

*"... And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."*

—THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE

# Christmas 1945

**T**HIS is the promise that hangs on the tree  
Next to the brightly colored ball, reflecting  
Light with the tinsel, heartening children  
To reach out their hands to grasp it—  
"Peace, and good will."

"Why can't I reach it?" the child asks.  
"Why do we never reach it?" the child grown older  
Asks after the mud of France and Buna,  
After the corpses that fertilized the Huertgen Forest  
Or flaked off flesh to leave white bones on Iwo.

Why can't we reach it, if we grow as men?  
The tinsel ornaments that teased the child,  
The child can reach with years, but Man  
Grows older, wiser, more proficient in play and work,  
To have his hopes elude him still.

The simplest thing we fought for was this peace,  
And still our world wheels small among the stars,  
A sphere in chaos, split by sound of guns,  
Giving off vapor of decaying dead, confused  
And irritable with argument and hate.

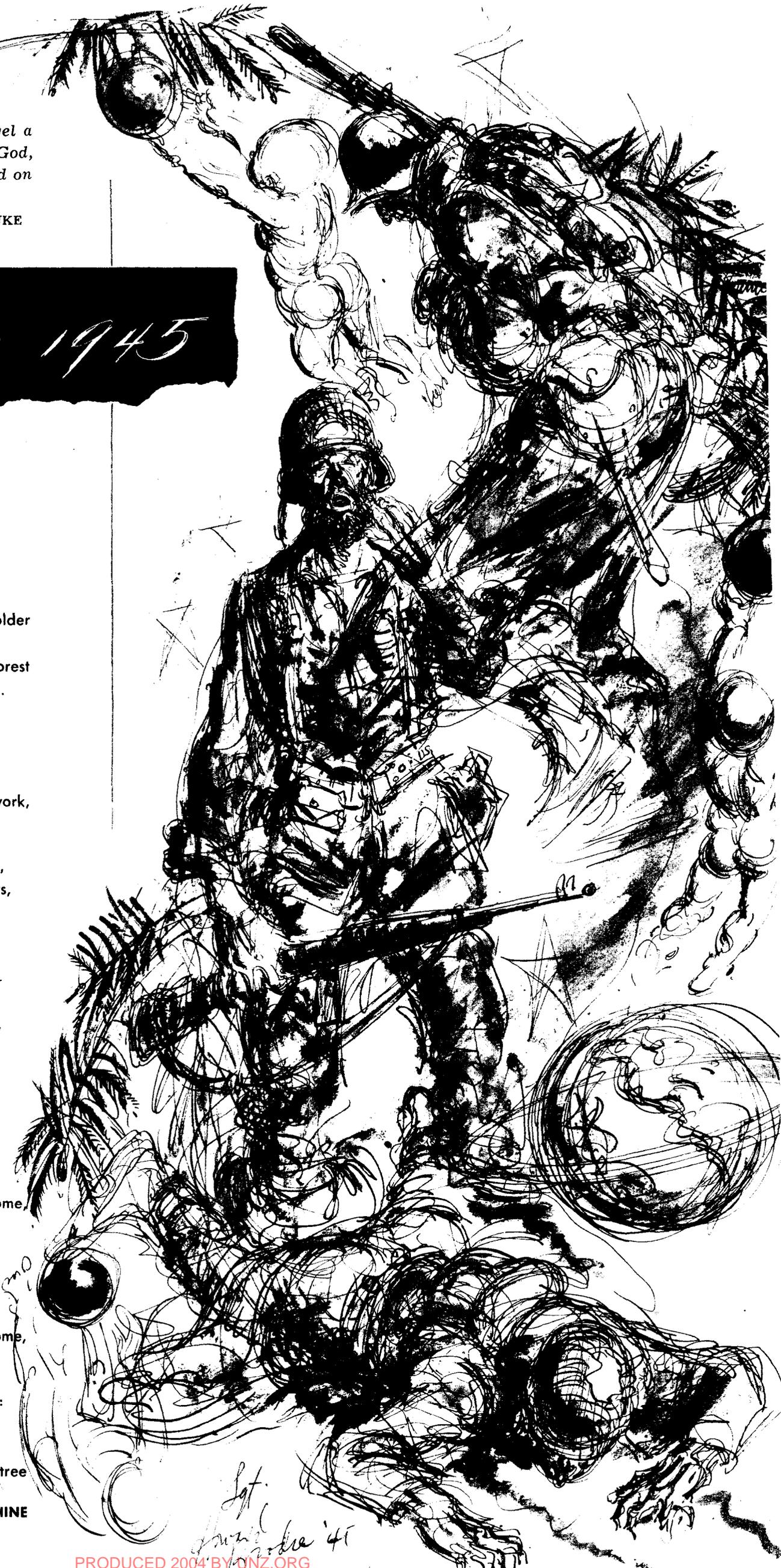
This peace we soldiers know as victory  
Must be more than the end of some years' war,  
Must be more than an iridescent trimming  
Packed up in paper when the tree is down  
To be forgotten for another twelvemonth.

