

our quest may seem foolish and pointless to those outside our age bracket. Sometimes it seems foolish to us, too. We waste many hours "rodding around," driving a certain aimless pattern. We are looking for trouble, danger, and excitement, but mostly we are just looking. On the other hand, we listen, observe, and study, searching. More of us attend colleges and universities in quest of knowledge than ever before. But because we fear life itself and all the dangers it may hold, we are skeptical and distrustful, so we adopt no heroes nor idols, nor do we commit ourselves to any one belief.

We want someplace to belong, someplace where we feel secure. We do not enjoy being questioned and looked upon with suspicion. We are looking for someone who will accept us for what we are, instead of trying to dissect us and giving up when the job is botched. But the older generation eternally wants to know why, so we assimilate what we hear and see and learn and keep our ideas within us until we can be sure of why ourselves. First we must find our own sense of values. We need to find our place in this fluid society.

For us, security does not mean world-wide acclaim. We have no desires to climb mountains, swim channels, or discover continents. These things have already been accomplished. We merely want a good home and enough money to keep us comfortable. Often we seek a higher education not for the knowledge involved but for the security college degrees offer. We are very self-conscious. We have, as a group, adopted no cause. We have no commitments other than those to ourselves. We feel we must find out what we are, and so our life is a search for the answers. Until we feel sure of ourselves, our place, and our goals, we must guard against the poking and the prying and the criticisms of our elders.

The older generation accuses us of too much tolerance. But we cannot be intolerant when we are not sure within ourselves what is right and what is wrong. We are called apathetic. But we cannot take a stand on something whose relationship to ourselves we have not fully explored. Thus our studying is not for the pleasure of knowledge in itself, but a search for the answers to the unsolved riddles within us. Just as we are on the brink of adult life, we are on the brink of a new world and a new way of life. The confusions of the world are our confusions. When we understand ourselves, our goals, our motives, and our desires, we will understand each other. Then we will no longer need the protective covering of silence.

Dull, Duller, Dulles

Sam Stegman

THE UNITED STATES is technically one hundred sixty-eight years old; it is, compared to other civilizations, just in its adolescence. I often wonder, however, even at this tender age, if our brief period of supremacy is not due for a sudden change. Coming events cast their shadows before them, and today our rich land is crossed

and recrossed by the shadows of events yet to come. One of the most menacing problems to face us is that of the inadequacy of our foreign policy. In the field of foreign relations, the United States is still very young. We practiced "sunken head" isolationism for so long that when we finally did enter into world affairs, we were not armed with many capable statesmen. The present state department, under the leadership of the "wandering minstrel," has been called many things; some even go as far as to say that the only thing that the department has accomplished is an all-time travel record. I will not be so harsh (mainly because I am not qualified to make such a statement), but I will point out several gaps and inadequacies that I believe exist in our present foreign policy.

One of the most glaring examples of an inadequacy in our foreign policy was accentuated by our confused feelings during the Hungarian revolution; we were like a little brother watching his older brother fight the neighborhood bully; we were afraid to join the fight for fear of becoming involved, yet we mentally fought every battle and spiritually suffered every blow. Granted, the United States was caught in a dilemma; however, the only safe way out of an international dilemma is by having preventive rather than fire-alarm diplomacy. Cardinal Mindszenty and many other pro-Hungarian supporters pleaded with the United States for help, but we could only fumble around and not do much more than increase the import quota. Another matter of grave importance was our involvement in the diplomatic struggle over the Middle East crisis. Britain, France, our old wartime allies, and Israel—virtually an American protégé—were on one side. We, the Kremlin, and Nasser were on the other side. We were actually urging the United Nations to take a course of action that would save the neck of a dictator who had instigated the crisis against our oldest and dearest friends. The Suez incident also brought to our attention the importance of the control of the Middle East and African land masses. Europe was virtually strangled when their supplies were forced around the Cape of Good Hope. The world, including the Communists, was the audience to the display of power that could be extended by the proprietors of these two territories. The gravity of the situation can be realized when one imagines what would happen if the Communists controlled the Middle East and Africa. Finally, in West Germany, we have been sufficiently warned of the inevitable trouble which must result from the present arrangement. The United States made a spectacular showing in the Berlin Air Lift, but what did we solve? If our present diplomatic atmosphere in West Germany is allowed to extend into the future, we may be left with the job of protecting West Germany without any other help. Britain had to pull out of Greece because of economic difficulties; she also had to cut her donations to the United Nations' armies. Maybe her next economic measure will affect West Germany.

