miss Bateman,

"A few mornings ago I was up on a wooded hill. Snow had been

falling all night. The sun was just over the horizon, throwing a fiery light into the pine trees that were symmetrically laid out. It was a picture so bright that if it were on canvas the critics would have pronounced it exaggerated. Right at my feet, however, was an American soldier long since dead—half covered with snow. He was in stocking feet. About twenty yards away was the cold body of a German paratrooper. On his feet were an American soldier's shoes. It recalled to me Tennyson's lines:

'I found Him in the shining of the Stars,
I mark'd Him in the flowering of His Fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not.'

The picture nature made was beautiful—the blight was man's.

"Living out in the cold and snow makes it difficult to write very often. As you know by the papers we all have been extremely busy. We all hope that at home everyone is leaving no stone unturned to make this victory materialize as quickly as possible. Sherman was right.

"We have a big job ahead of us to see that this never happens again.

"I wish you and all of my friends a very happy new year and hope that 1945 sees us all together again.

"Yours very truly,

"(Signed) BILL DIETZ."

I have told Bill Dietz that we are looking forward to his early return, and that our New Year was not a happy one, because our thoughts were with him and the millions of others who were out there in the front lines, suffering as he was. I have assured him that we are going to do our utmost to "see that this never happens again."