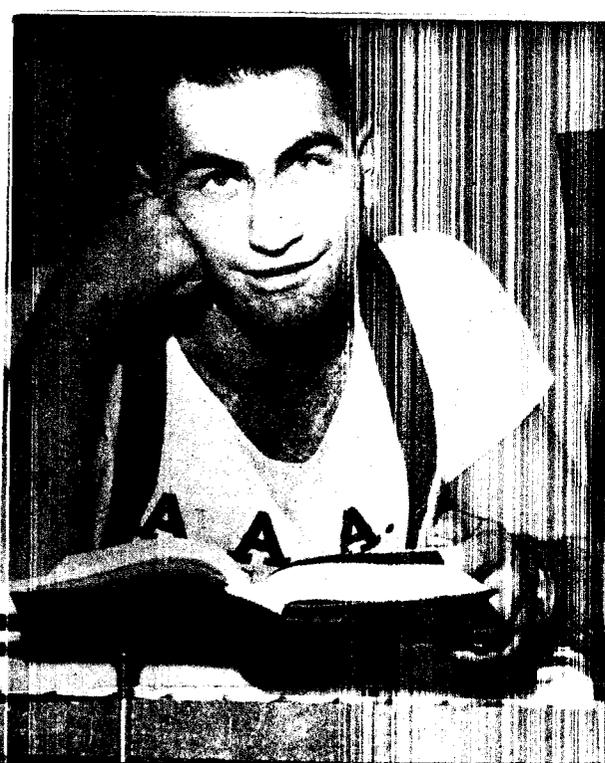
Peace to be kept must live, to live must have  
Good will toward men to nourish every breath  
And moment of its being. We, the men  
Who fought well, fell, suffered or stayed at home,  
Must speak for all men everywhere.

Our hopes can't reconvert like planes or tanks,  
Be scrapped like guns or uniforms.  
Our hopes must live, our Christmas be  
More than mere thanks for home or dreams of home,  
But resolution for the future.

There are good Christmas words said on this day:  
"Peace and good will." They have been words  
Too long; they must be acts and feeling now,  
And full of meaning. They must be taken off the tree  
To make a battle cry for waging peace.

—Sgt. AL HINE

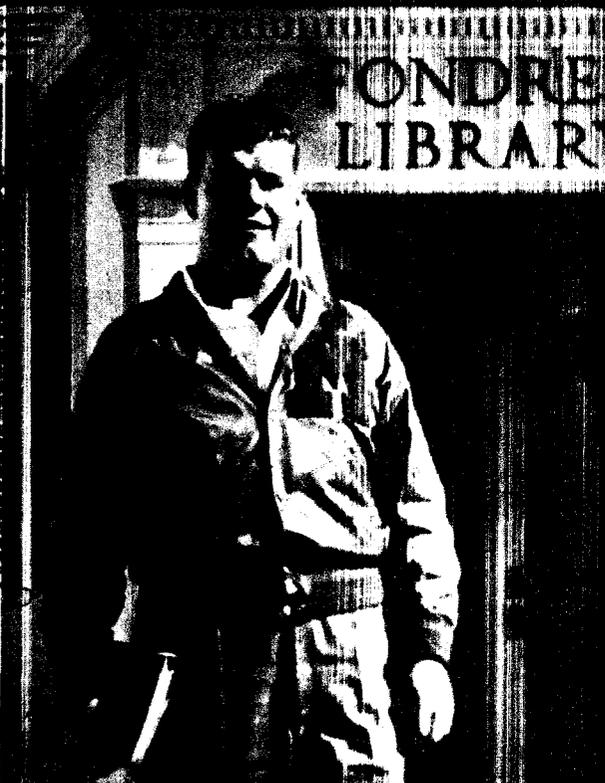




AL NEMETZ played a steady, near-perfect tackle in Army's powerful line. He could ride an opposing line-backer out of the Stadium on Davis' end sweeps.



DOC BLANCHARD was an All-American fullback if there ever was one. This human tank did everything but blow up the football and count the gate receipts.



TOM DEAN of SMU was called the roughest defensive tackle ever to play in the Southwest. Opponents usually ran two plays at his side of line, then quit.



JAKE LEICHT, Oregon back, was a surprise choice. Coast coaches rated him even greater than St. Mary's publicized Wedemeyer. Here Jake feeds 'on Richard.



VAUGHAN MANCHA (left) intercepted so many passes backing up Alabama's line that he looked like an end. He joins teammate Harry Gilmer in some harmony.



JACK GREEN, Army's highly gifted guard, could pull out of the line or raise hell playing in it. He led interference for Mr. Forked-Lightning Glenn Davis