Therefore, after examining just three of the many faults in our

foreign policy, one can visualize the importance of every international policy decision. One wrong move could possibly give the Kremlin the reins in the Middle East; Europe could be starved into submission without the firing of a single shot. And certainly a change in our present policy concerning Communist satellite countries must be made if we are to save face in the free world, especially after the blow our prestige suffered in the Hungarian incident. Although I am no more informed on foreign affairs than the average news follower, I believe there are two areas where our international strategy might be improved. First, let me establish the idea that our status in the world today places us at the head of all free world actions; therefore, any action we take becomes the policy of the entire free world. In the Middle East conflict, it would seem to me that the area where we should concentrate our efforts would be the basic core area of all middle East disputes. If we could help solve the ubiquitous Arab-Israeli dispute, we might be able to make some headway in founding a stable relationship with the Arab-African nations; as it is now, we have trouble even making contact with these countries. Under the Eisenhower doctrine, we have committed ourselves to fight only in the face of direct Communist aggression. We have taken no actual measures to alleviate the basic clash. Next, to improve our standing with the satellite nations, I would suggest a policy of trade rather than aid. I realize that such a recommendation is certainly not new, and it has not escaped being the topic of many debates. However, I still believe in the principle. At present, we have many restrictions on trade to the Communist satellite nations. By these restrictions, we are not hurting the Communist cause, but rather helping it by forcing these nations to trade behind the iron curtain. When small nations become economically dependent on Russian trade, they are most vulnerable to Communist control. If a nation is economically dependent on another nation, the threat of loss of that trade can be used as a powerful weapon to coerce conformity. If we were to start making trade agreements with some of the satellite nations, we might stand a chance of pulling some of this economic power from the Communist leaders. Not only would such action tend to neutralize the effectiveness of this Communistic weapon, but it would also promote a better feeling for the United States among the suppressed countries; these afflicted countries want assistance rather than gifts. I realize that I have taken the risk of oversimplifying this trade-rather-than-aid issue, but after the minor fallacies of the proposal are arbitrated, the principle still stands, and it appears feasible. At least, one could see some concrete progress being made.

Surely, the actions we take in the next few years concerning international problems will all have great influence on the final "showdown" between the free world and the slave world. The faults I have found in the status quo may not be the most practicable when tried, but as a reader of the weekly news magazines and the daily

papers, I would speculate that the current international trend is a prologue to something bigger and more important in the future. I can only hope that the policies finally made by our nation are ones that will strike at the basic conflicts, and ones that will be worthy of posterity.

I Will Find My Place

Gary Moore

I CANNOT see! I am aware of light, but I cannot perceive images. The blinding light is intolerable. I must take refuge in darkness. When I try to move, I find that I am unable to walk! Finally, I manage to squirm and wriggle deeper into the warm, slimy ooze which envelops me. Here in this wet, pulsing darkness, time means nothing to me. There is no sleep or boredom, no night or day. There is only the all-enfolding darkness.

Now I am aware of a great urge within me. I must do something! I struggle up through the blackness toward the light. As I emerge into the light, I am surprised to realize that it is no longer a source of discomfort. Instead, the light seems to increase the urgency of this indefinable need which drives me. I succeed in forcing my almost helpless body out of the clinging slime and onto dry land.

As I lie here, exhausted, a great change ripples through my body. Suddenly, my perception clears. I am overwhelmed by a wealth of sights, sounds, and smells. My vision is still slightly blurred, however. Although motion is easily discernible, I have difficulty in distinguishing still objects. I am greatly pleased to find that I am now able to walk. I walk in circles, testing my legs and loving the feel of independence and mobility. I pause to rub the filth from my feet and smooth down my hair.

This is unbelievable! I am flying! I am moving effortlessly through the air. My surprise is dulled, however, by a gnawing, overpowering hunger. I spiral down onto a broad, flat plain to begin my search for food. Luck is with me! I soon find several large jagged crystals which, I am pleased to discover, have a surprisingly sweet taste. Nearby, I find an odd, ring-shaped lake where I eagerly quench my thirst. The cool water lifts my spirits, and I look upon this puzzling existence with renewed hope. Perhaps, after all, I will find my place in this strange world around me. My thoughts are interrupted by a sudden feeling of alarm. Then, I see it! A large, black shape is hovering above me. I crouch, unable to decide whether to run or to fly. The black thing grows larger, and I realize that it is rushing down upon me. There is no escape! As the air whistles violently around me, I know that I am about to die.

The housewife gives the fly-swatter a final decisive shake as she mumbles, "Pesky fly!" Then, with a determined sniff, she returns to her cleaning.